

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., MAY, 1900.

NO. 5

Salve Regina!

HAIL, Holy Queen! The bloom of May
Betokens thy puissant sway.

A sunlit, dazzling dream of white,
It surges in aerial light;
Then, dulled to pearl, it glimmers gray.

Thy love descends without delay
To meet our joys. No planet's ray
Is swifter -- nor the lark's sky flight!
Hail, Holy Queen!

Thy sympathy, it comes to stay,
A violet sweetness, every day;
A mother-love, of patient might
To calm and soothe and guide aright.
Shine, tearful eyes! Nor say her nay!
Hail, Holy Queen!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

MOTHER of Our Redeemer! Gate of heaven,
Star of our night on life's wild, troubled sea
Fainting, we fall, yet, falling, cry to thee
To whom such grace, such privilege was given
To bear thy God, by whom our chains were riven;
Who, stooping low, as one of us to be,
Yet left unstained thy virgin purity:
Lo, thee forgetting, vainly we have striven,
And in our weakness, fly to thee for aid;
And, as the archangel greeted thee, we greet:
"Hail full of grace!" Most pitiful! Most sweet!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made;
Mother of Him on Whom our sins were laid;
Make us, at last, in thee, in Him, complete.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.