

Carmelite Review.



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Feast of Mount Carmel.

Our Lady's Invitation to Her Children.

○ FT we hear sweet invitations,
Stealing through the "gentle air,"
When the pearly dawn is breaking,
Or at tranquil evening prayer,
Softer than those twilight zephyrs
Sighing low through woodland trees,
Soothing like the ceaseless murmur
Of the rippling, sapphire seas.

On bright festal days of Mary,
Breathe her accents "Come to me!"

O what tenderness maternal!
What celestial sympathy!
"Come, dear souls! for exile sorrow
In my love there is a balm,
Come, O restless hearts and weary,
Near my Shrine is restful calm.

But there is a special gladness
In God's Holy Church today.
Is it caught from golden harp-strings
Of the light-land far away?
Through the aisles of grand cathedrals
Thrills a grand, melodious voice,
And the solitudes of Carmel
Echo: "Let us all rejoice!"

In the silvery chime of joy-bells
Ringing through this summer day,
Or in humble rustic chapels
Where the peasants watch and pray,
Glorious Queen of Holy Carmel!
Thou enthroned so far above,
With most joyful hymns we greet thee
As the "Mother of fair love."

We are all thy favored children,
In this desert pathless land;
We are clothed with "double garments,"
Given by thine own dear hand.
May this holy feast of gladness
Bring new gifts of choicest grace,
Lead us ever upward — onward,
To the vision of God's Face!

Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.