



A Carmelite's Parting Blessing.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE shadows of the evening hours
 Were deepening into night ;
 They seemed to foid my spirit round
 And veiled the inward light.
 There was a struggle in my heart,
 Too deep by far for tears ;
A flood of anxious, saddening thoughts,
 A restlessness of fears.
I knelt in that sweet summer-eve,
 And told my pains to thee,
 They found within thy priestly heart
 Response of sympathy.
And words of benediction fell
 To calm my spirit's pain,
 " May God's own blessing on thee rest,
 And with thee e'er remain." *
Scarce did the music of those words
 In evening-silence cease,
Than o'er my spirit fell the dew
 Of sweet celestial peace.
E'er to remain ! in trial's hour,
 In struggles day by day,
To be a source of grace and strength
 And ne'er to pass away.
I felt so glad to bear the cross,
 My Father, blessed by thee,
To drink the chalice of my Lord
 So sweetened now to me.
Oh, may His blessing from on high
 Forever with thee rest !
This is the grateful prayer of one,
 My Father, thou hast blessed.

* " Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super te et moneat semper." Amen.