



Loretto

Eucalyptus Blossoms

Price 1/-



Loretto Eucalyptus Blossoms.



THESE blossoms have been gathered at various times, and are now woven into a garland which cannot claim any beauty save that of simplicity. We, the children of Loretto, with loving greetings, offer, to-day, this simple garland to our dear Reverend Mother.

Let us not stay our hand
Because our gift is small ;
Who gives and counts the cost,
He giveth not at all.

Omnia per Mariam.

MARY'S MOUNT,
BALLARAT,

FEAST OF SAINT ALOYSIUS,
21ST JUNE, 1886.

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LORETTO EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOMS

Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu !

LIFE on earth is all a warfare,
Foes within and foes without ;
Jesus ! Jesus ! lo the tempter
Flies before that battle shout.
In the fierce unceasing combats
Let our tranquil war-cry be,
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu !
" Heart of Jesus ! all for Thee."

All ! yes, all ! I would not pilfer
From my holocaust a part ;
Every thought, word, deed, and feeling,
Every beating of my heart,
Thine till death ! and Thine for ever !
My heart's cry in heaven shall be,
Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu !
" Heart of Jesus ! all for Thee."

Leading Article.

In September, 1885, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in Australia completed the first decade of its existence, and the children of Loretto have every reason to feel very thankful to the Divine Providence for the progress which this Institute has made.

The Christmas Distribution Day of 1875 saw seven boarders within the walls of what now forms only the most unpretending central part of the fast increasing Convent Building at Mary's Mount, and the same occasion, ten years later, was celebrated by ten times that number of children at Mary's Mount itself, while a large day-school in the city of Ballarat, and a branch at the sea-side town of Portland, with grateful hearts thanked God for this verification, on their behalf, of the parable of the mustard seed.

But we, the present children of Loretto, do we fully realise all the dignity and interest which belong to the period of the Australian history of this Institute, which we intend specially to celebrate in our present little paper ? It is extremely probable that we do not. This newness of being, which is our birthright in our new land, is so natural to us that we are likely to lose sight of one at least of our greatest privileges. This is, that we witness the foundation and early development of institutions which are destined, in all probability, to last for centuries to come. When we read of the early days of many of the saintly orders of our holy church, days rendered glorious by the spirit of steadfast faith and martyrdom exhibited by the founders of these orders, do we not experience at times a kind of laudable envy of those privileged to be connected with the early days of these holy institutions.

We, of the present day, in Victoria, are, in a very humble indirect way, identified with the foundation and progress of Loretto, the history of which will, in its turn, be written, and will form, we trust, under Divine Providence, a bright page in the annals of the Catholic Church in Australia.

But, from the very prosperity of our religion out here, from the fact that we have had no need, thank God, for martyrs, a certain spirit of irresistible commonplace tends to creep into and pervade all our sentiments. We are children of a new land, and we undeniably suffer from one of the defects of newness, that is, want of associations. We have it in our

power, however, to remove this defect, and supply this deficiency. All the splendid associations of religion and country are at our command if we only endeavour to obtain the *mental culture* which will enable us to understand them fully, and that *heart culture* which will cause us to earnestly strive to imitate those standards of moral excellence which excite our just admiration.

Both mind and heart can be *thoroughly* cultivated only by our own coöperation with the means so generously placed at our disposal by the religious of Loretto. We may be well educated, gracefully accomplished, and altogether very nice girls, but we will never realise the ideal of a *Catholic heroine* unless we cultivate abstract thought and thoroughness.

Much is being done at present by the gentle lady who rules the fast-increasing commonwealth of Loretto to develop and encourage amongst those committed to her care that *true* mental culture to which we have before alluded. Owing to her liberal and energetic action, Loretto has the means of enabling her children to shew what Catholic girls in a Catholic Convent can do. All that remains for us, in order to perform our part, is to first realize how many are our advantages in being children of Loretto, and, secondly, generously to strive to be worthy of this position.

We must earnestly trust that many years will be added to the holy, useful life of the dearly-loved foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in Australia. We are debarred, by her own special desire, from saying all that we could truthfully express respecting our dear Reverend Mother, but we leave her with proud confidence for future times to appreciate and praise.

And now a few serious words about our Loretto's first paper. This little magazine will form, if generously supported by the

children of Loretto, a most valuable means of mutual union and encouragement, and, if it is made the exponent of religious and patriotic feeling, not only will it reflect credit on the heads and hearts of its girl-staff, but also the most sincere pleasure will be afforded to those holy religious who labour so zealously for our welfare.

BELLA GUERIN, M.A.

Reflections on Dr. Newman's Writings.

TO-DAY, after reading some extracts from Cardinal Newman's admirable writings, it occurred to me how few people, even among Catholics, have such thoughts as were his at a time when he was deprived of the graces which followed his reception into the true church.

His only aim throughout life was to please Almighty God.

He shows that the world is as nothing, and can offer nothing in return for all the love bestowed on its joys and pleasures; whereas the true faith, the high sanctity, the hope of future glory, with numerous other blessings, which attend those who follow our Lord Jesus Christ, far surpass all human desires.

The following are extracts from one of Dr. Newman's beautiful sermons. I think they cannot fail to win the admiration of the reader:—

"O that we could take a simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God!"

"What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, to please those we love, compared with this?"

"What gain to be applauded, admired, courted, followed, compared with this aim of not being disobedient to a heavenly vision?"

"What can this world offer comparable with that insight into spiritual things—that true faith, that high sanctity, that everlasting righteousness, that hope of glory, which they have who, in sincerity, love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Let us beg and pray Him, day by day, to reveal Himself to our souls more fully, to quicken our senses, to give us sight and hearing, taste and touch of the world to come; so that within us we may say sincerely, 'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after that receive me with Thy glory.'

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? But there is none on earth that I desire in comparison with Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

IRELANDA.

Happy Hours and Pleasant Hours in "Our Australian Loretto."

YES, many are the happy and pleasant hours we spend in our convent-home. So speak those whose home is still within Loretto's walls.

Many were the happy and pleasant hours we spent within Loretto's walls, say with loving those thoughts whose school-days are ended.

Let me now introduce you to our school-room. It is about eight in the morning, and the children are all endeavouring (even though their efforts are not always crowned with success) to make a meditation on some beautiful passage from Scripture, or on some great truth of eternity. The look of earnestness on the fresh young faces, as they raise their souls far above the things of earth, at once impresses you, and a feeling arises within you so sweet, and yet so reverential, that you feel "not quite yourself," and involuntarily you exclaim, with the poet, "Hush! 'tis a holy hour."

Come now to another scene, which takes place in our dear little chapel.

It is Sunday morn. The benches are filled with silent happy worshippers, who, with hearts bent in holy prayer, are now entertaining, as best they can, the Heavenly Guest who has deigned to take up his abode in their young hearts. Apart from the others on *prie-dieu*, draped in scarlet and white, kneel children who have just received, for the first time, their Eucharistic God. The childish hearts swell with rapture. Now a sweet hymn breaks the solemn silence. Softly rise the words—

"Gentlest Saviour, God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling in us at this very hour."

It is now an evening in the month of May. Everyone is bright and happy. Especially we, gathered round Our Lady's Altar, singing her praises, while our Mother's statue, in the centre of beautiful flowers and glittering lights, seems to smile on us to reward the efforts made to please her during the day.

And now our pleasant hours. They are many. What a pleasure we find in hearing of noble deeds done in days of old! What a pleasure in going, in imagination, to distant lands and gazing on their varied scenes! What a triumphant pleasure

in overcoming difficulties, and finding out the meaning of some intricate passage of translation! And our recreation hours are pleasant. In cool weather many a merry game is played in the paddock, and in the tennis-court many a pleasant hour is spent. How pleasant are the recreations which we spend beneath the trees or resting in the trellised arbours, inhaling the odour of some sweetly-perfumed creeper, and at the same time listening to a pleasant tale.

What pleasure beams in each young face as we stand in long lines and dance merrily during evening recreation; our hearts full of peace at the close of a well-spent day. Yes, many are the happy and pleasant hours which we spend in our Australian Loretto.

WATTLE BLOSSOM.

Mount Macedon.

