Childhood.

When mother's watch beside their children cradle, And kiss the snowy brow and golden hair, hey do not see the future that is coming— For life is made of grief, and pain, and care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers, He vells the future with its pain and sin, Though sometimes fears may dim the presen Though sometimes lears may dim the presen gladness, Yet never can they quench the hope with

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers, They see no thorns upon the golden head Of him who plays amid life's earliest roses— That bloom a fleeting hour and then are

But She, the model of all earthly mothers, Was never spared the pain of knowin this: That, though Her Christ-child played with blooming roses, The cross must come, for all Her prayerful bliss

To look—He slept—upon His snowy eyelids. And know that they should close upon the Tree. Tree, To gaze upon His smooth and stainless fore

And know that their great drops of blood To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm mothers do-between her own, was pain, She felt the nail-prints on their velvet sur-

She could not save Her Lamb from being

When mothers watch beside their children's cradle,
And dream bright dreams for them of joy
and fame,
Let them remember Mary's trust through anguish, And ask all blessings through the Holy Name.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, L.D.

"Washington, November 8, 1862.

"My Dearest Rose:
"We left Frederic City last week, Gaston being well able to bear the fatigue of ton being well able to bear the latigue of the journey, and Docttr Ambrose urging us very strongly to be near a professional oculist, who should do anything that skill can do to save our dear patient's right eye. That is now the great object to be gained. Thank God, your dear brother is now able Thank God, your dear prother is now able to walk about the house, and with the aid of some one to guide and support him, he can take a little exercise in the open air. The left ear is almost entirely deaf, and the wound in the left eye is healing rapidly. The fractured jaw is now firm, but we dare not give any food that requires mastication. He speaks some words and sentences easily enough. The doctor says all will be well, in that respect, before weeks are well, in that respect, before weaks are over. The shattered right arm gives him greatpain. But, altogether, we are very thankful for his progress. Two Sisters of Charity attend him daily; and, besides, there is a trained hospital nurse—a color-ed man—who sits up with him every night; and, during the daytime, one of our own colored servants is always at hand

to aid the good Sisters.

"You cannot imagine the delight it gives mamma and papa to hear Gaston pronounce his first words. It was to papa that he spoke first, and he could only say. e spoke first, and he could only k God—and—you.' Papa Thank like a child, and sent immediately for mamma and me. When we had come when you were a baby, the first words you ever said to your mother. And I feel as happy to hear you speak again, as if I were that same dear angel of a mother.'

"Mamma was holding his hand between both of hers, and kissed while she spoke through her tears of joy, and from his right eye a tear was falling. And this checked mamma's emotion.

"'You, too—angel,' he said, painfully.
"T've only tried to do what your mother would have done,' mamma added. 'And Lucy has been only taking Rose's

the Sisters had put the sick-room in order. He was sitting near the window, and one of the Sisters was reading to him a beautiful passage from 'The Imitation of Christ.'
They were divinely beautiful words, and I stooped almost at the door to listen to But I preceived that he them. my entrance, and turned his head slightly Then the Sister went on reading of the blessedness of the soul, intent on hearing within herself, as in the most secret sanctuary, the Creator teaching her and comforting her. They spoke of the bliss to be gained by touching through the inmost sense the faintest whisper of the still small voice, while shutting out all exterior sounds; of the bliss of him who can close his eyes to the outside world, and contemplate in the divine light interiorly youchsafed, the beauties of the invisible world, and the twilight-dawn of the eternal day. I could see that Gaston was greatly moved, and so, fearful of dividing his attention, I sat quietly down on the nearest chair, avoid-

ing even to make my dress rustle.
"When the Sister had ceased reading, I approached his chair, and sat down ne him. 'Have I come too soon, Gaston?'

"No!' he said, 'Never!' Oh, that word went to my heart, dear Rose, as if he told me that I was always welcome or always

" 'I am going to write to Rose,' I said. I am to send for you to all at home. you wish, I'll put it off till to-morrow.

"'No!" he answered 'write now.'
"'Then,' said I, 'I shall just be your mouthpiece to your father, to Rose and the girls, to Charley and Mrs. De Beau-

"'Oh, Gaston,' I said, unable to retain myself, 'in a week or two you will be able to dictate a whole letter yourself. And perhaps at Christmas you will be able to see well enough to write.'

