



OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



COMETH our Queen from the far land,
 Fair as the dawn of day;
 Shineth her light from the star-land
 Soft through the shadows of grey.
 In her white hand the mystical garland
 All fragrant of scenes far away.

Robed like the snow flakes of our land
 And cinctured with azure blue,
 On her feet, as she stood on the rock-land,
 Were roses of golden hue;
 And her virgin-brow, cloudless as light-land,
 Bore impress of mother-love too.

And her voice—oh! its tones were far sweeter
 Than murmurs of earth's melody,
 And it seemed in the silent air fletcher
 Than whispers of angels could be;
 While the bells of the "Angelus" greet her,
 She speaks of unstained purity.*

Behold! the pure waters are stealing
 In gentle and murmuring flow,
 With miraculous power of healing
 They glide to the river below;
 Fair emblems! to faith they're appealing,
 Like Mary's voice tender and low.

Long years have passed by, and that rock-land
 Is holy with praise and with prayer,
 And the scent of the Rosary-garland
 Embalming the mystical air;
 And the queen of the shadowless bright land
 Seems lovingly, silently there.

*"I am the Immaculate Conception," words of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, March 25, 1858.