

Weaving the Web.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said, As she stood by the loom in the ray of light, And her young eyes, looking glad and clear, Followed after the swallows' flight. "As soon as the day's first tasks are done, While yet I am fresh and strong," said she, "I will hasten to weave my beautiful web, Whose pattern is known to none but me. "I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair, And all how the colors will glow," she said, "So fearless and strong will I weave my web, That perhaps it will live after I am dead. But the morning hours sped on apace; The air grew sweet with the breath of June, And young Love hid by the waiting loom, Tangled the threads as he hummed a tune. "Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried, "And morn is so short though the days are long! This noon I will weave my beautiful web, As I weave it carefully, fine and strong. But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky; The burden and heat of the day were on; And hither and thither she came and went, While the loom stood still as it stood before. "At last life is too busy at noon," she said, "As she turned away from the loom and went, Till the common work of the day is done, And my heart grows calm in the silence wide. So, one by one the hours passed on, Till the creeping shadows had longer grown; Till the house was still, and the breeze slept, And her singing birds to their nests had flown. "And now I will weave my web," she said, "As she turned away from the loom and went, And laid her hand on the shining threads, To set them in order, one by one. But hand was tired and heart was weak; "I am not as strong as I was," sighed she, "But the pattern is blurred, and the colors are rare. Are not so bright or so fair to see! "I must wait, I think, till another morn; I must go to my rest with my work undone. It is growing too dark to weave," she cried, "As lower and lower the sun sank; She dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still; The weaver sat, and the twilight fell. Dear heart, wait! She will weave her beautiful web, In the golden light of a long day!"

PERE MARQUETTE.

WHAT A PROTESTANT SAYS OF A JESUIT.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE AND AN ADMIRABLE LESSON.

The address of the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of the Congregational Church, Chicago, on Pere Marquette, while a glorious tribute, and an excellent lesson, acquires its chief value, in Catholic estimation, from the fact that it emanated from a clergyman of another faith. Dr. Goodwin's eloquent address, in support of the following:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am by the merest accident on this programme—one too much honored as we all are who have our names associated, even for the passing moment, with such a hero as he whom we desire to honor. I here as he whom we desire to honor, I do from the State of Illinois, if I did not cordially shake hands with my brethren of Wisconsin and Michigan, and with all the other States that reach across the seas, with men from every clime, of every nation, who are united concerning one common indebtedness to this man. It is not a strange thing. It is a right thing that we meet together, not to put up a shaft of granite, merely that it may acknowledge the eminent services of a great explorer, but that it may commemorate a man of noble character, pure life and great sacrifices. It is a fitting thing that we meet together to pay homage to the great thoughts of God; and, I take it, Pere Marquette was one of God's thoughts put into action. I take it that the great achievements of men's minds are just beginning to awaken in men's minds an appreciation. We cannot measure a man by his stature alone. The child may toss the acorn, but in a hundred years it is a mighty oak; yet the oak was always in the acorn. Many men have slept with their heads pillowed upon stones, but not all men have in their dreams seen visions of God and of angels. Pere Marquette was a man that in his dreams saw God. He saw visions of what God meant him to be, and he lived up to the rule which he saw he ought to follow. There is a difference in the sight of men. Two men walking in the night shall see, the one only those flashing diamonds of the sky, but the other shall see, systems of worlds moving in a harmonious accord with God's law. Two men walking on the seashore, the one shall see the pebbles and the bones without knowing what they are or what they signify, as they are cut by the ripple of the waves, and the other shall see the foot-prints of God's creation looking back-ward, and then asking forward shall be, stand side by side with a man of grandeur of conception. It strikes me he was a man who had that great conception of things that did not care how many the lakes were in his way, or how dim the path over the hills he had to encounter. He marched onward, conquering all that lay between him and the object he had in view, not in his own interest, or in the interest of France, nor in the interest of his Church. He was bound to conquer every obstacle in the interest of humanity and in the interest of God. He was a man of great things. We call such men visionaries; but no man has ever wrought worthy of the name of man who has not seen visions. No man that has not seen the glitter of the laynet or the flash of the sabre—that has not seen an imperiled commonwealth or an oppressed people—has fought to much purpose as concerning God's way of reckoning him. No man seeing simply the painted canvas, and seeing simply the face of some saint in the Church, has seen visions that has bowed his heart; but it may be that among those who kneel before the canvas is one who is moved to tears at the sight of the Madonna and Child. Such a success vision of things that are brought out by the Babe of Bethlehem. He sees not the babe's face of the little carpenter household, but the babe's face that God made divine. I am glad to have the story of that man told here to-day. He was a man of vast conceptions, a man of heroic actions and unselfish character. At such a time as this, how grand it is to go back to those grand truths that God seeks to work into our lives!

