Have Hope.

REV. A. J RYAN.

was my unceremonious reply.

"By the way, I've asked one of your cloth to take pot-luck. He is stopping at Inchatemple for purposes. I told him you were here, and he rose at my offer like a trout at a fly."

"Who is he?" I asked, dreading the name fa flippant junior or the dead-weight of a mouldy, breefess elder. "His name is Blackball."
"George Blackball?"
"Yes."

a dippant junior or many and dippant junior decided and the second side of the second sid

water, and in response to my "Come in" if he young barrister presented himself. He was, and is, a tall, pale, thoughtful-looking man of eight-and-twenty, with a calm, penetratians, dark bine eye, a delicately-cut nose, as the state of eye white a calm, penetratians, dark bine eye, a delicately-cut nose, as the state of eye white teeth that flashed as the state of eye white teeth that flashed as the state of eye white teeth that flashed as the state of eye as the state of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his curly hair, are of a rich, in common with his early hair, are of a rich, in common with his explaints of the state of which are existed to have a station.

"What a chance, to stumble on you, sir "he gaily exclained to state of the series of the state of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle on my seductive files, I gave over the gentle on my seductive files, I gave over the gentle on my seductive files, I gave over the gentle on my seductive files, I gave over the gentle on my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over the gentle of my seductive files, I gave over t

to his J.-P. ship. I took my cigar to the veranda, and Blackball, having letters to

veranda, and filackball, having letters to the shadow of the mountain falls athwart the lowly plain,

And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head

And the highest hearts and lowest wear the shadow of some pain,

And the smile has scarcely flitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear,

And those lips cannot be human which

I was slitting smoking in a shady corner and enjoying the eigar. The scenery, and the mild-morning air, when I suddenly perceived a white object in motion amongst the trees the eighth of the distance to a few hundred yards from the house. A more kerchief.

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary tear.

And those lips cannot be human which

scratinizing glance revealed a pocket-hand-weavy tear.

And those lips cannot be human which have never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has never been a year.

And the tempests hide their terrors in the calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing, and we move amid its maze.

And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the mysteries of our ways.

Which are never all in shadow and are never wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet aguide.

And our hearts are often hardened by the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway,—on it hangs the Crucified,
And han he answers all our yearnings by the whisper, "Follow Me."

MY CHRISTMAS AT BARNA-KERRY.

Ned's prophecy regarding the fishing proved correct, and we trudged back to Barnakerry without having seen the fin of a fast."

"When is hee y! the way, I've asked one of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay, and he rose at mo feel it is stopping at Inchaten ple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked done of your cloth temple for purposes I told him you were flay."

"Who is he y! I asked deading the fishing the province of the contact of the prov

tion."
"But I consider it is due," she haughtily exclaimed; "and yet I am precluded from affording it by circu stances so inexpressibly bitter as to render my silence nothing short of an acony."

which he cited was repealed years and years ago, but, my dear Mr. Daly, he was in earnest ago, but, my dear Mr. Daly, he was in earnest, and an earnest man, woman, or child is Backedall, who was already attired in conventional dinner costume, scated himself on the edge of my bed, and clasping his right knee in both hands, and wagging his foot backwards and forwards, suddenly asked "Who is that lovely girl I encountered just now in the corridor?"

"Describe your lovely girl."

"The young barrister instantly presented me with an admirable word-portrait of Emily Primrose."

"She is a Miss Pimrose."

"Any relation?"

"Any relation?"

"N-I can't say."

"Any relation?"

"N-I can't say."

"Any relation?"

"N-I can't say."

"One you know, Mr. Daly, that Miss Primrose and interest the primrose of the primrose. The more of the face once, that he had a pandonime, and drank such a deep, deep draught of list into years, such as the primrose down to definer." I interrupted this fine, straight, visit state, that was a mind way the say of the primrose of the primrose, and I didn't choose to have a capital dinner, which was bailing to take give him the cannee.

"What a capital dinner, Mr. Daly."

"Yery good indeed,"

"What a capital dinner, Mr. Daly."

"Yery good indeed,"

"The glad you like her."

"So chatty!"

"To glad you like her."

"So chatty!"

"The grad glad inner, Mr. Daly!"

"Are you sleepy, shr."

"The year smoke.

"The wear and indeed the same and inw, and then he's drearier than the Bog of white an aporthecary's shop."

"Yerry a cigar?"

"The year smoke.

"The commenced a long dissertation on the time in order to rection the primrose of th

"Are you sleepy, sir?"
"I am."
"Try a eigar?"
"I never smoke.

ROME.

HOW SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE CON-DUCT A PRISON FOR WOMEN.