SETTING out from our home on one of those beautiful summer mornings when everything looks bright and glad, we drive towards the railway station, and after a few moments of impatient waiting see the train come puffing in. After the usual amount of bustle we find ourselves safely seated in a carriage and on the road to Mount Macedon. This spot has always been attractive to visitors, and it is only fifty miles from our busy Melbourne. Well, the train puffs on, and before we have time to feel weary the engine gives its final shriek, and we know that our destination is reached. The place seems lonely enough; there is no township, but a few scattered houses and an inn.

The first thing we do is to take a cab, and we are fortunate to secure one. A drive of four miles and we have arrived at the summit of Mount Macedon.

During this ascent my physical geography lessons were beautifully exemplified (I mean those referring to temperature), for when we were at the foot of the Mount, it was hot; oh, so hot! but the higher we ascended, the lighter and cooler the air became, and there was quite a fresh breeze blowing on the summit. We lived actually among the clouds; for at night they floated down the mountain sides like a fog, and no one could go out with safety.

Now, I have given a faint cloudy idea of my surroundings, I shall tell you how we spent the time. We rose with the lark, or some equally early bird, and having breakfasted, we children set forth exploring, armed with sticks and other defensive weapons to fight the snakes—though we

never met one. Sometimes we turned our steps towards a beautiful little waterfall, which rippled down the rocks from the height of about twenty feet. Here each amused herself according to her ideas of amusement.

Sometimes we read, or busied ourselves collecting beautiful maidenhair fern and other treasures; and then, in the evening, we occupied ourselves pressing ferns and comparing curiosities. Occasionally we varied the day's programme, by getting lost on the mount, and causing a small sensation in this way.

A week passed only too quickly, and we had to prepare for departure, not without some regret at leaving our temporary home on beautiful Mount Macedon.

THISTLE.

Success.

I READ a very good essay on Success once. I will give you a compendium of it now.

Real success is the attaining a certain noble end, without forfeiting any of your good principles. To strive for an end not noble in itself generally necessitates the forfeiting of some of the best qualities of a character. For instance, a man striving to gain wealth will, in the very struggle for it, lose some of his best qualities, and those very ones which would have enabled him to spend his wealth well. Again, one who strives for something noble is successful, although he may not have gained his end; for in the very act of trying to do something noble and good, he has been successful—he has improved his character. The world applauds those who succeed. Therefore, "nothing succeeds like success." We would do well to aim at pleasing the Master, who rewards efforts, not success.

"There lives a Judge
To Whose all-pondering mind, a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed:
In Whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed."

One Hail Mary.

"One Hail Mary," spoke the Preacher,
"Can convert a soul from sin;
One Hail Mary, said in earnest,
Sanctifying grace can win."
Thought a listening sceptic there,
"Much you over-rate your prayer."

"Come," he said, "I think I'll try it,
Not a moment will it take,
And 'tis well to contradict them—
Such assertions as they make.
One Hail Mary, 'tis not long,
And I'll prove that Preacher wrong."

Standing upright, he recited,
Mary's Ave, every word;
Heaven was bending down to listen
To his prayer so long unheard.
Suddenly strange awe he felt,
And the scoffer humbly knelt.

Knelt unconscious, that around him
Many gazed with wondering eyes,
Waiting till the sermon ended,
Then they saw the sceptic rise,
And the Preacher donned his stole,
Welcoming a contrite soul.

Sacramental grace was healing
Every hot and bleeding scar,
Touching all the wounds inflicted
In the lifelong spirit war;
Snatched from Satan's dark control,
One Hail Mary saved that soul.

M.G.R.

Catholic Literature.

NOTES ON A LECTURE.

THE influence of literature of the present day is very great, and, sad to say, its spirit for the most part is anti-Catholic. Indeed, many of the newspapers and books are edited by infidel writers, who thus find every facility for circulating their opinions. It is therefore necessary that the Catholics should rouse their energy, and endeavour to spread Catholic literature, by introducing Catholic newspapers and books in the family circle. The work of spreading Catholic literature should not be left to priests; and the claims of business leave laymen little leisure; and boys are generally so much occupied with cricket and football, that their help cannot be much relied on. But women, who can do, and who have done, a great deal in other countries for Catholic literature, will not be behindhand in Australia. Girls should interest themselves in spreading Catholic literature. A few short remarks may aid them in their choice. Some of the best authors of the present day are Catholics. Cardinal Newman is one of the best masters of the English language. In his conversion the Church of

England sustained a great loss. He has written many books. His language is beautiful. Many of his works are theological. After his conversion to the Catholic Church, he wrote his *Apologia*, which contains his reasons for abjuring Protestantism, and embracing the Catholic religion. The walls of the room in which this work was written are bespattered with ink. He wrote rapidly, and, in his ardour, unconsciously shook his pen frequently as he filled it. Each sheet as he finished it was carried to the printer. Cardinal Newman is the author of *Callista*, a scholarly and fascinating tale. His *Sermons* are masterly productions. They are not sermons in the general sense of the word, they are rather a series of lectures.

Cardinal Manning is the author of some very fine books. *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, a theological work, which will give great exercise to the minds of those who are anxious to read such deep works.

Father Faber's works are widely spread. He is the author of *The Foot of the Cross*, and many other devotional works.

Mr. Allies, a great English writer of the present day, has written the *Formation of Christendom*, in three vols. His daughter writes also.

The History of Ireland, by the Nun of Kenmare, is well written, as are other books by the same authoress.

Dr. Mivart is the author of a clever book, which upsets completely Darwin's theory of the origin of species. In his book, *The Cat*, he proves also the absurdity of Darwin's views. This book would be interesting to many.

Ruskin's works are splendid. True, he is bigoted whenever the Papacy is concerned, but on many other matters his judgment is sound. If some of his views seem to readers extravagantly high, well, this may be accounted for by the fact that the views and aims of our century are not of the highest order.

The Ave Maria, a weekly journal, contains Catholic news and well-written tales, besides much useful knowledge.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart spreads devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. *The Tablet*, *Dublin Review*, *The Catholic World*, *The Catholic Fireside*, and *Irish Monthly* are all popular Catholic publications.

As for light literature, Rosa Mulholland has written some bright, clever books; and Miss Tynan's poems are beautiful. She is perhaps the most popular poetess living.

Christian Reid's books are good; of one of her latest stories, a critic says, "It is pure as a snowflake, bright as a lark."

Lady Georgina Fullerton and Lady Herbert have also contributed largely to Catholic light literature.

For information concerning harmless novels, we refer our readers to the *Irish Monthly*, of April, 1886.

A CATHOLIC GIRL.

Ethel's Walk.

A LITTLE girl named Ethel went out one fine day to seek for happiness, and the first street she came to was *Self-will Street*; she looked down it and said to herself, "Oh, surely this is a very nice street, it must lead to happiness, I mean to try it." On she went till she came about to the middle of it. There were some beautiful flowers near, so she said, "I'll have one of these," and reached forward to pluck one, when another little girl with a very cross face came up and cried, "No you shan't, I'll have it for myself, for I want it." Ethel said nothing, but thought this very unkind, she soon found that everyone tried to do exactly what they wished and paid no attention to what she wished, so she turned back, saying, "I certainly do not care for the people in this street, they are so very *self-willed*." The next street she tried was "Never-do-anything Street," and here everyone was sauntering about idly. She wondered at this and said, "These people must have a very easy life indeed; they seem to have nothing to do all day." Presently she heard two or three exclaim, "I am so tired," and "I am very weary." "I wonder at that, for you are doing nothing," said Ethel. "And that is the very reason we are weary, for there is no work so hard and wearisome as doing nothing." Hearing this, she turned away quickly to find a better road to happiness. The next street had an inviting name, "Nice-things Street." Poor Ethel thought, "This is delightful! It may lead me by a surer road than these others." She noticed rows of shops filled with every kind of sweetmeat and dainty; others full of pretty dresses and ornaments. Having decked herself out in some gay clothes, Ethel next indulged herself in the lolly-shops. Soon she felt very ill and grew tired of her finery, and then being rather ashamed of her self-indulgence, she turned away to find the hidden treasure elsewhere. After much wandering up and down streets and bye-ways, she arrived, weary and footsore, at the entrance of a country lane; then a pleasant sight greeted her. Numbers of people with bright, cheerful faces were there, and they all seemed kind and helpful to each other. With a sigh of

relief, Ethel hastened towards them, and said to herself, "Here, at least, they seem to have found happiness;" and so indeed they had. One of the little girls soon came to Ethel, and asked if she were looking for anything. "Oh, yes! I have been seeking for happiness this long day through, but I have not found it yet." "Well, listen," said the other, "and I will tell you how we try to find it here; if you do as I tell you, I think your search will soon be ended. Try to be kind to others for the love of God; do all in your power to please Him; forget yourself, and you will be happy. Come down this path, it is called *Unselfishness Avenue*; *Self-denial Street* is a continuation of it, and *Happiness* is at the end of all."