I have no doubt that, as one of these gentlemen has said, he never thought of himself. He had no expectation of a monument. No man is great that thinks

of himself. No man is great until he forgets himself. Pere Marquette always forgot himself. He lived a true, a noble, and a divine life. If we had one Pere Marquette among the American Indians to-day, with the American Government as much behind him as the French Government was behind Marquette, the Indian question would not trouble us many years. [Cheers.] If we had one such man in every State at the head of its affairs, trusted as such a man would be trusted, or one such man in all the States that trouble us, North or South, through the failure of selfish politicians, and with rebellion against honesty, and a rebellion against the Government, perhaps, we might, these our laymen and our home all our police officers, and sleep nights without thought of mischief and fears of marauders, and dreams of peace which in the daytime would come true. What our times need—what all times need—are men who sink their interest in the interest of their fellows, in the interest of humanity—men who are just as willing to die to-day or to-morrow as a hundred years hence, if their work is done as God wishes it. What mattered it to Pere Marquette, floating home in his little canoe, after that long and wonderful voyage of discovery, even if the mission he loved so well was not to be seen again? He had his reward in the fulfillment of his conception of duty, that had been performed with an humble trust and fearing God.

We, of American people, ought to treasure such a memory and ought to be guided by such ideas. Those old pilgrims who crossed the ocean on a journey of peril and hardships were not seeking greatness, were not seeking fame. They were seeking simply the privilege of worshipping without hindrance. Pere Marquette joined hands with Livingstone. The one discovers a continent for civilization to take possession of with Christianity in its hands; the other to establish a way for all of us doing the same work two hundred years before Livingstone's time. You do not measure a man by the jewels which flash in his crown, or by the empires over which he may wield his sceptre. You measure men by their lives, by their great deeds, by their thoughts that move the world. It does not matter whether it be a slave sold into an Egyptian dungeon, God has a kinship to him. Napoleon's history glances rapidly, a certain kind of infamy as the years go by. There is greatness that kindles men's hearts. There will be no growing and increasing homage paid by humanity to the Caesars, Alexanders, and Napoleons, no matter how many times they may be repeated. There will be more and more homage paid to those whose lives are devoted to thinking of problems how to cheapen goods for men, or how to multiply manufactures, or how to visit hospitals, or how to lift the prisoner out of his dungeon, or how to Christianize political institutions, or to bring freedom to the oppressed, or to build the eternal temple. Pere Marquette was in the line of the builders. It is well enough to plant a monument here, but the monuments of such men are in the myriads of hearts who spread the law of Christ. May God give us many more such men. May God give us, somewhat, each of us according to our capacities, the power to follow the example of such lives. The world needs not great poets, it needs not great warriors. It needs simple men and women filled with the spirit of God, and true-hearted missionaries, content to be isolated from everything that is pleasing and delightful, so that they may lay the hand of a loving benediction on the souls of men, bind up their wounds, cheer their hearts and lift poor human beings out of the mire of sin into the brighter, happier world, in that better time, when there shall be peace on earth and good-will toward man; and if that time shall come, it will always come just that way and by just such men. [Applause.]

A PROTESTANT DEFENDER OF THE JESUITS.

