THE FEUD.

"I hear a cry from the Sanvard cave, O mother, will no one hearken? A cry of the lost, will no one save? A cry of the dead tho' the oceans rave, And the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er While the shadows darken and darken."

Oh hush thee, child, for the night is wet, And the cloud-caves split asunder, With lightning in a jagged fret, Like the gleam of a salmon in the net, When the rooks are rich in the red sunset And the stream rolls down in thunder.

"Mother, O mother, a pain at my hearl, A pang like the pang of dying;" Oh hush thee, child, for the wild birds dart Up and down and close and part, Wheeling round where the black cliffs start, And the foam at their feet is flying.

"O mother, a strife like the black clouds strife
And a peace that cometh after;"
Hush child, for peace is the end of life,
And the heart of a malden finds peace as
wife,
But the sky and the cliffs and ocean are rife
With the storm and thunder's laughter.

Come in my sons, come in and rest,
For the anadows darken and darken,
And your sister is pale as the white swan's
breast,
And her eyes are fixed and her lips are pressed
in the death of a name ye might have guessed
Had ye twain been here to hearken.

Hush mother, a corpse lies on the sand, And the spray is round it driven, It lies on its face, and one white hand Founts thro' the mist on the belt of strand To where the cliffs of Sansard stand And the ocean's strength is riven.

"Was it God, my sons, who laid him there? Or the sea that left him sleeping?"
Nsy, mother, our dirks where his heart was bare.
As switt as the rain in the teeth of the air;
And the foam-fingers play in the Saxon's hair while the tides are round him creeping.

Oh, curses on ye hand and head,
Like the rains in this wild weather,
The gulit of blood is swift and dread,
Your sister's face is cold and dead.
Ye may not part whom food would wed
And love had knit together.

-Frederick George Scott, in Week.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CO RNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D. Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

At this distribution, then, were present such men as Perrone and Franceslin the leading theologians of Rome; Secchi the world-renowned astronomer; Tortol lini, the great mathematician, and other illustrious persons. There were some cardinals present, and among them one whose name we would fain interweave in this historic sketch. He was a man of modest bearing, but with that air or courte us dignity which bespeaks a great soul. His eye was brown, and had a look of calm repose, in which a ca chalobserver might see the reflection of mighty purposes. Of a brown line, to ; was his well-carved cheek, and his clear forehead was set in a trame of brown hair, delicately streaked with silver. Small in person, he was imposing rather by reason of the flashes from a noble soul within, which identified his pensive features with a light half sad, half sweet, than from a commanding presence, Such was Louis Altieri, Cardinal Bishop of Albano, destined soon to enter the heavenly Jerusalem through the ruby gate of heroic charity.

He was sprung from the noble Roman family of the Prince Altier. Early educated in virtue and knowledge, hearbraced the ecclesiastical state, and after having fulfilled various offices of importance, had been raised to the subtime dignity of Cardinal, and subequenly was made Bishop of Albano, This town s about fifteen miles from Rome, on the slope of the Ablan hills, and is reached from the latter city by the old Appian Way. It is a beautiful sittle town, and a bayorite summer resort for tourists. It is well supplied with churches and schoois, and is quite prosperous. By a dispensation of the Pope, the Cardinal Bishop resides usually in Rome, his years spirit fall like a vivifying shower out the resolution, run from the bouse. The administering the diocese.

Cardinal Altieri sat quietly at the distribution, rendering many a young lad happy by some pleasing word of encouragement as he banded him his hard-cained medal. An unthinking oberver might judge him better suited for this. than for the stern duties of the priestry calling. It is hard for those who are not really great of mind to understand how the truly great are so simple and unaffected. A messenger enters in baste and hands a letter to the Cardina'. It is a legram, and its contents are startling The Cardinal reads it quickly, raises his eyes to beaven, and softly murmuis. The good snepherd lays down his life tor "The good snepherd lays down his life for of the Cardinal, they became his sheep." He rises, and, turning to the the instruments of doing a vast amount Rector of the college, be, s to be excused from further attendance. Soon the scared whisper circulates that the cholera has their duty, and we only wish that we broken out in Albano; the people are could give their names. But God saw broken out in Albano; the people are dying; the living are fleeing to the woods; confusion prevails. It was but too true: this was the nature of the telegram. Some crowled round the Cardinal, and represented to him that there were plenty. of priests in Albano, and that strictly the was not obliged to go; he might do more by providing for them from a distance. A gleam of calm determination spark led in the depths of his liquid eyes as he

'My place is with my flock. 'The good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep.

