

are limited; but she has done all, suffered all. And when she arises from her forty hours of ecstatic prayer, on Easter morning, she, first of all, sees the risen glories of her Beloved. O Mother! didst thou pray for me, in that hour of inconceivable anguish? Didst thou think of me when thou hadst forgotten thyself and all else save our salvation? Yes, we know it, mothers never forget even their worst children, and each one may believe that his Mother remembered him in that hour of woe and awful expectation.

But if our Lady's sufferings were beyond those ever endured by mortal heart, her joys were proportionately great, and therefore, as true children of so generous a Mother, let us during this month in which we are commemorating her glories join our voices to those of the heavenly choir and sing her praises:

See our Queen in robes of gold,
As the Hebrew Psalmist told,
Stand besides the king's high throne,
While He claims her for His own.

See, the angels' strange amaze!
As they chant Queen Mary's praise.
Strike their golden harps along
Sing that strange-mysterious song.

Bethlehem, Nazareth are past,
See thy Son a king at last,
See the Star now kiss the Sun,
Each their weary course have run.

Happy, yea thrice happy day!
Mary's joy complete for aye.
Jesus calls her *Mother* now
Plants the crown upon Her brow.

