



## JUNE'S LESSON.

*For The Carmelite Review.*

What say the roses of June's sunny hours?  
 What tale are they constantly telling?  
 What lesson lies hidden in rose laden bowers?  
 From nature's rich bosom now welling.

Ah! *Love* is the burden of June's rosy song;  
 Each chalice of crimson o'erflowing  
 With mystical wine, speaks throughout the day long,  
 Of *Love* which is burning and glowing.

Of *Love* which is stronger than death—mighty foe;  
 No waters can quench its great fire,  
 The Heart of a God filled with bitterest woe,  
 Is the victim on *Love's* sacred pyre.

How plaintive it's accents, how pleading its tone!  
 "Behold, what a meagre return,  
 From hearts which in very truth should be mine own,  
 In which I so long to sojourn."

The sunbeams so fervid, the roses deep hue,  
 Are types of that *Love* e'er so tender;  
 Ah! pity, 'tis pity, that love which is due,  
 We hasten now gladly to render.

E'en nature reproaches—ah! let her not say,  
 That we alone nought will return  
 For *Love* at which angels do marvel each day,  
 Sacred Heart! make the icy hearts burn.

New York.

M. C.

OUR religious communities of women form armies of noble virgins as pure and as chaste as Agnes and Lucy, as learned as St. Catharine. They have not the glory and the renown of the short martyrdom, but they have the merit of the long-enduring martyrdom in the Christian school-room.—BISHOP McQUAID.

"Thou art the King of king's delight,  
 The plane of heaven, its portal bright."

*Venantius Fortunatus.*

## CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

(CONTINUED.)



O Carmelita sat still and looked  
 at the red embers as they peeped  
 at her through the bars of the  
 stove, while the shadows closed in  
 about her, and she heard the old  
 woman go shuffling upstairs and back and  
 fro in the room above, slowly, heavily,  
 regularly, like the pendulum of the old  
 clock in the hall without.

"I would like to have said good-night to my grandmamma," said Carmelita, when Hepzibah had returned to the kitchen.

"Well, its a right good thing you didn't do it," said Hepzibah, "I found her scarey and lookin' into all the corners, as I never seen her before, and cryin' out that Araminta had come back and was lookin' at her. Not that you be anything like Araminta. You ain't got her good looks. She had real pretty blue eyes and brown hair and a skin like cream. You're well enough but you've got something kinder outlandish about you, with them big black eyes and black skin, too."

Carmelita listened, only half comprehending, as the old woman passed to and fro, at her work, talking the while in a careless monotone.

"Any way, she took you for Araminta, and it gave me a turn to see her settin' up there and callin' out kinder pitiful. And I kep thinkin' of you settin' down here in