

Here fond hearts that parted weeping,
 Side by side in death are sleeping :
 There, before the close of day,
 Guileless children come to pray ;
 There 'tis sweet to end all sorrow
 Weeping nights and toilsome morrow,
 There upon earth's soothing breast,
 Let me sweetly, gently, rest.

TO OUR READERS.

We congratulate the large number of our readers who renewed their subscription in good time, in October and January. The reason we wish all to renew in these two months, is to save trouble, to know to whom we should send the January number and to include them in the January mass. This year we said the mass on the last day of January so as to give time to all to renew.

We most heartily thank our kind agents for the great trouble they have taken again this year in our good work. There are many of our agents to whom we owe special thanks, not merely for the number of their subscribers, but also for the difficulties they have to contend with, and again for the good agents they obtain for us. Our good faithful friend of Boston, Dear Mr. Hennessey, deserves our special thanks in every respect. He has 200 subscribers and has secured for us many a good and efficient agent. What good can be effected when so many lend a helping hand, but how good works do linger when they meet with apathy and indifference.

May God bless all good Catholic hearts who are filled with energy to do good.

THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES

OR

THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER IV.

NAPOLEON III. OVERTHROWN AND IMPRISONED.

Five years later, Count Retbel was sojourning with his friend Ditmour, at his Villa of Bellevue, not far from Sedan.

Napoleon had declared war against Germany.

The majority of the French people firmly believed that they would be victorious in the approaching contest, but the aged count shook his head mistrustfully.