

It helps me in my struggles
It reproves me when I sin,
Its look of gentle patience
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish
The greatest help I knew
Was to hold that little crucifix
Until I calmer grew.

And looking on that figure
Which hung in patience there
I saw the dreadful torture
Which He in love did bear.

His feet are nailed together
His loving arms outspread,
And blood is dropping slowly
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how could I then murmur,
Or bitterly complain,
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain.

So when the time approaches
That I will have to die,
I hope that little crucifix
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy Name of Jesus
May be the best I say;
And kissing that dear crucifix
My soul may pass away.

H. F. L.

A POET'S PRAYER.

Now, therefore, thou who bring'st the year to birth,
Who guid'st the bare and dabbled feet of Mary;
Sweet stem to that Rose CHRIST, who from the earth
Suck'st our poor prayers, conveying them to Him;
Be aidant, tender Lady, to my lay!...

FRANCIS THOMPSON.