tion of what is good and right would perish; nay, the whole scheme of the universe would become a dark and unfathomable mystery.

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—Bro. Hyacinth Sullivan, O. P.

THE PRIEST’S MOTHER

Mary, Queen of Confessors

O’er life’s long weary road I walk—
With Mary.
In joy, in tears, I turn to talk—
With Mary.
When heavily His cross upon me presses,
I seek and find new strength in the caresses—
Of Mary.

My counselor, my advocate—
Is Mary.
My thirst for love I satiate—
In Mary.
Her Mother-heart, her Mother-love assure me
That as a faithful child, naught can allure me—
From Mary.

And when these lips are stilled in death,
O Mary,
I’ll breathe thy name with my last breath—
Sweet Mary!
Then when my soul has left this clay behind it,
Oh! may I wake in Heaven’s realms to find it—
With Mary.

—Bro. Damian R. Goggins, O. P.