

Mind and soul, with your god-like powers,
Which is meeter to be your shrine,
Passing blooms or eternal bowers?

Leaning down from your star-built towers,
Angels, which is the more divine,
A path of thorns or a path of flowers?

Jesus sweet, do the ruby showers
That fell with Thy Heart's last thrummings, sign
Passing blossoms or eternal bowers?

Courage, O heart, for this choice of ours,
Writ in the heavens, will stars outshine!—
A path of thorns or a path of flowers—
Passing blooms or eternal bowers? S. M. P.

ONLY A CUP OF WATER.

IT was the maxim of a very holy religious, and enlightened spiritual guide that if you are striving for the conversion of a soul which refuses to accept the light or enter the path of truth, you have one resource—to induce it to give alms and perform acts of mercy and kindness in view of God. He will not be outstripped in generosity, nor fail to reward the services we render others in His name by the only gift of real value in His sight. Here is an example from fact confirming the truth of the maxim.

It was on a hot day of July, the sun blazing in a cloudless sky, from whose rays every living thing sought shelter. In the corner of a cosy sitting-room sat a young girl gazing from her shady nook at the brilliant glare outside. She for one, was well screened from the heat—the half-closed shutters, the thin loose dress, the ice-water on a table near by, and the fan lying idly in her lap, told better than