

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"CLONTARE," an historical play in three acts, for male characters, by A. J. O'Hara, M. A. Published by Stephen Mearns, 73 Barclay Street, New York.

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" for June, is as usual replete with interesting and instructive matter. Published by T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.00 a year.

"THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE" for May, 40 pages monthly, one dollar a year. Published by J. P. Dunne & Co., 5 Barclay Street, New York.

"THE ANGELUS"—a new Catholic illustrated weekly for Sunday Schools and families. Published by Wm. E. Savage, 44 West Larned Street, Detroit, Mich. Price, one dollar a year. Liberal reduction to clubs.

"MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY."—First number of the 15th volume—very interesting—the usual sixteen pages. Published at 15 Park Place, New York. Price \$3 a year.

"AVE MARIA" for May, containing as usual a choice selection of literary articles, poems, tales, essays, and the valuable Youths' Department. Price \$2.50 per annum. Address Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE SCHOLASTIC of Notre Dame, Indiana, and the SPECTATOR of St. Laurent College, Montreal, are both smart lively college journals.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR is a journal of more than ordinary ability, but rather prejudiced in religious matters.

THE HILLS AND THE BIRDS.

"WHAT brought you here?" said the Hills to the Birds, as they settled on them.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were made of the sky, you looked so blue and soft; and we thought we should like to have you for our home," said the Birds.

"Are we as you expected to find us?" asked the Hills.

"No," said the Birds; we see now it was not *you* that we gazed on, but yonder fair hills in the west: we go to seek them!" and they flew away, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Hills in the west, as the birds settled on them, weary with their flight.

"We saw you afar off, and we thought you were fair and soft as the summer sky, and we came that we might dwell on you," said the Birds.

"Are we what you expected to find us?" asked the Hills in the west.

"No," said the Birds, with disappoint-

ment, "that you are not, but rugged and bare; so that we are sure you were not what we delighted to gaze on; and see—*there*—there are our hills, brighter than ever; beautiful, deep blue and gold shining on their heads." And away they flew, and the Hills laughed.

"What brought you here?" asked the Rocks, as the Birds sunk wearily on their craggy tops.

"Alas cried the Birds, "We saw you from afar, in our own pleasant home, and we thought you were made of the sky and crowned with gold; and we hoped to live upon you, and enjoy your glory and beauty."

"What do you find?" asked the Rocks. "Hard, gloomy, barren crags, with neither softness to nestle in nor food to rejoice in; and yonder is the sun, sinking into the broad, hopeless sea; and there is nothing beyond!" And they perished on the rocks.