"He shook his head incredulously.
"'I have another piece of good new for you,' I continued.

'Papa has obtained permission to have our letters sent through the War Department to the headquarters

shall soon have news from home. Gaston,'I added, 'if we could only Rose here with you!'
"'No!' no!' he said, almost with

"'You think they cannot do without her at home?' I said. Yes,' he answered.

"'Well, dear Gaston,' I could not help saying, 'you may be sure that mamma is most happy to see you getting on so nicely. And I'll do my best to take Rose's place'.

"'I know, I know!' he replied. 'You "'No, Gaston, you must not say that And now I shall go to write my letter."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRUE KNIGHT'S GUERDON. "She sent him a white shield, whereon She bade that he should trace
His will. He blent fair hues that shone,
And in a golden space
He kissed her face."

In spite of the intoxication of these most blissful days spent at Mortlake with the family which was now his own, Diego, now that his long pilgrimage was over, began to feel a sense of utter lassitude stealing over him. His nights were spent in wild dreams of adventure and armed struggle with the Apaches or the border des-peradoes. And in his waking hours, his limbs were racked with shooting pains and no effort of his will enable him to shake

off the moral torpor that oppressed him. He persisted in continuing his early morning walks with Rose and her sisters,— Mary becoming, from the very first hour he spent at Mortlake, an especial favorite of Diego's. It was to him a great delight to sit with Rose by her side, with Mary at his feet, and the other girls near her, on the border of the lake, and relate to them his experience in the European courts and capitals, or his romantic adventures and capitals, or his romantic adventures in Mexico and through the Southern States, Mrs. D'Arcy had left in Diego's soul a deep and tender memory. She had con-ceived a mother's affection for him, and he remembered her manifold loveliness with a filial gratitude and reverence. Mary, who was her mother's living image, entered at first sight into the your Spaniard's heart, and the little maide for some time bereft of her brothers, felt drawn to this new brother by the spell of all the excellence attributed to him in his absence, as well as by the fascination of

is presence.

He fascinated her also—indeed, he fascinated them all, by that lofty courtesy that finished grace, to be found in the highest circles of the ancient aristocracy, and by the ready eloquence with which e could make every topic of conversation charming and instructive. Rose had taught the child some of the most beauti ful ballads of early Spanish romance, and Mary could sing them with great spirit. Indeed, she sang some of them every even-ing for Diego, and he would listen entranc-

ng for Diego, and he would listen entranced, with his heart far away among the historic scenes of his forefathers' heroism.

During these delicious hours the fever which burned in his blood seemed to lose its malignity. Nor less delighful were the hours which he spent with Mr. D'Arey. He had transferred to him the love and He had transferred to him the love and veneration with which he regarded Francis D'Arcy, and to these were added the sentiment of respect and gratitude due to one who had given over to him—Diego into the sick-room—a lovely room on the southwest—papa—said, 'Gaston, here is Mrs. Hutchinson. Can you say one word to her?' He answered 'Yes,' and opened nis hand as a sign that she should take it. "'Oh, Gaston' she said, 'I heard you say when you were a baby, the first words you when you were a baby, the first words you was an admirable companion, when you were a baby, the first words you was an admirable companion, possessed of an exhaustless fund of varied knowledge, and uniting to great talents

still greater modesty and wisdom.
So, during the first week of this most agreeable companionship, Mr. D'Arey's health and spirits improved wonderfully, while the insidious disease, whose germs the young traveler had brought with him was spreading it poison through his whole system. One evening—as lovely as any that ever shed its soothing influences over the troubled spirit of man or the face of near termination of the civil war, and then Diego and Mr. D'Arcy began to discuss the influence of war in creating a national literature,—a national poetry in a national literature,—a national poetry in particular. The Spaniard sketched rapidly the history of the early heroic literature of his own country,—of the heroic ballad first, and then of the heroic romance, both embodying the poetical conception of the nation's glorious struggle against the foreign foe of both faith and country. Warming with his subject Diggo sang

Warming with his subject, Diego sang and recited some of the most ancient ballads as they are still sung by the peasantry of Spain,—the proud decend-ants of the men who marched to battle under the Cid Campeador and St. Ferdi-nand. The servants and farm-hands, attracted by his splendid voice, were grouped at a respectable distance. Rose's eyes were fixed on her lover's noble features, and she followed with intense happiness his every word as he spoke so eloquently and his very note when he sang.

and his very note when he sang.