MORALISER.

Wild Flowers.

AUSTRALIA may not be as rich in wild flowers as many other countries, still, I know it has some very pretty ones. For instance, the Sarsaparilla. This plant generally twines itself around young saplings, and, when in flower, you would think it was a tree of sarsaparilla; for the creeper twists itself quite round the tree, and hangs in beautiful festoons of purple; but this is not the real sarsaparilla, it is the Kenedia. You can easily distinguish the Kenedia from the Sarsaparilla by tasting their leaves; the leaf of the former is tasteless, while that of the latter has a strong flavour.

Near Sydney, the Waratah and Wild Rose grow. The Waratah is a large, stiff-looking, scarlet flower, without any scent, but handsome to look at. Children earn their living by selling these flowers. They arrange them in huge bouquets and sell them, generally at the railway stations on the road to Sydney. The so-called Wild Rose certainly does not deserve its name, for it is not at all like the garden rose, either in scent or flower.

There is one flower which is very beautiful, but I do not know its name. It has a lovely pale pink blossom, and as it is rather like daphne, we always call it "Wild Daphne." It grows on or near rocks in wild places, and we used to love to climb the rocks and gather great bunches of it.

Australian Heather is not to be despised. It is of a peculiar pearly-white colour, and has a sweet scent. You generally come on it unexpectedly, in spots where other wild flowers disdain to grow. I shall not speak of the numberless little blossoms that have no names but those the children give them. In conclusion, let me add a wish that we

Australian children may, by our gentleness and simplicity, be wild flowers, very pleasing to the God Who created the flowers.

CORNSTALK.

An Hour of Pleasant Reading.

SOME people, mentally at least, divide girls as readers into two classes—pious girls, who read nothing but Saints' Lives and ascetical works; and butterfly girls, who care for nothing but exciting novels. These people acknowledge that there are girls who seem to understand and value serious reading, but they say that such girls are blue-stockings; exceptions which prove the rule. Now, I say, there is a third class of girls, fairly numerous. I belong to this class, so I speak from experience. We desire to be really practically pious, so we set great store on the Lives of Saints and ascetical works; but at the same time, duty and inclination alike lead us to find pleasure also in reading of a different style. We trust we are not butterfly girls. We know we are not blue-stockings. Exciting novels and thrilling romances are not necessary to our happiness, and we spend many pleasant hours in serious reading. Look at the books beside me, *Schlegel*, *Ruskin*. The names may be quite familiar to you. However, I shall try to give you a few of my ideas on the style and principal works of the writers. First—*Ruskin*. He is generally admitted to be one of the few genuinely honest writers of the present age. He is bigoted, certainly, as far as the Papacy is concerned; but then you can forgive him, for you feel that if he only knew the truth, his honesty would lead him to acknowledge it.

On taking up one of *Ruskin's* books the attention is immediately captivated, as well by the flow of language as by the beautiful and high ideas of the writer—ideas which can hardly be appreciated by the blunted and matter-of-fact minds of this present century.

His deep reverence for art is visible in almost every page of his writings, particularly in his two works on Venice—*St. Mark's Rest* and *The Stones of Venice*. *Charlotte Brontë*, writing of *Ruskin's* style, says, "To me he appears like a consecrated priest of the abstract and ideal."

I think of all his writings, at least of those which I have read, *Sesame and Lilies* is the one which the greater number of people would prefer. Some pages speak beautifully of the influence which every woman can exercise for good on her own immediate surroundings, particularly if she

has been properly educated; for education, while it elevates the mind, also teaches us that we are not here for ourselves alone, but in order that we may be of use to others—helping them in every way we can.

Besides those books which I have already mentioned, *Ruskin* has also written, *Unto this Last*, and others which I shall not mention here, as I want to say a few words about another author—*Schlegel*, the great German philosopher and historian. Of course, his works, some at least, are much deeper and require a far greater amount of thought than *Ruskin's*; yet they are not so deep as to be unintelligible to girls. *Schlegel* must, I think, have been very happy. His writings prove that in his mind were two well-springs of happiness—admiration and appreciation of all that is noble, and childlike reverence and love for God. His *Modern History* is interesting. It is, in the opinion of some, his masterpiece. *The Philosophy of Life and Language* is a mine of thought.

In his *Philosophy of History*, speaking of the middle ages, he says—"The Church was like the all-embracing vault of heaven, beneath whose kindly shelter those warlike nations began to settle in peace, and gradually to frame their laws and institutions. Useful knowledge and wholesome speculation descended on the world, not like a violent flood, but like the soft distillations of the refreshing dew, or the gentle drops of fertilising rain, from the Heaven of faith which over-arched the whole." Do you not think this beautiful? Would that the same could be said of this unbelieving nineteenth century of ours.

PEARL.

Bad Temper.

BY A VERY BAD-TEMPERED GIRL.

I DO not know anything more disagreeable than a bad temper, for few things cause so much unhappiness.

Now, there are classifications of bad temper. There is a sulky temper and a passionate one, a sensitive and a touchy temper, and many other kinds; but of all these I think a passionate temper is perhaps the most bearable, if I may say such a thing; for, as a rule, those who are very hasty and passionate seldom stay long in a bad humour, I suppose because while the passion lasts it is terribly strong, so it cannot be kept up for long.

You will find it a most uncomfortable thing to live with a person who has a very sensitive tem-

per. You must be continually on your guard while speaking to them lest you should say anything to wound their delicate feelings, and indeed you may do this sometimes by a look or by gestures. Some people make a great mistake about sensitiveness; they fancy its presence indicates a certain refinement of feeling; on the contrary, extreme sensitiveness is a sign of great selfishness and self-consciousness, and surely these are qualities no one can admire.

A sulky temper is, I think, the most unhappy kind. Sometimes you may chat away to persons of this temper and never dream you have said anything to hurt them till some days or even weeks after you discover by their altered manner that you have indeed offended them by some thoughtless word which they have since brooded over and wonderfully magnified. Nothing said in the way of apology or excuse will mollify them, it will rather add insult to injury. You must generally let a sulky temper wear itself out by degrees. People unfortunate enough to possess it, and who make no effort to correct it, sulk away many hours which they might have made bright; they succeed in making themselves and others really unhappy whenever the gloomy fit of sulkiness comes on.

Half-Hours with Our Little Ones.

A CHILD at school being slightly indisposed, the mistress proposed to send for Dr. ——. Another child, whose father was a doctor, hearing the proposal, looked up appealingly and said, "Pa's nice."

Attempts at French conversation, heard in the schoolroom:—"Le feu est sorti" (the fire is out). J'ai un mauvais point pour la voiture" (a bad mark for carriage).

A little boy informed the mistress that at night he felt terribly afraid of the Devil. He was told to make the sign of the cross and the evil one would fly. He clapped his hands and said, "Oh, yes, and he'll have to go outside, and he'll catch cold, and die."

A boy laughed during Benediction; on being asked the reason why, he said, "Joe made me;" but the mistress said, "I saw Joe myself, and he was quite recollected." "Well," said the little fellow, "I couldn't help it, Joe was lettin' on to be a bell." (He meant that Joe was striking his breast.)

A little child asks her mother, "Ma, where is Tommy now?" Mother answers affectionately, "In heaven, darling." Precocious child, "But you told me he was in the grave." "Yes, his body is there." (Child, quite relieved,) "Oh, and his head and his legs are in heaven, aren't they, ma?"

