

## III.

Now respond with holy ardor  
 Kindled at the Altar fire :  
 "I will scale the rugged mountain  
 Till the shadows all retire." †  
 Ah ! though life, like roseate morning,  
 Seemed so fair with hope and joy,  
 Yet thine eyes were gazing upward  
 To a bliss without alloy.

## IV.

Fair the scenes, O Sponsa Christi !  
 From that Mount thine eyes shall see :  
 On the hill of fragrant incense  
 Joys of spirit wait for thee,  
 And like silvery star of guidance,  
 Mary's love will lead thee on  
 Till the golden day is breaking,  
 And the shadows all are gone.

## V.

Keep thy mystic lamp e'er burning  
 Still more brightly day by day :  
 Watch the coming of the Bridegroom  
 From His fair land far away.  
*There* a glorious crown awaits thee  
 Chosen by eternal love.<sup>‡</sup>  
*There* thy voice will sweetly mingle  
 With the Virgin's song above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

† "Till the day break and the shadows retire, I will go to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense."—CANT. I.

‡ "Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam quam tibi Dominus preparavit in eternum."

### An Advice.

GO to the home of our "hidden God,"  
 And let thy refuge be  
 Within that Heart which, on the Cross,  
 Its life-blood shed for thee.  
 There shall the weary troubled soul  
 Find peace. Within that breast  
 Is Heaven, itself though still on earth  
 Love, joy, eternal rest.

—E. DE M.