

O blest art thou who hast believed the Lord,
 All shall be done, imparted by his word !
 The virgin cried :—O who shall sing His praise,
 What voice resound his wondrous works and ways ?
 With joyful strain I raise my feeble voice,
 And in my Saviour's heav'nly name rejoice ;—
 He hath beheld me from his place on high,
 And crown'd with honor my humility ;
 For which my name is blest on every shore,
 Till mankind fails and seasons roll no more ;
 He hath stood up and shown his arm of might,
 And in their boasting put the proud to flight ;
 He has cast down the mighty from their Throne,
 And raised on high the lowly and unknown ;
 He hath with plenty fill'd the hungry heart,
 And bid the great in emptiness depart,
 And now to crown his many gifts divine,
 He sends a son from Israel's lofty line,
 As he had promised to our sires of yore,
 And to their progeny forever more.

The senior,* then, who stood in dumbness there,
 Surveys the maid and marks her graceful air,
 Observes the movement of her virgin feet,
 And prints the ground she treads with kisses sweet.
 Then lifts his hands, exulting to the skies,
 And speaks with signs what'er his vow denies ;
 Shows forth the prophecies of olden days,
 And dark Futurity revealed displays.
 —“ Him who shall come like rain upon the flock,
 The flower that blossoms from great Jesse's stock,
 The tree unblasted by the crackling fires,
 The Star arising from the ancient sires.”
 While thus the Father runs his piercing look,
 Along the pages of the sacred book,
 Deep in her breast the virgin dwells upon
 The coming birth of God's Eternal One
 Descending down “ like shower upon the fleece,
 In nature's calm and midnight's solemn peace ;—
 And tho' full well herself was seen to be
 That burning bush—that starlight of the sea,
 The maiden still dares offer no reply,
 Nor deems her worthy dignities so high,
 But looking up, her heart to Heav'n she lifts,
 And readers thanks for all its priceless gifts !

The full moon now had thrice beheld her wane,
 When she resolves to hasten home again ;
 And now prepared to measure back the hills,
 With sweet emotions all her bosom thrills—
 The placid smile—the ever fond caress,
 Her aged mother's looks of lovingness,
 The sweet remembrance of that dwelling dear,
 Where Heaven's glad tidings echoed on her ear,
 Around whose roof still honored by the skies,
 A thousand songs of Seraphim arise—
 All—all come o'er her with redoubled sway,
 And prompt her spirit to pursue her way.
 At length departed from her kindred friends,
 Fast o'er the hills her joyous way she weeds,
 No rest—no respite as she homeward hies,
 Not turning once, on either side, her eyes,
 (Though o'er her head attendant angels soar.)
 Till she at last regains the washed-for door.
 Then deep revolving her immortal dower,

In peace she waits the fair auspicious hour,
 When free from pain or labours she brings forth
 The long expected One, the Saviour of the Earth ! !

* Zacharia the husband of Elizabeth.
 (To be continued).

THE SELFISHNESS OF THE AGE.

Brownson, the Reviewer, now resident in Massachusetts, and many a one beside, have traced the social evils of our times, to an increase of human selfishness. Philosophers propound theories, and Religionists preach the gospel ; but the classes to whom we allude find the theories unacceptable, and the preaching vain. Selfishness will combat reason, by reason ; and interpretation, by a refusal to recognize its appositeness. Society seems to require the authority of God, infallibly conveyed and practically applied, before we can hope for a mediation of its evils. It requires a voice, audibly directing and powerfully commanding. Selfishness and pride, can never cohabit with true Catholicity ; and Catholicity is the only power, therefore, that can stay its progress. In our Church—the most conclusive argument for the worthlessness of riches and fame—those things which make men selfish, is the very constitution of its own moral being. In a beautiful article we find the following :—

“ In making poverty a necessary virtue in most of her religious orders, and a cardinal merit in all, the Church has done her utmost to redeem it from that disgrace with which man's carnal pride invests it, and she has given to charity a double value, as the sign and seal of the spiritual communion which makes of all her children one brotherhood in love and grace. Here is the great source of the warmth and strength of Catholic charity.

“ That it is which makes it live and glow with a vigour and kindness all its own—which makes it ingenious in a thousand little inventions to soothe away the bitterness of poverty—which makes it “ twice bless'd, blessing him that gives and him that takes,” so that the rich man feels that in giving he gains much, and the poor man, that he who gives is his friend and brother. This is true Charity—Catholic Charity—which goes straight from heart to heart, and binds them in the sweet and easy links of sympathy and mutual trust, and which, looking higher than the physical wants which it relieves, with pious care surrounds the needy with all that can turn the most obdurate soul to heaven.

“ What is there in common between this charity