BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J., AUTHOR OF "EMMANUEL.

"Child of Mary," Name of honor, Prouder far than kingly crown— God Hinself to win that title From His heavenly throne came He the First-born Child of Mary Calls us to His Mother's side, Shares with us His dearest treasure "Mother, 'twas for these I died."

O Immaculate, unfailen,
Tarnished by no breath of sin!
Yet! I dare to call thee "Mother."
Open, Mother, let me in!
Thou of Mercy's self art Mother,
And thy heart is meek and mild;
Open wide thy arms and take me
As a mother takes her child.

God forgive those erring Christians
Who would spurn the tender name
Which with joy, at Christ's own bidding,
Mary's loving children claim.
Lo, your Mother "said He, dying;
Yet some coldly turn away.
Ah! forgive them, sweetest Mother!
For they know not what they say.

"Child of Mary." May my feelings, Thoughts, words, deeds, and heart's: All befit a lowly creature Who to such high name aspires. Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only) From my sinless Mother sever—Mary's child till death shall call me, Child of Mary then forever.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. "What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The Seuate's shout, to patriot yows—
The server is the transfer of the book of the server is the start of the server is the start of the server is the start of the server is th

The Senate's shout, to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
'He giveth His beloved sleep,.''
"We must hope for the best, dear madam. And I think we are now justified in hoping confidently," Dr. Ambrose was saying to Mrs. Hutchinson some ten days after that on which the reader parted

Mr. Bingham.

remind you of the delicate and spiritual features, and of the sweet and modest melancholy eyes !" she asked of the priest. "She was, in truth, an angelic woman,"

replied he.
"And she reared him as if he were a something divine, given her to love and to form," Mrs. Huchinson added.

"You certainly had every opportunity of studying her methods of education,"

"Yes," replied the lady; "though I was a strict Presbyterian and she so strict a Catholic, we and our children loved each other as if we were near and dear relatives, of the same blood and of the same faith."

faith."
"That is precisely how we all ought to live together. True Charity, surely, ought ever to go hand-in-hand with that true Religion," said the priest, with

"Ah, Dr. Ambrose, but all ministers are

dear Doctor," Mr. Bingham said, blush-

ing. "When can you hope to say that your patient is out of danger?"

"I think, if these narcotics continue to produce their effect, that by this evening,

produce their enect, that by this evening, or to-morrow morning, we can judge pretty surely of his chances of recovery. We have had to amputate all but the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and the right arm was dreadfully shattered and then the face was so disfigured, and several minute fragments of shell were lodged in the cheek and neck. It was altogether a most complicated case. And, as you say, nothing could have saved him but his youth, his splendid constitution, and the perfect purity of his blood, unstained by vice or excess of any kind." "He was the finest youth I ever looked

upon," said Mr. Bingham. "And if he only recovers, I know he will be still, though maimed and disfigured, one of the truest men to be found in the country." "Even though he continues to be

rebel?' inquired the Doctor, laughing.
"He did not think it was rebellion," said the priest. "Before the war began, his grandfather wrote to me in great affliction of spirit. Gaston, he said, dur-ing his law-studies, had become deeply imbued with the notion that the doctrin of States Rights was the true constitu-tional doetrine, and could not see the wrong of secession when the federal comwrong of secession when the federal compact had been openly violated. I had just returned from Europe, and was overwhelmed with business, so that I deferred an elaborete answer to Mr. D'Arcy. The family meanwhile were broken up, and obliged to take refuge with their relatives in South Carolina. Circumstances did the rest. I did not believe that any of Mr. D'Arcy's children would knowingly and deliberately do wrong under any force of temptation—so strong in their souls is the sense of duty towards God."

"What were you saying about Gaston?" said a low voice at Mr. Bingham's elbow as the speaker laid her hand softly on the

old gentleman's arms. "Ah, Miss Lucy," said he, "you would not hear your friend's brother ill-spoken We were saying all that is good of

of. We were saying an old.
him, as you may well imagine."
he answered; "I know you could say nothing else. Only I thought you might be blaming him for being a rebel: But you know, too, dear Mr. rebel: But you know, too, dear Mr. Bingham," she continued, "that Gaston was also a brother to me."

