

The Boatman.

A maiden sits in a tiny bark,
Singing so sweetly,
The boatman he is grim and dark,
Rowing so fleetly.

Dearest father, if you and Mary miss
me so continually in the midst of so much
that is novel, exciting, fascinating, think
of the void your absence leaves in my
home and my life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIRTH OF TRUE LOVE.
"Can I love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;

When the preceding letter reached
Rond there seemed to be a decided change
for the better in the state of Mrs. D'Arcy's
health.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

THE STORM CLOUD OVER FAIRY DELL.
"Thank God that is so," I replied.
The question of alliance by marriage between
the two races has never given us any
trouble at Fairy Dell.

"That is the reason, dear father," Gas-
ton continued, "that I am sorry mother
and Rose and my grandfather should be
absent at the present juncture. They are
so devotedly loved by all our colored peo-
ple, that if they were here, Quincey Wil-
liams and his agitators could have little
or no chance of stirring up discontent
among them."

"I must, then, be your duty and mine,"
I answered, "to perform towards all who
are dependent on us every office of
brotherly kindness that is in our power.
Your Aunt Louisa is both desirous and
anxious to fill her place, and be God's
helpful hand to the needy. We must
aid her and encourage her in her labors."

"And so we are setting our house in
order in expectation of evil times. One
subject I must mention to you, dear
sir, and that in strict secrecy, as it so
nearly concerns myself, or my second
self,—my beloved wife. I questioned Dr.
Antrobous a few days ago as to the likeli-
hood of Mary's recovery in the beautiful
climate of Andalusia, and amid all the
soothing religious influences which oper-
ate so powerfully on a soul like hers, so
full of childlike faith and enlightened
piety."

"I am not acquainted with the state of
medicine in that country. I presume, how-
ever, that very many of their best
practitioners have been trained in the
great school of Paris. And are therefore
excellent," I added, "I should certainly
judge so," Dr. Antrobous said, "Indeed, I
know of some very dangerous and difficult
operations that have been most success-
fully performed in the hospitals of Seville.
In fact, it is not so much the lack of eminent
surgical skill that I am anxious about, as
the want of physical strength in the pa-
tient."

"Of that I speak cannot knowingly,"
he answered, "I am not acquainted with
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"I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words and mused
Upon the topmost froth of thought."

When the preceding letter reached
Rond there seemed to be a decided change
for the better in the state of Mrs. D'Arcy's
health. The delight she took in visiting
every one of the religious institutions
within the city and its immediate neigh-
borhood, and the keen interest which her
well cultivated mind felt in listening to
her father-in-law's account of the history
or legend connected with every heroic
name or famous spot, seemed to renovate
her strength and her spirits.

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American friends with a graceful cordiality
that completely won the hearts of Mrs.
D'Arcy and Rose. Don Ramon and his
son withdrew, after presenting their re-
spects to the Duchesse.

It seemed to the Marquis not only de-
sirable, but most urgent, that this solemn
 betrothal of the young people should be
celebrated during this visit of the
D'Arcy's to Seville. That done, he
thought, an early date for the marriage
ceremony could easily be fixed by him-
self and Mr. D'Arcy. His son was offered
a first-class mission to one of the Euro-
pean courts, and, naturally, did not want
to accept the position before he had be-
come Rose's husband. Mr. D'Arcy, how-
ever, anxious though he was to accede in
this, both to his daughter-in-law's inclina-
tion and the wishes of the Lebrijas, was too
deeply interested in Rose's true and last-
ing happiness to allow himself to be
hurried into rash and hasty acquiescence.
The splendid dowry destined to the old-
est daughter of his house was located in
Spain, and it seemed but natural that its
possessor should wear a Spanish husband.
The disposal of it, however, belonged en-
tirely to him, and was resolved that it
should be given only when his favorite
grandchild had made a free choice, and
chosen, too, one in every way worthy of
her. She might marry a bad man; but
Francis D'Arcy could never knowingly
sanction such a choice, and to such a hus-
band he was resolved that not one cent of
his ancestral estates should ever be given.
This Mrs. D'Arcy knew; to this firm pur-
pose of her grandfather Rose herself was
not altogether a stranger. She was perfectly
aware of the great love he had for her.
She knew that no earthly consideration
would induce him to give her hand to
one whose soul was not worthy of her
own. Moral principles, practical religious
faith, unity of belief, were, in the eyes of
the parent as well as those of the child
herself, essential and indispensable con-
ditions towards a perfect union of hearts,
towards that perfect love without which
a splendid marriage is only splendid misery.

These, and such like lofty principles,
were so much the competent parts of the
moral nature in every member of the
D'Arcy family, as nitrogen and oxygen
are the necessary elements of the air we
breathe. But as the purest air is rendered
impure and unwholesome in the most
brilliant assembly-room filled with the
nobles and the best society, even so are
the highest principles of conscience and
the loftiest aims of the most pure-minded
exposed to be sadly modified in the con-
tact with the living world around us, and
by what sometimes would appear to be an
overbearing fatality of events and circum-
stances.

The Duchesse, in inviting the interesting
Americans to her home, had been careful
with the express consent of Mr. D'Arcy,
or rather at his suggestion, to inform her
own immediate circle of acquaintance that
Miss D'Arcy had not yet ratified the be-
 betrothal contract long before entered into
by the two families. The fact that the
beautiful heiress was yet free contributed
not a little to excite the curiosity of all
the aristocratic circles of the city of Seville,
while it aroused in the breast of more
than one noble cavalier the hope of sup-
planting Diego de Lebrija.