Teacher.—Mention four heresiarchs? Pupil endeavours to remember, and, meanwhile, is prompted by a companion; she just happens to catch "Arius," and immediately, with breathless anxiety, continues,

Aries, the ram,
Taurus, the bull, etc.,
and names the signs of the Zodiac.

N.B.—We don't approve of prompting.

Two juveniles, by way of boasting, were enumerating the various things possessed in their respective homes, after naming several objects they seemed to be rather equal, so one mentioned in great delight, "We have a mad goat at home." The other, not wishing to be outdone, replied, in a triumphant manner, "We are going to buy a mad goat."

The following is a composition on A Sunset, recently written by a juvenile:—"I do not know very much, the only thing I know for sertain is that it is the time when the sun goes down It is very nice to watch the sun go down but I verry sildom watch it. The sun is very strong to look at for a time it is a verry dark Red Couller it generally sets about four o'clock in the evening I do not know any more about it."

A child, of rather an enquiring turn of mind, asks, "Where do the figures go when you rub them off your slate?"

At a recent contest between two classes, a child asked, "What do mountains play?" "An important part in the economy of nature," was the prompt answer from the opposite child, who evidently understood the question.

A CHILD was told to write on the most beautiful and on the ugliest thing she had ever seen; the following was the composition she tendered:—"As I am asked to write a composition on the loveliest and ugliest thing I ever saw it was a monkey he had a long *lale*, little eyes and he made terrible faces at me I gave him some nuts and a *sower* apple and do you know what he did? Ther was an other little monkey as ugly as himself I think he was some relation to the big one First Cousin or *niese*, he looked at the apple and thin he gav a little Growle and looked at me and then

he threw the apple to the little monkey and made it eat it until the little one got thin, I was very frightened of the monkey so I wint away. The prittiesthing I ever saw was a place where two rivers meet, it is called the meating of the waters one river is as clear as christle and the other is quite Muddy In one place the meat and it looks so horid to see the Muddy water running into the cleen water. Some people love to sit and listen to the running noise they rivers make but I do not like the noise they make at tawl."

For a child of nine, this is not bad composition on "The nicest thing I ever saw."—The nicest thing I ever saw was the moon rising over the sea, one night in Portland, where I stayed for my Christmas holidays. I was playing about the garden, when suddenly somebody called out, "Oh, do come and see the moon," and we all rushed to see it. It was a glorious sight; the moon looked just like as if half of it was in the sea, and another in the sky. The sea was beautifully calm, and the moon looked like a large lamp in the distance. At first we could not believe that it was the moon, and we could not agree, some saying that it was a large ship, others some strange sight in the sky. At last we all agreed that it was the moon, when we saw the whole of it. Now I will end my composition as I think I have told you all that I remember.

AT VARIOUS EXAMINATIONS.

Q. What woman sat amongst the judges of Israel?

A. Joan of Arc.

Q. What was the cause of Samson's death?

A. He pulled a pillow out of the temple and it fell on him and killed him.

Q. Name the sixth plague of Israel?

A. Ulsters on men and cattle.

Q. Why do we believe in the Charch?

A. (Child, hesitatingly) Because it is—(Another child whispers, "what you lay on"). The first child goes on brightly, "Oh, yes, because it is the pillow and ground of truth."

At the end of an examination paper the following was written, "That is all I know about Abraham, and there is no room for Isaac."

At an examination when the children were allowed to question each other, one asked, "What am I commanded by this rule?" "By what rule?" was the very natural query. "Never mind what rule; answer, or I'll answer myself."

A Walk through O'Connell Street.

DEAR Readers,—I will ask you to don a pair of wings, and fly across the broad ocean with me, till we come to an island, beautiful as the land of fairy tales. 'Tis Erin, called by the poet Moore "the emerald gem of the western world."

It is to the capital of this lovely island I would lead you to-day; to dear old Dublin, to which has been given the grand title of "The City of Charities." Dublin is old; its buildings prove the fact. In Christ's Church Cathedral, Strongbow is buried. Dublin Castle was built or repaired by John. Trinity College was built by Queen Elizabeth.

Just now I invite all those who never had the pleasure of visiting "The Island of Saints," to take a walk down O'Connell Street; even those who once lived in "Sweet Innisfail" may accompany me with pleasure, as I daresay changes have taken place since they left their lovely western home.

Suppose we commence at the Rotunda, the mention of which raises in juvenile minds visions of circuses, dioramas, &c. The Rotunda is a large, round, grey stone building, with great gothic windows, at regular distances from each other. It has two entrances, one leading from Cavendish Row. Let us now go up a dark flight of stone steps—at the top are two ticket boxes, in which are two fierce looking gentlemen, to whom we give our ticket; a growl from the interior indicates we may pass on. We then ascend a smaller flight of five steps, which brings us to a long, narrow corridor, at the end of which are large folding-doors. We shall open them. We find ourselves in an immense round room, in which are held bazaars and lotteries, dioramas exhibited, and various other performances. The other entrance is from the Rotunda gardens, which gardens are remarkable for their size, as well as for the unusually long time trees take to grow there. (Curious phrase, that last; do you understand its meaning, kind reader?) Over this entrance is a large clock, to which the eyes of many an anxious school-girl are directed as she hurries to school.

We shall come down the left-hand side of O'Connell Street, and I shall point out the principal shops. See, we are passing the Gresham hotel. If hungry, the inviting smell which rises from the kitchen will increase our appetite. They say a poor hungry boy was once heard to say, as he passed the hotel, "I wish I had a penn'orth of bread to take with the smell." He was overheard, and got a good dinner.

This large shop is Laurence, the photographer's; the next shop belongs to him also. It is the toy shop of Dublin; such lovely toys in the windows.

We are now passing MacSwiney and Delaney's—the great mart. We cannot wait to purchase to-day, so we shall proceed to the building of importance.

Here electric light was first used; it is Hamilton and Long's, the famous druggists. Children do not like things in *that* shop. Now we shall cross to the other side.

Here is Chancellor's, the Queen's photographer. Next door is Butler's celebrated medical hall. Now, we must enter. We are at the door of Graham and Lemon's—the "Palace of Delight," especially at Christmas time, with its neatly packed boxes of sweets, that seem ready to jump down your throat, and say, "come and eat me." But we must not linger, as we have to hurry on our journey.

This large building, with its great pillared arches, is the General Post-office. It is one of the finest buildings in the United Kingdom. That smaller building beside it is the *Freeman's* journal office, whence startling news issues at times.

We shall now step in here, to this shop, that is McGlashin and Gill's, the great Catholic booksellers and publishers of Ireland. But I have left the principal beauties of this street to the last. This great monument, towering almost to the sky, is Nelson's Monument. Let us ascend the pillar by the spiral staircase within, and we have a splendid view of the city. The next statue is Sir John Gray, the great Irish orator; and the last, but by no means the least in our estimation, is Daniel O'Connell, our great Irish patriot. These two statues have been erected within the last few years, and are made of pure white marble.

We have now come to the new bridge. Formerly it was called Essex Bridge; later, Grattan Bridge; and since it has been rebuilt, it is known as O'Connell Bridge. It is wider than Sackville Street—I beg its pardon, O'Connell Street.

We shall cross over to this brilliantly lighted street. It is Westmoreland Street; and it is all lighted by electric light, which is just like moonlight, only it is colder, and gives the street a weird look.

Here are many music shops. And now we are at the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament-house, a grand building. May it soon see an Irish Parliament within its walls!

Near is Trinity College. Some other time I may describe these buildings, and Dublin Castle. Now, dear readers, and dear old Dublin, good-bye.

A DAUGHTER OF DUBLIN.

Flowers.

FLOWERS may be considered as the most favored and beautiful of Nature's many children. They are loved by many, and few there are who despise them. We find them with those who move in every sphere of life; with the rich, the poor, the young, the old, and even when death snatches us from their enjoyment, they are our sole companions in our journey to the grave. We may notice the careless air with which the rich man exhibits the rare exotics of his conservatory, while the humble cottager thanks God for the gifts bestowed in return for his labor. The infant with childish innocence snatches the humble violet or majestic rose and casts their lovely petals to the ground, while the old and feeble man rests his eyes, fast growing glassy in death, upon the flowers which some friendly hand has brought to cheer him in his last illness.

