

Love Mary and serve her with fervour : you will thus have a great treasure of grace in your heart.

How is it, that when you believe God is God, you serve him so badly ?

God who requires of you the offering of your heart, also requires, that this heart be pure, humble, devout and faithful.

Be not wedded to the earth or its vanities, you who are made for eternity. Renounce the delights of earth, 'in order to merit those of heaven. If you have good will, God will shew you mercy.

ST. PETER CELESTINE.

Whenever you go into a church imagine that you are entering heaven.

In your sufferings, consider your Saviour all covered over with his blood for your sake, and then complain if you dare.

ST. NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINE.

Serve God for his own sake, in order to please and to possess him, and rejoice at the honor which you receive in serving so good a master, and at the bliss which is promised you.

Do not love life only because it leads you quickly to death, and because during so short a space you are able to gain eternity.

Act before you speak, and do more than you say. ST. COLUMBAN.

Do good, do good, whilst you have yet time ; in a little while you will be able to do no more.

ST. JOHN OF GOD.

Hope in him who forbids you to despair in him. Forgive quickly, because you must forgive sooner or later if you wish that God should forgive you.

Poetry.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

" He was wounded for our transgressions ; He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed."

ISAIAH liii. 5

He comes!—the Man of Sorrows—bleeding torn ;

His garment tattered—thorns pressed on his head.

For him no pity, nought but savage scorn,
As on to Calvary's hill he's meekly led,
His heavy heart seems bursting with his woes ;
His shoulders ache beneath their torturing load,

Surrounded by a multitude of foes,
Christian ! 'tis thus that you behold your God.

Feeble and faint, He sinks upon the ground ;
His face is covered with a deadly hue.
Fresh smarting from each lash inflicted wound,
He's urged along, for Calvary's in view.
At length, 'tis reached :—His body is laid bare,

And naked he is nailed upon the tree ;
The cross is lifted, dangling high in air,
Christian ! come, now, thy suffering Saviour see.

Already flows the blood !—the earth is dyed '
Each gash is opening in the glare of day.
Down Calvary flows the precious purple tide
To wash the sins of wicked worlds away.
Praying for all he now resigns his breath ;
A mangled form—each nerve and sinew riven ;

His sacred limbs fast stiffening into death.
Christian ! thy Saviour hangs 'tween earth and heaven.

The patriarch's joy—Messiah promised long ;
The expected of the nations—the eternal Word ;

The hope of prophets—theme of David's song ;
Now in this blood hath quenched the flaming sword.

His was the great accepted sacrifice—
Self-offered on the cross, and failing never ;
In him we live, and die, and hope to rise.
Christian ! rejoice, thy Saviour reigns for ever.