

whilst Hume and Macauley after him, tells us that Lord Bacon rejected the system of Copernicus with the most positive disdain.

Apologising for Tycho Brahe's refusal to accept the system of Copernicus and Galileo, John Quincy Adams in a memorable discourse delivered in Cincinnati, in 1843, uses these truly beautiful words:—

"The religion of Tycho in its encounter with his philosophy, obtained a triumph honorable to himself, if erroneous in fact."

As there is not surely one standard of right for one class of men, and another for others—one canon of criticism for Rome and another for Geneva, we must claim these memorable words of the American statesman for Pope Urban:

"The religion of Urban in its encounter with his philosophy obtained a triumph honorable to himself, if erroneous in fact." H.B.

**THE PURE IN HEART.**—Who are the pure in heart? Not those whose outward lives wear the semblance of extreme sanctity—not those whose voices are loudest in the songs of praise, and whose good deeds are blazoned forth to the world. The truly pure in heart are sensitive, shy, unobtrusive men and women, who traverse their appointed way as modestly as some hidden rivulet flows through a quiet vale. There is no fretting or foaming, or dashing impetuously onward. Their course is marked only by the fertility and beauty which attend it. The poet, if he be truly gifted with "vision and faculty divine," should, above all men, belong to that privileged order of beings who, if their exalted moments, stand face to face with Divinity itself. His studies, his solitary musings, his close observations of the changing aspects of earth and sky, all tend to elevate his thoughts and purify his heart. When, after long and intimate communion with the spirit of nature, he enters her solemn temples the veil that hid the mysteries of the universe is drawn aside, and he feels himself in the presence of the Infinite. Then, in every beautiful thing around him, he beholds the Creator of the beauty. Then, in winds and waves, he hears a melody which is, to his exalt-

ed sense, the voice of God. But those who, by their innocent purity of heart, most truly realize the meaning of the phrase, are little children. Watch a little child in some of those light troubles which pass, like a summer cloud, over the pure mirror of its thoughts. Is it not evident some seraph hand dries the tears ere they have time to leave one stain on the rosy cheek? Watch that child in its moments of happiness, mark its radiant eye, listen to its accents of joy, and you will be sure that some spirit voice is whispering, ecstatic promises to its soul. Talk to a little child of heaven, and straightway heaven is mirrored in its face. Watch an active healthy boy in his out-door pastimes; he is always daring, always reckless, always in peril of life or limb, yet always upheld and saved by some angel hand.

#### THE IMMACULATE GEM.

Up! up, from the vales of the nations ascending,

Anthem and hymn all Thy glories proclaim;

The songs of the angels forever are blending  
The harmonic sweets of Thy glorious Name!

Mary! the Churches sing!

Mary! the glad choirs ring!

Brighter than stars is Thy pure diadem!

Keep us from ev'ry wile—

On us, dear Mother, smile—

Mary, the lustrous, the Immaculate Gem!

Oh, Queen of the worlds! in pure ecstasies swelling—

Oh, Maiden spotless, conceived without stain,  
The hearts of Thy children, Thy mercies are telling;

The heavens exult in Thy beauteous reign!

Mary! The Father cries,

Beam brightly in the skies,

While Jesus crowns Thee with love's diadem!

Lowly the angel host

Wait as the Holy Ghost

Hails Thee, His lustrous, His Immaculate Gem!

Triumphant—the Church Thy victory is pealing,

Militant—the Church is wrapt in Thy fame,

Suffering—the Church all Thy bounty is feeling,

Mary, dearest, Thy protection we claim.

Pius! our Pontiff king,

Unveils the Jewelling—

Luminous, gleaming in Thy diadem!

Mary! Thy holy face

Mirrors our Saviour's grace.

Mary, our lustrous, our Immaculate Gem!

J. J. GAHAN.