Fancy and Fruition.

I. The warm light drips on the lifted lips Of the daisies gemming the hill's green side And out and in, where the dews have been, The winds of the noonday steal and side. Deep in the distance shines the sea. The sheep on the sward browse quietly, And prome in the shade, and fair to see. A long-haired child lies dreaming.

There's a rosy grace in the dimpled face, And the elbow deep in the plushy moss: The tresses brown o'er the neek sweep down, And the light scarf floats, like a cloud, aeross, And the book from the slender fingers slips, While the testless eyes (o'er the restless lips) Follow the sails of the airy slips, On the distant ocean gleaming.

Oh ! curtous eyes, so blue, so wise, How doth the heart of your owner stir ! As the deep sea sings of the precious things The ship of the years must bring to her. Diamonds and rubics and pearls and gold, And a marble palace to have and to hold; Raiment of silk, and a lover bold— Of these is the maiden dreaming.

The moonbeams trail thro' the em'rald veil Of a wild vine, into a royal room, And glid the book, and the pittrd' nooks. And the carpet rich in its woven bloom. The trembling rays of the night-lamp paint A couch of ivory, carved and quaint. Where a lady lies, 'mid the shadows filmt, Pale as a pensive Perl.

Glimmer of gold, and gens untold, O'er the silken length of her robe are swept, And a rose, unblown, in her shining zone, Its blush and its scent hath, unheeded, kept, The birds are still that by day rejoiced. In the song of the fountain, silver-voiced; The red mouth quivers, the eyes are moist. red mouth quivers, the eyes are moist, And the lady weeps, full weary.

Oh! who could trace in that altered face The long-haired girl of the season's gone ? 'Tis a frail weak form, and the checks one

warm Are pale as the pearls the moon shines on. And the heart of the dreamer is sad, I wis, She hath bartered her youth and her hopes ofblies

For the glided pomp of a home like this, Magnificently dreary.

O fair young child ! that mused and smiled on the hill o'erlooking the sunny tide, Thou hast found thy faie in the said estate of a slighted beauty, a loveless bride ! So the bright mists fall in a dismal rain, So the heart that was gay on the lowe plain

plain Dies sad in its mountain eyry ! ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. Philadelphia, Oct., '79.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

When the outburst of joy had somewhat subsided, Mrs. D'Arey began to question her son on his occupations in Paris. "You often see the Court de Lebrijs ?" she said, with a look around at Rose, who now sank all crimson behind her mother's chair. "He is with me nearly every day." said Charles "Indeen pathics has do you and the said

Charles. "Indeed, nothing but the most important business could prevent him from being my traveling companion from Paris to Seville. He wrote a letter to my grandfather, and begged me to assure my little mother of his most grateful and respectful devotion

And did he not send one word to Rosette ?" asked Viva. "He charged me to offer Miss Genevieve

asked, seriously, "how did Don Diego asked, seriously, "how did Don Diego impress you during your late intercourse ?" "Most favorably," Charles answered. "His acquaintance with Rose, and his tender and respectful love for her, have filled his soul with the most chivalrous resolution." "You will make her very happy by telling her all this," Mrs. D'Arey said. "Is she, then, so deeply attached to him ?" asked Charles. "I believe she loves him dearly. Only, she will never marry a man who does not

she will never marry a man who does not

heartily share her own religious faith," said his mother. "Nor should I marry a woman who did

not share mine," the young man said, firmly. "But Rose has already more than half converted the Court de Lebrija." "Ah, Charles," she said, tenderly "there is nothing more ennobling, more inspiring, than the love of a noble, true-hearted

