

Gold at Shasta Town.

From Shasta town to Hedding town... The ground is torn by miners' dead...

The quail pipes pleasantly. The hare leaps carefree over the golden soil... The lizard basks in sunlight there...

That great graveyard of veins of gold! Of young men suddenly grown old...

That warm, red, rich, and human land. That fresh red soil, that warm red sand...

"I know the vein is here!" he said. For twenty years, for thirty years...

No gold! no gold! and he grew old and crept to bed with hunched head...

Then, lo, came laughing down the years A sweet grandchild! Between his legs...

You should have seen, have heard and seen His boyish joy, his stout old pride...

At last his strength was gone. "No more! I'm no more. I plant no more..."

And purple grapes and grapes of gold Swung sweet in milk. White orange trees...

And then that cloud burst came! Ah, me! That torn ditch there! The mellow land...

The old man sat on his cabin's sill. His gray beard touched his knee...

"Good Grandpa, see!" the glad child said. And so he looked at his little grandpa...

"Come, good grandpa! Now, once you said That God is good, so I will teach...

And patting thus, or like to this. The child thrust her face in his...

He sprang, sprang upright as of old. "The gold for you, sweet baby, 'tis gold!"

"Come, good grandpa, please raise your head. And please come plant with me..."

INTERESTING MISCELLANY. Soups la Jay Gould—Take a little stock, six times as much water, and then put in the lamb.

I allow the Catholic only one right; that, namely, of being better than another man.—M.D. S. B. C.

THE DATE FRUIT.—The Date palm, which supplies a large proportion of the food of the desert tribes of Africa, is thirty years in coming to maturity, after which it will produce fruit annually for about seventy years more.

She was an ordinary mother, having an ordinary pride in her pretty baby. "Whist, alanna," she whispered softly, as she entered one of our High Street dry goods establishments yesterday.

A true gentleman is as courteous and kind in his manner to the lowliest as to the greatest—to those at home as to those abroad. His kindness and courtesy are not for the purpose of making a good impression on others, but the offering of his own heart to satisfy the demands of the gentlemanly spirit in his own heart.

A POPE'S ELECTION. Popes are elected through prayer and not through politics. Every ballot cast by the Cardinals engaged in electing a Pope is accompanied by the recitation aloud of the following oath as the chapel altar: "I call to witness Christ the Lord, who will judge me, that I elect him, whom before God I judge ought to be elected; and which I shall make good in the Accensus." To imagine, therefore, that the will of God is not demonstrated in the election of a Pope argues gross ignorance on the part of those who think a Papal election merely a political operation.—Monitor.

Who will win the prize? There was, at one time, a meeting of the Flowers, and the judge was appointed to award the prize of beauty.

"Who shall win the prize?" asked the Rose, proudly rushing forward in blushing beauty, in full assurance of its winning words.

"Who will win the prize?" asked the rest of the flowers, as they came forward, each conscious of its attraction, and each equally sure of receiving the reward.

"I will take a peep at the assemblage," thought the Violet, and not intending to make one of the company, "and see the beauties as they pass."

Just as it was raising its modest head from its humble and retiring corner, and was looking in upon the meeting, the judge rose and tender his decree.

"To the Violet," he said, "I award the prize of beauty, for there is no trait more rare, none more enchantingly beautiful, than modesty."

CONVERTS IN ENGLAND. A correspondent writes from London about the progress of the Church in England.

Conversions in England are marvellously frequent. London has now about one hundred and thirty churches. Every large city possesses several flourishing congregations.

Beneficent monks settled after the expulsion from France. The first time there were just two Catholics in that section of the country; last year a splendid congregation of over two hundred people every Sunday filled the new chapel of the monastery.

Especially noteworthy is the large number of Anglican ministers who return to the Catholic Church; and most of them then study theology and become priests.

Not doubt can exist that the progress of Catholicism in England will prove useful for the nation, even in a mere temporal sense. Good Catholics are good citizens, because they fulfill in a supernatural spirit their national duties.