"And you have done a true sister's duty by him," said the priest. "How much Rose will love and bless you and your mother, for your devotion !"
"Oh, I don't want the thanks," said the

girl. "But I-do want her love; and I know I shall have it."

, a Sister of Charity from

Emmittsburg, who had taken Lucy's place by the sick-bed, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and requested the Doctor and Mr. Bingham to come at once to the place by the sick-bed, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and requested the Doctor and Mr. Bingham to come at once to the patient. He had just awakened from a sweet sleep of several hours' duration, and seemed to be no longer delirious. In a and seemed to be no longer definious. In a moment Lucy, without waiting for the others, was by the sufferer's side, having glided into the room as softly as a sun-beam. She bent over the bandaged face and the sightless eyes, as if she could read in every one of the loved lineaments what was passing in his soul.
"Dear Gaston," she said, in a low, dis-

tinct voice, "are you better? Do not try to speak," she continued. "You would only hurt your jaw. Squeeze my hand; it is that of Lucy," And he did press it, while indistinct murmurs came from the

approaching his patient, and scrutinizing the countenance upturned to his own.
"You are decidedly better," he continued, the sweetest terms of endearment, bringing his mouth close to Gaston's ear.
"But we must keep very, very quiet,"—
with a shake of the head and a look at
Lucy. "You will soon be able to use
your tongue, if we can only keep down
the inflammation. Does it tire you to
have me talk to you? No! Well, but
there must not be too much talking yet
awhile. You are here with your good
friends Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter,
so you are in good hands. And, besides,
there is a good Sister of Charity, who
comes to help the doctor and your kind
nurses. And here is also a dear old
friend from Cincinnati, Mr. Bingham,
come all the way to see you, and I verily
believe he has brought "healing on his
wings." So now be happy. You must bringing his mouth close to Gaston's ear.

Mr. Bingham.

"Ah, you know the dear boy from infancy," Mrs. Hutchinson said. "Whenever I saw him in his mother's arms I could not help thinking of the beautiful "Madonna and Child," from Leonardo da Vinci, which we used to go to see at the Louvre, in Paris. Did not Mrs. D'Arcy which you of the delicate and existence of the country of shall remain with you till you are entirely God's hands.'

By this time Mrs. Lancaster and her daughter had entered the room, and shared in the common delight at the change in Gaston's condition. So it was a very happy household that night, in spite of the multitude of sufferers to be found on every side, and in spite of the echoes of war which still came feebly from across the Potomac, like the last muttering of the thunder, as the storm passes away beyond the distant mountains.
"I must scold you, Lucy," said Mrs.
Hutchinson, as soon as she found herself

alone with her daughter.
"For what, mamma?"
"For what? How can you ask such a that he was better!"

and Dr. Amorose, but all munisters are not like our friend, Mr. Bingham. He is so devoted to his own Church, and yet my husband and myself, and all our children, love him as dearly as if he were even if he had been an utter stranger—I "I fear," replied the doctor, "that if he does not make haste to return to Cincinnati, he will make a papist of me."

"Let us not get on this subject to dear Doctor." Mr. "Let us not get on this subject to dear Doctor." Mr. "Let us not get on this subject to dear Doctor." Mr. "Let us not get on this subject to dear Doctor." Mr. "But, my dear every half to dear Doctor." Mr. "But, my dear every half to dear Doctor." Mr. "But, my dear every half to dear Doctor."

time and again, that he was as dear to you

as an own son, and so has papa, for that matter."
"But no young lady can say, or even show by her actions, that a young gentle-man is as dear to her as if he were an

own brother." "Have we not been brought up together, mamma? Has not Gaston, being several years my elder, shown me, when I was a sickly, helpless child, the tender care that own brother never once cared to show me? Do I not owe to Rose and Gaston, after you and dear papa, my recovery from worse than mortal diseas and all the happiness I have ever known "Very true, dear; but you are no longer a child, and Gaston has long since

used to carry you about in his arms. '
"But I have not ceased to love him for all his goodness, all his nobleness."
"Do you not see the impropriety of speaking of such love before strangers,

ceased to pet and caress you, as when he

or of showing it so openly?"
"Oh, mamma, if Gaston were what we saw him at Fairy Dell, the handsome, graceful, accomplished gentle man whom everybody, young and old, admired and loved, I should be now more eserved than I was then. But to see him crushed and mangled, and lying unconscious at death's door for weeks among strangers, how could you, and how could I, help showing all helping sympathy and love to our dear Rose's brother? Oh, and love to our dear Rose's brother? to remember what we saw him, and to see him now, the sad wreck that he is And the generous girl burst into tears.