Noble words, in sooth, and repeated over and over again by the priests of our Holy Church as they brave cold, sickness, and death, to administer the consolations of religions to their people. Charity lives in the Church, and continually produces heroes.

Fallie Cardinal quickly left the Exhibittion Hall; his face was almost angelic cern said; now in its glow of tofty charity. The smiling and gracious distributor of premiums of a few moments ago was transformed into the heroic bishop, going forth to brave the dreaded epidemic for love of his flock. The proud defiance of the warrior marching on to battle be neath the eyes of his sovereign is frequently extolled. Far be it from us to ty to dim the glory of him who nobly buttles in a just cause; but the path to tame and glory which the marryr of charity has to tread is more difficult. town. Be advised by me and flee."

The companionship of kindred spirits. "I have done nothing. Morgan, to the "pomp and circumstance" of war, its excitement and noise, all conspire to animate the spirit. But the martyr of charity goes out alone, in solemn silence,

of cannons send the quick blood throbbing through his veins; alone, with God for his comfort, he marches to battle.

What wonder that the step of Car dinal Altieri should be elastic and his face of imposing beauty? Faith lent wings to his feet; Hope buoyed up his soul; Charity set her impress on his brow The bystanders could only look and wonder; afterwards they could reflect that they had seen a martyr going to receive his crown. In less than ball an hour the Cardinal, having procured the services of two medical men, was speeding over the Appian Way to afflicted Albano.

In the mean time, how fared it in the doomed city? Terror was depicted on every countenance; fear and trembling shook every limb. The merciless foc was upon them, and they saw no hope of escape. His coming had been strange and sudden. That morning health ran riot through the city. Towards noon a dark came up from the sea; it hung lazily in mid-air, and at length scemed to burst over Albano. Immediately the holera broke out. Persons rejoicing in heaith felt an acute spasm; violent ret-chings supervened, suspended animation a struggle, a collapse, and the spirit had The awful coming of the disease, its dread name, and the virulence of its nature as soon seen by all, might well stir up every emotion of fear. Houses were abandoned; the dead in many cases wer: left untouched; confusion and fear added to the number of victims. Fear weakens the system and renders it more liable to contract any epidemic.

But not all in Albano were smitten with terror; noble hearts and brave souls fronted the foe and tried to grapple with him. The priests, the Sisters of Charity, the soldiers, and some citizens stood to their posts, and tried to calm the unreasoning and to dispel their wild fears, compared his action with that of the But in the first moments of terror they could do but little. To fully understand the disorganizing effect of a such a panie one must have witnessed something like t. Even a well-disciplined regiment, inured to danger, may studdenly lose its the love and veneration of Catholies for presence of mind, and acting under some their priests, and to share their reverimpulse give way to a wild stampede.

A few hours of terror had passed over the city; many victims had been cut down. Along the principal street a carriage came thundering in from the gate, and the panting horses were brought to a stand in front of the Catnedral, Quickly its occupants adjinted; they were Cardinal Altieri and his attendants. The great bell of the Cathedral rang out to innounce to the stricken flock that their shepherd had come. The sound of the beli brought all who remained in the city, and who could move, to the church. Many a careless soul new thought of its ti d'an i came to seek pardon. The sight cart, by hight and day, was the only of the Cardinal Bishop cheered the dro-oping spirits of ail; his holy look of chanty gave them confidence. He ad-established that no rebellious wails dressed them in words of love and ex-hortation; he besought them to be calm and to attend to the directions of the mercy was all that escaled from the physicians. Above all he conjured them lips of the people. Here a once happy to truly repeat of their sins, and to thus but now terrified family are gathered; lisarm death of its terrors. Let them be prepared to die and they need not tear the cholera; it was only one of many ways which lead to death. Listly and less mother taises her struggling ways which lead to death. Listly and daring, but in the very act is stricken with more distance on them like a renere his face beamed on them like a re- with more alarming symptoms. The flected light from heaven, he told them that he had come to assist them, to atend them, to remain with them till, the end, or to die in their service.

