

Mary, sweetest gift of Heaven,  
 Lived unknown upon this earth,  
 Scorned by men, though blessed by angels,  
 Was our Mother's priceless worth.

Twine then Roses, Lillies, Violets,  
 And upon each bright May morn,  
 Bring a chaplet fresh and od'rous,  
 Mary's alter to adorn.

Oh! May all her loving children,  
 Planting in their hearts parterre,  
 Cultivating flow'rs of virtue,  
 With a fond and constant care.

Wreathe into a fadeless garland,  
 Lillies white of purity,  
 Roses of undy'ng affection,  
 Twined with sweet humility.

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## 1848, IN EUROPE.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

In attentively contemplating Nature and its phenomena we notice that after every calm, when the heat and the atmospheric pressure have done their work, the clouds with their hail, rain and electricity having collected, there comes a shock that convulses the whole atmosphere, and extends its effects over whole countries. So it is amongst the peoples of the earth. Periodically the masses surge, and boil, and rise, animated by some inward spirit of revolt, and cause the thrones to shake, the crowned heads to totter, the nobles to tremble; and having thus turned order and authority upside down, gradually sink back into the old state of things, and the world goes on as before.

The year 1848 was for western Europe one of those periods of revolution, rebellion and anarchy. To take a short glimpse at the history of that year in each particular country and state would require volumes; however, let us glance for a moment at three countries, each of a different character from its neighbor, and behold