



The Sweetness of our Blessed Lady

THE tender care with which our Blessed Mother guards her devout clients is aptly illustrated by the two following legends taken from an old volume.

I. — How our Lady saved her servant's life

In that part of France which looks towards the west there is a tongue of earth running out into the ocean, and this tongue of earth with the surrounding country is known as Brittany. It is a good country, and the people who inhabit it are good.

But just here, where land and water separate, there are many rocks, towering on high and broken into fantastic forms, some resembling gigantic needles, others like enormous bones, and others again like the open blades of a huge scissors. Thousands of these rocks show themselves above the water, while other thousands lie hidden, treacherously, beneath the surface.

The sea is very deep at this place, and when a gale comes up, woe to the unfortunate vessel that is found on this coast, for once tossed on the cruel rocks by wind and wave, her fate is sealed.

Many a good ship and her cargo had been lost there, and many a precious life perished, when a pious man, known far and near as "Roger the good" looked about for means to prevent further disaster.

At last he found them. There on a high embankment where the danger was greatest, on account of the sharp pointed, rocks the sandy bar, the hidden reef, he erected a little church or chapel, which he dedicated to Our Lady, who is so justly called "Star of the Sea." "Besides" said Roger to himself "I will constitute myself the guardian