



## A New Year's Poem.

BY JOHN A. LANGRAN, M. D.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

I saw an old man when the day was done  
Lay down his spade beside the chapel door,  
Then kneel and bless himself, and one by one,  
Repeat his thumb-worn Rosary o'er and o'er.

It was the eve before the glad new year,  
The sun had set his last ray on the old;  
And as he prayed in silence, lo! a tear  
Drop'd from his eye-lid on the pavement cold.

I thought so like each head came year by year,  
The course of time, tho' changing still the same,  
Decade on decade, lo! the years appear,  
Beginning and ending in the Saviour's name.

## On Saint Teresa's Footsteps.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER I.—AVILA.



MORE than three centuries ago, a life was brought to a close on earth, to be continued in a brighter sphere, a life more wonderful than which there have been few, the life of that remarkable woman who stands forth in bold relief with the world's greatest heroines, St. Teresa of Jesus. It is now more than a year since I had the inestimable privilege of visiting Old Castile, renowned in history, as well as in the romantic tales of chivalry, but possessing a greater title to glory, in having given to the world the greatest daughter of Carmel's venerable family, and the fairest offshoot of its ancient trunk. From Burgos, travelling through Valladolid, Salamanca, Alba de Tormes, until I reached Avila, I found everywhere traces of the footsteps of that saintly woman which she has left imprinted upon the sands of time.

Accompany me in spirit, reader, and we shall cast a rapid glance at the places hallowed by St. Teresa's memory. Avila de los Caballeros, perched upon an eminence 3,496 ft. above the sea level, is one of the most picturesque towns in Spain. From the fine walks around its walls, the eye stretches over a beautiful expanse of country, undulating plains, mountains which in winter are snow-capped, and the silvery stream of the Adaja that flows beneath the walls. It was delightful to think that little more than three hundred years ago, the eyes of St. Teresa beheld the self-same landscape, the identical walls, in many instances the same houses I was beholding, and that the same ground was trodden by her venerable feet. But let us begin our journey in chronological sequence, following the life of the Saint. Enter the city by the Puerta del Puente, or the Gate of the Bridge. Notice that antique cross, it tells you of the antiquity of Avila and of its earliest Christian inhabitants. The origin of Avila or Abula is lost in the dim shadows of the morn of history. It is said to have been founded by Hercules in 1660, B.C. Several Roman remains are still to be found in the vicinity. The present city was rebuilt by Don Ramon, son-in-law of Alfonso VI., in the year 1088. Its granite walls, forty feet high and twelve feet thick, with eighty-six towers and ten gateways were begun in 1090, and to-day, after the lapse of so many centuries, they are nearly perfect. Pass through the ancient gate, turn slightly to the right, follow that narrow street, winding up the hill, beneath the southern wall, and you enter the street of Saint Teresa. The Church of the discalced Carmelite Friars stands before you. Ring at the door of the monastery and the friar will be pleased to send some one to accompany you. Enter the church. It stands upon the spot where the family of Teresa de Ahumade dwelt. To the right of the altar