In the year 1853 a conscientious German Protestant set himself the laudable task of examining into the accusations, ancient and modern, against the great Society of Jesus. Dr. Laurenceus August Fischer, Councillor of State, was the name of this unprejudiced enquirer, and he published the result of his researches in a volume now out of print, and not easily procurable. It is, however, peculiarly opportune to refer to it at the present time, when the Government of a great Catholic nation has unflinchingly committed itself to a fierce war against the teaching orders of the Church, and especially against the Jesuits. State Councillor Fischer's book is entitled "The Cause of the Jesuits considered from the Standpoint of Historical Criticism, of Positive Law, and of Sound Reason." After discussing all the calumnies which infidel hatred and sectarian bigotry have launched against the noble company, and finding them all worthless, the Protestant author sums up for judgment as follows: "The entire list of accusations has now been passed in review, and what have we found? Neither the history of past times nor the facts of the present day afford us evidence of any facts at all in contravention of the laws of the land or the principles of Christian morality, such as can, with any show of truth, be brought against the actual conduct of any individual member of that order. Moreover, being as I am a sincere Protestant, I do not hesitate to publish this the result of my patient researches, and as my conscientious conviction."

Waving all feelings of sectarian prejudice, I say that the Order of Jesus is, in its fundamental principle, the one of our moral institutions which is most worthy of admiration and of respect. Nothing else do we possess that can be placed in comparison with it. The end and object of the Company of Jesus is to work for the greater glory of God, by causing men's souls to flourish in religion and piety. To accomplish the noble end the Jesuit renounces all ambition, all aggrandizement, and all the happiness of the husband and the father. This one object he pursues at the sacrifice of his whole life, and with his entire energies of soul and body; and at the call of duty he shrinks not from death itself. Such an institute as this must command the respect and esteem of all men, and of all other religious denominations, and disagree with the Jesuits the best means of promoting religion and progress. The

Company of Jesus has not existed for three centuries, and its history during that long period sufficiently proves that it has not failed as to the ends for which it was founded. It has fulfilled its purpose—I mean the promotion of Catholicism, which, according to Catholic ideas, is the same thing as the promotion of Christianity. No doubt individual members of the society have failed under severe trial, and have exhibited weakness like those of the rest of mankind; but whenever it has been attempted to impute the faults of individuals to the body at large the accusation has proved untenable before the tribunal of history."

DISRAELI AND O'CONNELL.

A RECORD THAT LORD BEACONSFIELD DOES NOT CARE TO READ.

A scathing pamphlet on Lord Beaconsfield has recently appeared in England. It opens with these words:— "In English political history, the sinister and grotesque being who now fills the post of Prime Minister will occupy a conspicuous and unique place. The strange confound will stimulate the curiosity of future students of human nature, and his success will be as incomprehensible to posterity as it is to his contemporaries. What features in his character, what circumstances in his life have chiefly contributed to place him where he is? We regard him with the same wonder as the famous lay abbot."

"The thing we know is neither rich nor rare; we wonder why the devil God created it." The following account is given of Disraeli's quarrel with Daniel O'Connell. In April, 1835, the Tories started Mr. Disraeli at Taunton to oppose Mr. Labouchere, who appeared for re-election on taking office under Lord Melbourne. Mr. Disraeli was again defeated. It was on this occasion that he ventured to attack O'Connell, and drew from the great Irish patriot and orator the most terrible castigation on record. Mr. Disraeli's expression of contempt for O'Connell was very much more than his match in strong language, as in most other matters. Disraeli charged the rival candidate, Mr. Labouchere, with having advanced "to grasp the hand of the bloody traitor," O'Connell, and to have said, "O'Connell is a traitor, a traitor, a traitor." Within less than a month previously he had spoken of him in terms of extravagant admiration. The reply of O'Connell is well known; but our readers will pardon our inserting here such passages as our space will allow. The speech was delivered at a meeting of Trades Unions in Dublin.

O'CONNELL'S SPEECH.

