

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1901.

NO. 9

The Hidden Beauty.

By *Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.*

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for them that love Him."*—St. Paul, I. Cor., 11, 9.

O how many forms of beauty
In this world so fair we see !
Streamlets from the primal fountain,
Emanations, Lord, from Thee !
We have seen the rising morning
Lighting, with its roseate beams,
Hill and vale, and waving meadow,
And the crystal mountain-streams ;
Stealing o'er sweet-scented flow'rets,
Sparkling with their dew-drops bright.
Lovely are these rays, dispelling
All dark shadows of the night !
Then how beautiful is twilight,
O'er the calm and slumbering sea
Shines the silvery, faint reflection
Of soft moonbeams ; fitfully
In the tranquil, cloudless heavens
Mildly gleams an evening star,
Like a fair and mystic beacon
To God's restful land afar.
Beautiful are changeful seasons,
Spring's bright hope, and summer's glow,
Gold and crimson tints of autumn,
Whiteness of the wintry snow.
But all loveliness of nature,
Lofty mount and wooded vale,
Rippling seas or gushing fountains,

* The text, which literally applies to Heaven, is here mystically used with reference to the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.