

unto living waters." The Bishop was sent to exile, afterwards to die a martyr. Vincent was first tortured on the rack, and being still immovable in his faith, was there laid on a bed of sharp iron bars under which a fire had been lighted. Being removed from this before death had ended his sufferings, he departed in peace surrounded by his Christian brethren on Jan. 22, A.D., 304.

The account of S. Vincent's martyrdom, or his "Acts," has come down to us in an authentic form, and with much detail, and this holy day was probably established very shortly after it occurred.

S. Vincent is represented with the bed or gridiron on which he was tortured, and also a raven hovering near him, significant of the fact that his body was cast to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air by heathen vengeance.

#### Words of the Good and Wise.

We propose to give in each number a few "germ thoughts" from the writings of holy and wise men, which we trust may prove helpful to our readers in their spiritual life. We shall select them, as far as possible, so as to have some bearing on the special season of the year.

#### NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

"What is your life?"

"What is that mysterious power which has been forced upon us as a stranger, and for which we must answer as for ourselves? *Life is a movement, whose principle, centre, and term is God.*"

"What we need, in order to feel our usefulness and attach us to

our life, is the certainty of working for something *eternal*; and this we have. We have it by virtue. Laborers in a work begun by God, we bring to it a stone which ages will never shake; and how feeble soever may be our part in the common edifice, it will be there for eternity."—*Lacordaire*

"There are two things that are above all necessary to us in this life, and without which life would be to us unbearable and impossible, these are the Word of God, and the Sacrament of the Eucharist."—*Imitatio.*

To-day is a furrow traced before us, our thoughts, our desires, our intentions, are the seed which every moment, and often, unconsciously, we drop into it.—*Anon.*

Time the Supreme! Time is eternity:

Pregnant with all eternity can give;

Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.

Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth

A power ethereal only not adored.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.

Time wasted, is existence; used is life.—*Yonge.*

#### A PRAYER.

Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee: and when Thou hast taken it, keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Fenelon.*