

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

IV.

O ye who still on earth remain,
 Where works can merit, prayer may win,
 Bethink ye of the fearful pain
 Exacted for the smallest sin.
 The tortured soul in anguish moans,
 But His relentless hand doth press ;
 No pity hath He for our groans,
 Who once was all sweet tenderness !

V.

It seems in truth a thousand years
 Since first I saw this prison cell.
 No one remembers me.—The tears
 From loving eyes that freely fell
 Long, long are dried.—My friends are dead.
 Perchance from heaven they look on me,
 But knowing how my life hath sped
 They leave me to my misery.

VI.

From out these depths I cry to Thee :
 Lord, Lord, in pity heed my prayer !
 Withdraw Thy chast'ning hand from me,
 My tortured soul no more can bear.
 Yet, no, dear Lord ! Let me abide
 In scorching flames akin to hell,
 Until, by fire purified,
 With Thee I may forever dwell.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

Cincinnati, November, 1897.

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



HIS day like a lily, falling sweet
 Straight out of Paradise. We seem to hear
 Its blessed bells, exultant, close anear,
 Resounding through our pain. How light, how fleet
 On its soft sward, the gleam of angel feet !
 How white they shine ! A-bloom in holy cheer
 The lilled fields, where souls surpassing dear
 To us below, rejoice in rest complete !

O Saints redeemed, ye know our sin-dark hours !
 Mother of Mercy, thou hast shared our strife !
 Earth is but sad,—drop down celestial flowers
 Of interceding peace !—Thou Source of Life
 In earth and heaven, wilt hear ! Thy pity falls
 On us, to-day, from Heaven's transcendent walls.