

In that haven, from shipwreck, sweet refuge of love,  
 She has gathered His Cross to her heart,  
 Earth's brightest illusions, unheeded passed by,  
 "She hath chosen the better part."

Sister of Charity, humble and lowly,  
 Thine aim, was to walk, in the path that He trod,  
 Seeking the sinful, the sorrowful, weary,  
 The poor and despised, but to lead them to God.  
 Sister of Charity, loving and tender,  
 To the Lambs of His flock, that He gave to thy care,  
 Thy life's work, to teach them, to shun every danger,  
 And lead them to Him through the sweet voice of Prayer.

AGNES BURT.

Written for the *Voice*,  
 Montreal, August 15th, 1882.

## AURORA BOREALIS, OR HUMANITY.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

On the evening of the 5th August (1882) I was abroad in the country. The hour was ten, and the harvest moon had not yet appeared above the horizon. The night was clear, warm, beautiful; millions of stars bespangled the firmament, millions of planets revolved harmoniously in space. Along the west a few cloudlets hovered, the south was inky dark and the east was slightly tinged with a silvery glow. My attention was drawn towards the north, where one golden shaft of light shot up from behind the distant hills until its point touched the plough. Soon it was accompanied by another similar beam, then another and another until fully thirty gilded spears pointed towards the zenith. Along the horizon, beneath those shafts of fire, there appeared a deep phosphorescent glow which gradually ascended, and as the brilliant beams comingled, became a brighter red and then blood-like crimson. Here and there, like the troughs of great breakers, a sombre purple hue divided the more brilliant colors. Soon all the varieties of the rainbow, multiplied a million times, assumed a thousand different forms. At first like a vast canopy it appeared