WATTLE-BLOSSOM

My Views.

A PHILOSOPHER's or an astrologer's? you will ask. No, not anything so exalted; merely a school-girl's. And what is the subject?—Dress, Friendship, Amusement? Again, no—Education. Now, read and judge the worth of my ideas. Well, take two schools, twenty girls in each. They have gone through, we will say, a course of about five years' study. The girls of one school may not be able to trace in exact order the descent of the kings of Egypt, or give the date of the foundation of each town in Japan, or even name all the rivers in Europe, or counties in England; but they have a general taste for learning, and have not thought time lost in searching for information—in reasoning on every striking thought—and they have not been shown anything that they could find out for themselves.

The second class can, with minute accuracy, state every small town in existence, work the most intricate arithmetical production, without failure. Each hour has brought an accompanying amount of lessons, which more than fills up the time, and leaves no space for reflection on them, as the next hour comes rushing in with other subjects, which have to be fast crushed into their heads, and learned off by rote. In as short a space as possible, they master geometry, physics, and any number of the higher studies. Now, the real good of any experiment is always judged by its fruits.

Let us contrast the effects of these two classes on posterity. Those in the former class have cultivated habits of thought. They note well, and are alive to all the actions around them. They discover in life many things mistaken and inconvenient, which, by a mere suggestion, could be remedied. They make their suggestions on all matters. Their original minds detect errors in the outer world, which ordinary people have either not noticed or accepted as inevitable; against these they most energetically struggle. Studying is to them a rest, but as their first lesson has been the sacredness of duty, study never interferes with home duties. Some of this class may, by their writings, influence for good succeeding generations.

Now, the latter class find the topics of conversation around them uncongenial. The movements of the day are utterly unknown to them, and they therefore are not able to give any opinion on them. There is no common subject between them and the ordinary beings with whom they come in contact. They seem to have been cooped in one narrow groove. In reality, when their school-days are over, their education, in my opinion, is only about to commence, and, worst result of all, they dislike study—which, to them, means learning off—so the only food their fact-laden minds crave, is sensational novels. What I cannot understand is, that in the present day, the latter method has become universal. Why should this be the case? It is undoubtedly the show, without any reality. Do you not think so, my friends? or have I made a mistake?

What is valued is the amount of a girl's knowledge, not the amount, if I may say it, of her thinking and reasoning habits.

PATRICIA.

The Golden Glass.

ONE very bright day in summer, four little girls were amusing themselves at a window, each looking through a different coloured glass.

One child said, "Oh, my glass is beautiful; through it everything looks so nice and *green*." A second cried, "Oh, but mine is nicer; everything is *blue* through mine." The third declared, "My glass is better than either of yours, for it is *striped*, and things have different colours." The fourth, a very little child, said gently, "Well, I like my glass better than any of yours, because everything looks *beautiful* and *golden*—even dark things seem bright to me." There was

silence, and as they watched, presently the gray clouds turned to dark ones, and the sun hid himself behind them. Then the child who had the *green* glass said, "Oh, dear, I am tired of looking through my glass; everything is so green, and I want different colours. So one by one they turned away wearied; but the child with the golden glass still lingered at the window. The rain was falling by this time, but even the rain was golden to her. Ah! we all look through glasses. Would you wish to be jealous and use the *green* glass? Would you have the *blue* glass, and look at everything on the dark and gloomy side? Would you like better the striped glass, and be ever changeable. I think I should prefer the golden glass, and by looking at everything on the bright side, be ever happy and contented, kind, unselfish, and humble. Yes, we can see brightness in everything, by looking through the golden glass.

IRISH FERN.

Madame Swetchine's Salon.

WHAT a beautiful life was Madame Swetchine's! I suppose you all know that she was a Russian lady, a convert to Catholicity. She lived for some time in Paris, where, in a quiet way, she did much good. The following, a condensed account of her "salon," taken from her life, may be interesting.

Her salon came by degrees to be neutral ground in the midst of Paris—not neutral in sentiments and ideas, but neutral in respect of passion, exclusive absorption, and violence. One reproach only had power at times to touch and wound her. It was when people said, "You cannot feel this or that as we do: you are a foreigner." She would then repeat the ungrateful word in strict confidence, without complaining or telling the speaker's name; but with tears in her eyes.

Madame Swetchine's household was very carefully ordered, though without affected refinements of any sort. She never invited her friends to a set *soirée* or dinner; but she delighted to assemble, round a small, round table, a few persons, who were glad to meet one another in her presence. Her repast was then served with elegance, and she presided over it with the thoughtful attention which she bestowed even on little things.

Her drawingroom, open morning and evening, was almost always adorned with some flowering plant, or some object of art, loaned her by a friend, and which an artist considered it a great favor to see displayed in her room.

The splendours of the Hermitage had given her a taste for brilliant light. In the evening, except in the very last years of her life, her salon

sparkled with lamps and candles, which gave, on first entrance, a somewhat worldly air to the scene. The exterior was, in fact, destined for the eyes of the world. She wanted her guests to find there the peculiar refinements to which they were accustomed, and by which their lighter tastes were gratified; but you soon saw that the *interior* belonged to God, and that she who possessed these advantages was not possessed by them. It was just the same with the first impression created by her conversation.

Social intercourse was there, as elsewhere, trite, or superficial, or languid, at the outset; but presently a current of superior intellect began to renovate and vivify the atmosphere. A good word fitly spoken, a gleam of intelligence, an impulse of affection, changed and enlivened the scene. People arrived at last at a degree of earnestness which no one had foreseen or prepared for. She had no previous ambition to establish a celebrated salon; but when that salon had grown up of itself, through the attractive, latent, involuntary virtue which dwelt in her as in the magnet, her very modesty would not allow her to evade her responsibility.

Her taste in matters of the toilet, as in everything else, was fine and unerring. She, whose simple dress never varied, consisted only of a costume of brown stuff, made up in one unchanging fashion, did not condemn dress in others, when that dress was in harmony with their station. Young ladies loved to display themselves to her in all the brilliancy of their ball-room attire. It gave Madame Swetchine pleasure to admire them, to praise them—though not in the hackneyed language of compliment—and gently to indicate what she thought excessive. And so it often came to pass, that after that swift evening apparition, the young girl came back in the morning, at the hour of tête-à-tête, influenced by graver thoughts, and soliciting a very different kind of advice. It was then that sick or erring hearts came and revealed themselves to Madame Swetchine in all sincerity; and then that she shed upon them, sweetly and gradually, light, truth, and life. Sometimes she struck at the very root of the evil; sometimes she arrested its development; and then again she applied herself to healing old wounds, or indicated the most efficacious mode of curing them or neutralising their effect. God only knows what passed in those interviews, how much was done for his service and glory in those secret conferences, which often ended in tears, when they had begun with the frivolous chat of the drawing-room.

It was not enthusiasm which people sought at Madame Swetchine's, although she was so rich in it. Enthusiasm is God's gift. If we have not its

germ within, it cannot be communicated. Madame Swetchine rarely gave what is called advice—an absolute solution of a given problem; her humility made her shrink from direct responsibilities; in no case did she take the initiative, and rather shunned than provoked confidence. But if you opened your heart to her, she extended you her hand, and did not ever draw it back again. She did not lecture you. She did not set herself up as a model or a guide. She did not say, "Walk thus," but, sweetly, "Let us walk together." And so, without making the slightest pretensions, she often guided those she seemed to follow."

IGNATIA.

A Wish.

Oh! I wish I could wish for suffering,
Could pray with an earnest mind,
To be humbled, despised, forgotten,
In the cross true joy to find.

I wish I could really and truly
Make it my only pride
To be trodden on e'en as the dust,
To know but my God crucified.

For heaven is won by much suffering:
No cross—then no crown to gain.
Ah, me! 'tis hard to be holy,
If we shrink from every pain.

If a trifling word of unkindness
Maketh the heart sick and faint,
My good God, oh, change me, or never,
Never shall I be a saint.