Diego himself had been a universal
favorite, not only with his young country-
men wherever he chanced to sojourn for a
time, but also with the fair Parisiennes
during his long stay in the dazzling
centre of French fashion and pleasure.
Indeed, among his companions at the club
he was frequently twitted about the
brilliant conquests he had made in the
high circles of French society. It had,
in very truth, been a miracle if one nobly
born or highly gifted as the young Count
de Lebrija, had not been troubled with re-
ligious convictions, had he not been a
religious conviction, had he not been a
disguised licentiousness of the Voltairian
schools to which his father had unwittingly
trusted his son—the destined husband of
Rose D'Arcy. Yet his son had remained
uncontaminated.

Diego's exaggerated reports of our
little heroine's beauty, accomplishments,
and wealth, had preceded her in Seville.
When, on the day after her arrival, she
appeared in the streets, at the Cathedral,
Alcazar, and at the reception given in her
mother's honor by the Duchesse, even the
women praised her beauty, while the men
were unanimous in extolling her inborn
grace, her aristocratic bearing, and that air
of angelic innocence that resembles the spotted
white of the lily just opening its virgin
blossom to the sun.

The Marquis and his son, as well as the
Duchesse, were indefatigable in their
devising means of making every day spent
in the beautiful city of Seville pass not a
little to the profit of their friends. Diego,
who, as a younger member of the diplo-
matic body, was under the command of the
Spanish prime-minister, felt a very
natural anxiety to hasten Rose's acceptance
of his suit. An occasion was procured by
his very first visit to the Alcazar and its
incomparable gardens.

He, in the evening, as he walked
with Rose in advance of their party to her
enthusiastic praise of all that she had seen
in Andalusia, and particularly in Seville.
He questioned her about American scenery
and manners, much delighted with her
vivid and intelligent descriptions.
"I look forward with impatience to the
day when I shall be free to visit your great
free country," he said, "watching
closely the effect of" his words on Rose,
who, meanwhile was quite unconscious
of his serenity.

"I am not prepared to let Cuba escape
from the control of the mother country,"
Diego answered. "The faithful Isle is
all that remains to us of the world dis-
covered by Columbus."
"Are you a patriot?" asked Rose.
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BETTER THOUGHTS.

If our charity and aid fails to benefit
those on whom it is bestowed, it will
benefit us in as much as we have done
our duty.

There is just now a great clamor and
demand for "culture," but it is not so
much culture that is needed as discipline.
Though the life of a man falls short of
a hundred years, he gives himself as much
pain and anxiety as if he were to live a
thousand.

Fervent, anxious, expectant waiting
for the things of half its pleasures and
wear upon the soul.

It is more honorable to acknowledge
our faults than to boast of our merits.

The metaphysics of salvation are not of
so much consequence, when one is engaged
in the practice of actually saving men.

Daily instances of careless parents suffer-
ing anguish on account of their children's
misdeeds, should be a warning, but it is
not.

There is a pleasure in contemplating
good; there is a great pleasure in receiving
good; but the greatest pleasure of all is
doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Strong, skillful men are often the gen-
eration of Catholics, parents will have
a terrible account to render for their
negligence and disregard for the welfare
of their children.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Cardinal Newman has just issued the
fifth edition of his "Anglican Difficul-
ties."

The Holy Father has sent his benedic-
tion to the Duchess of Norfolk and her in-
fant son.

Among the more treasured wedding
presents of Lady Edmund Talbot, lately
married at the Oratory, London, is a rosary
from Cardinal Newman. Lady Talbot is
the eldest daughter of Lord Norreys.

Among the latest converts to the
Church are the Countess of Rosemore,
Lady Hilda Higgins, who is the sister-in-
law of the already Catholic Lady Maid-
stone; Lady Alexina Coventry, a daughter
of the Earl of Fife, who died last week,
and a sister-in-law of the philanthropic
Marquis Townshend.

In Pope Leo's garden, in the midst of a
large gravelled square, he has had repro-
duced by a design in young boxwood,
carefully trimmed, the arms of the Pope.
He has ordered all the tapestries in the
Vatican to be placed in chronological
order and according to the schools to
which they belong. In many ways he
shows taste in things not ecclesiastical.

Saturday being the anniversary of the
capture of Rome by Victor Emmanuel,
the Papal Veteran Association of New
York, had Solemn Mass of Requiem cele-
brated at the Church of St. Francis Xavier
for the repose of the souls of their com-
rades who fell while defending Rome.

Centuries before the dogmatic defini-
tion of the Immaculate Conception, it
was a customary form of salutation in
Spain among acquaintances when they
met to say "Ave Maria purissima." To
which the reply followed, "Sine peccato
concebida."

The Indian chiefs who acted as a guard
of honor in escorting Archbishop Seghers
and Father Catado, S. J., from Idaho to
Montana, have returned home, accom-
panied by Father Conroy, Missionary at
the Umadilla Reservation. The party were
delighted at their trip and the time ex-
tended to them by both the military
authorities and the settlers along their long
route of travel. In consequence of the
numerous mining towns and settlements
Archbishop Seghers will have to visit in
Montana, Idaho, and Eastern Oregon,
his traces may not be able to return to
Portland before December.—Catholic Semi-
weekly.

It May
Judge not too
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But draw the
About him it
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He stepped fro
It may be yo
Fainting upon
A suffering a
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Nor pass him
God will not
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You heard, on
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To depend on
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Well known
It may be yo

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Mr. Harry Englehardt, of this place
(Ebensburg, Pa.), was received into the
Catholic Church on Sunday afternoon,
Mr. N. J. Freidhoff, of Edinburg, and
T. R. Scanlon, Esq., of Carrolltown, stand-
ing as sponsors at his baptism. Mr. Engle-
hardt's parents reside in Johnston, and
are exemplary members of the German
Lutheran Church.—Cambria Freeman.