

the blood of my body, what do I not owe Thee for giving me the Blood formed from Mary's substance, and which redeemed the world? I promise to live in a manner worthy of Thy sanctity, and never to bring shame on Thy Blood so often united to mine and which should make me a divine being. Henceforth, may the ardor of my love, my horror for everything opposed to sanctity, and my spirit of devotedness and sacrifice, show that It flows in my veins. In return for Thy Blood I give Thee my own ; if I do not deserve the favor of shedding it for love of Thee, at least may my life be a spotless one, filled with meritorious works, that I may enjoy throughout Eternity, the happiness won for me by the effusion of Thy Blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR LADY'S BIRTH.

When September's sun was shining
 On the corn-clad mountain-side ;
 When Engaddi's lonely vineyards
 Shone in green and purple pride ;
 When the broadening moon in autumn
 Saw the harvest gathered in ;
 Then, there came the Prince's Daughter
 Mary, without stain of sin.

From the crest of sun-lit mountains
 Standing in a desert wild,
 Came Our Lord's predestined Mother,
 Came the sin-destroying Child :
 Light unearthly burns around her,
 Sign of more than man can see ;
 Joachim and Anna wonder
 What this mystery can be.

For the world such welcome glory
 Till that hour was never seen ;
 When the heaven-sent angels watching
 Knelt around their Infant Queen :