

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

But see! through the open window,
As if to a mossy nest,
Flies back my tired rambler
To its olden place of rest.

How I thanked our Blessed Mother
Who heard me though far away,
And her beautiful "Memorare"
Was dearer from that bright day.

Years passed—and the darksome shadows
O'er cast life's early dreams;
But oft in the night of sorrow
A starry radiance gleams,

And I see through memory's vista,
An image white and fair,
And the tones of a "Memorare"
Are echoed in mystic air.

And I think, "Is her heart less tender
When like to the wave's white foam,
My soul is engulfed in sadness
Afar from her glorious home?"

All "ye who pass by the wayside,"
With many an anxious care,
Look up to the bright blue heavens,
And breathe St. Bernard's prayer.

It will soothe each pain and sorrow
That is passing to and fro,
As it soothed my childish grieving
In days so long ago!