"I must confess there is one of the late attacks on me which excited in my mind a great deal of astonishment (hear, hear). It is this: the attack made at Taunton by Mr. Disraeli. In the annals of political tergiversation there is not anything deserving the appellation of blackguardism to equal that attack on me. What is my acquaintance with this man? Just this: In 1831, or the beginning of 1832, the borough of Weymouth became vacant. He got a seat in the House of Commons, and wrote me a letter stating that I was a Radical Reformer, and as he was also a Radical (laughter)—and was going to stand upon the Radical interest for the borough of Weymouth, where he said there were many persons, true-hearted, who would be interested in my opinion, he would feel obliged by receiving a letter from me recommending him as a Radical. His letter to me was so distinct upon the subject, that I immediately composed as good a letter as I could in his behalf. Mr. Disraeli thought this letter so valuable that he not only took the autograph, but had it printed and placarded. It was, in fact, the ground upon which he canvassed the borough. He was, however, defeated, but that was not my fault (laughter). I did not demand gratitude from him, but I think if he had any feeling he would conceive I had done him a civility at least, if not a service, which ought to be repaid. The next thing I heard of him was that he had started upon the Radical interest for Weymouth, but was again defeated. Having been twice defeated on the Radical interest, he was just the fittest person to be the champion of the Conservative cause. He joined a Conservative club, and started for two or three places on the Conservative interest (loud laughter). At Taunton, this miscreant had the audacity to call me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary than he is, and I am a greater incendiary than he is (laughter)—and, if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me (cheers and laughter). Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar (cheers). He is a liar in action and in words. He is a liar in the state of society must be that could tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and another to profess at another time. He is a liar in his life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her soil a miscreant of his abominable, foul and atrocious nature (cheers). If there be harsher terms in the British language I should use them, because it is the hardest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of his species (cheers and laughter). His name shows he is by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world, and I hope he will be the better for it in the next. I have the happiness of being acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and among them more accurate polished ladies, or more humane and gentlemanly-minded gentlemen, than I have met (hear, hear). It will not be supposed, therefore, that when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once chosen people amongst them, however, also, and it must have been from one of these that Disraeli descended (roars of laughter). He possesses the qualities of the impenitent and the penitent. He has no conscience, and I verily believe, must have been

Disraeli (roars of laughter). For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the Cross (loud cheers and roars of laughter). O'Connell's speech was reported in every newspaper in the kingdom. England was convulsed with laughter. When the pamphlet was published, it was admitted on all hands that the political ruffian had got no more than his deserts. One paper compared him to a puppy, yelping under the pain of a kick from some strong-limbed horse, at whose heels he had been, and another said that he was a renegade who twice brought himself to market, and returned from Taunton and Weymouth with the halter round his neck, but no money for his owners. Writing with rage, hatred, and despair, Mr. Disraeli sent O'Connell a challenge. It was, however, well known that O'Connell, who, in 1815, killed in a duel a gentleman named D'Este, had made a public vow never again to accept a challenge. In asking him to fight, therefore, Mr. Disraeli knew that he was making a cheap display of valor, worthy of "Box and Cox."

Box and Cox. Can you fight? O'Connell—No. Then he came out for weeks this swaggering Bonaparte, his fierce looks, his rings, and his ringlets, afforded inextinguishable laughter to the public and the press. A ludicrous likeness of him, practising with a pistol in a shooting-gallery, was published, with the lines:— "Who has challenged the man, Who challenged the great Agitator?"

He could not be silent and take his agitation quietly. "They must be talking of me," he exclaimed in fury, when he observed any exuberant mirth; "they must be talking of me, for they laughed at me." Then he rushed into a room with a long letter to O'Connell, in which swaggering indifference is combined with unadulterated falsehood and snivelling menace. But he had been taught a lesson. He let O'Connell alone in the future. Later on, when his own withering scorn had branded him with an infamous immortality, "A great man."