At the conclusion of his noble words lew eyes were dry, and no heart was unmoved. But calm resolution took the place of dismay, and courage was born in many a breast. The generous sentiments otour nature are often like grains of seed; they are sown in the soil of our affections, but amidst the glare of a thoughtless life they are seared, or remain unfruitful; when, however, some fearful | irs victim. Terrified at the sight of the social storm upheaves men's hearts, as fearful retchings and spasms of the startled sentiments, making them spront | dying person is left in all the horrors of and blossom into acts of heroism. Thus it came to pass in Albano; where a short time previously only a few were brave, now only a few, if any, were cowards. Measures were at once concerted for limiting, as much as possible, the rayages of on onsease, are med skill, Christian char ity, and bravery did much; order and quiet prevailed. Every one prepared for death, and then adopted all the prescribed proceautions. These recommendations of the most defaulty,—where the most defaulty,—where the most defaulty and demand of the most down the most flowers and demand of the most flowers. ed precautions. There was one class of persons that we must not forget--the soldiers. From the first these brave men had acted with coolness and resolution; now, animated by the words of good. There were gens d'armes, soldiers of the line, and Zouaves; all did their work, and their reward will be

great and certain. Among the Zouaves was the company to which Morgan and Lorenzo belonged; it had been called in a few days previously to relive another one. Although we will speak particularly of the Zonaves in this sad chapter, we must not be understood to detract from the merits of religion to hundreds; he gave soothing the other soldiers; our object is to follow draughts to the suffering. God had atthe fortunes of our triends, not to write

Shortly after the outbreak of the cholera, and before the arrival of the Cardioal, Morgan was speeding along on some shaighter, or who goes in the mad exmission of charity, when he ran up against George Marchbank, who had just drums, and prancing steeds to battle, deliberately arrived by the train from Rome. Morarrived by the train from Rome. More with the hero who coolly, deliberately, gan was surprised and grieved; he drew and with mature reflection faces—death, Sack from his triend, who was advancing in a most terrible form, every minute for

"You here, George! When or how did you come? Don't approach me, but go tway as quickly as possible."

Why, Morgan, how is this? What has bappened to make you so much afraid of me? I left Rome two hours since to escape its intolerable heat, and I hoped for a better welcome. What can have happened?"
"Nothing, nothing to me, George; but

for heaven's sake return at once to Rome; do not penetrate further into the

make me fear the good people of Albano; tell me why you ask me to go, and why you stand abof,"

The cholera has just broken out; it and against a fee who meeks at human is of a most virulent nature; its ravages blows. No wild huzzas and fierce roaring are fearful. I have just come from carying a body to the vault. You know why now; I must go, but as you love me length the Death-king has turned to leave the town at once."

with me? long as I can, and if the Almighty demands the sacrifice of my life, bear to my parents and Eleanor the assurance that I died doing my duty, and that I blessed them for all their love."

Calmly he awaits the last struggle, so calmly that hopes are entertained that he may, like some others, survive. It may have been his exhaustion from

George Marchbank was no coward either physically or morally; yet he had no wish to expose himself to unnecessary danger. The words of Morgan might well make a stranger shudder. Morgan was moving off, when George with a sud-den movement came up to his side, and

no thought of coming until two hours ago. If you should take the disease, who rather than I should per orm for you the sad offices of a friend? I know you would say that I may be carried off. I may: but I hear an inward voice telling me to remain. I will obey it. Let me go with you and be of some service."

What could Morgan do? Was it for him to endeavor, by the cold arguments of wordly prudence, to dissuade his friend from doing that to which, perhaps, God was inviting him? The true Christian spirit of Morgan did not re-quire time to decide this point. Telling leorge to recommend himself sincerely to Heaven, they started off on their mission of love. They went to the cathedral when the bell rang to summon the people to meet the Cardinal. George heard with admiration the noble words of this true pastor of souls, and inwardiy hireling. He felt that the priesthood which inbued men with such moral courage and devotion must be Divine in its origin and wonderful in its graces. He began to understand the secret of ence.