MAN'S DEPENDENCE—PADRE AGOSTINO SHOWS US HOW MUCH MUST BE LEFT TO GOD. As to his inventions, there is no creature more dependent than man.

Our powers are not sufficient to attain the perfection we desire. "Man is ever falling," it has been said, and God is ever raising him up again. Man is always on the point of being overcome, and God is always succoring and defending him.

Man tills the land, sows the grain; but he cannot give the sun the next day, nor the rain; he cannot regulate the number of insects which may be useful or injurious to cultivation.

You may pursue the most efficacious and most able methods, either in commerce, in industry, politics—when you have done everything there will always remain something else to be done; over which you have no power, without which the circle cannot be closed or a perfect result obtained. Unbeliever acknowledges this, and calls it chance. Religion acknowledges it and calls it providence.

LITTLE DUTIES. On reaching the postoffice after a long round of delivery, a letter carrier in one of our large cities found a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary, unimportant looking missive.

He thrust it in his pocket and delivered it on his first round the next day. "What consequence followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements; their note had gone to protest; a mill closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment.

The letter-carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessities of life, and his loss was not consequently followed by a single failure in duty.

Another case: A mechanic who had been out of work a long time in New York, went in September to collect a small sum due him. The gentleman who owed it being annoyed at some trifles, irritably refused the money. The man went to his home, and maddened by the sight of his hungry wife and children, went out to the back yard and hanged himself.

Then next day an old employer sent to offer him a permanent situation. Here was a life lost and a family left paupers because a bill of a dollar or two was not paid in the right time.

The old Spanish proverb says: "There is no such thing as a trifle in the world." When we think how intricately the lives of all mankind are tangled together, it seems as if every word or action moved a lever which set in motion a gigantic machinery, whose effect is wholly beyond our control. For this reason, if for no other, let us be careful to perform promptly and well the duties of life—even the most trivial.

CATHOLIC FAITH. The power of the Church is grandly shown in the following incident, which took place during a term of court the winter attended in Albuquerque, New Mexico:

A young Pueblo Indian had killed a member of his tribe, and was on trial for the crime. The mother of the murdered boy was called to testify. As she stood upon the witness stand it would be difficult to imagine a more wild and uncourteous appearance. She must have measured nearly six feet in height, but extreme age had bent the broad shoulders and the long, bare, lank arms and coarse hands told of many a year of weary toil.

TRUE CHARITY.

By Emma Howard Wright. "He is such a charitable man; he gives so much to charity," cries the admiring world of the rich man whose name figures conspicuously in works of charity, or heads the list of subscribers to some philanthropic scheme.

I wish the world, so ready to laud the ostentatious giver, would pause and reflect upon the meaning of true charity. It is made of action, done from the lips of God Himself: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; and again, it is a charity described as humble and not puffed up. Is the ostentatious charity of the rich man the charity of which God speaks, and which He so dearly loves? Will this-called charity, which wins so much applause from above, find the same approval from above? It is certainly not a charity which "shines its light under a bushel," and the light that is certainly well a rare of what it follows in doing, especially when it elicits those big checks, the amount of which will figure in to-morrow's papers. And when the charitable rich man sees those four or five figures which the world will so admire, what are his thoughts? Is he heartily glad some undertaking which will mitigate the sufferings of humanity, or puff it up with pride at the enormous charity will win from the world? Let his own heart answer the question. There may be different kinds of charity, more or less worthy; but there is but one form of perfect charity, and that is given with sacrifice and self-denial. Sometimes, at the bottom of that list which is a very small sum given by a poor widow. No one notices the little pittance, perhaps the name of her who gave it is forgotten, but it is written on high where the millionaire's name has no place; for that little was given for "sweet charity?"

ask, not to win approval from the world, and meant for the giver some sacrifice, and not for the recipient. It is a charity which is not given for the sake of the world, but for the sake of the poor and suffering. It is a charity which is not given for the sake of the world, but for the sake of the poor and suffering. It is a charity which is not given for the sake of the world, but for the sake of the poor and suffering.

