



The Coronation of Mary.

THE term of love's probation now was past
 And Mary's ever virgin soul was free :
 Her body, temple of sweet purity,
 Was not to nature's devastations cast,
 But was upborne by angels to the vast
 And glorious home of perfect harmony
 Where soul and body rest eternally,—
 The twilight-years of yearning crowned at last.

Ah ! long, sweet mother, were thy waiting years :
 And yet each one was meted out by love,—
 A love that kindled into day the night,
 And made a solace of thy very tears ;
 A love that bore thee Itself above,
 And crowned the Queen in realms of endless light.

AVE MARIA.