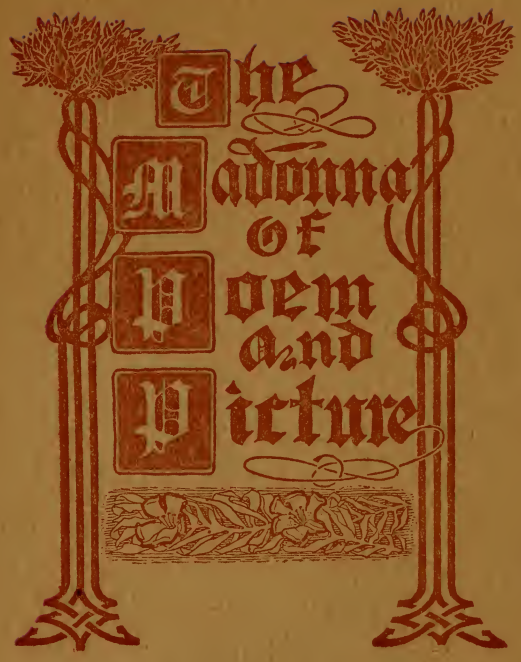


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I never think of thee apart  
from Him,

Nor Him apart from thee;

Lo! ever near thy Son, with  
mother-love,

Thy tender face I see.

Charles Hanson Towne.

MURILLIO'S IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

---

Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath thy feet,

Thy starry crown illumines the shades of Time.

Earth's fairest types grow dim and incomplete

Before thy virgin loveliness sublime.

Troubled and tempted, toil worn and deceived,

Sinners unto thy stainless heart we flee.

O Queen, without the taint of sin conceived,

Pray for the souls that have recourse to thee.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.



## THE ANNUNCIATION.

---

For on this blessed day  
She knelt at prayer;  
When lo! before her shone  
An Angel fair.  
“Hail Mary,” thus he cried,  
With reverent fear;  
She, with sweet wondering eyes,  
Marvelled to hear.  
Be still, Pride, War and Pomp,  
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,  
For now an Angel speaks,  
And Mary hears.





But she had hopes such as no woman's heart,  
Save hers, had dared to cherish. Hopes brought  
down

By God's own Angel, from the throne of truth  
And planted in her heart. She was sure  
That He was the Messiah—promised long  
And wailed for by Israel.

She believed that He should "save His people from  
their sins,"

And sit upon His father David's throne  
A glorious King forever.

Mrs. Lydia T. Peirson.



At last thou art come, little Saviour,  
And Thine angels fill midnight with song,  
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,  
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.  
Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,  
And our souls overflow with delight.  
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,  
With the joy of that wonderful night.

Anne Gladstone Bennett.



When in the nest of Mary's arms  
Our Jesus lay asleep,  
So fair they both to heaven seemed,  
The very angels smiled,  
And hastened down to earth to watch  
The Mother and the Child.

M. Regina Colgan.



ON A MADONNA BY BOTICELLI IN THE  
LOUVRE.

---

What strange presentiment, O Mother, lies,  
    On thy waste brow and sadly filled lips,  
    Forefeeling the Light's terrible eclipse  
On Calvary, as if love made thee wise.  
And thou couldst read in those dear Infant eyes  
    The sorrow that beneath their smiling sleeps,  
    And guess what bitter tears a mother weeps  
When the cross darkens her unclouded skies?

Edith Wharton.





And grateful for the blessing given  
With that dear Infant on her knee,  
She strains her eyes to look to heaven,  
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.  
Such thanks the Blessed Mary gave,  
When from her lap the Holy Child,  
Sent from on high to seek and save  
The lost on earth, looked up and smiled.

William Cullen Bryant.



## MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

---

Mother! what means that rapt and wondering gaze?

Hear'st thou, from out the heaven encircling thee,  
The cherub bands with liquid harmony

“Ave Maria” choring to thy praise,  
With awe-struck intuition canst thou see

Thy Babe grown man, go forth from Galilee,  
To lead Death captive in the coming days?

Nay, rather through thine ecstasy appears  
A wistful yearning as of one resigned

To greatness, who, God-bidden, leaves behind  
Sweet dreams of far-off, uneventful years,

And yielding Him she loves for human kind,  
Treads dry-eyed downward to the vale of Tears.



But she the model of all earthly mothers,  
Was never spared the pain of knowing this:  
That though her Christ-child played with blooming  
roses,

The cross must come for all her prayerful bliss.  
To gaze upon His smooth and stainless forehead  
And know that there great drops of blood should  
be—

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm them,  
As mothers do—between their own—was pain  
She felt the nail prints on their velvet surface—  
She could not save her Lamb from being slain.



With a weight of grief o'er laden,  
    Weary, helpless and forlorn,  
Stood a sweet and stainless maiden  
    Close beside the tree of scorn.

O! Mary pierced with sorrow,  
    Remember teach and save  
The soul that goes tomorrow  
    Before the God that gave:

As each was born of woman  
    For each, in utter need,  
True comrade and brave freeman,  
    Madonna, intercede.

Rudyard Kipling.





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