

of view the love and worship of Mary, the Mother of God, a mother yet a virgin, always a virgin, virgin most pure, most holy, most humble, most amiable, most loving, most merciful, most faithful, most powerful, cannot fail to enable us to overcome the terrible impurity of our age, and to attain to the virtues now most needed for our individual salvation, and for the safety of society.

"In this view of the case we must feel that nothing is more important than the cultivation of the love and worship of Mary. She is our life, our sweetness, our hope, and we must suffer no sneers of those without, no profane babblings about "Mariolatry" to move us, or in the least deter us from giving our hearts to Mary. We must fly to her

protection as the child flies to its mother, and seek our safety and consolation in her love, in her maternal embrace. We are safe only as we repose our heads upon her bosom, draw nourishment from her breasts. The world lieth in wickedness, festering in moral corruption, and it is a shame to name the vices and iniquity which everywhere abound. Hardly has childhood blossomed into youth, before it withers into old age. We have no youth, we have only infancy and wornout manhood. What is to become of us? Our help is in thee, sweet Mother, and we fly to thy protection, and, O, protect us, thy children, and save us from the evil communications of this world, lost to virtue, and enslaved to the enemy of our souls!"

UNCULLED FLOWERS.

O could I find some uncultured bud !
Some leaf or shrub enshrined,
And breathing mystic fragrance in
The garden of the mind.

How gladly would I twine a
wreath
All fair in purity,
To grace poetic realms of thought
With Mary's imagery.

But ah ! her praises have been
sung
In sweeter tones than mine ;
And rarer flow'rets have been
wreathed
Around her holy shrine.

The beauties of our earth and sky,
And of the sparkling sea,
Are themes familiar to the souls
That sing, my Queen, of Thee.

And yet, 'tis sweet to feel it so,
Whene'er we speak of thee,
There is an echo of our theme
In great heart's sympathy.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

PRAYER TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

My Lord ! My God ! Grant me
the grace

From Thee, oh never to depart ;
As child in parent's sweet embrace,
Ah ! fold me to Thy Sacred
Heart.

My sins forgive, that grieve Thee
e'er,

Oh ! Gentle Heart, so true to me,
Forget them, in the love I bear
As contrite one, returned to Thee.

Sweet tender Heart, so kind, so
dear,

So patient, meek, oh Love Divine,
E'er guide me, and when death
draws near,

Then closer fold my heart to
Thine.

—Marion F. Hoban.

Ammendale, Maryland,
August 2, 1900.