



## *Queen of the Rosary.*

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.



OCTOBER waits, wrapped in her gleams of light,  
In leafy robes of red and shining gold,  
Like some high priest with saintly face and old,  
To taste his first day-dream, rosy and bright.  
Lone-faced September e'en has taken flight  
And now October swings his censon. Hold!  
A million of glad voices gay unfold  
Their hymns of love to heaven's Queen of Might,  
While I, a sinner, kneel at Faith's pure shrine,  
With beads in hand and sing, lest I forget,  
The praises of Dominic Bernadette,  
Whose souls were linked by sweetest Rosary thine.  
O Mother-Queen, while hope-gleams linger yet,  
Come to thy child! O still this heart of mine!