It cannot be said that the female prison is one of the sights of Rome, first, because few strangers visit it, and secondly, because prisons, even for the indefatigable tourist, do not fall within the category of tourist, do not fall within the category of his "sights;" and it is not mentioned by Murray. Nevertheless, the Government female prison, under the exclusive care of the Belgian Sisters of Providence, is a

place to be visited.

One of the great works accomplished by the zeal and intelligence of the great Almoner of Pius IX. the late Mgr. de Merode, was the reformation of the prison system. Twenty-seven years ago he brought the Sisters of Providence to Rome, and placed in their hands the female prison at the Termini. It was a hideous place for dirt, disorder and neglect. The good Sisters soon introduced cleanliness, method and a careful system of religious training. They reformed the prison within a year. When the Italian Government took possession of Rome in 1870, the female prisoners were reduced to 50: the buildings at the Termini were required for other purposes, and it was thought that the cowould be sent to other gaols, and the Sisters sent home. The poor women implored of the civil authorities not to separate them from the Sisters. Mgr. de Mercie who had be defined as ode, who had bought an immense property on the eastern side of Rome, devised a plan for saving from destruction the work on which he had already expended so much. He lent the nuns the great Villa Altieri, which stands between the Lateran and Santa Croce, somewhat to the north of both, and allowed them to enter into terms with the new Government. The terms with the new Government. The Sisters offered to provide a prison and everything connected with it, and to carry out all the regulations of the Government without any further cost to the State than 80 centesimi, about 8d a week for each prisoner. The offer was accepted. Mgr. de Merode then spent between £5,000 and £6,000 most the research. Mgr. de Merode then spent between £5,000 and £6,000 upon the necessary arrange-ments; and after a short time the famous Villa Altieri, with its magnificent external flight of steps, busts and statues, became a

prison.

The other day the Count de Merode, who The other day the Count de Merode, who has inherited a large portion of his brother's property, and who keets up all his brother's favorite charities, invited me to meet him and the Countess at the prison; and accordingly, accompanied by two friends, I drove over there yesterday morning. We were at once conducted into the long work-room, where 150 women were employed—the younger ones in lace-making. ployed—the younger ones in lace-making, Brussels point, Valenciennes, and other commoner kinds of lace—the older ones in preparing articles for trousseaux, and the less skillful in darning, mending and he less skillful in darning, including knitting. Two Sisters presided, and everybody seemed as busy as she could be. There were criminals of all kinds, including murderors. They did not strike me as having the bratal countenance one is fami-liar with in English prisons, but my more intelligent companion thought he recognized the well marked and well known

The whole establishment is managed by fourteen Sisters. They have no assistance whatever beyond that given by the prisons themselves. They are respected and cloved by the convicts. The Sisters never bunish directly for any fault committed. They report the delinquencies requiring punishment to the director, who is an offi-

gone to rest. The voluntary life of char-ity led by the Sisters is in many respects more penitential than the penal life of the poor convicts themselves—such is the heroism of Christian charity.

The prisoners are allowed to wear their hair, and are called by their own names. Each one is a personal and separate object of the Sisters' care. The dietary of the of the Sisters' care. The dietary of of the Sisters' care. The dietary of the prisoners is poor, but abundant. Coffee in the morning, thick vegetable soup for dinner and supper, with two pounds of bread a day, to be divided as each one pleases between her three meals. Twice a

as of the one in Rome. They are much respected by the Government, so that they, at least, have nothing to complain of. The director at Rome, who is bound frequently to inspect their establishment, is accustomed to say that he comes not to improve the transfer of the mall. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the kind of the mall. She was great and out over its threshold he carried the courage and, inspiration necessary for any duty which he might find in his path. And so as he was going out for the last

inspect but to admire.

The Sisters of Providence have two convents in London; they seem to devote themselves to all kinds of work of charity and education. They have a thoroughly practical turn, and it is entirely consecrated the service of God and of their neigh-

Strangers going to Rome would do well o visit the female prison at Villa Altieri. They may examine there the manufacture of lace by hand, and ladies may make purchases from the Sisters more economically and more satisfactory than in the

TREACHEROUS CATHOLICS.

WHAT IS TO BE THOUGHT OF CATHOLICS WHO SUPPORT BAD NEWSPAPERS.

We reprint from the Civilta Cattolica ome just remarks which it made a few years ago at the opening of the last

jubilee.
"Since the days of Boniface VIII. history does not record a "holy year" (jubilee) published in the midst of such eligious calamity and civil distress as this present one inaugurated by our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. Whereever we look we see cause for sorrow. In almost every country of the world the Church is ersecuted, either openly, in the style Diocletian, or secretly, as was done by dian the Apostate. Satan's great sect, "Freemasonry," directly or indirectly the mistress of almost every public power in Christendom, labors, with a fury inspired by its master, to destroy, so far as it can, the reign of Jesus Christ upon earth, and every species of order along with it.