I know it, dear mother," he said. "I know it, dear motner," he said. "Have your words not been the breath of inspiration for your sons? H.s your life not forced us to aim at what is highest ? Has your love not lifted us above the temptations to which young men of our

temptations to which young men of our age give way ?" "It is all God's blessing," she said. "And now here is Rose bidding you to supper. You need refreshment, darling, so go, and you'll come back afterwards to kiss me good-night." The Duchess and her daughters entered Mrs. D'Arcy's room just as Charles and Rose were leaving it. Dona Teresa in-troduced her two girls to the young American, and then hastened to congratu-late and entertain Mrs. D'Arcy. She had been much struck with Charle's fine person and graceful manners, and was making and graceful manners, and was making and gracerui manners, and was making in her own mind a comparison between him and Diego de Lebrija and other young Andalusian noblemen. Charles, however, was too full of his dear mother's image to notice particularly the young ladies thus presented to him. And his heart was also too full of pure love for his own sisters to

might be most needed. Genevieve and Maud were waiting for him in their mother's ante-room, and then all four had another frolic, Charles heartily enjoying their delight in having their big

brother once more with them. "Charley," said Viva, "I remember when you were no taller than Maud,—a little bit of a boy. And now you're as tall as Gaston or papa." "Yes, and I remember when I used to

carry two tiny little girls perched each on

one of ny shoulders, and run with them down the lawn," said Charles. "Ah, but we are young ladies now," said Miss Maud, "and you'll have to re-

I have not kept you waiting too long for me. I do not know how long I have been with mother," he said, as he came suddenly

"And if I had, Charley, would it not be doing all our dear ones, and all our people at Fairy Dell, a priceless service to pre-serve one so necessary to all of you?" "Darling," said Charles, while the words stuck in his throat, "I always find something new to admire and love in you. Now we cannot afford to lose either dear

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Now we cannot afford to lose either dear mother or our Rosette." "God will decide that," she answered,

quietly. "It is now in His own hands. "I wish to see mamma spared, and Diego, the Court de Lebrija, a true Christian

gentleman." Yes, the decision was indeed in the hands of the All-wise and All-loving. The generous girl's heroic sacrifice was to be accepted, but not for the chief purpose for which it had been offered. A life cut which it had been offered. A life cut short may be in the mind of the person that surrenders it, as well as in the estimation of the world, much less of a sacrifice tion of the world, much less of a sharrince than a life devoted to obscure toil in the service of the wretched and the suffering. The two had just arrived before the windows that opened into their mother's near Stepring Research a moments

windows that opened into their mother's room. Stopping Rose for a moment, Charles whispered in her car: "There is one whom you could help to undertake and accomplish great things. Would you leave him to faint and fall away at the very beginning of the work, after having yourself pointed it out to him P''"Spare me, Charley," she entreated. " Pray for your poor, weak little sister." And she entered the room, he following

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLESSED ANGEL, DEATH. Glory unto the Newly-born !" So, as said angels, she did say; Because we were in Christmas Day, Though it would still be long till mo

For my part, I but hid my face, and held my breath, and spoke no word; There was none spoken, but I heard The stlence for a little space."

The stlence for a liftle space." The day fixed upon by the physicians was the 21st of December, kept in all the churches of Andalusia as the feast of St. of being near them when his presence were up long before the sun, and spent in earnest supplication before the mercy-seat, a time that appeared very short to them-Mrs. D'Arcy in her sick-100m, the Duke, the Marquis de Lebrija. Mr. D'Arcy and Charles accompanying the priest from and to the cathedral. Rose was still enjoying the sweet, untroubled sleep of the young and sinless, for she had be and sinless, for she had been up with her mother till a late hour. The Duchess, who waited on her friend during the administra-tion of the sacred rite, could not withhold her tears. She wept the whole time, not because she believed there was imm she diss Main, and you'll have to re-spect us accordingly." "I know I shall always love you dearly, you saucy one," said he, bending down to kiss his favorite. "Oh, grandfather, I because she beleved there was moved to the very depths of her soul by the anglic fervor of her dear sufferer, and by the manly piety of Mr. D'Arey and his grandson. Nor was the Duke and Don Ramon, though much less accessible to religious emotions, un-moved by the living faith of their stranger