"I did not wish to distress you, dar-ng," her mother said, as she embraced

ling," her mother said, as she embraced the really distressed Lucy. "I only wanted to make you more prudent, and thus prevent uncharitable comment."
"wamma," said Lucy, with a flash of the old impetuosity, "I had not thought of love as you mean it, in watching over Gaston. Had my own brother been to me, since I was a child, everything that Gaston was how layingly thed watched Gaston was, how lovingly I had watched sick-bed, if wounded and maimed like this! I only did for Gaston D'Arcy in his need what I should have done for Frank Hutchinson. In what am I to

"In nothing, dear; only in showing him openly a sisterly interest which others will mistake for the love of a maiden for the man of her choice."

the man of her choice."

Lucy paused a moment, with her head on her mother's shoulder. "Mamma," she said, suddenly, "I should have died before betraying voluntarily my affection for Gaston D' Arcy, were he still treading his own lawn at Fairy Dell, the comeliest man between the Blue Ride and the Smoky Mountains. Now that he is only a wreak I love him a thousand times man between the Blue Ride and the Smoky Mountains. Now that he is only a wreck, I love him a thousand times more. Oh, mamma, how have you cover slowly, under the skillful direction

weeping.
Mrs. Hutchinson allowed the tears to

Mrs. Hutchinson allowed the tears to flow. She had not hitherto thought seriously of the childish admiration of Lucy for Gaston D'Arey. But Lucy was now sixteen, and the sickly little girl had become a tall and most beautiful maiden. Then, again, the sudden meeting of Lucy with Gaston on the verge of the battlewith Gaston on the verge of the battle-field, with all his young manhood's glory gone forever, could not create in Mrs. Hutchinson's mind any fear of seeing her daughter's girlish friendship for the hand-some youth suddenly ripen in devoted affection for the maimed and disfigured soldier. She was, therefore, startled by Lucy'y confession of love. Still, she was too much of a woman—too much of a true woman—not to admire her child's raptured girl, falling on her knees. "Oh, Doctor, he knows me!" said Dr. Ambrose, approaching his patient, and scratinisis. think of the writer's lack of romance, truth will have it that this true-hearted mother, after listening to her child's avowal, only pressed the latter to her heart more fondly and lavished on her words of comfort that went straight to the heart of the innocent and unworldly

wings." So now be hoppy. You must sleep as much as we can make you,—and leave the rest to God."

D'Arcy family, raised Dr. Ambrose's interest to the highest pitch. So he devoted to the young Confederate every At Mr. Bingham's name, the poor hour he could spare from his other pati-sufferer made an effort as if he would rise,

> show signs of healing, and the sad wounds in the face yielded, one by one, to the physician's art and the admiring nursing prisoner of the Federals. show signs of healing, and the sad wounds physician's art and the admiring nursing that seconded the efforts. The fracture in the jaw-bone also, though giving the Doctor much fear and trouble, was in a fair way, and the inflammation of the tongue and mouth subsided so as to enable the sufferer to swallow a greater quantity of nourishment. Of the left eye there was no hope whatever. It required the utmost medical skill to preserve it from fatal inflammation. The right eve was sightless, and presented in the loneliness created around him by right eye was sightless, and presented only a lump of raw flesh. Still, the tem-perate antecedents of the sufferer and the uncommon care at present bestowed on him, might eventually save the pre-

to Gaston himself, he had lapsed into unconsciousness and delirium soon after he had been found near the battle-field by Mr. Hutchinson, and had received the attentions of the gentleman's wife and daughters. The trying journey to the neighborhood of Frederic City question? Are you not conscious of the impropriety and the imprudence of showing so openly, and before strangers, your love for Gaston D'Arcy? Going down on your knees by his bedside to thank God fighting and of his own hurt and danger, came on him like the memory of a horrible dream. But how sweet it was to hear the music of Lucy's well-known voice, and then her mother's, and then the loved accents of Mr. Bingham!

