

THE CARMELITE REVIEW;

Then like clouds that darkly gather
 Close were drawn the folds again;
 Low their heads were bent in silence,
 But she heard no moan of pain.

V.

Who are there in robes of whiteness
 Gliding through that mournful throng?
 Surely to some brighter region
 Of God's bliss they must belong?
 There are holy guardian angels
 From His fair land far away,
 Come to lead some happy spirits
 To a glad unclouded day.

VI.

With a wand they gently touch them,
 Joyfully she sees them rise,
 In through white clouds swift ascending
 Upward to the azure skies;
 And poor captives still remaining
 In the purgatorial fire,
 Ah! with arms wide extended,
 See, they gaze in sad desire.

VII.

Seem they not, in piteous accents,
 Sighing, "Miseremini!"
 "O, ye loved ones, now so blissful,
 Let us not forgotten be.
There all weary ones are restful,
There the sad are full of joy,
There is peace and light unfading,
There sweet love without alloy!"

DEDICATION—TO THE DREAMER.

Thou hast passed the mystic portals
 Seen in dreamland when a child;
 Thou hast heard a blissful sentence
 From our loving Saviour mild.
 Art thou still in patient longing
 For eternal peaceful rest?
 Or, 'midst white-robed virgins singing
 To the Lamb with gladness blest?
 Ah! we know not,—God has folded
 Round thy soul the veils of love,
 But soft whispers in our prayer-ti-
 Seem to breathe thou art above.