

St, Joseph.

O Blessed Joseph, dearest Saint,
 Loved Guardian of the Infant-King
 Watch o'er our steps lest we grow faint,
 Lead us to Christ, that we may sing
 With angel throngs
 The grateful songs
 With which the heav'nly voices ring!
 This life were lone had we no friend
 To guide us through the tangled maze;
 Were there no helping hand to lend
 Its strength to us for weary days;
 But, safe with thee;—,
 No need have we
 To fear the winding of our ways!

Amadeus, O. S. F.



"Come and have a drink with me, old man."

"Sorry; can't. To begin with, I belong to a temperance society. Secondly, I haven't any time, and lastly, I have just had three glasses."

A middle-aged Japanese and a Japanese boy stood before a steamship office regarding the globe that revolved in the window. "Do you mean to tell me," said the boy, "that the world is as round as that?" "I do," the man answered. "Then," said the boy, "I can't understand why the people on the other side don't fall off." The man sneered. "You fatigue me," he said, wearily. "Well, why is it?" the boy persisted. "Heaven," the man answered, "has given those people common sense, and they hold on."

