

Carmelite



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TO THE DIVINE INFANT.

[These lines were suggested by the beautiful prayer in honor of the Holy Infant of Prague, composed by the Carmelite, Father Cyril a Matre Del.]

SWEET Infant—God! I humbly fly to Thee,
For I have heard Thy whisper all divine:
“Come all who labor, come with trust to me,”
“Your hearts can only rest in love of mine.”
Sweet Infant—Jesus! I believe in Thee,
And hope for mercy from Thy loving Heart.
O may I love and serve Thee fervently!
“The Prince of peace,” “Emmanuel,” Thou art!
Sweet little Jesus! Souls so dear to Thee
Shall be the objects of my tender love.
O grant that we may all eternally
Rejoice and praise Thee in the land above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

IN PRAISE OF WISDOM.

Who comes with thee, O Father Time, to-night?
’Twas Folly once, and Mirth in elfin guise,
And Hope, whose flash electric lit our skies:
Now, lo, a Presence soft in lambent light,
Whose touch is calm.—O Time, give up the fight!
Thou bringest snowy locks and tearful eyes;
She takes the sorrow out! Thou givest sighs;
She stills them, broadening the inner sight.
Her name is Wisdom. Win her grace who can,
The sweetest boon companion ’neath the sun!
Serene she speaks—“Seek that which never dies,
The truth of God, O dying child of man!
Th’ eternal majesty of thoughts that run
Down the far rivers of the centuries.”

CAROLINE D. SWAN.