

RESIGNATION.

Golden sunlight bathed the mountain,
Sweetest perfumes filled the air,
Earth adorned with fragrant blossoms
Never seemed more bright or fair.
Whilst glad nature smiled in beauty,
Two young monks, in Carmel's brown,
Wondered through the verdant meadows
Bord'ring on a German town.

Wrapt in silence, on they journeyed,
'Till, beneath a spreading oak,
They beheld a rustic dwelling,
When the elder father spoke :

" Brother, in yon little cottage
Dwells a sweet and lovely child -
Golden locks, light up with beauty
Face which sin hath ne'er defiled.
Charming, like the Infant Jesus,
Did I think him, when at play
I beheld him, near that cottage,
Just one week ago to-day."

" Father, said the younger friar,
Let us tarry there a while;
We are tired and Carmel's Abbey
Distant lies from us a mile.
And I long to see the simple,
Winning child of whom you speak,
Yearn to clasp him to my bosom,
Gaze upon his face so meek."

* *

Silence deep ! No sound re-echoed
Save the murmur of a brook,
And a paradise of beauty
Seemed that green, secluded nook.
The low cottage on the hillside,