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A Song of Dreamland.

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IN the silent, mystic dreamland,
Through deep shadows of the night,
Shone a soft and silvery radiance
From the far-off land of light,
O'er a spacious marble stairway
Where the dreamer stood below
Gazing upward at a lady
Robed in garb like Alpine snow.
O! how beautiful and radiant
Was that sweet maternal face!
Queenly in its noble aspect,
Pure and virginal its grace!
Still more wonderous was the beauty
Of the lady's fair young Child;
Son and Mother on the dreamer
Gently glanced, and sweetly smiled.
Yielding to their blest attraction
Fain would she ascend on high,
But the lady breathed in accents
Softer than the zephyr's sigh
When it steals o'er sleeping harp-strings
And awakes their melody;
Then she whispered: "Be converted!
Else you cannot come to me."
And that night-time visitation,
And that low celestial strain,
Was repeated thrice e'er morning
Dawned o'er hill and dale again.
Anxious, troubled by that warning
That still echoed through the day,
Yet, as time flowed on, it's impress
From the dreamer passed away.