

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1907.

NO. 1

JESUS.

[These lines were written while the exceptional grace of Midnight Mass was still fresh, and His Name, like the incense of our Sanctuaries, lingered in the aisles of spirit, and soothed us with its celestial odors.]

BY ENFANT DE MARIE, (OF ST. CLARE'S.)

O WHAT shall be the first sweet song
To greet this "Holy Year?"
O let it be an echo soft
Of Jesus' Name most dear!

"No thoughts can reach, no words can say" *
The beauties of that Name,
O Holy Spirit, touch my heart,
Its coldness now inflame,
And may our Saviour's Blessed Name
In spirit-aisles resound,
While steals celestial melody
His lowly Crib around.

O Splendor of the Father's light!
O King of realms above!
And yet, the Virgin Mother's Son,
How wonderful Thy love!

Thou "Father of the world to come,"
Where we may hope to rest,
Art lying now a gentle Babe
So calm on Mary's breast!

She murmurs low Thy glorious Name,
And knows our God Thou art,
She contemplates with wondrous light,
Thy meek and humble Heart.

O Jesus! Name "like oil poured out!" †
O mystic, soothing balm!
O Precious drops of Infant Blood!
O Sacred, spotless Lamb!

* St. Bernard. ; Cant. 1. 2.