

## True happiness.

What are the so called joys of earth ?  
A few brief hours of transient mirth  
That quickly pass, they soon are o'er,  
And then return to us no more.  
They, like the fleeting summer wind,  
Can leave no trace upon the mind.  
Like earth y flowers that please the eye,  
To day they bloom, to morrow die.  
Or like the hues of rainbow gay,  
Appear a while and fade away.  
Thus nature's voice, where'er we go,  
Cries joys are transient here below.  
The only one who claims our love  
Is God who reigns in heaven above.  
This truth is heard in ev'ry breeze  
That sighs among the forest trees.  
These words are echoed in the wail  
Of tempest winds and angry gale.  
The ocean billows, loud and strong  
In music will repeat the song.  
The winds, the waves, the thunder's roar  
Exclaim : love God and Him adore !  
The noblest tree, the frailest flower,  
Proclaim alike God's wondrous power.  
Seek God alone, we hear them say,  
For earthly joys soon pass away.  
Love Him who made us ; seek not here  
The phantom joys that disappear.  
Remember how they quickly fly,  
For they, like us, are soon to die.  
Thus nature's book where'er we turn,  
Is open'd wide that we may learn  
This lesson, taught by heavenly art :  
*'Tis God alone can fill the heart.*  
All other things, that real seem,  
Are but vain, delusive dream.

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