



SHADOWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

The joyous strains of Christmas tide
Gave place to minor chords,
When Simon's song re-echoing wide,
Pierced sharp as keen-edged swords.

The tender heart of her, whose eyes,
Saw as in vision dread
The years to come in anguish rise,
Like storm clouds o'er her head.

'Twas ever thus—the coming cross,
Casts shadows long and dark,
The years are reckoned but by loss
Which leaves its heavy mark.

O'er sheres of wreck, and souls made mute,
By sorrow's broken strings;
Alas! for those who touch the lute
While mem'ry sadly sings.

The past! how much its ravens hold
Of joys that fled full fast;
Of hopes and fears long since grown cold,
Of dreams which could not last.

And now as Lenten shades again
Fall softly on our souls,
That past comes up with all its pain,
The wave of sorrow rolls.

O'er hearts grown cold, and weak, and lone,
"Mid life's o'er-crowded ways,
"Alone, in crowds," they sadly moan,
"Oh! for departed days."

Blest sorrow, if it lead to piety
E'en after many days,
Dear shadows, if the sunshine cease,
To lure to folly's ways.

The light will follow darkness drear,
The cross stands in the west,
Oh! climb the hill top without fear,
Beneath its shadow rest.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1894.

M. C.

To suffer for the love of God is a signal favor of which man in himself is unworthy; but he does not understand this, for he thanks God for prosperity, and does not remember that adversity would be much greater grace.—ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO.

On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.

LEAVING the monastery of the Augustinian nuns on the right, turn towards the town, cross the *Mercedo Grande*, and a narrow street will conduct you to the *Puerta del Peso*, a gate which will admit you through the walls into the limits of the old city. You are now beside the venerable cathedral of Avila, which itself forms a portion of the massive walls. Enter within its sacred precincts. Ah! reflect, pious soul, this very ground was once trodden by the youthful Teresa, here her heart sent forth its prayers in the morning of its life to the throne above. There, too, before a statue that is still preserved in a separate chapel of the cathedral, Teresa, on the death of her to whom she owed her life, chose the Blessed Virgin as her mother. The cathedral of Avila, dedicated to the Holy Saviour, goes back to the year 1001, but its general features are of the 12th and 13th centuries. On the greatest portion of this solemn interior the eyes of St. Teresa once rested. Even the *Retablo* of the high altar existed in her day, for it dates from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, while its pictures, works of Santa Cruz, Pedro Burnegnette and Juan d' Borgona, were painted in 1508, before St. Teresa was born. The stalls in the choir were constructed while the saint was living in the monastery of the Incarnation at Avila, and, on her visits to the cathedral, at that epoch the nuns were not cloistered, she no doubt gazed with the admiration of her poetical soul upon the costly masterpieces of sculpture that were being formed beneath the artist's chisel.