

All, yes, all! I would not pilfer
 From this holocaust a part;
 Every thought, word, deed and feeling,
 Every beating of my heart,
 Thine till death, and thine forever—
 My heart's cry in heaven shall be:
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!
 Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PENTECOST 1905. BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

For the Carmelite Review.

The day is now far spent—the shades of eve
 Have gathered, round my pathway comes the night—
 Vouchsafe, O Holy Spirit, to illumine
 My soul with rays of Thy celestial light.
 Abide in me, O Paraclete divine!
 My soul's most sweet and ever welcome Guest:
 In all the sorrows of this "vale of tears"
 Let Thy indwelling be my peaceful rest.
 My spirit seems a "desert pathless land,"
 And sighs for grace: let pearly drops of dew
 Refresh the arid soil, that it may bloom
 With fragrant lilies of a snow-white hue.
 Let "songs of joy and praise" again resound
 As in the aisles of Thy great temples flow
 The strains of organ music thrilling grand,
 Or dying softly, plaintively, and low.
 Lifting the soul in prayer, as on the wings
 Of angels, far above the shadows dim:
 Breathing sweet echoes of the golden harps,
 That e'er vibrate in one seraphic hymn.
 So let my spirit ever sing to Thee
 In ceaseless melody of ardent love:
 Dying at last in cadence soft and sweet,
 To raise for aye midst songs of joy above.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus!
 Dulcis hospes animae,
 Dulce refrigerium!*