some joyous evening at Fairy Dell, organize itself into an Irish circle of punsters, jokers, or story tellers,—or to hear one after the other sing some of the joyous songs of the dear old Fatherland far away,—one would swear that every tongue in the merry as-semblage had been enriched with the most genuine brogne of Munster or Congenuine brogue of Munster or Connaught. And on this morning Charles, inspired or impelled by the very fears he could not be-

did excel himself, while Rose vied trav, did excel himself, while Rose vied with him in wit, keeping the table in a roar, and making Mrs. D'Arey forget everything but the inimitable drollery of the pair, and the charming picture her sick-room presented in the light of the balmy December morning. The meal ended, the girls pressed Charl-s

to accompany them on their drive into the country around Seville, painting to him all the charms of the landscape, as well as the delightful hospitality that awaited them at the Duke's villa. But Charles had, he said, most important business to settle with his mother and grandfather, and he must be content to vait for another opportunity, when, per haps, they might all go together. And then the girls overwhelmed their mother with caresses, while the fond mother, flushed with the great hope that killed fear her heart, lavished in her heart, lavished on her darlings all the tenderest expressions her tongue

could find. To Rose, especially, she expressed again and again the happiness Don Diego's trut. . and noble resolution gave her. And Rose was in a mood to accept and enjoy her mother's embraces and felicitations. And so the forenoon waned, and the dreaded noon approached. The girls, with the Marchioness d'Azara and her more a dreaded Marchioness d'Azara and her nieces, drove off, without fear of the noonday Andalusian sun, bore on their journey by some of the most beautiful horses of Andalusian's beautiful breed, amid fields of green corn, and hills covered with the go and return swiftly. olive and the vine, their own young hearts making nature's holiday ten times more bright, and the balmy air around

them ten times more fragrant and more A little before noon Dr. Shorecliffe called on his patient, and found her calm, courageous, and hopefal. It was a most courageous, and hopefal. It was a most happy angury of success. He expressed his congratulations and delight, raising still higher the hopes Mrs. D'Arcy enter-tained. She held, when he and Mr. D'Arcy entered the sick-chanber, her husband's colored photograph between her hands—a most admirable likeness—and she was talking audibly to her dear absent one, telling him that she would be brave for his sake, as well as for that of her dear crucified Lord, and that she would hasten

speedy coming to join her. Every preparation was made, every precaution taken, to avoid all delay not absolutely necessary, to spare the gentle sufferer even the pain of waiting for one moment. Sisters of Charity from a neighboring hospital, well accustomed to

enemy that praved upon it.

life of an adored wife and mother

slowly passed away. The brave boy never quitted his mother's side, enduring his first baptism of bitter suffering. And the white-haired grandfather stood near at hand in the touching majesty of his watchful and sorrowing love. About five o'clock Mrs. D'Arey seemed to rally. She looked lovingly at the mute figure of her father-in-law, and then recog-mizing her boy, as he still knelt motion-less by her side, she patted his head and passed her hand caressingly through his

passed her hand caressingly through his hair. Mr. D'Arcy steadily followed every change on the pale features, and read in her eyes that she wished to speak to him. So, bringing his ear quite near to her

mouth, he said: "You have something to ask me, dean Mary

"Yes," she answered; " the girls ?" "Yes," she answered; "the gris t" "Shall I send for them !" he said again. And as she only replied by a wistful look —"Do you wish me to go for them, dearest."

dearest."
"Yes-wou," she said, feebly.
"I shall go instantly," the old gentleman said. "Charles," he continued addressing his grandson, "I must leave you to look after your mother, while I hasten to bring back your sisters. Do not excite her in any way, my dear boy,' he whispered.
"Let her be as quiet as possible. The least emotion might now be serious."
"Father !" the sufferer said, as Mr. D'Arcy ceased speaking to his grandson.
"Yes, my dear," he answered, again approaching her.

proaching her. "Bless me before you go."