One thought had been uppermost in his mind when first stricken down amid the excitement of battle, and trodden under foot by the retreating infantry: was not the death which threatened him was not the death which threatened him sent in punishment of his undutiful parting from his sick parent? He could answer his own soul that in so doing he had not sinned knowingly, but obeyed what he conceived to be the call of honor and duty. Still, there was the pain having for the first time in his having for the first time in his life grieved and angered the best of fathers. What would he not give for one word of love and forgiveness from those dear lips, for one pressure of the hand which had ever guided his steps so gently and so surely? And Rose! Ah, if he could only, in the utter darkness that shrouded his bed of pain, hear the voice of his sister, the cherished companion of his boyhood and youth! And so, cut off alst entirely from communication with thoughts and fears ceased not to impor-Even to the kind friends who ministered to him in his helplessness, he could not convey the expression of his deep grati-But how much he prize tude devotedness of Mrs. Hutchinson, and the sisterly care of Lucy, whom, during his sister's absence in Europe, Gaston had been accustomed to look upon as Rose's second wife !

As to the future, blank as it was and dark as the veil which covered his sightless orbs, he left it in the hands of God. With that Divine Majesty, to whom he had been trained from infancy to look upon with unbounded reverence and trustfulness, Gaston now conversed sweetly during his long wakeful hours, and this communion gave him infinite comfort and strength to endure. Thus, while the young invalid con-tinued to be for the Lancesters and for

their numerous acquaintances an object of ever-increasing interest, the summer waned, and the autumn, the lovely autumn of Northern Maryland, shed its mellow radiance over earth and sky. Alas, that it could not soften into brotherly accord the souls of those on whom de accord the sods of those on whom de-pended the cessation of the gigantic strife, which daily grew hereer and more sanguinary by the despairing efforts of the weaker party and the iron persist-ency of the stronger!

There was to be a time when Gaston would revisit this hospitable and fertile

region, when he could express to those whose sympathy and friendship were so sweet to him, all the sentiments that filled his soul. Many a household among these descendants of the ancient Pilgrims was to be saddened, as his own would soon be, by the deadly danger or tragic loss of son or husband. But the virtues inherited from well-tried ancestors were

CHAPTER XXVIII. HOPES AND FEARS.

"Never again! so speaks the sudden silene When round the hearth gathers each we known face.— But one is missing, and no future presence, However dear, can fill that vacant place; Forever shall the burning thought remain, Never, beloved, again! Never again!

The family at Mortlake had been in creased by the arrival in mid-July of Mrs. General De Beaumont and her two youngest children. Of the two cldest, a boy and a girl, the former was with his father at Charleston, and the latter was in Paris, at a famous school for young ladies. The arrival of Mrs, Fanny De Beaumont was hailed with delight by her mother-in law, who was tenderly at-tached to her, as well as by Rose and her sisters. The house and the beautiful grounds once more rang with young laughter and pleasant voices: and Mr. D'Arcy, now entirely recovered from his illness, was made most happy by the devoted attentions of both ladies, as well

sons. As to Charles, Mr. D'Arcy felt comparatively at ease: the armies that contended for the possession of Eastern Tennessee and the sea board of North Carolina had, so far, kept aloof from Fairy Dell and its neighborhood. But Gaston, he knew, had been on the field of Gettysburg, and every effort made to after that on which the reader parted with her in Mr. Lancaster's.

"And youth, with the pure blood formed by a life as he led, must offer a precious resource to medical skill," added "do not stir, nor let this excite you. I gently. The maimed hand also began to the formed by the control of the life and the control of the officer had been unavailing. It was in vain that The bones of the shattered arm were soon firmly set, and Gaston could move it gently. The maimed hand also began to the control of the life in the control of the control of the life in the control of the control of the control of the life in

in the loneliness created around him by the death of his wife and his parent Gaston was to be the head of the family her heart, if not her hand, had already been given to another, and she could no bear that Gaston should be separated

from her father.