JOHN WESLEY AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"We may doubt whether, as matter of fact, the influence of Dr. Newman could be compared with that exercised by John Wesley. If men are to be ranked as men, if the energy of an individual personality throws into the foreground the routine circumstances of birth and fortune, then it must be admitted that the contemporary influence of Wesley far exceeded any that Cardinal Newman has ever exercised; and the far-spreading organizations in the United Kingdom, in America, and in Australia, that now derive their history from the originating impulse of Wesley's action, outnumbered any that we can anticipate hereafter as the special fruits of Cardinal Newman's mission."—London Times.

"We do not have an intention at all of depicting John Wesley. Our estimate of him, indeed, is very different from that which would be formed by the Times. But it is not a low one. A Catholic writer has recently observed in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*:— "Among the figures conspicuous in the history of England in the last century there is perhaps none more worthy of careful regard than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please, for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fulness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and middle ages. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine of Siena, with St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced."

We do not know that the tribute here paid to this remarkable character is too high. And we certainly agree with the remark, that the writer goes on to make the important result of Wesley's life and labors is not the rise of the sect which he adopted his name, but the keeping alive in England the idea of a supernatural order, during the dull materialism of the eighteenth century, and the formation of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. If John Wesley be regarded from this point of view his work may fitly be paralleled with that of Cardinal Newman. It may be said truly that it was the duty of the Church to revive the idea of a Church. And it may also be said of both that they made trial of the Establishment in their different ways, and found it wanting. It is quite certain, indeed, that John Wesley, who remained in communion with the Church of England to the day of his death, had no intention of adding another to the multitudinous sects of this country. But it is equally certain that the eventual organization of his "connexion" as a distinct body was inevitable.

The old battles of the Establishment could not long contain the new wine of Methodism. It was in the natural order of things that disruption should follow. And a similar judgment may be pronounced of Tractarianism. As John Wesley's movement logically led to a new Protestant sect, so Cardinal Newman's movement logically led to the Catholic Church. Again both Methodism and Tractarianism have done much to weaken the country, the nation, the religion, the Church. Most of the millions of adherents of the Wesleyan connexion are deserters, or the descendants of deserters, from the Establishment. And Cardinal Newman's sect, with all that has been said of it, has been a kindred aid recognized by our Divine religion. None of these readers is incapable of a more general philosophy. The members of a loving family would be more confidently looked to than any other by strangers in distress. The spiritual ties which bind together the members of the church, as brothers of one family, are no impediment to the exercise of kindness beyond the church's pale, of kindness especially his disciples; but the love he bore to mankind was not thereby lessened. Among the chosen followers of our blessed Lord, there was "the disciples whom Jesus loved." From

system which he has left, whatever else may be urged in its favor, "can never again be defended upon the ground of authority." And herein lies the vastly more important character of his work over that of John Wesley. Methodism has merely brought about the transfer to itself of the allegiance of a certain number of the adherents of the Establishment religion. In joining it they have simply left an older phase of Protestantism for a newer phase. Against the Catholic Church it has been powerless. Its net result, therefore, judged from the historical point of view, has been to weaken one Protestant sect by the formation of another. Tractarianism, on the contrary, has shown the utter hollowness of the one religious Communion in the West, except that of Rome, which presented to the critical eye of its semblance of the signs of a Church, and which, as South boasted a century ago, alone made Protestantism considerable in Europe. The Presentation Fund Committee were quite accurate in describing the influence exercised by Cardinal Newman as "unparalleled" in the religious history of England since the Reformation. There are few of the leading intellects of his day who have not, in greater or less degree, come under it. With the great revivalist of the last century it was different. It was not the intellectual, but the religious convictions of his hearers that he appealed. And whatever the excellencies of those who bear his name now, it must be allowed that from a merely intellectual point of view they are below contempt. The spiritual influence of a body of religiousists is not to be estimated by mere numbers. As a great living writer has pointed out, there is a great difference between a head and a mere hat-wearing effigy of a head. Of Methodism it may be securely asserted that it now represents no distinctive religious sect. Its foundations, as an ecclesiastical system, are as slight as those of Mormonism, which, indeed, does in some sort represent an idea, and so *pro tanto* has the advantage of it. No sane man, with the slightest tincture of learning, could mistake the Wesleyan connexion for historical Christianity. And as a matter of fact, its votaries usually leave it, and, in most cases, revert to the Establishment, as soon as slight educational advantages, or social advancement have widened their horizons. Rapid as its growth has been, it is as destitute of promise for the future as of roots in the past, and must in the long run perish of intellectual weakness. How different is the judgment which even the Times would be constrained to pass upon the Wesleyan connexion, if Cardinal Newman's mission? We need not say. *Public Opinion* writes in *London Tablet*.

