

peared alone amidst the ruins of a world which has passed away. The republic of Holland was gone, and the empire of Germany, and the Great Council of Venice, and the old Helvetian League, and the House of Bourbon, and the Parliaments and aristocracy of France.

"Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a Confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late events affected only the territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there."

When in My Dying Hour.

BY FATHER GEORGE

WHEN in my dying hour,
I hold the blessed candle in my grasp,
And to my flutt'ring bosom
The simple crucifix I warmly clasp—
When to my eyes the earth seems
Just like a vanishing, retreating coast—
Then let this be my only thought and boast
O Jesus, how I love Thee!

When in my dying hour,
The prayers of those concerned about my soul,
Sound indistinct and strangely—
A distant regimental drum corps roll—
Then let me say with earnest
Affections, as I lose the other strain,
Repeating fervently again, again:
O Jesus, how I love Thee!

When in my dying hour,
The scenery of an unknown, other world,
Upon my vision bursts, and
My soul with rudder set and sails unfurled,
The peaceful harbor enters,
The bells of Heaven ringing gloriously—
May then my first and only greeting be:
O Jesus, how I love thee!

THE MESSENGER.