" Bless me before you go." He alone heard the request, and silently lifted his soul to the Father in heaven, he invoked His blessing on his daughter, laying at the same time his hand on her head, and kissing her bloodless cheek. "You have every blessing my heart can bestow on you, best and despest of bestow on you, best and dearest of children," he murmured into her ear. he murmured into her ear. Pray to the Mother of Sorrows, while I

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISSIONARIES !

Soms thirty years ago, there was found by a Mr. Bezult, on his farm, some two miles from Bourbonnais' Grove, Kankakee county, Illinois, a silver cross. Five years afterwards a gold cross was found near the same place, and again last year another the same place, and again last year another silver cross was ploughed up. All these crosses were found buried in a field some three miles from the Kankakee River, and on land which up to the year 1-40 was open prairie. The first cross was given to priest stationed in the neighborh his sake, as well as for that of her usar crucified Lord, and that she would hasten to get perfectly well, in expectation of his to get perfectly well, in expectation of his of it; the one found last year can be seen of it; the one found last year can be seen at the residence of Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, President of St. Viateur's College, Bouronnais' Grove, Illinois.

Donnals Grove, filmois, The three crosses were all of the same size and shape, that is, they were made after the manuer of an Archpishop's pro-cessional cross, with two cross-pieces. They were not, however, made to be used Resette i^{n} akked i^{n} e^{i} have not show how long 1 have been with mother, 'h e said, as he came stadded have a case stadded in the supper room. "I have not been waiting, my boy," Mr. 'How do you like Senor de Lebriga" "Akked i^{n} . D'Arey said. "I intended you should have a case state with your mother. And have a state acquaintance with hing have have a low yoin "I have said. The registe had been reserving their ay-matise adquaintance with hing have have and bar with your mother. The have warded to enjoy the meal with at al seemed to enjoy the meal with a taked i^{n} . Charge, male to enjoy the meal with and all seemed to enjoy the meal with a different man from the Diego with eyes that spoke both pleasure a night's rest as possible, in view of the set to withich are the view precaution was a night's rest as possible, in view of the set to with it is getting factuities on that coexal. Geneview end hand were to go to the Duke's with the hatt's more to ther yet. "Don't mind, darling,' she answered. "And it is a long time and mine." "Don't mind, darling,' she answered. "And it is a long time since I have here retiring, and it is a long time since I have here retiring, and it is a long time since I have here with me into the patio," she state. "Come out with me into the patio," she state. "The set of the makers. "And it is a long time since I have here with me into the patio," she state. "Come out with me into the patio," she state. "Come out with me into the patio," she state. "Come out with me into the patio," she state. " Thrift, good management, economy, "the best for the patients and the rest for the nurses "-these are the material characteristics of such intitutions, while, more valuable and glorious than all, is the spirit of true charity, of individual care and solicitude, and of absolute self-abnegation that reigns in them. ... THE LATE FATHER REVEILLE. A WRITER in the Catholic Citizen, Vocula," has written a very interesting sketch of the late lamented Father Reveille, who died recently in Memphis of yellow fever, while administering the consolations of religion to the afflicted Catholic people of that city,-" As a theolog-On her face, when the chloroform was applied, he did not dare to look. The ian, he ranked high among the questions no one about Bourbonnais Grove can answer definitely. As is well-known, the early French mis-sionaries visited Kankakee county, and made many converts to the faith from amongst the Indians. When Marquette returned from his last voyage he passed on his way North up the Kankakee river, brethren of his Order, his quick perception, deep study and earnest reface of Another, and the prayer of his fatherly soul was addressed to Him who search, making his word an author-And so he prayed, while she lay, all un-conscious, before the knife which rapidly searched her frame for every root of the mount that result and the she lay. ity even among older men. But what those who knew him best, saw most to be admired was the beautiand near the spot where these croses were found. It is generally