

Lend me, dear Saint, thy triple heart,
 Three glowing hearts in one ;
 A heart to love, think, speak and work,
 For God till life be done,

A heart to love all human kind
 In body, mind and soul,
 By prayers, words, deeds, assisting them
 To reach their Heavenly goal.

A heart, all bitterness to self
 Resisting self-will's pride,
 And chastening passion for the sake
 Of Jesus crucified.

Win me, sweet Saint, this triple heart,
 Through Nazareth's hearts of love,
 That mirrored in this world below
 God's threefold bliss above.

—(*With the author's kind permission.*)

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A CHILD MIRACULOUSLY PROTECTED.

During the hay-harvest, last year, a child eleven years old fell on a mower in motion, and his arm was chopped as deep as the bone, fragments of which were found in the wound. The wound was so dreadful to see that many persons could not look at it without shuddering. A high mass and a pilgrimage, besides the annual one to be performed by the parish, were immediately promised by the child's parents. In consequence, his recovery was most happily affected, and what is more astonishing, without any pain, for the child did not lose even an hour of sleep. For several months past, he is quite well, with the exception of a certain stiffness in two of his fingers, which however seems to disappear gradually.

St-Augustin, Portneuf.