Lord, give me a generous spirit,
A heart strong and willing to bear
The chalice of suffering and sorrow,
The cross thou didst willingly bear.

Oh, make every one of us holy,
And pleasing, dear Lord, to Thee;
May we lead a life that will merit
Thy face in glory to see.

May none of us, O my sweet Jesus,
Be missed from the chosen band;
But all who have lived here together
Be one in our Fatherland.

And, oh, may we meet those in heaven
Who to our hearts have been dear;
May all we have loved be united
In that bright eternal sphere.

Saint Pancratius.

THIS noble youth, when about fourteen years of age, was taken prisoner, on the charge of being a Christian.

Corvinus, one of his schoolmates, betrayed him; for Corvinus was jealous and had long hated his noble-minded companion.

Pancratius had time to send a message to his mother and he was then led through the streets, hand in hand with a slave. He did not mind this humiliation, nor even give it a thought, for his heart was burning with love for his God and desire to be with Him.

Pancratius was soon thrown into a dark, dismal prison, where he could scarcely breathe, so bad was the atmosphere. Here he was to spend the night.

Many may think this was a very miserable night for the martyr, but no, it was the happiest of his life, for he had received the Holy Communion in the morning, and he knew that on the morrow he would see the God whom he so loved, and who was now dwelling in his soul. He would see him, not under the Eucharistic veil, but face to face in all His power and glory.

Now we must come to his death. All those destined to suffer martyrdom gained the crown before Pancratius; he was left to the last, so that the fearful spectacle of the torture of his companions might shake his courage. But God strengthened the boy's heart, and he walked across the arena with firm and steady step, spent a few moments in earnest prayer, then, the signal was given, and several wild beasts rushed towards him, but suddenly stopped short, for they could not touch him, God had ordained otherwise.

The Emperor, enraged in his disappointment, cried out in furious tones, "Take off that charm from your neck!" meaning a small gold case which Pancratius wore. Pancratius in a calm touching tone replied, "It is no charm, but a relic of my dear father, who suffered death on this spot. Do not ask me to remove it, but try if a panther will do your bidding. A panther killed my father."

He said a short fervent prayer, begging God to grant him the grace of martyrdom, the signal was given; the panther played about for a moment, and then made a bound on his victim.

Pancratius cast a last look on his mother and St. Sebastian then sank back, and yielded up his pure young soul to God.

SEBASTIANA.

The Irish Brogue.—Paddy and Biddy.

A GIFTED authoress, speaking of the "brogue," says, "That whenever the Irish *did* speak English, the natural result was 'the brogue';" a name which we often think must have been given it, for the reason that the attempts of our countrymen to express their graceful, wild, poetic thoughts in the clumsy language of their conquerors, so closely resemble the sort of movements one might expect if a graceful, free-limbed child were forced to walk—or, worse still, to run—in the brogues of a club-footed man."

Paddy and Biddy.—With regard to these names we read lately the following remarks:—

"There are nick-names, we believe for the people of every land; but the Irish are the only people to whom the names of patron saints of the land are given as nick-names; a proof, is it not, of the strong enduring love of Erin for her saints?"

In an American journal, under the heading of *Pat*, we read—

"As no name has ever been laden with greater burdens of opprobrium and ridicule, it is doubtful if any has been so well remembered in all climes, or given such honor to all nations, as that of Patricius, Patrick, or the simple abbreviation of Pat. From shore to shore, from sea to sea, the name of Patrick has been reverentially borne; nor are sacerdotal honors the only ones linked with the name of Ireland's reclamer—Ireland's true liberator.

Closely united to those lesser honors, generally deemed by mankind the greater, is the name of Patrick, which, exiled from his own verdant, wave-washed cradle, blooms again freshly as the shamrock enwreathed among the noblest words of fame. Although the name of Pat summons to the imagination a heavy-built "green" young peasant, whose native wit is frequently mistaken by the less gifted for a "bull" or "blunder," yet it reminds us also of honesty, patience, and industry.

Notwithstanding the claim put upon St. Patrick by the Presbyterians, he will ever be the Irish Saint of the Catholic Church, whose halo of eternal glory can never be dimmed. The peculiar radiance emanating from his countenance, told of by the people of Erin, and given to us through traditional history, was reflected in the faces of those who gathered about his feet to learn the lesson of salvation, and has since shone down from father to son. Now, through the helplessness of poverty, of oppression, of over-bearing grief, the

light still shines out from the faces of the pupils of St. Patrick.

The pupils of St. Patrick have won for England the fairest laurels of victory, the brightest crown-jewels of sovereignty; added vigor and joy to American liberty; lustre to the presidency of France, the armies of Spain, the nations of the world.

ONE WHOSE ANCESTORS HAD THE BROGUE.

A Contrast.

A NUMBER of people were one day assembled to hear some poems read, and to decide which was the best. At length one was pronounced far superior to the rest, and the author was called up to receive the prize, which was of a laurel wreath and a beautiful book. He was young, and the judge complimenting him, predicted for him a brilliant future; everyone applauded him loudly. When returning with the prize, an old man, dressed peasant-fashion, stepped out from the ranks of people and exclaimed, "O my son! how glad I am that you have won the prize" The young man was ashamed of his father's rough dress and appearance, and pushing by him roughly, he said, "The old man is raving. He mistakes me for someone else." Some of the people knew that the man was indeed his father, and said one to another, that though this youth could write a good poem, he had neither a good nor a grateful heart, when he could deny his own father.

Through the streets of Madrid there walked a very noted Jesuit, who was chaplain to the king. He saw a poor water-carrier's cart, drawn by a mule, coming down the street; beside the mule walked the driver. When the priest saw him he said, "O, my father," and quickly crossing the street, he respectfully asked the muleteer's blessing. This act of filial respect proved that the learned Jesuit possessed a noble soul.

AMELDA.

KIND words and gentle ways,
Like waves of incense rise,
Which, while they scent the air around,
Float upwards to the skies.

It is a noble act to acknowledge our faults,
and for a noble action no one is too noble.

KINDNESS is God's shadow, great and broad,
falling softly and sweetly over the world.

Household Scenes in the Twenty-first Century.

Nurse.—Please ma'am, are the children to speak Greek or Latin to day?

Mama.—O, let them speak French, and have a holiday.

Nurse.—And, please ma'am, Master Hercules and Master Ajax are quarrelling over the 16th Proposition of Euclid. Master Ajax says he knows better than Master Hercules because he is six years old and Master Hercules is only five.

Mama.—Tell them to leave Euclid alone, and amuse themselves with experimental physics.

IN THE HALL.

Electra, an M.D.—Can you be home to dinner Semiramis? I cannot; I have to lecture in the hospital, and visit several patients.

Semiramis, a Q.C.—Court closes early, but I shall dine alone to gain time to prepare my address on the important cause I have in hand.

Zenobia, a jockey.—I shall be practising riding all day, as I am to ride "Sunlight" at the Cup.

Seneca.—We begin a cricket match at four, and shall play all night by electric light. Soon we shall have a cricket ground in the heart of the city; the Parliament has ordered the principal streets to be knocked down, and the space utilised for a cricket ground.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Snowdrop, the cook.—I am so tired, I have made a pie by hand, the machine is out of order; however, mistress has promised to carry up the dishes.

De Courcy, the butler.—I would help the poor thing, but I am writing a character for the master, he wants a groom.

Ranunculus, the scullery maid, starts from the easel, where she has been painting, looks at her jewelled watch, and cries.—"I cannot go on, I shall be late for the lecture on sociology.

UP STAIRS.

Lady, enters a room, places parcel on the table, a machine at once undoes parcel, cuts out dress, makes it, and carries it up to wardrobe.

Gentleman, enters with newspaper in hand. Machine No. 2 approaches, reads newspaper aloud. Machine No. 3 draws near, and after each item suggests opinion to be formed.

Lady, sitting with folded hands.—What did they do in the nineteenth century, when there were no "never-do-anything machines"?

Gentleman, sitting with closed eyes.—I do not know, my dear; there were no reading nor suggesting machines then. If it is troublesome to learn, what must it have been to think.

Both.—O ignorant, stand-still Nineteenth Century.

A LITERARY COMPANY.

