

In Snow Time.

How should I choose to walk the world with thee? Mine own beloved? When green grass is strewn...

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

On the Feast of the Epiphany the Sovereign Pontiff received in special audience the National pilgrimage of chosen representatives from the various dioceses of Italy.

Now the warfare is more bitter, the same honored portion of the population do not hesitate to dare themselves courageous defenders of the assaulted church and to rank themselves openly on the side of the Apostolic See, the centre and principle of Catholic unity.

Italy must inevitably descend to an abyss, in which it would look in vain for its golden splendor, and for the inestimable blessings of that Christian civilization in which it was so rich in departed times.

With one heart and spirit let all, taking advantage of all the means at your disposal, struggle to keep alive in the Italian people the sentiment of religion.

love for the Church, fidelity, and attachment to the Supreme Pastor who governs it. Be earnest in resisting the spirit of infidelity, corruption, and unbridled licence which dominates our age.

PRISONER IN THESE WALLS FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS in the midst of the many troubles and sorrows that press so bitterly upon us, it will be no slight consolation and no inconsiderable help to us to know that you are doing, everywhere, by laboring in the religious and social interests of our country.

THE AMERICAN PRIESTS.

What a Protestant Says of Them.

The New York correspondent of the London Post, in a recent letter, writing of the influence of the Catholic clergy in America, pays the following tribute to them: They exert a curious influence over the minds of a great mass of men who owe them no spiritual allegiance.

OUR MODERN PAGANS.

It is not pleasant to apply the word pagan to our neighbors and friends; but there is a dread amount of such paganism abroad, and Catholics are not exempt from its influence. They live in the world subject to its laws and appetites, liable to stand or fall like other people.

IRELAND'S GREAT LAND OWNERS.

The following figures in regard to the ownership of Irish land are interesting: One man owns 170,000 acres; three men own 100,000 acres each; fourteen men, 50,000 acres each; ninety men, 20,000 acres each; 135 men, 10,000 acres each; and 452 men, 5,000 acres each.

We have been men so eager to get something for nothing, that we could almost believe they would be willing to die on short notice were they presented with gratulation, coffins with the understanding that they should shuffle off.

BUTCHERING A PRIEST. THE PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA ORDERS THE EXECUTION OF AN UNOFFENDING CLERGYMAN.

The colony of British Honduras is in a state of excitement over the capture and shooting, by order of President Banjos, of the republic of Guatemala, of the Jesuit priest, the Rev. Father Gillet. By the laws of Guatemala all Jesuits have been banished from the republic, and should any be caught in the republic they invariably meet their doom by being shot behind the prison walls, or out on the plaza.

On Monday morning, Jan. 17, Father Gillet was taken out of prison, under a heavy guard, and marched to the plaza, where he was joined by two regiments of soldiers; his coffin was brought and placed before him; the soldiers formed a hollow square, broken at one cross street, opposite which was posted a firing party.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

In a sermon at a mission recently given at St. John's Church, Providence, R. I., the Rev. Father Hunt, O. M. L., said: "I do not want to be too plain spoken, but tonight I have asked that God would send his messenger before me to help me to be a prophet with live coals, that he would purify my tongue. But I am bound to be plain. We do not realize our obligations to marriage. We are associated together by passion, not by the Providence of God.

RELIGION RUN RIOT.

The fanaticism of some of the Sanctificationists in Texas has far outstripped the doings of any of the fanaticists in this part of the country. Among some of the Texasites has taken the wildest forms, such as the personation of Christ, and imagination on the part of the fanatics that they have been in heaven.

What we mean is this: Men do not openly reject Christ and His law, and give themselves over to the worship and adoration of the devil, the flesh, and the flesh; but they do it practically and in great measure. They may not give themselves up to all three at once, for human nature must draw in somewhere.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has suffered a total paralysis of the left side; and is now in an almost helpless condition. The last religious census of France shows 33,387,703 Catholics, 467,531 Calvinists, 80,117 Lutherans, 33,113 of other Protestant denominations.

There is one Catholic in the family of the Archduke of Austria, and that is the young Countess of Grammont, who will be remembered, was the daughter of Baron Rothschild, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, one of the richest members of the group.

A magnificent altar presented by the Emperor of Austria to the Monastery of the Holy Land, was consecrated in Nazareth on Christmas night. Three thousand persons of all creeds, including Mohammedans, attended the solemnity, which lasted four hours.

CARPING AT PRIESTS.

In every congregation are a few chronic croakers who manage to find fault with all that goes on in the parish. These malcontents bestow a large share of their sneering criticisms on the pastor and discern some flaw in everything he does, from preaching and saying Mass to combing his hair and tying his shoestrings.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Polite and pleasant manners are perpetual letters of recommendation.—Isabella of Castile. There is in man a higher aim than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—Cervantes.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must be added, or at least softened, every reflecting observer.—Cervantes. I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

Those passionate persons who carry their hearts in their mouth are rather to be pitied than feared; their threatenings serving no other purpose than to form him that is threatened.—T. Fuller. If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

The world is like a skating park, nice when you can skate smoothly over its surface, but cruel and cold to kick over when you get your feet cocked from under you.—Whitwell Times. Marked out by its importance and its success as an object of the hatred of the enemies of religion, the Society of Jesus has always confounded calumny by the splendor of its virtues, and its intellectual power, and its works.—Cardinal Guisot.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light. Rather be sweet-tempered than familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.—Whitwell Times. Society is evidently becoming lax, that is to say, not w as the world calls "society," but the society of home; for in the Redemption the Saviour created a new domestic society in the world—a new moral society of order—a sanctuary of parental authority and filial obedience. What do we see now? The home broken up by divorce.

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It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly suppressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

Give us sincere friends or none. This hollow glitter of smiles and words—compliments that mean nothing—protestations of affection solid as the froth of champagne—invitations that are but pretty sentences, uttered because such things are customary—are all worthless. There is no need of them. It is proper to be civil and courteous to the most indifferent stranger; but why assume friendship's outward show when no reality underlies it? When one feels friendship, the object of that sentiment cannot suffer, and I leave our hearts untroubled—cannot be slandered without our defence.

How many resolutions are formed, how many sublime conquests effected, during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her—when one of those cutting words uttered because such things are customary, are all worthless. There is no need of them. It is proper to be civil and courteous to the most indifferent stranger; but why assume friendship's outward show when no reality underlies it? When one feels friendship, the object of that sentiment cannot suffer, and I leave our hearts untroubled—cannot be slandered without our defence.

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