believed about Bourful simplicity of his character. The ripest Proud, sensitive, impetuous ability and most experienced hand in Spain fought there the battle for that precious bonnais' Grove that these crosses must have once belonged to some of these mis-sionaries. The oldest settler in Kankakee nature, the one thing he could not overlook in mother was a lack of faint moan, a sudden quivering of the members, alone betrayed the pain of the honesty, or sincerity even in trifling county, Noel Levasseur, is still alive, and matters. Few could realize the ives on land adjoining St. Viateur's Colslumbering patient. At last there was a suppressed "Oh, my God!" from the depth and tenderness of his affeclege. On his arrival in 1819, he found one Francois Bourbonnais, who having martions. Having severed, for the love eminent surgeon, that made Mr. D'Arcy start and lift his eyes. The surgeons were whispering to each other and to Dr. Shoreried a half-breed, had adopted the manner of Christ, the ties that bound him to habits and costume of the Indians, and lived a wild and roaming life. The other home and country, he found what he loved to call his second home among iffe-a piece of intelligence that was only ommunicated later to the stout-hearted French settlers began coming to the coun-try in 1836. They settled at Bourbonnais' his dear Dominican Sisters at old man: the cancerous position, nay, the roots of the cancer itself, had penetrated Mount Sinsinawa," and it was to Grove and in the neighborhood, and many of them are still alive. None of these can otherwise account for these crosses ploughthis peaceful retreat his heart ino the vital parts. Hope of recovery there ould be none, and a fatal homorrhage stinctively turned during those last ed up as they were in the prairie, in pretty much the same place, and with nothing in the neighborhood in which they were found trying days of his missionary life. Only the week preceding his death So the blood was staunched after much he had written: 'God has spared me trouble, the dreadful wound was bound to show that there had ever been a settleso far, and as the fever is abating, I up; the poor sufferer returned to conment near, except by supposing them to have belonged to the early French mis-sionaries. Can anyone versed in Americlosures only to fall presently into a sciousness only to fall presently into a death-like swoon. There was consterna-tion around the blood-stained couch, Charles kneeling pale and tearless by his mather's side and consisting in most by trust soon to be able to pass a tew happy weeks with my Sisters at the can antiquities tell definitely to whom they Mound, but should God will otherbelonged, or how they came to be buried wise, I am content. God had willed mother's side, and pressing in mute agony the hand which the grandfather surrendin the prairie? Anyone wishing to see the cross found the hand which the grandfather surrend-ered to the son. Mr. D'Arcy stood by, erect, with lips firmly closed, and a soul that vented itself in supplications to the All-Merciful. The Marquis de Lebrija wept audibly, and the Duke, on an otto-man, supported the weeping form of biotherwise, deeming the martyr's death the most fitting crown to that last year can do so by calling upon Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, President of St. Viateur's brief, heroic life. Brave young College, Bourbonnais' Grove, Ill. heart, what matters it pow that thy In his resting-place be in a foreign land! company the writer visited the place where the crosses was found. It is now a large and fertile field waving with Indian corn. The owners of the land are about to build Chivalrous as any knight of olden man, supported the weeping form of his wife. It was a sight to move men and times, hast thou not fought and conquered, giving thy life for thy chosen love! And now lying down on the spot, and if anything else is found During one of these long swoons they they will turn it over to Father Beaudoin bore the unconscious lady to her own couch. Presently she opened her eyes and saw her fat er in-law standing near her, A glad smile of recognition passed over the marble-like features. And as he bent down to kiss her forchead she asked in a faint which er. to rest without other armor than for the college museum, and the readers of that white habit which has covered the Universe will be favored with a full so much that was best and most beautiful on earth, thou are still true description of it .- Catholic Universe. ... The Ladies 'Bazaar in Cincinnati for to thy divine vocation, still a Friar the benefit of Archbishop Purcell realized Preacher, and above thy grave sucabout \$10,000, a very small sum com-

FRIDAY, NOV. 21.

