

LOVE'S CALVARY.

Charles Hanson Towne

In dreams I saw Love lifted the skies,
 And kissed by every wind of paradise ;
 And in his hand he held a cup of wine
 And those who drank were giv'n new life divine.

I saw his robe of purple and of gold
 Trimmed with jewels of a price untold

Upon his brow that beamed with peace and light
 He wore a crown that sparkled in the night.

“ O Love,” I said, “ be mine, and give to me
 Thy gifts of holy joy and royalty.”

And then I woke and followed Love a while.

I cried to him to send his gifts divine,
 To let me taste his nectar and his wine ;

One gift alone he gave for gain or loss :
 And lo, I found it was a weary Cross.

A FAVOR OF OUR QUEEN.

THE following striking instance of our Blessed Lady's care for those who invoke her aid is recorded by a zealous Polish priest, who ministers to the spiritual needs of a portion of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen who are exiles in Eastern Siberia :

“Whilst on a recent tour of visitation among the villages of my extensive parish, I stopped at a small hamlet, where I was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained at the house of a family exiled in 1865 by the Russian Government. Before their banishment they resided at Grodna and were in easy circumstances. The father has now been dead some years ; the management of a farm in the vicinity of the village, on the produce of which the fa-