

most intimate, which is the foundation of all the evangelical mysteries, i.e., the immense love of His adorable Heart for men.

This devotion is not, therefore, a mystic subtlety, referring only to an imaginary being. Its object, which is all that is great and noble, fills the world. It is the love of Jesus Christ for us, that love which was the cause of our redemption, and which will constitute our everlasting happiness in heaven.

P. SUAU, S. J.

A "GROWN-UP" CHRISTMAS.

I don't believe in Santa Claus,
His name no longer has the power
To make my heart go pit-a-pat
In the long, restless midnight hour.

No stockings grace my chimney-piece—
I have no use for toy or game,—
And e'en the blessed Christmas tree
For me has grown a pastime tame.

My presents, (they are few indeed,)
Are of a strictly useful kind :—
Some handkerchiefs, a pair of gloves,
Some book of very sober mind.

I know no lengthy Christmas-tide—
No fortnight's merry sport and play,—
I leave my duties Christmas eve,
And take them up St. Stephen's day.

And every Christmas serves to mark
A milestone in the path of time,—
A year of solemn, solid work,
Uncheered by fairy tale or rhyme.