All at once, she heard him grow pale, while her voice sank, and a perceptible shudder shook his whole frame.

"You are exerting yourself too much, dear Diego," she said, raising and laying her hand on his arm.

"It is nothing, dearest." he answered in Spanish. "I have been only a little too much moved by my subject."

"Let us go in, hijo mio," said Mr. D'Arcy, "and Rose will sing us a few more of your favorite national songs."

your favorite national songs "
So in they went to the drawing-room, which was soon brilliantly lighted, the

which was soon brilliantly lighted, the windows all remaining open, affording the numerous plantation folk every facility for hearing the music and seeing their masters in the full enjoyment of their new-found happiness.

Rose surpassed herself. She never played or sang so well. From the old heroic poetry of the age of the Cid she selected one or two gens which her grandfather never tired in hearing, and then, at Diego's especial request, she sang Ponce at Diego's especial request, she sang Ponce de Leon's "Aima region luciente," and con-cluded with Herrera's beautiful "Ode to Sleep," the sonorous and majestic verse adding wonderful force to the music. the War Department to the headquarters of General Lee. Besides, we have trusty colored folks along the fords of the upper Potomae, who will take our letters to the nearest Confederate post office. So you

"Sweet Power, that dost impart Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart— Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow A solace for my woe! Thrice happy be the hour My weary limbs shall feel, thy sovereign power!

why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?
Why let thy votary all neglected die.
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle Power, oh, hear my humble

prayer, And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share!" Diego, as he listened, felt that the singer

knew his need, and that her soul soared higher than the fabled deity of sleep, to the Throne whence every healing gift descendeth. "I am so grateful to you, dearest!" he

murmured in her ear, as the family were about to retire. "I know that prayer was 'It was, indeed," she replied. "You are

weary, dear Diego?"
"Yes, a little," was the unwilling answer. "But you have soothed my spirit. And I hope this fever in my blood will be allayed by the sweet rest you have been invoking. And now good-night to my guardian

Diego," she said, suddenly, as he was bending to kiss her forehead, "would it not be better to have the physician sent

Oh, no! no!" he said warmly. "I only want sleep, and you have made me so happy that sleep must come to me. Good-night, then, my own sweet love! And may all the brightest visions of Paradise bless your repose!"

And so they parted, - but not for rest.

Louisa De Beaumont's experienced eye had seen Diego shudder as the fever-chill passed through his frame. She had also been anxious about his wakefulness, and the stupor which, he said, seemed to dull his brain and cause his young limbs to

seem of lead.

Both she and Mr. D'Arcy attended him to his room. She forced him to take a draught that might cool his blood and help him to sleep. But both she and her brother found their dear guest too fever-ish to be satisfied with such precautions. So, the two best horses in the stable were mounted by Eben and Joe, and were soon galloping towards the neighboring town for the family physician. It was five o'clock the next morning when they returned with Doctor Northrap.

Not a moment too soon had he been sent

All the symptoms of malignant fever had declared themselves during the night, and poor Diego's brave and resolute spirit was struggling in vain against delirium. The dawn brought him but slight relief, and Dr. Northrup, when seriously questioned by his patient about danger, declared that he could not conceal from him the extreme peril of his condition. Diego forthwith begged that the nearest priest should be sent for. Already, while at Oposura, he had sought the dearest and deepest consolations of his religion from the ministry of an enlightened and exemplary missionary. The spiritual strength derived therefrom had stood him in good stead during his perilous journey across the frontier and through Texas. At New Orleans he did

into a heart like hers. Besides, her noble-minded aunt and her cousin Fanny, or her father, had no thought of personal danger. Fanny, indeed, they did force to keep away for her children's sake. But Rose, her aunt, and father, with the most experienced and trusty of the household

servants, gave up their whole time to the service of the sick-room.

