



HOLY MOTHER.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



HOLY Mother! on thy breast
 Fain my troubled heart would rest:
 Jesus' sorrows thou didst share --
 Help us all our cares to bear!

II.

Though thou art as pure as snow,
 Still for sinners thy tears flow:
 Contrite souls with sorrow riven
 Through thy help may be forgiven.

III.

Holy Mother! hear my cry --
 In Death's hour, O be thou nigh:
 Bear me to a home of peace,
 Where all sin and sorrow cease.

A PLEA TO ST. JOSEPH.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JANET C. BELLON.

I.

A lily sprung up out of Israel's desert,
 And opened its petal so dazzlingly white;
 Its perfume, like incense, borne upward to heaven,
 Sent back the fulfillment of Israel's light.