We believe it to be a work worthy of

We believe it to be a work worthy of all the journals devoted to Holy Church, and to the great interests of Christianity, to arouse Catholics to make every possible effort to prepare the return of an order and a peace longed for by everyone, and without which Europe will end by falling into an abyse of barbarism. As in the days of St. Jerome, we see

realized around us now the complaint made by that illustrions saint. The barparians are strong through our crimes:

phemy erected into a system. Every Catholic knows this, and yet many Catholics subscribe to these papers. They pay them the tribute of their money, and,

pay them the tribute of their money, and, what is still worse, to a certain degree, the tribute of their intellect.

The pretext of arming oneself against the sophistry, impiety, and falsehood of journalists, is not a sufficient excuse. No one ought to think himself invulnerable, heaven a sufficient to the source of the them. able, because experience proves that the upsetting of brains, even amongst the most sensible Catholics, has its origin in

cannot be aware of the evil wrought by such books upon themselves, their children, and their servants. The writer of these pages recollects seeing one day, on a table in a sumptuous drawing-room belonging to a grand lady devoted to the practice of religious and recommendations. practices of religion, and merging into old age, at one side the edifying life of one of St. Teresa's angelic daughters, and at the other a bad French novel, the title of which alone made one blush."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE ROMA CATIOLIC CHURCH.

The saint specific not sain specific to saint specific to a saint specific to saint specific specific to saint specific to saint specific to saint specific specific to saint specific to saint specific specific to saint specific to saint specific to saint specific The history of that church joins togeprisoners at Perugia and Bologna, as well and of all the ecclesiastical establishments | Nevada. Men had failed him often | Young man, remember this.—Traveller.

Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flour-ished at Antioch, when idols were still ished at Antioch, when idols were worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.— Lord Macauley.

DR. SMILES ON "DUTY."

Our English Catholic exchanges contain very complimentary notices of Dr. Smiles' new book, "Duty." "We are glad to see a Protestant author," says the Catholic Times, of Liverpool, "who is so widely read and admired, show, as he does in this volume, a large acquaintance with Catholic men and motives. Dr. Smiles has known to what motives. Dr. Smiles has known at the Church he might turn in search of splendid illustrations of his new theme; and among the heroic men and women who did their duty to God, to man and to beast, who m he sets forth as models, are to be found Catholic saints and priests, and lay women and men. Especially admirable is Dr. Smiles account of St. Charles Borromeo and of Savonarola. In speaking of the great Florentine monk, Dr. Smiles avoids the vulgar error of referring to him as a precursor of the Reformation. 'His aim,' says the author of "Self-help," 'was not to desert the Church, but to tighten the bonds of liberty and religion; it was for his intense love of liberty that he was put to death.' St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom and Peter the Hermst, Galileo and Columbus, Chateaubriand and Count de Maistre, Mrs. Chisholm and Miss Stanley—these are only a few of the Catholic names with which 'Duty' bristles, and which will win for it special favor among Catholic read-

A RELIC OF THE HOLY BLOOD,

St. Paul's Church, London, was at one time one of the venerable churches in existence. The cathedral known as "Old istence. The cathedral known as "Old St. Paul's" dates from the time of Bishop Maurice, A. D. 1080. This wonderful edifice was nearly six hundred feet in length, and the summit of the spire rose to within a short distance of five hundred feet from the ground. It was made of wood covered with lead, and had relies a poor man's. When one begins life in the role of a imless wealth he is apt to end it in the role of a vagrant. He is a trump barians are strong through our crimes:

pecatis nostris barbari fortes sunt.

The barbarians of the revolution are strong in Catholic countries, because a large number of Catholics, directly or indirectly, take the side of revolt and patronize it.

We have often laid before our readers what a terrible plague revolutionary jurnalism is, which, wherever it penetrates, inoculates with and engenders, increases and spreads, as much as it can, the social malady of our age, namely, perversion of mind and corruption of heart. This press is nothing else than falshood and blaspheny erected into a system. Every who visited it with the proper disposit

—Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.

FLOWERS FROM THE "SEED PLOTS."

Bishop Moorehouse, in his inaugural address at the opening of the Church of England Assembly of Victoria, thus refers to the "educated larrikins;"—"I hear it, on the testimony of a public officer, that al-They report the delinquencies requiring punishment to the director, who is an officer of the Government. But before doing so they endeavor to obtain an admission of her guilt from the culprit. When the director comes he sees the offenders separately and alone, and reads over the charges made against them. He then awards the punishment, consisting of reduced dietary or solitary confinement, and the Sisters carry it out at one or after a delay of a few days, as they judge expedient for the prisoner. Their great object is to convince the culprit and convert her will.

