

myself, who desire sincerely to belong to Jesus Christ. To whom could I more properly confide my interests or entrust my sentiments than to you? You were the depositary of the secrets of the Most High. Obtain for me the gift of a lively faith in these unhappy times when the number of the true faithful is so limited. Obtain for me some degrees of that profound humility which formed your character. May I desire, in imitation of you, to be unknown in the world, and profoundly humbled before God. You had all the titles that could distinguish a pure creature, and they served to make you understand more clearly the advantage of being nothing in the presence of the Supreme Being. I, on the contrary, have deserved to be the reproach of the world, and yet I forget myself so far as to covet its esteem. May your example instruct and humble me. In fine, obtain for me the love of Jesus Christ your son and the happiness to die in pronouncing his Holy Name and yours. Amen.

ANECDOTE.

A poor artisan had made it his constant practice never to refuse an alms to the poor. One day, having distributed almost all the bread which he had in his house, he wished to give the last remaining piece to a poor man who came to his door. His children represented to him, that the piece of bread was the only remaining food to support their existence. "Fear not," said he to them, "as long as I divide my bread with Jesus Christ, we shall never want." In fact, a short time after, two men entered his shop with a basket of bread, and on retiring left it behind them. Father Versiau, who at that time was

two men. The good artisan with great simplicity answered, that these two men had often brought him a like succour, when in want.

AVE MARIS STELLA.

Hail, queen of heaven, the ocean star,
Guide of the wanderer here below,
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Chorus. Mother of Christ, star of the sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

O pious, chaste and spotless maid,
We sinners make our prayer through thee,
Remind thy son that he has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Chorus. Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry,
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Chorus. Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

And while to him, who reigns above,
In godhead one, in persons three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Chorus. Do thou, bright queen, star of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

ARON.

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March 24.

Are 11. C. S. 11.