

*Our Lady's Own.*

Scapular names have been received at:  
Falls View, Ont., from Christmas Is-  
land, C. B., N.S.; Lismore, Picton Co.,  
N.S.; St. Anthony's Church, Padua,  
Minn.; North Sydney, C.B., N.S.; St.  
Paul, Minn.; Alexandria, Ont.; Cathedral  
of the Immaculate Conception, Burling-  
ton, Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Michael's  
Church, Findlay, O.; St. Mary's Church,  
London, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Forest-  
ville, N.Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Owen Sound,  
Ont.; Drayton, Ont.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.,  
from St. Sylvester's Church, O.; St. Pat-  
rick's Church, Pueblo, Colo.; Elm Grove,  
Wis.; Dinton, Ind.; Woodfield, O.; Wit-  
tenburg, O.

The devotion to the Virgin Mary is so  
natural to the heart that its spread is  
coeval with the Christian law. The in-  
fluence permeates every rank from the  
king to the beggar. The scholar loves  
to demonstrate her excellence; the poet  
makes her beauty the theme of his rap-  
turous song; the painter causes the can-  
vas to glow with her face so fair; the  
sculptor with magic chisel carves the  
rough marble into the living image of  
her celestial sweetness; the mariner, ere  
tempting the perilous deep, invokes her  
aid as he unfurls the snowy sail to the  
breeze; the soldier confidently implores  
her protection on the eve of battle; the  
laborer finishes his daily toil with an  
Ave Maria, whilst the unfortunate ever  
seek comfort at her wayside shrine, even  
as the weary traveler seeks the leafy  
cedar and sparkling water that springs  
beneath its shade. The Catholic church  
hails her not as the muse of fading gar-  
lands but as having for her coronel the  
everlasting stars.—An exchange.

The life of every man is a diary in  
which he means to write one story, and  
writes another.—J. M. Barrie.

Go to Our Lady whose love 's as of the  
sea; pray her to help you to overcome  
your faults, to obtain for you never to  
commit a deliberate fault, never to of-  
fend God. She will not only make you  
very good, but very happy.

*By the Sea-side.*

Beneath a pine tree's shadow,  
Close by the silvery strand,  
They seemed as lovely models  
For skilled artistic hand.  
One youthful form of beauty  
Unfolding fair and mild!  
Her face was sweetly pensive  
The other still a child.

But, oh, for Angel-music  
Or high poetic art  
To tell their loving accents  
For Thee, most Sacred Heart!  
"How grand the boundless ocean!  
O watch its ebb and tide!  
Is Jesus' Heart my sister  
As wonderful, as wide?"

The elder sister listened  
To this soft melody,  
Then answered: "O far greater  
Than this blue rippling sea."  
It is indeed most beautiful,  
My dearest, to your glance,  
God truly is Omnipotent  
Who made this vast expanse.

"But still those waves have limits!  
They flow from shore to shore;  
Thus shall ye go no farther,  
Was said by God of yore."  
Her dreamy eyes were gazing  
Beyond the ocean's brink:  
"Far greater, O my sister,  
His Heart than we can think."

How glorious was that evening,  
How calm the sun-lit sea,  
How pleasing were those musings  
Most loving Lord to Thee!  
Thy beauty is abyssal—  
Our noblest thoughts above  
In Thee is light effulgent  
And everlasting love.

Absorb our hearts, sweet Jesus,  
Like glistening drops in Thee,  
And bear them ever onward  
To love's eternity.  
The Twilight shadows gather  
And 'neath an evening star  
The wavelets seemed to echo:  
"His heart is greater far."  
Enfant de Marie.