

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

In life so sweetly radiant
 Of face and form so fair,
 Of playful mien and loving heart
 While breathing Carmel's air,
 Which all so rare and holy
 Doth nurture souls like these;
 Our Blessed Lady's daughters,
 Blest Carmel's honey bees.

Its mountain slopes are fragrant
 With thyme beds all so green,
 And humming birds all laden
 Are fitting o'er the scene,
 Which ravishes the traveller
 Who treads the lonely hill,
 Adown whose sides there runneth
 Full many a crystal rill.

Its snows send purest streamlets
 To lave the valleys green;
 Its cloisters, rarest jewels
 Fit to bedeck a queen.
 The Lady fair of Carmel
 She holds them as her crown,
 Her sons and daughters, legion,
 Who wear her habit brown.

Like this dear saint of Pazzi,
 This Magdalen so fair,
 "St. Mary's of the Angels"
 Had never soul so rare.
 And mem'ry looking backward,
 To Florence and its saint,
 Can still recall the vision
 And breathe the perfume faint,
 Which after years still lingers
 Like roses in a jar;
 But sweeter this blest odor
 From Carmel's saint afar.