In the last week of August, on a lovely In the last week of August, on a lovely Sunday evening, the family were seated round the supper-table, when they were startled by what seemed very much like a shout of joy from the colored servants outside. In a moment Joe Porter made his appearance at the door of the supperroom, and behind him towered the tall force of Histogram figure of Hiawassee.

At this sight something very much like At this sight something very much like a shout went up from the supper-table, in which, we fear, some of the ladies—at least, of the young ladies—joined heartily. At any rate, Rose was by the Cherokee's side in an instant, kissing him on both cheeks, as had ever been her wont, and there was a most warm welcome extended to our old friend.

"You have been sick," the chief said to Mr. D'Arcy, when he was seated by his side at table, "and I have not been with you. You will believe, my dear Louis, it was through no fault of mine.'

"I need no assurance of that, Hiawassee," replied Mr. D'Arcy. "My love for you comes from your well-proved love for me and mine."

"Do you bring us good news from Fairy Dell, Hiawassee?" asked Mrs. De Beaumont.

"From Fairy good news, dear madam," he answered; "but very good news from Washington."

"You have ever been a messenger gladness to us, my dear old friend," said Mr. D'Arcy, extending to him his hand across the table, and shaking the old Indian's warmly.

"I knew you must be anxious to hear from Gaston especially," Hiawassee con-tinued, "and I could not trust to any one else to bring you the welcome tidings, many as were the difficulties I had to encounter on my way hither."

"Gaston is alive, then?" Rose said,

growing deadly pale.
"He is alive, thank God!" replied the Cherokee, "and out of all danger. has been in the hands of Mr. Hutchin He and his wife and daughter, ever since he fell on the battle. I need not tell you how tenderly all three had cared for him. These letters," he continued, taking a package from his vest-pocket, "will tell you the story of Gaston's miraculous preservation and of their most generous

The ladies were in tears, poor Viva bbing aloud, while Hiawassee was thus skilfully preparing them for the details of the harrowing intelligence: and Mr. D'Arcy himself could scarcely restrain his emotion as he heard how the Hutchin-

sons had saved his boy.
"May the God of all goodness repay both father and mother," he said, with voice half-choked by his feelings, "by

making of their only son the pride and joy of their old age!"
"Amen!" said Hiawassee, solemnly.
"Amen!" said Mrs. De Be umont and her daughter-in-law, through their tears, while Rose and her sisters repeated their "Amen" silently, but with heartfelt fervor.

"Anen" sliently, but with heartieft fervor.

"And now, my dear Louis," said the judicious Hiawassee, "now that I have told you what you were most anxious to know, I should advise you not to read these letters at present. There are details which would not befit the suppertable, and which some young ears here present ought not to listen to. I believe dear Louis, that your dear father and your angelic Mary must hive been watching over their boy, as he was passing through that fearful field of blood

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HERO'S GRAVE.

DROWNING OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Greensboro, Ga., Dec. 29, 1879.-On Sunday noon, the 14th inst., the Rev. Bernard J. Doyle and Mr. Maurice Moynahan, left Athens to visit a poor blind man named O'Neil, in Lexington, Oglethorpe County, a distance of eighteen miles. For years O'Neil did not see a priest, and hav-ing lost his eyesight a few years ago and becoming convinced that the grave was about to open and receive him, he expres-sed a very great desire to receive the Holy Sacraments of the Church in which he was born. Father Doyle was made acquainted with these facts and immediately started with these facts and immediately started to attend to the wants of his co-religionist. For three days previous to the 14th it had rained incessantly. Perhaps never had a greater fall of rain been witnessed through this section of Middle Georgia. He was advised by kind and affectionate friends to postpone his visit, at least until the rain would cease, but, "Oh, what should I do if the poor man should die," was his response as he and his feliow-countryman dashed through the blinding rain and tempest in a buggy, never to be seen alive by their friends. They reached Lexington on Sunday evening and administered the Sacraments to O'Neil, who was delighted to taste again the sweets of an undying faith. They started for home late that evening, the wind felling trees and fences, and the rain falling in torrents. Several gentlemen of Lexington cordially pressed them to remain that night and share their hospitality, but ministerial duties necessitated Father Doyle's return. The fords became dreadfully swollen and having missed their road, some seven miles from Athens, and the night being dark and murky, they drove into a stream that engulfed them in death's embrace. At noon, next day, the bodies were recoved and brought to a hens. They were interred in Locust Grove Cemetery, one of the olest Catholic burying-grounds in

