

Thy mercy mayst Thou now unite him to the choirs of Angels."

No singing answered the prayers — only the roar of the canon. But amid those sad mementoes, in sight of this ruined church, under a penetrating rain, at the foot of the impregnable fortress of Col des Abeilles, the smile of the young Patrol, despite all, still tells of victory's certitude.

"Blessed are they who wash their garments in the Blood of the Lamb." "He that eateth my Flesh hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day."

*A Military Chaplain.*

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#### THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

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O little uncrowned King! that men  
Should threaten Thee with harm,  
Thy kingdom but dear Mary's heart,  
Thy throne, her arm!

And didst Thou feel the thrill of fear  
That made her press Thee still more near?  
And did the tremor of her heart  
Its anguish unto Thine impart?  
I see thee fleeing through the night,  
The shadows leaping into light  
To guide Thee o'er the desert sand  
To strangers in an alien land.