

He guideth me, He guideth me
 Along the narrow way ;
 And tenderly he chideth me
 When I attempt to stray.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me
 To pastures green and fair ;
 He feedeth me, He feedeth me
 With ever-watchful care.

He waketh me, He waketh me,
 When sin hath sealed mine eyes ;
 He maketh me, He maketh me
 From slumber to arise.

He telleth me, He telleth me
 To work for Him to-day ;
 His love so free compelleth me
 To care for souls astray.

He teacheth me, He teacheth me
 The words of endless life ;
 And lovingly beseecheth me
 To shun all sin and strife.

He blesseth me, He blesseth me,
 In tones of love and cheer ;
 And while His love possesseth me,
 No evil will I fear.

O Jesus! Thou art more to me
 Than my weak speech can tell
 In heaven there's none compared with Thee,
 On earth none loved so well.

Christian Thought.

THE LEAVENING OF THE LUMP.

We find in the following remarks of the Paris Correspondent of the *True Catholic*, a striking confirmation of news in regard to the Jesuits, which was expressed in our Monthly recently:

One of the most noteworthy of

recent events is the publication in Germany, and the translation in France, of the new book on the Jesuits and Jesuitism. M. Hubert, Professor at Munich, has accomplished a grand work, which entitles him to the gratitude of all True Catholics; and the translator, M. Alfred Marchand, editor of *Le Temps*, deserves the thanks of all who love this land of France, and