

Have Hope.

REV. A. J. RYAN. The shadow of the mountain falls athwart the fowly plain. And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above the mountain's head. And the highest peaks and lowest eave the shadow of some pain. And the smile has scarcely fitted ere the anguished look is shed.

MY CHRISTMAS AT BARNABERRY.

Need's prophecy regarding the fishing proved correct, and we trudged back to Barnaberry without having seen the fin of a fish. "I deeply regret, Daly, that you were not with me today; my decision in that matter was not based on my decision, Dolphin. Let me get into my dinner toger." "By the way, I've asked one of your cloth to take pot-luck, for it is stopping at Inchaic temple for purposes. I told him you were here, and he rose at my offer like a trout at a fly.

to his J.P. ship. I took my cigar to the veranda, and Blackball, having letters to write, went to his room. I was sitting smoking in a shady corner when I suddenly perceived a white object in motion among the trees at the entrance to an elm grove. I stepped out, and the distance of few hundred yards from the house. A more brilliant glimmer revealed a pocket-handkerchief.

ROME.

HOW SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE CONDUCT 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 his sights. It is a subject mentioned by Murray. Nevertheless, the Government, by the Belgian Sisters of Providence, is a place to be visited.

TRACHEROUS CATHOLICS.

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

We reprint from the Civiltà Cattolica some 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 religious calamity and civil distress as this present one inaugurated by our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. Wherever we look we see cause for sorrow. In almost every country of the world the Church is persecuted, either openly, in the style of Diocletian, or secretly, as was done by Julian 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.

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 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, whom he sets forth as models, are to be found Catholic saints and priests, and lay workers. Most 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 Hermit, 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 readers.

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 St. Paul's" dates from the time of Bishop Maurice, A. D. 1087. 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 relics placed in the ball beneath the cross. On the 10th of August, 1441, the spire was struck by lightning and partly destroyed. One of the greatest treasures and curiosities of this church possessed for some time was a relic of the Holy Blood, sent from Jerusalem to King Henry III. by the Knights of St. John and those of the Order of Templars. This precious gift was afterwards conveyed to Westminster Abbey, where an indulgence of six years and one hundred days was granted all who visited it with the proper dispositions. —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 already in Victoria we are developing a new type of criminal. In the old country, he says, and in the early days of the colony, he had no difficulty in getting information about crimes. Now, however, the educated larrikin is driving the police to their wits' end. This modern Victorian criminal is intelligent enough to know the advantage of concealment. He keeps his own counsel as to the details of his crime. No observer of this class of crime (the most dangerous of all) there will be absolutely no records in the returns of our police courts and assessors. For the most part of it is committed with impunity. It goes to swell that enormous mass of sensual sin of crime that swarms in the shadows of which the law takes no notice, of which its 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 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 sun 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 calm, his hands on his head, his feet together and placed in the Flavian amphitheatre. The priestly royal robes are laid of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiff. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost to the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions to the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy lies between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century ago, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her ranks are certainly not fewer than 150,000,000, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to 120,000,000. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She sees the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments,

that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when Islam were still 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 Macaulay.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Men who make money rarely stammer; men who save money rarely swagger. Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less of self-denial. Socrates said that there are two sciences which every man ought to learn—first, the science of speech, and, second, the more difficult one of silence.

A GOOD HONEST LAUGH AT A GOOD DISCREET JOKE OR BIT OF SARCASTIC RITS OUT THE GATHERING WRINKLES OF CARE; BUT AN ILL-TEMPURED 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 spoke 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; GROUND FOR GROUND, SONG FOR SONG. WOULDST THOU HAVE THY SOCIAL SCENES TO RESOUND WITH MUSIC? THEN SPEAK EVER IN THE MILD STRAINS OF TRUTH AND LOVE. "WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN."—Dr. David Thomas.

IT IS ASTONISHING HOW COMPLETELY SOME PEOPLE CAN BE ABSORBED IN THEIR OWN THOUGHTS. A PROMINENT CANDIDATE, WHO GIVES UP THE WHOLE OF HIS MIND TO POLITICS, MET A PROMINENT CHURCH MEMBER WHO REMARKED THAT HIS CHURCH HAD JUST GOT A NEW ORGAN. "I HOPE IT WILL SUPPORT THE REGULAR NOMINEES," WAS THE ABSENT-MINDED REPLY.

"OUR 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 STEADY STREAM THEY ARE EASILY FILLED. THIS IS ALSO TRUE OF PRODIGES OF YOUNG CHILDREN AND OF MEN AS IF THEY WOULD POUR A PAIL OF WATER INTO A PINT MEASURE.

MANY GREAT SAINTS AND GREAT MEN HAVE LOVED TO SERVE MASS EVEN WHEN THEY WERE OLD MEN. AMONG THESE I MAY NAME SIR THOMAS MORE, WHO WAS THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO. HE WAS AFTERWARDS A MARTYR. AND ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DIED A FEW YEARS AGO.—Father Lambing.

WE ARE BOUND, AS CATHOLIC CHRISTIANS, TO OBEY THE COMMANDMENTS OR PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH, AS WELL AS THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD HIMSELF. OUR BLESSED LORD PLAINLY TELLS US, THAT TO OBEY THE PATRONS OF THE CHURCH IS JUST THE SAME THING AS TO OBEY HIMSELF; AND, ON THE OTHER HAND, THAT HE WILL LOOK UPON ANY DISOBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS OF THE CHURCH, AS AN ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE TO HIMSELF, AND OFFERED TO HIS OWN DIVINE PERSON.

HEAVEN IS THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD, A PLACE OF SPOTLESS PURITY AND HAPPINESS. ALL THOSE WHO WOULD OBTAIN HEAVEN AND ENJOY IT MUST BE PURE. THOUGH GOD EXISTS ESSENTIALLY THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, BEING PRESENT EVERYWHERE AND BEHOLDING ALL THINGS, YET WE CONCEIVE THAT IN HEAVEN THE FULLNESS OF HIS GLORY IS MORE MANIFESTLY DISPLAYED. HERE THE RAYS OF DIVINITY CONCENTRATE AND FORM A GLORIOUS FOCUS. HEAVEN, A PLACE AS WELL AS A STATE, HAVING A PURE AND HOLY GOD AS ITS GOVERNOR, DWELLING WITHIN IT, WHOSE WILL IS ALWAYS DONE, AND WHOSE PRESENCE ALL THINGS THAT ARE UNCLEAN, UNPURE, AND UNBLESSED, AND WHOSE PRESENCE 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 THEIR HEARTS, MUST BE PURIFIED BY HAPPINESS. ONE ENTERING IT WITHOUT PURITY WOULD FIND IN HIMSELF AN UNFITNESS TO REPLY HIM MISERABLE. PURITY AND HAPPINESS ARE SO CONNECTED THAT ONE IS EVIDENCE OF THE OTHER. HE WHO HAS NO SPIRITUAL ENJOYMENT HAS NO PURITY OF HEART.

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. Hope is my all-in-all. Hope is light, and courage, and a staff; and when I sit down it is an angel to talk with; and when I suffer it is an angel to soothe me; and when I am and when I have wandered from 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 remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married lady and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and snoring. Young man, remember this.—Traveller.

TO BE CONTINUED.