"The smile upon the old man's lip, like the last ray of the setting sun, pierces the heart with a sweet and sad emotion. There is still a ray, there is still a smile; but they are the last. The law of charity would dictate that we were a friend of unbecoming conduct, whilst at death's door, to leave a great deal of trouble to those who are to follow. That was the origin of the solemn 'passing bell.' The Catholic who has once experienced sincere sorrow for his sins and resolved, whilst at death's door, to leave a great deal of trouble to those who are to follow, should remember that when he feels himself growing indifferent to the teachings of the church. A little boy once called out to his father who had mounted his horse for a journey, 'Good-bye, papa! I love you thirty miles long.' A sister quickly added, 'Good-bye, dear papa, you will never rise to the end of my love.' How merciful are the dispensations of Divine Providence! We are in ignorance of what sorrows are in store for us in life, we are strengthened to bear them when they come, and made to forget them when they are passed. Strange that those who take such an interest in temperance movements do not exert themselves to curb the passions of men in other directions. But, drunkenness is a crime done in day light and openly, and that is where the enormity lies, argue they. Jesting should have its limits, even at home. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissible, and even playful remarks, a great deal of talk which begins in chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to repartee; but at home there are no such barriers. In private life, when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to personal abuse. Wit is a dangerous weapon, and must be used with caution. The words, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always respect them, always love and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son. Over the triple doorway of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, 'All that which pleases is only for a moment.' Over the other is sculptured an eagle, and there are the words, 'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' Underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, 'That only is powerful which is eternal.' The longer I live, says Sir P. Powell Buxton, the more I am certain that the great difference in nature between the great and the insignificant is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world, and no talents, no circumstances, and there are two-legged creatures a man without it. The very reputation of being strong-willed, plucky, and indefatigable, is of priceless value. It often costs enemies, and despots at the start opposition to one's undertakings which would otherwise be formidable. Don't worry your children by too constant interferences in their pleasures. They require freedom to a certain extent. Try a little judicious letting alone. The danger is often that your own nervous fancies; the little quarrel will blow over like a summer cloud; the chickens will be chased but not killed; puss and dog can take care of themselves; the swing will not break the sooner for not being watched; the tide won't come in with a sudden rush because you are not there to scream warning every ten minutes; a little fall from the tree or rock will teach your boy a caution more surely than forty lectures. Let them learn wisdom for themselves. In an ancient Florentine manuscript appears the following curious legendary description of drunkenness: 'When Adam first planted the vine, Satan came and watered it with the blood of a peacock, with that of a monkey, that of a lion, and finally that of a pig. This is why the vine's fruits bear all the characteristics of these four animals. When a man takes his first glass of wine his vanity (the peacock) comes to the surface; at his second, the fumes of the liquor mount still higher, and he is so gay and at the same time so silly, that he at once reminds people of a monkey; then he quaffs still more deeply, loses his temper, and is a lion in his rage; lastly, he falls on the ground, and wallows in the mire like a pig.'

BETTER THOUGHTS.

It is impious in a good man to be sad. They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts. Beauty and death make each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight.

The way to begin a bag containing is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear. —Seneca.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without the dew? To ridicule old age with a young in the morning cold water into the bed in which you have to sleep tonight.

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the mature flower, and breaks down that which has lived its day. A cynic says that marriage is like putting your hand into a bag containing one egg and ninety-nine snakes. You may get the egg, but the chances are against you.

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The longer I live, says Sir P. Powell Buxton, the more I am certain that the great difference in nature between the great and the insignificant is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything in the world, and no talents, no circumstances, and there are two-legged creatures a man without it.