While waiting for the priest's arrival, Diego was very calm. He dictated to Rose a short and loving letter to his father. Rose a short and loving letter to his father. He placed in the hands of Mr. D'Arcy all his most important papers,—a duplicate of which were with the Consul-General of Spain at New Orleans.

"There is one thing, dear sir, dear father—may I call you so?" he said to the latter, as they were alone together.

"You may, my dear boy," Mr. D'Arcy replied. "You know I have always loved you as my son."

ou as my son." " Dearest father, then, I have one favor to ask,—that you will allow Rose to wear this from to-day. It belonged to my mother. It belongs by right to her I must hope—to call my wife," Diego said, as he gasped out the last words. And then he placed in Mr. D'Arcy's hand a sapphire ring sat in brilliants and pearls

ring, set in brilliants and pearls.

"Rose will not refuse you that," Mr.
D'Avy replied. "Shall I call her?" "Not yet," Diego pleaded, "One thing more I wished to say to you. In my will, which is among these papers, Rose is to inherit all the property I hold from my mother. This is the express desire and command of the Marquis de Lebrija, my deep and by word parent."

dear and honored parent."

Mr. D'Arcy was about to remonstrate, when both Rose and her aunt came in Dr. When both hose and her auth came in Dr. Northrup's carriage. Mr. D'Arcy whispered in his daughter's ear the purport of Diego's request. "Oh, not now, papa!" she exclamed, and then, hastening to Diego, "When you have received Holy Viaticum, dearest," she said to him, with her brightest look, "and when we are both

Your are right, my own angel," he answered; "you are always right. It shall

It was providential, during the trials to which the small but heroic band of the South Carolinian clergy were put in those

own part of the mansion, while the priest
was fulfilling his sacred duty in the other.
Maud wept incessantly. She remembered
how like her own brother Diego had been
to them at Seville and Malaga. And
little Mary sobbed out in her grief, "Oh,
dear brother Diego! dear brother Diego!"
He, meanwhile, bore the countenance
of acangle as he recited his confession of

of an angel, as he recited his confession of Christian faith, and begged pardon, in presence of God and angels and men, for his having been during so many years false to the Divine Majesty. Both the

false to the Divine Majesty. Both the priest and physician were deeply touched by the simple and manly piety of the noble stranger. Of the feelings of Rose, her father, and her aunt, we need say nothing. When the last unction and the last blessing had been given, Mr. D'Arcy rose, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her towards Diego's bedside.

"Before you go, reverend sir." he said

"Before you go, reverend sir," he said to the clergymen, "I must beg you to sanction in the name of the Church the sanction in the name of the Church the betrothal of these two,—a betrothal which took place while they were yet children and which both wish now to ratify as solemnly as they may." And placing Rose's hand in Diego's, "I give her to you with all my heart," he said, "both for time and eternity."

time and eternity."
Rose knelt, while the bitter tears were silently falling down her pale cheeks, and Diego placed on her finger his mother's ring, the priest bestowing his benediction

the pair.
"For time and for eternity, my love!" Diego said, looking into the misty eyes "Yes," she answered, firmly; "yours

"Yes," she answered, firmly; "yours for time and eternity!"

"Oh, dear father." said Diego, as he looked up into Mr. D'Arcy's face, "you have made me so happy! And God has been so good to me!"

"What were those sweet lines you used to sixty to receive the second of th

to sing to me, my own one?" he said to Rose. "I did not understand them then. Rose. "I did not understan But they are so true now: "So long Thy power hath; blest me."

"Yes," said Rose, choking down the tears, "here they are:
"'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile."

awhile.""
"Thanks!" said Diego, as his eyes closed
as if on a sweet vision he could not bear lose.
"I think it will be prudent to let him rest for the present," said Dr. Northrup. "I shall remain with him till my reverend

friend is ready to depart."

