



### THE MAGNIFICAT OF MOUNT CARMEL.



HEART immaculate! thy beauty fair  
 Is bathed in soft sunlight of the Lamb.  
 On earth its grief was boundless as the sea,  
 But now it glistens in a peaceful calm.  
 And yet there murmurs psalmody more sweet  
 Than light waves as they kiss the silver strand,  
 Or golden harp-strings' wondrous melody,  
 Forever thrilling in bright angel-land,  
 A song of praise that o'er Judea's hills  
 Ascended through the glowing summer air  
 From thy glad heart, more pure than Alpine snows  
 Or greatest lilies in the valley there,  
 And still thy soul doth magnify the Lord,  
 Oh, Queen of Carmel, Mother of God's Word!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

### SHADOWS—A FRAGMENT.

Are these the evening shadows, Lord,  
 Like clouds on the mountain's brow?  
 I fain must sit at thy feet and rest—  
 I cannot work for Thee now!

Are these the harbingers, O my Lord!  
 Of the lonely and darksome night,  
 And the "valley of death" my feet must pass,  
 Ere the dawn of thy golden light?

E. D. M.