

Beheld a lone, dark future arise, like an evil power,
To crush your heart with its burden, and chill it beyond
relief.

IV.

When, suddenly, broke thro' the darkness a holy, and heaven-
born light—

A gloom-dispelling hope, and a sense of delicious rest! . . .
You fell on your knees there, and pray'd: but you thought it
was *my* Good-night—

My wafted blessing—had brought you this balm for an
aching breast!

—EDMUND, OF THE HEART OF MARY, PASSIONIST.

Twilight Hymn to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



PURE as Carmel's snows, and lovely
As the first, fair morning-shine
Crowned with stars of changeless splendor,
Hail! thou Mother, Maid Divine!
Hail! thou Lady of the Mountain,
Rearing up its stainless height—
Emblematic of Thy graces,
Glowing in immortal light!

Mother of Mount Carmel, hear!
Shades are falling—night is near!

From the wide waters of the ocean,
Where the birdlike vessels sail;
From the dark haunts of the cities,
Where the weak and tempted wail;
Thro' the rattle of the battle,
From the captive and the free,
This fond anthem still is wafted,
This sweet prayer swept up to Thee—

Mother of Mount Carmel hear!
Shades are falling—night is near!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.