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ON THE WAY TO RESTIGOUCHE.

By W. M. DERMOTT. It is easy to make friends on board a ship. A few hours will suffice to make an acquaintance that often ripens into a life-long friendship. The limits are so elastic, and the contact so often, with a crowd of us in the ordinary walks of life is so different from the ordinary walks of life in a small boat. The same may be applied to hunting parties. After a few short hours Tom has given Jack a brief history of his life, not forgetting to embellish the sporting part, and Jack in return has given Tom a brief history of his life, and the shades of night fall on two loving friends.

Last summer, being to escape from study, I crossed the border, that I had been dividing the United States from Canada, armed with a set of fishing tackle that would have been the delight of a quail old "Lank" Walton. Care I had endeavored to leave amid the din of New York, and in quest of rest and sport I started for the famed Restigouche. I was to tempt the Canadian salmon of the Bay of Fundy with my own hands. What a strategy! In such a bundle of a great city, as the train threads her way through gassy valleys, the side of looming mountains, along the banks of rivers, into the peaceful villages. The stately beauty and quiet of the passing scenes fill the mind with a sober train of thought. The busy world, the world of strife and emulation, is forgotten in the contemplation of the vastness of the world, and a thousand colored dreams of rural life, dreams that vanish as soon as the heart longs for brick walls and busy life. On the train to Restigouche was a young man of quiet mien. By his traps, it was easy to guess that he was a lover of the red and reel, and like myself, was bound for Restigouche. Handing him a morning paper, an easy means of acquaintance, and finding that he was from better than I, I was glad to see him. The brother traveler was bound for Restigouche, and I commenced my interview by asking him if the salmon were easy to take this year. He naively replied that "that depended on three things, the fishermen, the flies, and lastly, but not least, the weather." Conversations of travelers generally assume a wide latitude from Restigouche as a man. The transition, and it may seem, was easy to a Modern Thought. After learnedly decanting on the evils of so-called books of philosophy, the gradual loss of faith that distinguishes this age, the exaltation of science, and the propagation of a thousand mad, destructive to society, he finished with the following little incident in his own life: "For years," said he, "I was a doubter. After finishing my studies in England I set out for Germany, remaining a year there, engaged in trying (vain attempt) to master the current of thought from Herder to Hartmann. I returned to England with increasing doubts. Faith had fled, and with faith repose. In vain I tried to pass the dreary days in sport. The dreaded phantom of doubts arose like a giant monster, threatening existence itself. In this predicament, an Oxford friend—that had, as the saying was in those times, gone over to Rome—placed in my hands a copy of Newman's works. I had heard of Newman's power over minds most diverse, and in fear and trembling I opened a volume. I, a seeker of truth, a seeker in many lands and languages, was afraid to tempt myself to the guidance of the most subtle intellect of the century. And why, may it be asked, will men, who claim to be such seekers, who have made their lives a quest of this precious jewel, turn in hatred from the lord of the Catholic Church? It may be the early teaching so freely imparted by our Protestant relatives, that the Pope is Antichrist—the Church a mass of decay, Protestantism the light that leads the world, and Martin Luther a hero. Be this as it may, I ventured out from the land of prejudice and hatred. I read Newman slowly and thoughtfully. His original style made me a captive, his logic convinced me. The German philosophers that I had studied asserted an argument as final, and discredited from their unanswerable arguments a few pages later on; but here was a system, expounded by a master thinker in the clearest language. No hawk was wanting in the chain. No assertion once made became negative. My doubts began to melt away. Newman's style made me a captive, his logic convinced me. The German philosophers that I had studied asserted an argument as final, and discredited from their unanswerable arguments a few pages later on; but here was a system, expounded by a master thinker in the clearest language. 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