



THE CHILD OF CARMEL'S QUEEN.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



I.
 HE knelt within the altar rail
 Before our Lady's shrine;
 The waxen tapers glimmered pale
 About the Queen divine;
 Whilst, (o'er the maiden bending down),
 The priest with whisper'd prayer,
 In Mary's livery of brown,
 Vested her client fair.

II.
 Long lingering near our Mother's throne,
 She prayed and sighed unseen:
 "O Mary! I am all thine own,
 The child of Carmel's Queen!"
 And thro' the night, with strange delight,
 She touched that symbol blest,
 Or shyly kiss'd the ribbons white
 That held it on her breast.

III.
 Ah! many a long and weary day
 Has passed since that glad morn.
 The holy priest sleeps 'neath the clay,
 The girl is ag'd and worn;
 But still she wears her livery brown,
 Still sighs, (tho' changed her mien):
 "O Mary! I am all thine own,
 The child of Carmel's Queen!"