For three days the pale Death-king stalked defiantly through Abano's fair streets, and held high carnival in her byways. For three days the invisible scythe mowed ceaselessly fair flowers and withered grass. For three days Albano seemed transformed in a charnel vanit visited by a few friends of the de-parted. Out from the town a new cemetery had been opened in which soldiers were constantly at work digging graves; and constantly a stream of conveyances was arriving bearing a sad load of dead. The monotonous rumble of the dead arose from the survivors; a smothered gr an, a piteons cry to He iven for angel of Dead flutters for a moment in the room, strikes down the mother, tips with passing wing the daughter, and, breatnes the cold breath of the tomb on the brow of the eldest son. Thus within an hour three victims fall; three links are cut off from the family circle. The surviving members are stupefied; each me is expecting the dread summons What but speceniess desolution and grietfried eyes can express such woe as this:

Here, again, are friends and relations: the epidemic enters the room and claims death, uncheered by a friendly voice, unsustained by a loving look. Alone, alone with his or her conscience, the tide of life cbbs quickly away, bearing the freed soul to the Judgment Seat.

But during all those three days of death vanit was most fortid-where misery and loneliness suffered the most and ely, one figure moved by day and night. With undaunted step, with beaming countenance the Christian Bishop moved among his dying flock. He entered the bereaved home and his presence was like an air from Heaven; sorrow was transformed into heavenly hope. He entered the room where the abandoned sufferer was struggling with death, alone and maided, and his angel c face appeared like that of a celestial messenger. He could not stay the vi .torious march of the pale king, but he could chaim his terrors and rob him of h s sting. He breathed words of burning zeal and confidence into the ears of the dying; he administered the last rites of flieted sorely the people of Albano, but a full account of the days of Albano's in his mercy he sent them a treasure of arllaction. of the warrior; but who will dare com-pare the man who is sent perhaps to smilingly, and with a look of deep contine three weary days and nights! The cern said: was a free agent, aware of the danger, but a man who, through, a stro-g-sense of duty and Christian charity, triumple ed over the fears of nature.

For three days he moved around, and none watched him more keenly than Geo. Marchbank; he was fascinated by his manner, and revered his character. But now his figure no longer moves through the streets of Albano; his voice no longer cheers the dying. No: his earthly course is nearly run; his eternal recompense is at hand. The Cardinal is dying

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grapple with him who charmed his "And you, Morgan, will you come terrors and robbed him of his sting. Sad are the hearts of those who stand "I? no; my duty calls me to the assistance of the afflicted. My life is in the bank are present. But he who sweetenhands of God. I will be of service as ed the bitter chalice for others has it now sweetened for himself by angel's hands. overwork—it may have been that God wished to reward his faithful servant—it may have been that the souls of those whom he had helped to enter Heaven besought the Lord to crown his brow with the martyr's wreath. However it was brought about the hour of his dissolution seizing his hand exclaimed:

"Morgan, I will not go; but as I love you I shall stay. Perhaps Providence brought me specially here to-day; I had the reaper who has gathered his last sheaf and rejoices as he views his granary teeming with the golden corn, so Altieri rejoices that his weary pilgrimage is ended, and that his lofty mission has been nobly fulfilled. One favor he asked of G d: it was not life for himself, but that his might be the last death from caolera in grieving Albano.

He had noticed George Marchbank's generous efforts in the cause of humanity he had also learned something of his his-Turning now towards him, he

(To be continued.) [This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

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MUTILATING DOCTRINE

It is a sort of literary treason to cut and alter a work of Thomas a Kempis. From a religious and moral point of view the offence is even greater, and it is a wonder that the perpetrator or subedicor of such a book cooly admits it, as if it were a sort of recommendation. There has just been published "Medidations on the Lift of Christ," alleged to be an apparently forgotten or neglected treatise of Thomas a Kempis, translated by Archdeacon Wright and sub-edited or revised by a Mr. Kettlewell, who is said to be a great authority in these matters. Mr. Kettlewell, in the preface, states his reasons for concluding that this is a genuine work of Thomas at Kempis, but, presuming that his contention is correct he nevertheless proceeds himself to make it a non-genuine one. Parts are cut our which, it seems, would be distasteful to the Evangelical school—in fact Mr. Kettlewell simply gives of the author only so much as he, not Thomasa Kempis, thinks it well people should know That this remarkable piece of literary handiwork is unblushingly avowed will be manifest from the following prefatory sentence: "And any occasional allusions to some corruption or error prevalent in the pre-Reformation Church are—earefully—excluded? Are these "corruptions" Catholic doctrines, which were distinctly laid down by this saintly ascetic, this ornament to Christianity? If so, we may be inclined to recognize the prudence of the excision, but we cannot admire its honesty.—Catholic Times.

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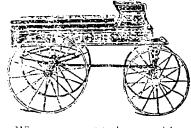
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