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Rev. Father Doyle was ordained on the 14th day of December, 1878, in Savannah, Georgia, and met his untimely death on the first anniversary of his ordination. Though only one short year in the service of his Master, he has left many memorials of his zeal and labor in the cause of Catholicity. Those who live in the cause of Catholicity. Those who live in the thickly populated North, have very limited ideas in regard to the hardships encountered by the pioneers of our faith where our are few and far between. Father Doyle had five missions extending over an area of two hundred miles' ride, which he attended twice a month. Sometimes he had to remain in a one room log cabin for twenty-four hours. where there was a family of eight or ten people, and yet he was the happiest man I ever met, delighted that it was in his power to do good. Here in this old settle-ment of Greensbore there have been Catholics living for forty-three years who never had a place to worship in until they were blessed with the ministrations of the dear deceased. He built a beautiful little church, and it was his ambition to have it dedicated on the day he met his death, but God willled it otherwise. The Bishop could not attend the funeral, as other

duties prevented.

"There is a destiny in this strange world, That oft decrees an undeserved doom, Let schoolmen tell us why!" Father Doyle was a native of County resided. May God console them in their sad loss. Ireland has lost a fond and faithful child. A great many priests of this generation are too religious to be patriots, but the dear deceased was not alone a priest of God but also a child of Ireland May the ever blooming violet nestle fond-ly on his bosom, while the zephyrs of the South blow gently o'er his tomb

T. D. M. GOING TO MAKE "ROME HOWL."

Parson Newman, Grant's old friend. who used to travel around the world at public expense, is going to start a No-Popery paper in New York. Newman is Grant's pastor when the latter is at home, but ne is careful to state that the General has no connection with the new project; and we don't believe he has. Grant is not fool enough to go into a speculation which is so certain to return small profits and no honor, however much he may sympathize with its principles. No-Popery is the last shift of a desperate rogue, and only one step from the jail or gutter that awaits him. Not because it is "No-Popery" alone. The same would be true of the man who should try to get up a No-Protestant, No-Jew, or No-Anybody cry. Intolerance has not even the attraction of money rewards for its apostles, although most, if not all of them take it up expecting to find it profitable. Of course a disgraced priest with no other means of support, a vulgar lecturer hungry for no-toriety, or a poor-devil penny-a-liner with a natural talent for blackguardism, can always make a penny by pitching into the Pope; but men of talent and character have neither desire nor inclination for such work.

Parson Newman will have no difficulty in drumming up a corps of writers in Bohemia who for the lowest market rates will "make Rome howl" every day in the week if required, and the best of it is, Rome won't be hurt by the howling, while General Grant and the other sheep of Newman's flock will be vastly edified.

AN OLD IRISH PAPER.

The oldest newspaper in Ireland has just passed out of existence—Saunder's News Letter and Daily Advertiser. It counted its volumes from the year 1688, and for many years it was a familiar and flourishing "institution" in Ireland. In the days of our grandfathers no breakfast table was complete in Ireland that hadn't Saunders on it with the tea and toast. Several fortunes were made by it. Like many other ancient "institutions," it experienced severe reverses of fortune within the last twenty years. Ultimately it found itself in the Bankrupt Court, where it was purchased by its last owner for a trifle. He failed to work it up, and it was subsequently offered for sale by auction. There wasn't a single offer for it, and now the shutters are up in the old house in Dame Street, Dublin, and the old paper is dead. Street, Dublin, and the old paper is dead. works can alone be effectual.

MR. PARNELL'S PERSONAL FOR-TUNE.

Mr. Parnell (says a London correspon-Mr. Farnell (says a London correspondent) is not at present a rich man. "He has only the life rent of a small estate in Ireland, but he will probably yet be one of the wealthiest men in the country. His mother possesses a large fortune, said to be upward of a million sterling, and it is expected that the bulk of it will come into the possession of the member, for Mosth the possession of the member for Meath.

