



## ST. MAGDALEN DE PAZZI.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



NE morning in fair Florence,  
 A Carmelite drew near,  
 To gaze with holy ardor  
 Upon the sacred bier,  
 Whereon the flower of Carmel  
 In sweetest slumber lay;  
 Love's seraph in that beauty  
 Which ne'er has known decay.

"Behold!" he cried, "the marvel;  
 She lives, my sister saint!  
 The wine which maketh virgins,  
 Hath conquered nature's taint.  
 To suffer, was her watchword,  
 No death, but life to die;  
 And now behold, love's victim  
 Corruption doth defy."

And thus the friar musing  
 As lovingly he knelt  
 Beside the fair young virgin,  
 And in his heart he felt  
 How God doth work His wonders  
 In saints like this great soul,  
 Transforming even nature  
 To beautify the whole.