

brothers," sang to and for him, and nestled in his habit. The fishes listened to his voice. Beautiful scenery ravished his soul, already vibrating with a wondrous spirit of praise, and the joys, sorrows, needs of God's creatures, found echoes of love and sympathy in his world-wide charity. Our author remarks, "Is it not, in effect, one of the most precious prerogatives of recovered innocence, that after the original fall, a child of man should in the fullest sense of the word, be king of creation? The flowers were to him like a smile from God; the stars in the firmament told him of the glory of the Omnipotent." St. Bonaventure compares him to an inspired musician, standing in the midst of nature's concert, and concentrating all the harmony of its voices in his own soul.

Ascending on the wings of prayer, who that has even a slight knowledge of St. Francis does not know his love for and familiarity with the Holy Angels, Saints, and their glorious Queen? We refer to the beautiful words of this life once more. "All nature was to him a transparent veil behind which God was hidden, as a harmonious harpsichord whose every note extolled the Divine perfections. The 'Canticle of the Sun' is at once a hymn and a prayer — the saint's whole soul, all the wealth of his imagination, all the boldness of his genius, have passed into his work."

It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the beauties contained in this work by Father Leopold of Cherance (I.S.F.C.), translated in masterly style by R. F. O'Connor, and published by Benziger & Co., etc.

We would fain linger over these treasures of nature and grace, and recount even a few more sweet passages, touching details and simple anecdotes, but trust enough has been said to recommend its perusal by Carmelite readers. All the beauty, sublimity, pathos of the

"Seraph of Assisi" is reflected, finds a counterpart in their own cloistered life of prayer, as well as in their "zeal for the Lord of Hosts." May this glorious saint re-kindle the fire of love in our hearts, or inflame it still more where it is already burning! May we, like him, aspire to Jesus crucified, and at death, desire as He did to leave the prison of the body and soar away on spirit-wings to praise His Name.

Enfant de Marie.

CITHARA MEA.

In a recent number of the Carmelite Review we called the attention of readers to Father Sheehan's exquisite paraphrase on the "Magnificat," and remarked, "The harp of Erin has vibrated in tunes worthy of being listened to . . . wherever she is called Blessed." Since then, we have seen another precious contribution to the literary world, under this graceful title, "Cithara Mea," from the same gifted pen. This mystic "harp" gives forth melodies of that plaintive sweetness which characterizes Irish music, especially when touched by a priestly hand so skilful in the science and art of poetry. The opening poem expresses how the soul longs for the hidden beauty and goodness of God. "The Hidden" is its title. In "The Revealed," these longings are responded to, and, to use the expression of a simple hymn, "Faith shows the crown to gain." There is a quaint Irish legend of "The Culdee" very beautifully told, also sonnets descriptive of Alpine scenery, that are masterpieces of artistic word-painting. A beautiful tribute to a contemporary poetess, "S. M. S.," S. M. Stanislaus, I.S.D., daughter of Denis F. McCarthy, speaks of her as "heirress of his wealth of song," and styles him "poet of May-blossoms" in allusion to his well-known "Waiting for the May."

We feel quite inadequate to com-