

Another mission has been established in Liberia, by Very Rev. Dr. Barron, late V. G. of the bishop of Philadelphia, in the United States, and a clergyman of the diocese of New York, now Bishop and Vcc. Apost. of Guinea.

AMERICA.

United States, 21 bishops, 562 priests, 1,300,000 Catholics.—Texas, 1 bishop, 4 priests, 20,000 Catholics.—British Possessions, 8 bishops, 133 priests, 437,000 Catholics.—Dutch Possessions, 9 priests, 44,000 Catholics. Total, 30 bishops, 708 priests, 1,801,000 Catholics.

Besides the above missionary countries, we are to count: 1. Lower Canada, with 2 bishoprics and 500,000 Catholics; 2. French Colonies, with 4 Prefect. Apostolic and 240,000 Catholics; 3. Spanish Colonies, with 3 bishoprics and 1,000,000 Catholics; 4. Mexico, Guatemala and South America, with 44 bishoprics, and 23,000,000 of Catholics. Total for the New World, 74 bishoprics and 25,641,000 Catholics.

OCEANICA.

Prefecture Apostolic of Batavia, 4 priests, 1000 Catholics. Australia, 3 Bishops, 40 priests, 40,000 Catholics. Vicariate Apostolic of West Oceanica, 1 bishop, 16 priests, 1000 Catholics. Vicariate Apostolic of East Oceanica, 1 bishop, 16 priests, 4500 Catholics. Total—5 bishops, 76 priests, 46,500 Catholics.

Besides the above there are, 1. The Phillippine Islands, numbering 1,000 priests and 3,000,000 of Catholics; 2. The Portuguese Possessions, containing about 50,000 Catholics, making the total of Oceanica, 7 bishops, 1,200 priests, and 3,100,000 Catholics.

The number of Catholics throughout the world, at the lowest calculation,

cannot be rated less than 166,000,000. The number of bishops (including Coadjutor-Vicars-Apostolic) is about 818.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"Ave Maria! maiden mild,
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear—tho' from the wild
Thou canst save amid despair;
Ave Maria—stainless styled,
Foul demons of the earth and air
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair."

Sir Walter Scott.

Spotless Mary—Mother hail,
O! guard me with a mother's love;
As o'er life's darkened wave I sail,
Guide on the barque towards Heaven above.

Mary, when my heart oppress'd,
Sinks beneath dull earth's decree;
Then, bright Queen of Virgins, blest
My thoughts for solace mount to thee,

When I shed the bitter tear,
And every hope with gloom o'ercast,
Thine angel-whisper soothes mine ear:
With the sweet words—"it will not last."

When the passing sports of life,
Lure me from religion's track;
I sicken 'neath the busy strife,
And thy brightness wins me back.

When every moment sorrow brings,
I hear the music of the voice;
Exclaim—O! work for brighter things,
And thy soul will yet rejoice.

O sacred Queen! to thee I soar;
Teach me to love thy Son with truth:
Mother! blessed where pain is o'er,
Be thou the starlight of my youth.

Vain mocking worldlings scorn thy name
And o'er dead heroes trophies raise;
They deify each sin with fane,
Deriding thee, all worthy praise.