



THE SEVEN DOLORS.

For The Carmelite Review.

September's golden grain doth wave,
O'er fields all ripe for reaper's scythe;
The hunter's moon with silver laves
The earth -- and nature's voice is blithe

But minor strains are in our hearts,
As men's wry wakens o'er and o'er,
The thought of sorrow's seven darts
Which she the Queen of Martyrs bore.

The grave and gay doth nature blend,
'Mid storm and sunshine life is passed;
And so the Passion tide doth send
Its shadow even to the last.

The glorious autumn has its shade,
As well as spring time, glad and bright;
The shadow of the cross is laid
In "pearly dawn" and evening light.

And eyes of love can e'er discern,
The form of her to sorrow wed;
Beneath the cross, and from her learn,
The story of her sorrow dread.

Whose hand hath sent the cruel dart,
So keen, so cold, with aim so sure?
Ah! your's and mine transfixed the heart
Of Mater Dolorosa pure.

Be ours the oil to heal her wounds,
Be ours the wine to give her strength;
Be ours the voice that ever sounds
In love and pity, till at length,

The cruel swords of sorrow deep,
Our love will draw from out her breast;
And there in peace and joy we'll weep,
With Mater Dolorosa rest.

DOLOROS.

New York.

BE zealous for the least religious practice, if one can so speak; for, in reality, there is nothing unimportant in religion.—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)



DIDN'T mean ghosts, said Carmelita, hopeless of making her meaning clear.

"I should rather hope not, but what are you going to wear to-morrow morn?"

"What am I going to wear?" repeated Carmelita, "why, I have not thought of it, but I suppose my gray dress and black hat."

"On Sabbath morn and a bright day, as I reckon it's goin' to be. Why, sakes alive, Mr. Rutherford, he'd be ashamed to walk by the Baptist meetin' or the Episcopalian Church either, with a dowdy."

Carmelita opened her eyes wide as she sat painfully upright in the elder's arm chair, which permitted no relaxation of the muscles.

"Why, you just put on your best clothes, Carmelita, that blue chiney silk you got, with spots on it, and that hat, with lots of feathers on it."

"Dress myself like that," said Carmelita, "to go to a poor church, where the congregation are working people. Why, Hepzibah, how could you think of such a thing."

"Perhaps they ain't just workin' people," said Hepzibah, with an attempt at diplomacy.

"You told me yourself they were the scum of the earth — all low people," said Carmelita.