

There is a choice little bit of meat for meditation, for some of us to turn over at times in our minds, in this saying of Ruskin: "There is a care for trifles which proceeds from love and conscience, and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base."

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"My illness is the want of the joys of life. I feel lonely," groans Bismarck in his old days. Is this what is left of the great "man of blood and iron?" What a homily in those few words. Here is the man whose greatest joy was once to persecute God's church. Even his joys must pass away. Truly history repeats itself. And does not the poet tell us that "time is the old justice that examines all offenders?" The good Christian never feels lonely.

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"Union is strength!" This is why so much good to Christian society can be done when our Catholic mothers work together. Hence we cannot too highly recommend the *union of Christian mothers*, which does so much good in our German parishes. Nothing else can curb the false notions of independence infused into young America who learns too early to stand up for his rights.

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"It is the preacher's mission to sadden, but ours to gladden," says an actress, whose brazen-faced indecency on the stage created a sensation. Some preachers, we grant, do sadden, for instance the notorious Ingersoll, whose sayings are known to have driven some poor wretches to a suicide's grave. But the gospel of God's church produces a gladness of heart which alone deserves the name. Actors and actresses gladden, too. Some of them,

alas! gladden the devil by means of sending him a good harvest of victims.

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Sympathy between the reader and an author is often misplaced. Very true, too, when we consider some who have feathered their nests by the pleasant occupation of tickling the risibilities of a reading public. It is a poor business to poke fun at things which we hold as sacred. Hence those of us who now reproach ourselves with having lost some precious moments in following up the over-strained attempts at humor in "Innocents Abroad" have little pity for the author who now finds himself in a well-nigh penniless condition. His gains were ill-gotten and "Mark Twain" has no reason to complain.

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Is it not time we had a daily Catholic newspaper? This is no new suggestion. The thing *is* possible, as we see in the case of our German friends. There is capital enough. What is wanting is good will and organized effort. Why does not one of the summer schools take the lead? The time is ripe. What more opportune days than these when every self-respecting man and woman is turning away with disgust from the unsavory stuff forced on patient Americans by the "new"—or, (as some one puts it)—"nude" journalism?

A Letter of Thanksgiving.

STRATFORD, March 19.

REVEREND FATHER,—Inclosed please find donation for Mass in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a successful transaction; also thanks for the improvement of a friend's health, and ask the prayers for employment for a brother. I promised to have it published in the REVIEW.

A READER OF THE REVIEW.