The prisoners rise at 6.30, they have about the hours' work during the day, and go to bed at 8. The Sisters irise at 4.30, and do not retire till the prisoners are all gone to rest. The voluntary life of charity lightly by the Sisters is in many respects.

The prisoners rise at 4.30, and do not retire till the prisoners are all gone to rest. The voluntary life of charity lightly by the Sisters is in many respects.

The prisoners rise at 4.30, and do not retire till the prisoners are all gone to rest. The voluntary life of charity lightly li Victoria we are developing a new

breathings, and wondered at his calm resignation. Gradually the pulse of life throbbed fainter and fainter. There was no death-struggle, it is recorded, ne parting pang; but the flicker of a smile, like the passage of Heaven's own light, crossed his face, as he murmured, "Jesus." And the wings of the dove had come, and God's lest gift was death. The last was and Hope.

courage and, inspiration necessary for any duty which he might find in his path. And so as he was going out for the last time, as had been his won't he turned to leave a loving word for the wife and the bairns. A strong, a tender and true man was Judge Hillhouse.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Men who make money rarely saunter; nen who save money rarely swagger.

Getting up in the morning is like get-ting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less of self-denial. Socrates said that there are two sciences ich every man ought to learn-first, the

science of speech, and, second, the more difficult one of silence. If thou wouldst conquer thy weakness, thou must never gratify it. No man is compelled to evil; his consent only makes it his. It is no sin to be tempted, but to be overcome.—William Penn.

St. Augustine, in his sermon De Tempore, thus explains in what consists true life: "It consists," he says, "in thinking justly, speaking rightly, and laboring virtuously."—Bonum cogitare, bonum dicere,

bonum facere. A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it has been withdrawn.

Christ's working was miraculous to us but it was natural to him. He could produce results without the long previous processes which we have to use. He spake and it was done. That was His nature; His natural authority over the kingdom of physical force.—Prof. Sewall.

Society is like the echoing hills. It gives back to the speaker his words; groan for groan, song for song. Wouldst thou have thy social scenes to resound with music? Then speak ever in the melodious strains of truth and love. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."—Dr. David Thomas.

" Pour in knowledge gently." Plato, "Pour in knowledge gently." Plato, one of the wisest men of ancient Greece, observed that the minds of children are like bottles with very narrow mouths. If you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little received, whereas with a small stream they are easily filled. Those who would make prodigies of young children act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure.

into a pint measur Many great saints and great men have

returns exhibit no trace, although they are so often fallaciously quoted as a reliable test of our moral condition. You know what ordinary criminals are. You have yet to learn what intelligent criminals can be—what a scourge to society, what a terrible peril to the commonwealth."

SAINT IGNATIUS.

The saint spent his last night on earth alone—alone with God. He had no pain, no anxiety. Ease had come to his body, peace to his soul. When the san rose on the world, and lighted up the hills of Rome, the last hour of the founder of the Society of Jesus had come. He lay quite straight in his narrow bed. His face was towards Heaven, and he joined his palms together and placed his hands on his breast like one in prayer. His loving sons, weeping that the hour had come upon them so suddenly, stood round the bed; they watched him as he lay, listened to his quiet breathings, and wondered at his calm resignation. Gradually the pulse of life throbbed fainter and fainter. There was no death-struzole, it is recorded to His own divine Person. Heaven is the dwelling-place of God, a place of spotless purity and happiness. All, therefore, who would, obtain heaven and enjoy it must be pure. Though God exists essentially throughtout the whole universe, being present everywhere and beholding all things, yet we conceive that in heaven the fulness of his glory is more manifestly displayed. Here the rays of Divinity concentrate and form a a stoot of his glory is more manifestly displayed. Here the rays of Divinity concentrate and form a a stoot of his glory is more manifestly displayed. Here the rays of Divinity concentrate and form a a besolute holiness drives far from his presence all that is unclean, and fills the place with beauty and glory, making an abode of unmingled bliss, Being, then, a place of purity and bliss, they who enter there, according to the fitness of things as well as by divine appointment, must be holy and acquainted with happiness. One entering it without purity would find in himself an unfitness to occupt of enjo

HOPE.

Hope brings good tidings about us, not so as to be handled, but so as to be owned and rejoiced in. Hope prophesies to us. Hope makes us free of the universe. I am a pilgrim, and life is what I have to travel over; and oh! I have many dangers and many wants. But hope is my all inand many wants. But hope is my all in-all nearly. Hope is light, and courage, and a staff; and when I sit down it is a friend to talk with; and when I suffer it is an angel to stand by and strengthen me; and when I have wandered away in sin and repented and returned to the right path, then from hope I get peace of mind and newness of virtue.

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's re-maining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. If cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smining.