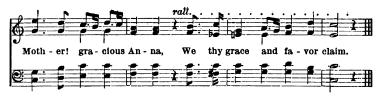
(July 26.)

No tongue could ever express the excellent dignity of the glorious mother of Mary, the masterpiece of creation and the Mother of God. She was born at Bethlehem, the city of David. She married Joachim, and it is after many years of sterility that her marriage was blessed, as no other could ever be, with the birth of her child. After consecrating her child to the service of the Temple, she retired to Nazareth, and slept in the Lord at the advanced age of seventy-eight years.





- 3 Linked in bonds of purest wedlock, Thine it was for us to bear,
- ||: By the favor of high heaven, Our eternal Virgin Star.:|| Cно. — Gathered round, etc.
- 4 From thy stem in beauty budded Ancient Jesse's mystic rod; ||: Earth from thee received the Mother Of th' Almighty Son of God.:

CHO. — Gathered round, etc.

- 5 All the human race benighted In the depths of darkness lay : When in Anne it saw the dawning
 - Of the long-expected day.: CHO. — Gathered round, etc.
- 6 Honor, glory, virtue, merit, Be to Thee, O virgin's Son! I: With the Father and the Spirit, While eternal ages run.:

Cно. — Gathered round, etc.

How Blessed, how Gloriously Happy is St. Anne, the Mother of Mary!

"O happy Joachim, O beautiful Anna, who gave life to a child altogether immaculate! - St. John Damascenes.

TUNE AS FOR" THE COMMENDATION," IN THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, No. 235.

long dreary years, When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a blight,

But angels, dear mother! were counting

thy tears,
And thy patience, like Job's, had been dear in God's sight.

- 2 Oh blest be the day, when old earth bore its fruit, The fairest of daughters it ever had
- seen, In the village that lies at the white mountain foot,

And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene.

3 Since creation was ever such gladness as thine, To whom God's chosen mother, as

daughter was given? Oh her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne!

how they shine, And the sound of her voice is like

music from heaven.

4 She was crowned, even then, like a creature apart, The child God had called to be mother and maid!

- 1 O Anne! thou hast lived through those Didst thou watch how the fountains of blood in her heart, Like the fountains in Sion incessantly played?
 - 5 O Anne! from that blood the Creator will take The flesh that shall save the lost tribes of our race:

And His wonderful love the Eternal will slake

At thy child's sinless heart, at those fountains of grace!

6 O thrice happy Saint! what a life didst thou live, What an unbroken brightness of innocent bliss!

Every touch of thy child a fresh rapture could give, And oh! dost thou not kneel ere thou

darest to kiss!

6 And we too, glad Mother, are gay with thy mirth For thy child like a sunbeam lies over our lives

There is brightness and goodness all over the earth, For the souls Mary welcomes and

Jesus forgives.