

For man. Alas! the sight degrading;
 I turn from them, as garish flowers,
 In gay but *scintless* beauty springing,
 To this *sweet* bud of cloistered bowers,
 Around the Cross of Jesus clinging;—
 I turn; and as I turn, my soul
 Doth seem as o'er some fountain bending
 Whose waters to Elysium roll;
 While winged seraphs, round attending,
 Fill forth that sweet and silv'ry tide,
 The *golden cup* to sinners given,—
 That cup, for which the Saviour died,
 That man might drink, and live—in heaven.

VERSES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY

(*About to enter on her Novitiate.*)

ON READING THE DESCRIPTION OF "A BEAUTIFUL
 KIN, BY MRS. CRAWFORD."

I HEARD a voice so soft, so sweet,
 That ever, shall it dwell,
 So long as this warm heart shall beat,
 Deep treasur'd up in memory's cell.

True breathing of a soul sublime,
 It seemed to me of heav'n inspired;
 Oh! how I spurn'd this mortal clime,
 When first that voice my bosom fired!

And still, methinks, I hear it—still,
 The vestal glories it pourtrayed,
 With thoughts of heav'n my bosom fill,
 And leave the sigh for cloistered shade.

'Tis done;—no sudden thoughts revolve
 Within me;—heav'n itself attest!
 Ah yes! th' unalter'd firm resolve
 Shall fix me in the mansion* blest.

Cease then, fond sisters, cease to melt
 In tears on tears of tend' real love;
 Alas! for me ye never felt
 That love I feel 'or Him above!

Spouse of the white-rob'd Virgin band,
 To Thee I vow each silent hour;
 Thy glorious Mother by the hand
 Shall lead me to thy sacred bower!

There lowly prostrate at thy shrine,
 These knees the live long day shall bend,
 And many a night, in hymns divine,
 These lips to heav'n thy praise shall send

Yes! Glory, glory, glory be
 To God on high! and heav'nly peace
 To those, O Jesus, who to Thee
 Pour forth sweet hymns that never cease!

M—F.

Spiritual Maxims of St. Vincent of Paul:

DECEMBER.

1.

A superior should occasionally relax from the gravity and seriousness of his place, and become a little cheerful, in order to encourage those who are timid.

2.

He that does not trust himself into high ecclesiastical dignities, but waits for the call of Heaven, will receive from God those special graces that are annexed to a legitimate vocation, and by which he will produce fruits worthy of apostleship, and of eternity; he will spare himself from the reproach on his death bed of having charged himself with the care of a diocese, a burthen which his conscience would find in supportable at his last moments.

3.

The best means of gaining to God those who are accustomed to duplicity and finesse, is to use the greatest simplicity.

4.

When we are convinced that any enterprise is calculated to promote the glory of God, and that it is conformable to his will, we should spare neither pains nor expense to carry it to perfection, either by our own means or those of others.

5.

When we have to deal with others