

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

To His beauty all seem pale.
 Precious pearl of the Altar !
 Treasure of God's holy place !
 Faith reveals to spirit vision
 Hidden beauties of Thy Face.
 And we sigh, with holy longing,
 "Jesus, whom 'neath veils I see,
 Golden visions of Thy glory
 O vouchsafe, dear Lord, to me."^{*}

** " Jesu quem velato nunc aspicio,
 Oro fiat illud quod tarn scio,
 Ut te revelata cornua facio,
 Visu sim beatus tue glorie."—ST. THOMAS.*

How beautiful the whisperings of night,
 So soft they are and low,
 And gentle murmuring flow
 Of woodland brooklets, glancing in the light.
 O many a soothing plaintive melody
 Sweeps o'er our inward harp-strings tremblingly,
 And echoes music of the earth and sea,
 Or of the blue skies bright.
 Not all the sweetness of each thrilling tone
 Stealing through shadows dim,
 Or glad ecstatic hymn
 Of free souls that from exile-land have flown
 On wings of light . . . can to the spirit-ear
 So breathe of things divine, and sweetly clear,
 As thou, my Jesus, in the silence here
 Around thine Altar-throne."^{*}

** " Quam dulcota faucibus eloquia tua,
 super mel et favum."—PSALMS XVIII: 2.*

Deep are our thoughts and holy aspirations,
 Wondrous the power of all human love ;
 Yet, is prepared at God's most Sacred Altar
 Bliss for all longings of the soul above.
 Saints have approached it with a holy rapture,
 Gladly from earthly joys they turned away,
 Thirsting in spirit for that mystic fountain,
 Drinking its living waters day by day.
 Yes!—and the weary, and the tearful mourner,
 Souls that earth's pains and burdens still must bear.
 Young hearts, untainted in their pristine freshness,
 All find their rest and sweet refreshment there.
 List, dearest Lord ! Loved Prisoner of the Altar !
 Ah ! Thou hast won us to Thy presence blest.
 Here, at thy feet, may cares all cease from troubling,
 Here may our spirits find their blissful rest."^{*}

** "Come unto me . . . and I will refresh you."—ST. MATT. XI: 28.*