



MAY BLOSSOMS.

For the Carmelite Review.

The valleys are chanting thy praises, O Mary,
The woodlands are ringing with voices of flowers ;
The birds and the blossoms were never so chary
As now, for thee filling the groves and the bowers.

But nature though beauteous, gives place to the holy,
Does honor to flowerets of lovelier hue ;
The valley has naught in its depths half so lovely
As blossoms of Carmel that bloomed far from view.

St. Simon salutes thee, O Queen of the May !
His oak tree is rich in humility's flower ;
Fair virgin of Pazzi, contemplation's wrapt dove,
Brings lilies, meet offering for virginal bower.

St. Angelus, kindred with thee, Jewish maiden,
Comes too, with his hands full of passion flowers
rare ;
Like him are they dear to thee, nail and spear laden
Like him do they Calv'ry's insignia wear.

Yes, dearer to Mary the saints of her Order—
The flowers of Carmel, the blossoms of grace ;
Than rarest exotics adorning earth's border—
The saints are the flowers that gaze on her face.

New York.

M. C.

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

The following explains itself :

ALLSTON, Mass., April 14, 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—

I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin through THE CARMELITE REVIEW for saving me from a great accident. One day, as I was returning from a visit to my mother in Lowell, in a steam car, I was reading my office. It grew too dark to see. Having the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel with me, I placed it in the book as a mark. As I stooped over to look at the book I heard a shot, and turning around saw a large hole in the window on the side on which I was sitting. I was not in the least frightened, but the other occupants of the car were amazed to see me neither hurt or startled.

K. G. R.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.



T stood dark and solemn, that old house. Few remembered to have seen its shutters unfastened, or its great gloomy door swung ajar. The little patch of ground around it had been planted once in careful rows, with many an old-fashioned flower. Four o'clocks and peonies, tulips and dahlias, staring scarlet poppies, sweet Williams and carnations enough to make the air for half a mile around smell spicy. Now, in the summer-time they were all in inextricable confusion, all striving, as it were, for a place, and getting entangled with the ribbon-grass, and straying into the lawn at one side, on the brick court-yard on the other. Ah! even the gloom that had fallen on the mansion could not penetrate to that one favored spot. It was on the sunny side, this court-yard, and its red bricks, no doubt, lured the genial sunshine to rest upon them, whilst nests of birds had been built in the gnarled tree that grew there. It had been straight and young once, and even now in the spring-time it was still gladdened by its hosts of budding leaves and feathered lodgers.

Upon the work of man, the house, time had set its seal and claimed it with that harsh irrevocable claim against which there is no appeal. It was undeniably old, its boards dim for want of paint, the tiles upon the roof broken, the windows loose-jointed, the blinds awry.