

## DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little—God has made  
 Million leaves for forest shade—  
 Smallest stars that glory bring—  
 God employeth everything.  
 Then the little thou hast done,—  
 Little battles thou hast won,  
 Little masteries achieved,  
 Little wants with care relieved,  
 Little words in love expressed,  
 Little wrongs at once confessed,  
 Little favors kindly done,  
 Little toils thou didst not shun,  
 Little graces meekly worn,  
 Little slights with patience borne—  
 These shall crown thy pillow'd head,  
 Holy light upon thee shed.  
 These are treasures that shall rise  
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

## THE JACKASS AND THE BEAR.

A LUCKY blunder of stupidity may give it a higher value than wit, for the time being. A donkey once saved his master's life by braying at just the right time. Mr. John Rockfellow, a hunter in Arizona, tells this story of himself in a Western exchange:

I was coming up from the Santa Cruz valley, riding a buro (jackass), but, on coming to a very steep hill, dismounted and was slowly walking up, when I abruptly met an immense cinnamon bear. He was less than twenty feet away.

Of course to run was out of the question, so I stood and stared at him, as I slowly pulled out my six-shooter from the holster.

Old hunters say it isn't safe to tackle a cinnamon with a rifle carrying less than seventy grains of powder, and then give him a dead shot, as the cinnamons are worse than the grizzlies. I didn't have my rifle with me, and as my six-shooter uses only twenty-three of powder, I concluded I was not looking for a fight unless the bear was.

What his intentions were I don't know, but my buro, who was some distance ahead, just then caught sight of him, and instead of running away, as one would expect, started for Mr. Bruin with tail and ears erect, and to cap the climax, commenced to bray.

This was too much. The old bear started as if he was shot out of a gun. He just tore up the ground, and when he couldn't run fast enough he rolled down the mountain side.

"Old Balaam" has played that trick before with me when I have been trying to get up on to a deer, and I have always pounded him for it, but last night I concluded I would give him a leather medal.

## REVIEWS.

EMMANUEL: A book of Eucharistic Verses.  
 By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.  
 Hickey & Co., New York.

This little book of devotion has received the highest praise from the Catholic press. The author says: "These Eucharistic Verses, which were nearly all written many years ago we put together in their present shape rather as prayers than as poems. I hope they will be found sufficiently earnest and simple to be sometimes used as practical exercises of devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist—that sacrament in which our Divine Redeemer, in a sense even more intimate and tender than in the Incarnation, has become indeed our Emmanuel, *Nobiscum Deus*, 'God with us.'"

FLEURANCE: By Madam Augustus Craven.  
 Translated from the French by M. P. T.  
 Hickey & Co. New York.

This story formerly appeared in the columns of the *Catholic World*. It is a high class Catholic Novel and forms part of the "Vatican Library" and is sold for the low price of 25 cents.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD: New York; Benziger Bros.

We are in receipt of Parts 19 and 20 of this noble work. Every Catholic family should subscribe for it, only 25 cents a number.

THE ILLUSTRATED CELTIC MONTHLY: New York; James Haltigan, Editor and Publisher.

The November Number of this excellent Magazine is full of good things, but we are promised better in the next which will be "a double Christmas number of nearly two hundred pages. It shall appear in an entirely new dress, and will be printed in the very best manner on superfine paper and adorned with illustrations of the highest artistic merit, &c., &c." We congratulate the publisher on the great success that has, in so short a time, attended his efforts.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for December, 1879, is a capital number. This Magazine and THE HARP can be had for \$2.25 per annum in advance.