

OUR QUEST.

FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

They tell us of flowers that are found in the valley,
That nestle so lowly in spots all unknown ;
But we to the heights of snow-tipped Mount Carmel,
Will climb for the sweet Flos Carmeli alone.

As radiant as rose-clouds from out the west shining,
We find her in garden securely enclosed ;
In beauty so regal, in splendor so queenly,
On the mount where the prophet Elias reposed.

We greet her with hearts all aglow with their ardor,
We hail her as queen of this glad natal day,
Which comes to us bearing a new gift for Mary,
In leaflets of praise and of love's happy lay.

O, Lady of Carmel ! what boon wilt thou give us—
Thy children, who come with love that is old,
To tell in new accents the ever sweet story,
Which hearts with delight have long since oft told.

To speak of thy tenderness, tell of thy power,
To sing of thy liv'ry, rich with its glory ;
To plead and to promise, be grateful and suppliant,
Be this the sweet burden of song and of story.

Oh ! yes, thou dear, "whisper of gentle air," breathing
On Carmel's slopes, leading from earth and from sense,
Speak unto our hearts of sweet hope and its promise,
Of God and of Heaven—the soul's recompense.

Oh ! lure us, our Mother, from creature love daily ;
Oh ! lead us with saints of the gay Carmel band
To the mountain of holiness, hill-top of Zion,
Eternity's rest—to the true Carmel land.

New York.

—DOLORES.