Mrs. Parnell is an American, and resides
in New York, and a considerable part of
her son's time has been spent in the
United States. It is necessary, in fact, in order to understand Mr Parnell's position and opinions, to remember that a large part of his education has been American, and that he has borrowed his idea of the land system from the United States." No man on earth (of the Irish race) is better adapted than Mr. Parnell to convey Ireland's pleading to America's heart.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

The other day, having need of help from a drayman, we called an Irishman to our assistance. He performed his duty with assistance. He performed his duty with great promptness, and his language and demeanor generally were such as to com-mand our admiration. Having paid him for his trouble, the following conversation for his trouble, the following conversation took place: "How long have you been in this city?" we enquired. "Twelve months to-morrow, sir," he politely answered. "Pray, what was your occupation in the old country?" For a moment the man colored and dropped his head, but in an instant after, raising himself with the dignity of a man, he replied: "I was a physician in Dublin." Somewhat surphysician in Dublin. " Somewhat sur-prised, we asked how it was that he was driving a dray. His reply ir substance was, that he brought his family direct from Dublin to Chicago; that when he arrived here his funds were so much exhausted buting to Chicago; that when he arrived here his funds were so much exhausted that he was unable to maintain the appearance of his profession; besides, he found the city full of young physicians waiting till the city grew. Having no mechanical trade he purchased a horse and dray, and atonce began to earn a livelihood for himself and family. We call this a noble specimen of a man—Chicago Tellwes specimen of a man .- Chicago Tribune

MRS. GLADSTONE.

It is said that there is something very touching in Mrs. W. E. Gladstone's care of her illustrious husband. She has never once left his side all through the campaign, and being near him she never takes her eyes off him. She wraps him up when he leaves a room, places a chair for him when he enters—is a careful of him, in short, as if he were an only son and still in petti-When Mr. Gladstone was making coats. speeches in parliment on the foreign policy of the government, he used to furnish much innocent merriment to the members about him by the product of what looked like a pomatumpot, the contents of which he from time to time absorbed. Night after night he brought this crockery with him, formally produced it from his coattail pocket, and placed in reach of the table. Then everyone knew that he was going to make a speech. After much discussion and an agony of curiosity, one of his par-liamentary brothers ventured to ask what the mysterious mixture might be. Mr. Gladstone very frankly told him simply an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry, though wh, it should have been carried about in a pomatumpot remains unexplained to this day.

COOK'S GRAND EXCURSIONS TO EUROPE.

People who contemplate traveling in Europe will consult their own interests by investigating the Grand Excursions arranged by Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, of London and New York, for the year 1880. We have before us a handsome pamphlet of 64 pages, just issued by the above firm, giving full particulars of their tours, with details of routes and rates, which include all necessary expenses of traveling from the time the tourist leaves New York till his return. A handsome map of Europe shows the routes which Cook's parties will follow

Three Grand Excursions will leave New Three Grand Excursions will leave New York for Europe during the Spring and Summer. The first is the "Annual May Party," which will leave April 29th. The second is the "Annual Educational Vacation Party," specially arranged for teachers and students, and leaving New York July 2d. The third Coald. York July 3d. The third is Cook's "b summer Party," which will leave New York July 31st. The two last excursions give the choice of three routes. Each of these three Grand Excursions will be under the personal supervision of capable and experienced conductors, and it is announced that there will be no crowding on the steamers, only two persons occupying a state-room.

Many people have fallen into the error of supposing that to secure the advantages of Cook's system it is necessary to travel in parties and by arbitrary routes. This is not so. Three-fourths of the enormous business of the firm consists in supplying single Travelers with International Traveli Tickets by all chief lines of Steamers and

Railways to any part of the globe.
Private Family Parties can secure very Private Family Parties can secure very favorable terms, with choice routes and many advantages, by availing themselves of the admirable system which nearly 40 years' experience has enabled this firm to perfect. We have not space for a more extended notice of the interesting pamphlet from which we have culled these feats.

We notice many useful hints for tourists, brief descriptions of the principal cities of Europe, and a very useful table, showing

the comparative value of United States and European Currencies.

The book in question will be sent free by return mail on receipt of stamp for postage. Address Thomas Cook & Son 261 Broadway, New York.

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