And so patient and physician were left alone. Before the latter had been many minutes by Diego's bedside, he plainly saw that the energy which had sustained the sick man so far was fast giving way to

the terrible disease. Diego was delirious perfore the other left the room. "I dare not bid you hope too much,"
Dr. Northrup said to Mr. D'Arcy, as he
was about to leave. "The Count's system Dr. Northrup said to Mr. D'Arcy, as ne was about to leave. "The Count's system has been thoroughly impregnated with the malarial poison during his long travels and continual exposure. His powerful con-

ton and vicinity during this dreadful war, I must not call on them."

The fever, however, assumed almost immediately so violent an aspect, and the delirium became so wild, that Eben had to call in to his assistance some three or four of the most devoted men on the planta-tion. Rose and her aunt could only see the patient in his rare moments of comparative calm

true mother in her devotion to Rose during this period of intolerable suspense. She lavished on her niece every possible mark of the tenderest love and solicitude. Nothing, however, seemed to soothe Rose's pain so much as the short intervals she pain so much as the short intervals she was allowed to spend by Diego's bedside. It had, indeed, been a boon to her if the malady had been of so mild a form as to permit her to nurse him assiduously. Of

its malignity she had no fear. Her father was also a great subject of anxious care to her. He had, indeed, seemed to derive extraordinary vigor and life from Diego's coming to his charmand the from Diego's coming to inscharming companionship. But the shock of this sudden illness, and the imminent danger in which this almost-son was placed, greately distressed the dear invalid. So, with her father, Rose made a great effort to appear calm and hopeful, though hope had been a stranger to her soul from

the very beginning.

The strange feeling of dread which had The strange teeling of dread winch had filled her so unaccountably at Malaga, on her first meeting with her betrothed, was recalled to her mind frequently. Was it a warning not to bestow her affections on one whose outward presence brought with it so much of fascination? Or was it merely to warn her against pledging her troth or giving her heart to one who did not then share her own deep religious convictions? The latter view pleased her most, and consoled her immensely. The pure love which she felt for Diego and that which inspired, had en—so he had again and again assured r—the means of winning back his soul to God and true nobleness of life. And must she be satisfied with this? Was their earthly companionship to end thus? He had been planning with her, during their eavent results as well as their earthly companionship to end thus? It does not understand, it will not admit their earthly companionship to end thus?

own part of the mansion, while the priest was fulfilling his sacred duty in the other. Maud wept incessantly. She remembered how like her own brother Diego had been to them at Seville and Malaga. And little Mary sobbed out in her grief, "Oh, dear brother Diego! dear brother Diego?"

Ho means nor the command to repress them, the fruit of an over-fond to the mansion, while has neither the disastrous effort of political revolution and social degeneracy! And must she only look upon what was so soon to become a practical scheme, as a day-dream, the fruit of an over-fond the means nor the command to repress them,

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOCIALIST SCHOSSA.

From the London Times.

Some more facts in connection with the desperate attempt by Alexander Schossa to assassinate the Revs. Adolpus Baka-nowski and Henry V. Arkell in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, on Saturday morning, have been brought to light. Schossa who returned

FROM THE UNITED STATES FROM THE UNITED STATES
some two and a half years ago, has resided
since that period at Saffron Hill—recently
at No. 37—which like most of the houses
in than neighborhood, is occupied by
members of that Italian colony which
stretches from Hilborn, close to Ferrington road, to Hatton wall, close by Leather lane. He has turned his hands to many pursuits, and was for some time a vender of street ices. It appears that he has been a very short time engaged in asphalt work-ing—a business almost monopolized by Belgians. He is described in the neighborhood as being of an uncommunicative, morose disposition—one who did not mix freely with his countrymen; for, although he stated at one time he was a German, and at another a Swiss, it was ascetained yesterday beyond doubt that he is a Milan. A fact which may be taken for what it is worth, and stated by one of the clergymen yesterday, is that a few years ago, shortly after Schossa arrived in the United States from Milan, the life of a

