

Was crowned with a snow-white diadem-
 One pure lily, round which, behold,
 Was written by God in veins of gold,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

Over the lily they built a shrine,
 Where are mingled the mystic Bread and Wine
 Shrine you may see in the little town
 That is snugly nestled ’twixt deep and down :
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
 And it bears the unshriven Idiot’s name,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
 Crazy, contorted, mindless born,
 The gentle’s pity, the cruel’s scorn
 Who shall bar you the Gates of Day,
 So you have simple faith to say,

‘ Ave, Maria.’

THE ANGELUS BELL.

ONE bright summer morning in Germany, two merry little brothers were enjoying themselves to their hearts’ content, by the side of the sparkling, flashing, hurrying waters of the mill race. As they bounded by its edge, Fritz the younger, an urchin of five, stopped to gather forget-me-nots ; and in so doing lost his balance, and fell into the swift flowing stream. In sprang brave Hans, his senior by three years, to save him, but equally borne along by the rapid current, he could only grasp him when he had become insensible.

As Hans was unable to reach the bank with his burden, the children were speedily carried forward to certain destruction in the coils of the huge, steadily revolving water-wheel. They were already in the foaming, eddying waters at its rim. No human eye perceived their danger. Hans however in his distress cried : “ Oh, Hail Mary, help ! ”