The very reputation of being strong-willed, plucky, and indefatigable, is of priceless value. It often costs enemies, and despots at the start opposition to one's undertakings which would otherwise be formidable.

Don't worry your children by too constant interferences in their pleasures. They require freedom to a certain extent. Try a little judicious letting alone. The danger is often that your own nervous fancies; the little quarrel will blow over like a summer cloud; the chickens will be chased but not killed; puss and dog can take care of themselves; the swing will not break the sooner for not being watched; the tide won't come in with a sudden rush because you are not there to scream warning every ten minutes; a little fall from the tree or rock will teach your boy a caution more surely than forty lectures. Let them learn wisdom for themselves.

In an ancient Florentine manuscript appears the following curious legendary description of drunkenness: 'When Adam first planted the vine, Satan came and watered it with the blood of a peacock, with that of a monkey, that of a lion, and finally that of a pig. This is why the vine's fruits bear all the characteristics of these four animals. When a man takes his first glass of wine his vanity (the peacock) comes to the surface; at his second, the fumes of the liquor mount still higher, and he is so gay and at the same time so silly, that he at once reminds people of a monkey; then he quaffs still more deeply, loses his temper, and is a lion in his rage; lastly, he falls on the ground, and wallows in the mire like a pig.'

man refused to sell it. It is while the proselytizing sects amount for the benefit of any who pretend they are Catholics, the respectable elements cannot collect sufficient themselves a place of worship. To be stung in the case of religious wants become liberal is one of war upon Sir Augustus and Lady among the patrons of the Wal-Rome, and her ladyship was promoting the Waldensian Summer. The British Army, not so liberal toward the arch, and in fact, has deserted the Anglican chaplain, for the Church in Via Nazionale.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE POPE AND AN ITALIAN LAWYER.

Rome correspondent of the day as follows:— "and of the Holy Father with the condition of the Papacy in been clearly expressed by him, once, or more properly speaking, interview, which he recently the celebrated Turin Catholic Advocate Canciano. After a binary questions on the business might the advocate to Rome, the "After so long a time selling the property, the material is exhausted."

very replied that the Commission enshrining the matter again for of legacies and such like to and charities. said the Holy Father to the who knew the legislation and rudence of the State, can well listen or not the citizens, and the Catholic citizens of Italy, Head, have or have not the guarantees?"

ly to this was in the negative. he then said: "You see then, at which the Papacy is a thoroughly abnormal, and I grow weary in demanding for the situation of the right of the See, that which is the right of Italy and of the whole advocate Canciano replied: "Holy remembering that I am a lawyer, that the right of Catholics emanated, nor can it form the transaction or compromise, or

the Sovereign Pontiff replied: "The Holy Father has the right of being their consciences, and they are Church has the right to serve secure liberty. That which has may be undone; who to-day crance is the tomorrow! The country were intelligent, states, and already be persuaded of this, one can preach the virtues better Pope—these virtues by which

lawyer then said: "The work of m has already been begun by the Encyclicals and Allocations which have found an London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, stantly; and even legal Italy had to recognize that *decalat* and *poies* issued from the Vatican. In the session of 23d January, the Senate. Taiani was then the (cheers)."

ly the Pope said: "What I have will continue to do. The Church greatest school of respect and of that there is upon the earth. If that do not give its religious sanc- the civil laws, the citizens do not conscience sake, but only for country were intelligent, states, and already be persuaded of this, one can preach the virtues better Pope—these virtues by which

very remarkable conversation Leo XIII. held with the Advocate possess, a most special interest. If the Pontiff were to think of the simplest language, and ing them to a friend. The character Pontiff shines throughout in this Con. Conciliation marks every But at the same time he holds, the tenacity of his great office, to cessity for the full liberty and in- dence of the Church. And it is addition which the Italian govern-

are strange things, those long, hours in the time of youth; such thoughts about self with such self-knowledge, such deep thinking to little reflection, such instruction with such sensibility to outward