Catholic priest who was
OFFICIATING IN AN AMERICAN CHURCH, was attempted in a manner similar to that in which the life of the Polish priest was attempted last Saturday. It has been discovered that the revolver was purchased the day before the attempted assassina-It is rather remarkable that while Schossa is a powerfully built, though undersized man, Father Arkell, who courageously arrested his course of destruction by seizing his arms, is slenderly built. The church was crowded yesterday by people curious to see the effects of the risoners violence, but the high altar has esumed its wonted fine appearance, and the only thing to remind one that the out-rage had occurred was a large box for the reception of

placed in front of the altar, outside the channel rails. Schossa is not illiterate, as at the police station he signed his name in good handwriting. It has been placed beyond doubt that he lighted up the altar cloth and antependium by snatching a candle from the altar and applying the flame to them. At the remanded inquiry several additional witnesses will be examined. Fanny Mary Brown, a widow living at Brentford, who probably was the first to see Schossa as he probably the shear head of S. Brentford, who probably was the first to see Schossa as he probably when the shear head of S. Brentford, who probably was the first to see Schossa as he probably when the shear head of S. Brentford, who probably was the first to see Schossa as he probably was the first to see Schos

saw his hand up and
THE PISTOL WENT OFF, priest turn to the corner of the altar and go toward the sacristy door. I screamed and ran outside, and as I got outside I heard a third report. In the street a gentleman who heard me screaming asked what was the matter, and I said, 'Oh, do sir, go into the church, or bring the police—a man is in there murdering the priest.' Another gentleman pointed out two policemen at a gentleman pointed out two poli gentleman pointed out two policemen at a corner of a street. I went to them and the stald me not to be excited. I did not you approach Holy Communion. Oh, prolicemen pulling the prisoner out. The prisoner was a low-sized man, wearing a velveteen jacket and a soft hat.

HE WAS A REPULSIVE LOOKING MAN. could not say where he took the pisto from, but saw him fire it immediately There were about thirty people in the church, nearly all women." It is probable that Mrs. Brown will be examined at the remand next Thursday.

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

In truth the world does not know of the existence of grace, nor is it wonderful, for it is ever contented with itself, and has never turned to account the supernatural aids bestowed upon it. Its highest idea of man lies in the order of nature; its pattern man is the natural man. It sees that nature has a number of tendencies, inclinations and passions; and because these are natural, it thinks that each of them may be indulged in for its own sake, so far as it goes no harm to others, or to a person's bodily, mental, and temporal well being. It considers that want of moderations of the same that want of the same that want of moderations of the same that want of the same that tion or excess is the very definition of sin. if it does so far as to recognize the word. It thinks that he is the perfect man who eats and drinks, and sleeps, and walks, and diverts himself, and studies, and reads, and attends to religion in moderation. The devotional feeling, and the intellect, and the flesh have each its claim upon us,

which the small but heroic band of the swhich the small but heroic band of the south Carolinian clergy were put in those years of destruction and bloodshed, that a priest could be so easily found outside of Charleston. Dr. Northrup, who had taken it on himself to find him, had also informed him of the extreme gravity of the illness. So he had come at once.

The younger girls, to whom Diego had doubly endeared himself during his stay at Mortlake, pleaded in vain for the privilege of being present at the sad ceremony. Mrs. De Beaumont was inexorable. The poor things had to be content with praying fervently in their

greediness, craft, cruelty, are no sin in the brute creation, which has neither the means nor the command to repress them, therefore there are o sins in a divine being who has a divine sense and a controlling who has a divine sense and a controlling power. Concupiscence may be indulged, because it is in its first elements natural. Behold here the true origin and fountainhead of the warfare between the Church and the world; here they join issue and diwerge from each other. The Church is built upon the doctrine that impurity is hateful to God, and that concupiscence is its rule. With the Prince of the Apostles, her visible head, she denounces "the corruption of concupiscence which is in the world," or that corruption in the world which comes of concupisence; whereas the corrupt world defends, nay, I may even say sanctifies, that very concupi-scence which is the world's corruption. Its bolder and more consistent teachers make the laws of this physical creation so supreme as to disbelieve the existence of miracles, as being an unseemly violation of them; and in like manner it deifies and worships human nature and its impulses, and denies the power and the grant of grace. This is the source of the hatred which the world bears to the Church. It which the world bears to the Church. It finds a whole catalogue of sins brought into light and denounced which it would fain believe to be no sin at all; it finds itself, to its indignation and impatience, surrounded with sin morning, noon, and night; it finds that a stern law lies against it where it believed that it was its own master and need not think of God; it finds guilt accumula-ting upon it hourly, which nothing can prevent, nothing remove but a higher power, the grace of God; it finds itself in danger of being humbled to the earth as a rebel, instead of being allowed to indulge its self-dependence and complacency. Hence it takes its stand on nature, and denies or rejects divine grace. Like the proud spirit in the beginning, it wishes to find its supreme good in its own self and nothing above it; it undertakes to be sufficient for its own happiness. It has no desire for the supernatural, and therefore does not believe in it. And as nature cannot rise above nature it will not be. does not believe in it. And as nature cannot rise above nature, it will not believe that the narrow way is possible; it hates those who enter upon it as if pretenders and hypocrites, or laughs at their aspirations as romance and fanaticism, lest it should have to believe in the existence of crease. Continual N.

