



THE SEVEN DOLORS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

HE knelt within the holy place,
And clasped her treasured Child,
But visions of the distant cross
O'ercast that Mother mild.

II.

And soon, an exile from her home,
Across the desert sand
She fled to save His precious life
In Egypt's heathen-land.

III.

The years passed by—but darker still
The shadows of the cross;
For three long days she sought her Love,
And mourned for His loss.

IV.

The Passion-hour came at last;
She saw Him as He went
Along the "via crucis," there
Again her soul was rent.

V.

Behold! the tender Mother stands
Beneath her dying Son,
And there, in love and bitter pain,
Her martyr-palm is won.

VI.

The last sweet sigh is breathed now;
She will not from Him part,
But feels within her anguished soul
The sword that pierced His Heart.