Lectures by an Uncertain Professor.

LECTURE FIRST—BOTANY: RED AND WHITE CARROTS.

I AM afraid that many of my readers will expect an elaborate set of instructions, having for their object the production of a rare, and it cannot be denied, a very beautiful vegetable. Great thought has been given, and patient experiment has been employed, to artificially blend the colors of the more stately-named flowers, such as dahlias, tulips, and roses; but, unless indirectly, this lecture will not prove of any service in furthering the cultivation of variegated carrots. In fact, the subject-matter of our discourse will be an unsuccessful attempt to turn red carrots white; but often we learn more in adversity than in prosperity; and so I hope it will be with this first crude effort in practical botany, which I am going to describe.

Inventors and discoverers, especially if they are geniuses, are always more or less original; and a certain botanical club, if we judge of their *genius* by their *originality*, are entitled to claim a largeshare of that much-coveted quality. Being desirous of investigating the effect of the sun's light on growing plants, they very correctly choose to infer these by observing the changes which would follow from the total exclusion of sunlight from the plant. Their originality was strikingly evident in the material which they selected to work upon. To take a seed, and set it in a flower-pot, and take care that the sun's rays should never fall upon the resulting plant, and then observe and record the changes in the colour of its leaves, &c., would be a rational, but, at the same time, a well-known method. Our club disdained to imitate. They struck out a bold course of experiment, in which, if successful, they would have had the merit of pioneers.

A number of sturdy carrots, whose characters and dispositions might be thought to be fully

formed, were selected, and subjected to many and varied influences; some being hung up in a shady place; others were carefully hollowed out, and filled with water; but, rather strangely, no effect was observable in their colour. Red they were in the beginning of the experiment, and red they were at the end. At length one of the members of the club suggested that the carrots were too old to be influenced.

This effort then to improve the carrots was at length abandoned, and, so far as I can learn, their ultimate fate was shrouded in the deepest mystery. Being obstinate and unimpressionable, they were reprobated, and cast off. Now, though it may surprise some, and make others indignant, to hear this, there is very much in common between us, all of us, and the carrot. Our dispositions, the colour of our mental fabric, are capable of being influenced, but only to a permanent extent, when we are young. The mind of a child is like a growing plant. If it receives little or no impressions, it will remain, like the leaves of a plant grown in the shade, white, and innocent, but wanting in those vigorous impulses which alone will make it, like the green leaf, capable of fulfilling completely the design of its Maker.

We must, then, recognise how all-important our first impressions are, and how grateful we should be to those who use their care and vigilance to ensure that our first colours should be beneficial and admirable ones. Our parents, and again, those to whom our parents commit our education, are deserving of the greatest possible affection and obedience from us.

But we ought not to be mere passive objects of care to others. We should work vigorously to co-operate in this changing of our colours, if they be either insipidly destitute of hue, or absolutely harmful. And the very best way of this co-operating will be to cultivate carefully a few abstract ideas.

But you will naturally ask, What benefit will I derive from abstract ideas? Is not the business of life reality—often hard, disagreeable reality? This is very true, but without *dreamers* we should never have had *workers*, and to assist and refresh the worker in his toil, the power of deriving satisfaction from mental pictures of goodness and excellence, which he appreciates and strives after, is absolutely necessary. Love of religion, country, and home; the desire to excel in any pursuit which we undertake—these are all abstract conceptions if you will, but, as impulses, they give rise to valuable realities. Before we leave this subject, let a few words be said, particularly about that

generous and singularly lovable abstraction, called *enthusiasm*. It is the most powerful of all the factors of success, and possesses the peculiar advantage of being easily imparted to others. One enthusiastic person in any movement, will often exercise a truly wonderful effect on its ultimate success. Let us, then, try to be genuine enthusiasts in anything and everything, good and noble, and we will never find any reason to change our colour.

BELLA GUERIN, M.A.

Story of the Blessed Sacrament.

THERE are many instances of the way in which our Lord shows his power through the Blessed Sacrament. I remember a story which happened some years since. A priest had to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person. The journey being very long he had to break it and put up at an inn, which belonged to Protestants. He placed the Blessed Sacrament for safety in a drawer. Leaving early in the morning (strange to say) he forgot the Blessed Sacrament and went away. When he was many miles on, he remembered he had forgotten the Blessed Sacrament, and his terror can be imagined when he recollected that he had left his door open. Turning his horse's head he galloped back and was met at the door by a crowd of terrified faces, "O sir!" they cried, "we have not been able to get into your room since you went, and there is such a bright light shining under the door." The priest hastened upstairs and opened the door, and found the Blessed Sacrament safe. Full of joy at this unexpected miracle, he told the bystanders all about the Real Presence, and many were converted.

A LITTLE ONE.

In Memoriam.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SENT WITH A MORTUARY CARD.

While this "In Memoriam" tablet
Often sadly greets thine eye,
Let not then thy only tribute
Be a fruitless passing sigh;
But, with fervent supplication,
Ask of Him who reigns above
Solace for thy friend departed,
Heavenly rest and perfect love.

Life, an Allegory.

Two sparkling streamlets gushed forth from a mountain side, and flowed exultingly along in innocent glee. The glorious sun shone brightly on the rippling waters, making them glance so brightly that the birds stopped in their southward flight to twitter a few words to them. The flowers breathed sweet perfume, and the green grass waved as the south wind played with it, and the graceful willows bent down to the streamlets and whispered sweet words, and all things sang a joyous hymn to their Creator. "Oh! how beautiful the world is," sighed one little streamlet. "Yes," replied a second, "and how beautiful must be that dazzling ocean of life, which the willows tell us of; and we shall arrive there if we keep our waters clear and fresh." Just then the second streamlet saw a blackbird with a seed in its beak, but its claws and wings were heavy with mud. "Poor little birdie," said he, "I will refresh you;" and so he crept up and gently bathed his wings and claws, and, the blackbird refreshed, rose high into the air, and then flying down, twitted grateful thanks, and said, when he came back he would visit the streamlet; and added a little piece of advice, which was not to omit each successive morning and evening to raise its heart to God, its great Creator. Then it joined its companions, and the little streamlet bubbled on happily. One day, when the streamlets had grown wider and deeper, a rock came in their path, and, nothing daunted, after many efforts and struggles, they succeeded in overcoming this obstacle; but so tired were they afterwards that they sank to slumber immediately, disregarding the advice of the blackbird, not to omit their evening song of praise. A very little time after this they noticed that they were turning a little to the left, instead of persevering in the right course. The second little streamlet noticed this, and remarked it to the other; but he said it would all come right in the end, and they could easily get back. They met a glittering stream, who persuaded them to come the same way as he was going, for, he said, down his way the flowers were more beautiful, the winds softer, and the trees grander. So they went with him and found themselves whirled along faster and faster, never stopping, but winding in and out, here and there, till one day the second little streamlet heard a blackbird calling him, and, looking up, he beheld his old friend who had given him such good advice. His conscience smote him, however, for he had disregarded the advice; and where was he going now? He felt

that he was not pursuing his course towards the ocean of Life. "Turn back, repent," sang the blackbird, and the streamlet's sight was cleared. He turned to the glittering stream, and now he noticed that underneath its brilliant surface were dark and treacherous depths. The waters of his brother streamlet were sullied, and then he knew his own were so too. The air, though softer, seemed poisoned; the flowers were gaudy, but bore a loathsome odour, and there were no birds. "O! where is the Ocean of Life?" he asked the false stream. "There is no Ocean of Life," mocked the other. "Where is God?" wailed the streamlet. "There is no God," mocked the treacherous stream again. All through that long weary night the little streamlet heaved and tossed with anguish. In the struggle he cried aloud in agony; when morning dawned, strengthened, he turned and resolved to make his way back and start from the same point again. Then he begged his companion to return the right way with him; but the other, in despair, said it was not worth the trouble, for, perhaps, after all there was no Ocean of Life, or not for him at all events. He spent a long while trying to persuade his brother streamlet to repent and go back to the right road with him; at last, in pain, he left off and determined to battle against the false stream by himself. He was tried to the very utmost; for some time the false stream misled him, for he had not noticed the way he came, so it was very difficult to find his way back, but he never lost sight of the blue sky, and after every failure he commenced again with fresh courage, until, at last, he conquered his enemy and gained the right road again. The flowers, though they had no scent, seemed purer, the trees loftier, and all things were as if they had been through a furnace and come out purified. Now, we must follow the other streamlet; he never stopped, but went on from bad to worse, twisting and turning, and became the most miserable little streamlet in the world, until, at last, he dashed over a dreadful precipice into a dark putrid surging pool beneath. The other streamlet flowed on, growing deeper, wider, and happier, every day, never ceasing his songs of praise to his Creator, helping little streamlets he met on his way, and, in his humility, he told them the story of his life, and the danger he had run by omitting his duty to God. LUCIA.

