



EASTER MORN.

The dawn is breaking! In the light
Of rosy morn falls on the hill
Where stern, relentless, plain in sight,
The naked cross is standing still.

The morning's glory clothes the stone,
Whose massive form hath rolled away,
And left the angel all alone
To guard the tomb on Easter day.

His pierced hands aglow with light,
Are resting now—where? angels tell:
On Mary's head, oh! what a sight!--
This Mother whom He loved so well.

First at His feet, then on His breast,
Is clasped in silent-wrap embrace;
Her heart at last has found its rest,
Her eyes are feasting on His face.

The ways of sorrow's bitter tread--
Transfigured now, like Eden seen;
He is risen! all of Calvary's dread
Is lost amid the lights which gleam.

From out His wounds those orbs of light
Which shine in beauty like His face,
Can heaven itself have ought more bright?
Ah! No--those wounds illumine the place.

"My peace!" how sweet the words do fall
From lips that erst were mute and still,
One word alike He speaks to all,
Sweet Peace! the burden of His will.

--MATILDA CUNNINGHAM.

March, 1894.

FLOS CARMELI.

BY SUE N. BLAKELY.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.



RS. STUART'S grandchild,
"dear daughter Dorothy,"
as she was frequently called,
was some years older than
Grace, having passed the
fifteenth milestone in the
journey of life. A narrow
escape from drowning on the river in the
vicinity, when she had been out in a pleasure

boat with her father, had inspired her with such a dread of vessels, both small and large, that Mrs. Stuart found it would be cruel to insist on her accompanying her across the sea, and so she was left as a boarder instead of a day pupil, which so far she had been, with the sisters of St. Joseph whose convent was not very far away. She was a brown-eyed maiden whose loving nature and winning, unselfish ways soon found an entrance to every heart. Like the saintly ELIAS, those who lived in this isolated region felt nearer to God when dwelling in *high places*: not more than a dozen Catholic families formed the circle, and the completion of a little chapel was the crowning of the hopes they had entertained for years. It was a small gothic edifice, surmounted by a glittering cross, which caught the first rays of the morning sun, whilst over its elaborately carved door was a window of richly stained glass. The exterior was a fitting introduction to the beauty within. An elegant marble altar, before which hung the "lamp of the sanctuary" whose steady light burned day and night before the tabernacle,—silver candlesticks—and altar cloths, edged with the finest of lace—slender vases, and fragrant flowers—all united to adorn the temple of God and "the place where His glory dwelleth." Statues of the Divine Mother and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, were there, that of the Sacred Heart stood on a pedestal within the altar rail, and the altar piece depicted the Blessed Virgin presenting the scapular to St. Simon Stock, for the chapel was dedicated to MARY, and placed under the special patronage of "Our Lady of Mount Carmel." It was the delight of Dorothy to bring flowers to this beloved shrine, and one day a happy thought came to her as she and Grace were coming home from school. They were already greatly attached to each other. The older girl was of an extremely lively nature and impetuous disposition, the leader of many a madcap