

in this country. It is unnecessary to emphasize the importance of the task which Abbé Casgrain is carrying out, and undue praise cannot be passed upon the results which he has already accomplished.

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We quote the following. It furnishes food for a deal of reflection: "In the good old days father, mother and children knelt together in the little sitting room and devoutly said the rosary before going to bed. Nowadays father is at the club playing billiards or poker. Mother too, has her club to attend to; the girls are at the bridge-whist party, and the boys are out on the public highways learning to smoke coffin nails." One wonders where the evolution of our domestic life will end.

Lourdes

Our Lady bids her little maid
Eat of the weed that shyly grows
Where, in the grotto's mystic shade,
The new-discovered fountain flows.

The crowd with pitying wonder sees
The symbol soars beyond its ken,
Ah!—simplest of all mysteries—
She is Our Lady's Lambkin, then.

Yea! like the pet of her own fold,
Who ever loved its weakling best,
Her very feebleness has told
Upon the heart in Mary's breast.

And evermore the Virgin's care
Will keep her safe from every ill,
And, hearkening to its bleating prayer,
Lead her white soul from hill to hill.

—John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.