



ODE TO ST. TERESA.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



ALL vallant woman! Spain's proud boast,
 Thou mother of a saintly line!
 Hail leader of a mighty host,
 Thou doctress of the art divine.

On Carmel's heights we see thee stand
 Undaunted by the strife below,
 In regal splendor, courage grand,
 To battle with the deadly foe.

O loyal heart! whose burning zeal
 Reformed the spirit, fed the flame,
 Whose clarion voice made others feel
 Of standards low, the sin and shame.

Thy feet upon the mountain height,
 Thy watchword, suffering or death!
 No truce in nature's life long fight,
 No peace while self or sense had breath.

New woman thou of knightly days,
 Thou type unknown to court or throne,
 Of gracious men, of winning ways,
 Thy mastery did many own.

For thou wert bent on gaining souls
 To Christ and Carmel—garden fair—
 And so the song of triumph rolls,
 To greet thee saint of virtue rare.

Be thou the guardian of our day,
 Of woman in her changing sphere,
 Oh! teach her that *true* woman's sway
 Is by the hearth and fireside dear.