

We are wreathing our Lady's altars
 With flow'rets of stainless white,
 And softly the waxen tapers
 Are shining, like star's fair light.

IV.

'Tis thy month, O most holy Mother!
 We give all these days to thee,
 Wilt thou teach us, in gentle accents,
 "How beautiful Heaven must be?"
 That calm and unclouded light-land,
 That restful, unfading May,
 Reveal to our souls its beauty,
 Whilst here, at thy feet, we pray.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "In Patria!" Benediction.

"IN PATRIA!" it falls with soothing sweetness,
 And yet the pathos of an exile-strain.
 "In Patria!" A gleam of mystic starlight
 Is shining from the land we hope to gain.
 "In Patria!" where loved and lost are waiting
 To welcome us, when weary life is o'er.
 "In Patria!" the voice of Jesus whispers,
 Like wavelets breaking on the silvery shore.
 "In Patria!" The plaintive "Salutaris"
 Is sighing gently in God's holy place.
 "In Patria!" it wakes our ardent longing
 To see "In Patria" our Saviour's Face!

* "Nobis donet in Patria."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.