of grace.—Cardinal Newman—" Discourses to Mixed Congregations." HOLY COMMUNION.

The great Dominican, Father Burke, speaking of the wonderful union between God and man in the Sacrament of the

"All that Christ our Lord is as God, all stood mm in good stead during his perilous journey across the frontier and through Texas. At New Orleans he did not fail to testify kis gratitude to Heaven by partaking anew of the Gift bestowed on us pilgrims as a foretaste of heaven. So now our poor weary pilgrim-knight hastened, before delirium had bereft him of consciousness, to prepare his soul for the final passage. In all this, he wished not only to do his duty towards the God of his childhood, but to bestow on his betrothed the happiness she most coveted in the dread prospect before him.

True love, in her beautiful soul, was to discern the first symptoms of danger to her beloved. She could not be kept away from his bedside by any fear of contagion. That was a fear which could never enter into a heart like hers. Besides, her nobleminded aunt and her cousin Fanny, or large the content of the Eucharist; and should texposure. His powerful consume the first to see Schossa as he stitution and the purity of his blood may statement yesterday:—"I was sitting on the third, made the following statement yesterday:—"I was sitting on the third heaven he nettract to heather the church, made the following statement yesterday:—"I was sitting on the third heat from the entrance to the left of the altar. This man (Schoss-pushed the door open, his hat on his head, and he door open, his hat on his head, the theory along the first to see Schossa as he stitution and the purity of his blood may statement yesterday:—"I was sitting on the third heater from the entrance to the left of the altar. This man (Schoss-pushed the door open, his hat on his head, and he looked into the church, heat of the altar. This man (Schoss-pushed the door open, his hat on his head, and he looked into the church for about two minutes. He did not look a bit at create the world, the omnipotence of His grace as the first to see Schossa as he thereof the church, made the following statement yesterday:—"I was sitting on the third heater from the entrance to the left of the altar. This man (Schoss-pushed man of you. The graces and the merits that were brought down from Heaven by THE PISTOL WENT OFF, and I saw him discharge the second shot in succession to the other. I saw the priest turn to the corner of the altar and priest turn to the sacristy door. I screamed the sacristy door. I screamed

> Austria and Germany will ask Russia wby Austria and Germany will ask Russia why she is concentrating troops in Poland, at if the answer is unsatisfactory they will mass troops along their eastern frontiers. In the meantime Krupp, the great gunmaker, is overwhelmed with orders, his prices have advanced 50 to 60 per cent. and the large orders from Russia render it probable that he will have to employ several hundred additional hands. Altogether, the prospect for universal disarmament and an era of peace does not appear particu-larly good. The fact that the Austrian minister to Italy and the Italian premier have met and exchanged very friendly assurances is not necessarily a peaceful omen. These friendly assurances have been known to amount to very little, and even if the interview between the ambassador and the premier were all that it is stated to have been, it may only indicate that Austria anticipates trouble with Russia, and is anxious to have no unfriendly power in rear.

A PRECIOUS RELIC.—From times im-A PRECIOUS RELIC.—From times immemorial a precious and remarkable relic, the right hand of St. Anne, has been preserved in the Cathedral of Carcassonne, France. It was lately exposed for public veneration in a neighboring church. The shrine is of giltwood, and forms the frame of four crystal pages through which the of four crystal panes through which the relic is visible.