

'Twas in that hour, beneath the cross,
At Jesus' dying prayer,
That first her sinless hands were raised,
And Mary blessed thee there.

O, yes, and still she loves thee :
Heaven's glorious Queen above
Looks down upon her lowly Child
With more than mother's love.

She guides and guards thee every step
Of life's long, rugged way ;
If thou but trust and clign to her,
Thy feet can never stray.

Her prayer will shield from every dart
Of Satan's hellish power ;
When storms arise that fain would blast,
She'll save thee in that hour.

Fear not, thy soul is in her hands,
She knows the price it cost ;
Fear not, it never yet was heard
That Mary's Child was lost.

STRANGE PARISHIONERS.

(FROM THE " ENGLISH MESSENGER OF THE
SACRED HEART.")

HAS it ever been your lot, dear reader, to walk—wade,
I mean—on any day of a wet winter, along a true,
mediaeval, unmistakable Breton lane ? If so, you
can doubtless call to mind how gaily, in spite of sundry
impediments, flowed the stream of water down its midst,
flanked right and left by unimagined mud, in which the
hoofs of cattle had left deep holes, now filled with anything
but limpid liquid—how well the amphibious way was
hemmed in by steep and overhanging banks, rich with
rotting leaves and matted grass and sodden fern, but offer-
ing no foothold ; and, lastly, how the interlacing branches