



Review

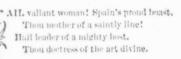
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ODE TO ST. TERESA.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



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

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.