



A SIMPLE STORY.

(Why I Love the "Memorare.")

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



It is only a simple story
Of happy childhood years,
But often it has soothed my anguish
And calmed my trembling fears.

I loved a little song-bird,
And cared it day by day;
But alas! my yellow favorite
Got free, and flew away.

Away through the streets of the city
The crowded haunts of men;
What hope was left that the truant
Would ever come back again?

My heart was full of sadness,
But dear ones implanted there
A trust in the "Memorare"
St. Bernard's touching prayer.

So I knelt near Our Lady's image
And prayed with trustful love;
Did she smile at my childish pleading
In her blissful home above?