



" QUID RETRIBUAM DOMINO ? "

A CARMELITE'S OFFERING TO OUR LADY ON
HER BIRTHDAY, SEPT. 8.

For the Carmelite Review,

What shall I render to the Lord
For all His gifts to thee,
O Morning Star, whose silvery light
Shines o'er life's troubled sea ?
No virgin-gold, nor jewels rare,
Nor flowers with perfume sweet,
Will be the offering I will lay
My mother, at His feet.
I'll offer Him the Angels' praise,
The Saints' ecstatic love,
The sighing of expectant souls
In their bright home above.
I'll lay upon the Altar-fire
The incense of earth's prayer:
Its perfumed clouds to Heaven will rise
And blend with homage there.
I'll take the Chalice of my Lord
The Blood of His own Heart,
It flowed from thine, Immaculate!
And made thee all thou art.
I'll call upon the Sacred Name,
Which thou wert first to hear,
When Angel-lips its music breathed
Upon thy listening ear.
And I will praise the Father's power,
The Wisdom of the Son,
The sweetness of the Love divine,
Which all for thee has done.
O Mother! listen to His voice,
It spoke on Calvary,
And gave me to thy loving care,
Thy Son, thy Priest, to be.
Oh! light me with a gentle ray,
Illumine the path I trod,
'Tis strewn with thorns, but it will lead
My soul to thee and God.

Let me be Christ-like in my love
Of souls, for whom He died,
And lead them on with toil and care
To rest by thy dear side.

And nearer, nearer to His Heart
Lead thou my own each day;
Oh! may it love and strive to reach
Its bright home far away.

O Mother! O Immaculate!
I praise thee but " in part ! "
Do thou accept the love, the praise
Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

— ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin, Ireland.

SUSTAIN THOU ME.

BY HENRY COYLE.

For the Carmelite Review,

I.

When I am tossed upon life's sea,
Where dark affliction's surges roll,
O Mary then sustain thou me,
And give fresh vigor to my soul.

II.

When sorrow veils and clouds the sky,
And joy's bright current runneth slow,
The radiance of thy star is nigh
To soothe, relieve and cheer my woe.

III.

With thee, O may my spirit rise,
When borne on life's tempestuous wave,
Until at last it mounts the skies,
Triumphant over Death's dark grave!

FAITH and prayer will alone endure in
that last dark hour when satan urges all his
powers and resources against the sinking
soul.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.