Our Lady's Shrines.

OUR Blessed Mother has many "shrines" (if I may so style them) in her own house—our

Albury.

ALBURY is a small town of New South Wales. It is situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded on all sides by magnificent hills. When you get out of the train, the first thing which attracts your notice is the beauty of the railway station, which is considered to be one of the best in the Australian colonies. Next, when you come into the town itself, it is very dusty (if it is a hot day). The principal buildings of Albury are the Post Office—a large building, with one immense tower; the next building of importance is the Crown Lands Office, in the front of which are beautiful gardens. The Globe Hotel contains 100 rooms. The principal street of Albury is Dean Street, which is very broad and long. The Convent of Albury belongs to the Mercy Nuns. It was founded 36 years ago. There is also a branch of this Convent at Newtown, a little way out of Albury. It was formed there principally for an Orphanage.

The surroundings of Albury are exceedingly pretty. There is a lovely creek; up the banks of this grow ferns and wattle trees. We have great fun picking wattle. Sometimes when we have reached the highest bough, it breaks, and we get a fine bath. The weather of Albury is very changeable. It is always at extremes; in winter at one extreme, in summer at another. But yet, I think, Albury is the nicest place in the world.

A LITTLE ALBURY GIRL.

St. Joseph.

I suppose everyone has heard of the great St. Joseph, and the favours wrought through his powerful intercession. I remember one story told of a little girl who was very devout to him. She was at a convent-school. The time for the examinations was drawing near, and the children were very busy preparing for them. Little Rose found it very hard to learn, so she had recourse to St. Joseph, in the following manner:—She wrote a set of questions on a piece of paper; put them under a statue of St. Joseph, and asked him that she might be asked them. The day for the examinations arrived. Rose got head of her class. She was asked the very questions she had put under the statue, and you may be sure she ever after invoked St. Joseph's intercession with double confidence.

A LITTLE SOUTHERN SHAMROCK.

convent-home. Entering the principal door of Loretto Convent, Mary's Mount, you are greeted by a statue of Our Lady, representing her under the title she loves so well, namely, that of her "Immaculate Conception." Here, with outstretched hands, and eyes full of motherly tenderness, she seems to welcome us. Beneath her feet is a serpent, representing the form Satan took when he tempted our first parents.

Ascending the stairs, we next greet our Mother under the title of our "Lady of Good Counsel." With her cherished Babe pressed close to her bosom, she seems waiting to give us advice in our undertakings, and to act as our advocate.

O Virgin Mother, "Lady of Good Counsel!"

Sweetest picture artist ever drew;
In all doubts I fly to thee for guidance—
Mother, tell me, what I am to do!

Be of all my friends the best and dearest—
O my counsellor, sincere and true!
Let thy voice sound always first and clearest—
Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

We next meet Mary with her head drooping in agony upon her breast, and her eyes cast down in sorrow. Doubtless, her spirit has flown to the foot of the Cross, and she hears the dull sound of the hammer as it drives the cruel nails through the hands of Him whom but a short time before we saw nestling to her heart.

We now visit our "Schoolroom Madonna"—a lovely statue with hands clasped as if in prayer, and eyes cast down in meditation. She is enshrined beneath a beautiful canopy of white and gold, and is always surrounded by fresh, choice flowers. This statue is, perhaps, more to us than any other in our Convent; for how often during school-hours does a glance at Our Mother's gentle countenance inspire us with love, and prevent a harsh word or a distraction at prayer.

We now take a peep at the Children of Mary's Oratory; and only those who have experienced it can say what a consoling thing it is to steal away from the buzz and hum of the schoolroom to that hallowed nook, there to spend a few moments in loving colloquy with Our Mother, who, with outstretched hands, seems in the act of blessing us. And now we shall end our pilgrimage by a visit to Our Lady in the chapel; so near her Son in the tabernacle, where He lovingly waits for us to come to Him.

How often, and how lovingly, when girlhood's days have vanished and womanhood has dawned, shall we look to those shrines of our never-to-be forgotten convent-home.

MARIE.



Children's Ideas.

THE following questions were asked lately of a number of children. What was the prettiest and what the ugliest and what was the strangest thing you ever saw? We give the answers in columns.

PRETTIEST.	UGLIEST.	STRANGEST.
Comet.	Alligator.	A sheep with five legs.
Flowers.	Porcupine.	An armless woman writing with her feet.
A sunset.	A bull-dog.	A cat with fire coming out of its fur.
Sydney Harbour.	A snake.	A woman with pink eyes.
A lake with burning mountains and rocks around it.	A baboon.	A pig playing cards.
The Aquarium.	Sea-horse.	A dog shivering.
A nice garden with lovely trees, flowers, and fountains.	Toad.	A bird with such a long wide beak.
The scenery in the Exhibition.	A Tasmanian devil.	A snake turning inside out.
A lily in full bloom.	An ant-eater in the ground.	A cow with six legs.
A waterfall.	A water rat.	A little boy two years old riding a tall horse of sixteen hands high.
Was a scene in Gippsland; it was made up of rocks, a river, a small waterfall, ferns and wild-flowers.	A black dwarf.	A centipede.
The scenery between Melbourne and Geelong.	A monkey.	A man putting his head in a lion's mouth.
An imitation ice-house lit up.	Boa-constrictor.	An animal, half a cat and half an opossum, alive.
A fairy scene.	A skull.	A cat in a fit.
A church of pure glass crystals.	A skeleton.	A cat choking.
A transformation scene at a pantomime.	Bad temper.	A pig with two heads.
The water breaking on the rocks at Cape Nelson during high tide.	An octopus.	The roof taken off a house.
The moonlight on Lake Wendouree.		A brown crow.

To another question, What heroine in history do you admire most? these answers were given:—The Mother of the Maccabees, by two or three; Mary Queen of Scots, Madame Elizabeth, Margaret of Anjou, Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, were severally pronounced by many to be their idea of heroines. Two little ones declared earnestly the greatest lady they knew was Our Blessed Lady.

A friendship will be young after the lapse of a century; a passion will be old at the end of three months.


The number of souls gained by winning ways and gentle influence is known only to God.

Kindness is a rehearsal for Heaven, for Heaven is all kindness.

Kind words unlock the heart and cause it to let out its secrets unconsciously.

True humility is like the dew-drop that sinks silently into the earth and fertilises in secret.

Let our minds be as pure as snowfields where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

FORMER Pupils will be glad to know that a Library has been formed for their special benefit. It is quite independent of the School Library, and will contain books to suit all tastes, "grave and gay."

Present Pupils trust that when Former Pupils visit their old Home, they will go to the kitchen, and admire the practical skill of the Cooking Classes. They will have an opportunity of doing so every Tuesday and Wednesday.

GOOD CATHOLIC JOURNALS.

1. "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart." To be had from the Jesuit Fathers, Melbourne, or from Loretto Convent, Ballarat.

2. "The Ave Maria." An American weekly publication; always contains interesting tales and useful information; can be procured from American News Company, New York, or from Burns and Oates, London, by any bookseller. Subscription, about twelve shillings per annum.

"The Tablet." A scholarly production; the oldest Catholic paper in Britain, to be had at Mr. Carey's, Sturt Street, Ballarat, or of any Catholic bookseller, Melbourne.

For information concerning "Catholic Fireside," "Register," "Merrie England," "Dublin Review," and children's Catholic journals, "Young Catholic," "Guardian Angel," "Merry and Wise" apply to Loretto Convent, Ballarat.