PUBLIIC CHARITIES.

COMMENTING on the public chariies of New York, the Herald of that city says the present management of the charitable institutions in the counties of New York is in rarc instances good, generally bad, often disgraceful. The Catholic Review herefore makes the following very characteristic comparison of state and Catholic benevolent institutions: -" In many instances the principal offices in these institutions are bestowed as rewards for political services or in payment for political debts; in nearly all of them, in every case, the subordinate places are filled by mere hirelings, whose only object is to get the wages assigned them with as little trouble to themselves as possible. The idea of love-and charity is love-for their charges, never enters into the heads or hearts these hirelings. The idea of duty to them—save to see that certain rules are enforced-is equally absent from their minds. They look upon the people committed to their care as the brakeman on a cattle train regards the beasts in his cars. They are to be watered and fed, if it be not too much trouble to teed them, lest they die; and that is all. As for any personal care, affection and soli-

itude for the people of whom they have the care-why, the wardens, keepers, and nurses would laugh at the idea. Thus it is that the "charitable institutions" for which our taxpayers are burdened so heavily have become the habitations of cruelty, and are "run," so far as their managers and servants are concerned, without the slightest practi-cal charity being connected with

them. Compare these costly and often munificently endowed institutions with a hospital of the Sisters of Charity or of St. Vincent de Paul, or with the houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor, or with any of the many ouses of other Catholic orders. In these the very atmosphere is eloquent. It speaks of love, abnegation, areful and personal solicitude, and ndividual interest. The superior, the assistants, the nurses, even the humble lay-sister, who performs the most menial services, are not " working for wages" that are paid on earth. Their reward is heavenly, and they are quite willing to wait till they get to heaven to receive it.

[FRIDA

Within a c As castle There hun And on i This lege "Whateve Must strike

By one sup A chord th

Three birds By mand Were bidd To find th (If there Then after Of tuning, And lords Watched a

The first—a Who may Sang loud Of battles But when Although t And clappi Yet, spite of The harp c

The second And turn To sing a s The wine Till, at th And the hi With merr The harp— Grew hushed a

The third, 1 And with Then sang The'heart And, as h The listene Caught up a The crown-The harp-

ENTRUS

ELOQUENT SP

A meeting Ulster Hom review the p was held on 0 Belfast. The thousand peo fullest capac who crowded The follow for the appr carried unar the want of never more c the present a continued and English Gove After havi Mr. Parnell was always a he was invi came amongs the greatest) experience for black North. that there w and as good were in the Ireland, it d them believe united Irelan supposed to tion he had affirmed the government. to-night to e were not the measure of s be disposed to for obtaining to-day, althou that it would men though were to have Parliament o to have a pla

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ARE THEY RELICS OF THE EARLY

with me. I'll send you to nd-by. I know you want to Rose by-and-by. I know you want to have a long chat with her, and she will must have you to myself for one-half hour, harley. So, Rose, my love, do you go to your grandfather, and the Duchess and will go and have the nicest of sup-

pers got ready for their brother." "Well, darling mother," Charley said, when they were alone, "what good news have you to tell me of your dear self ! Do you know I'm amazed to see you looking well ?

"You expected to find me much worse?"

she replied. "Well, I did fear the climate, and the strange customs and country, and your separation from farther, would be depresing and wearing to you, dear mother," he answered.

answered. "I suppose the separation-my first separation-from your father, has weighed heavily on me," she said. "He is doing his best to join me in spring," she con tinued, " and will bring Mary with him. And won't that be happiness to be together again ?

'It will surely, dear little mother," the boy said, as he pressed the white, transpa-rent hand to his lips. "And you know spring, the lovely springtid of Andalusia, begings here next month. So we must all

try to enjoy our reunion to the utmost." "We shall, indeed," she answered. "Only, Charley dear, there is one thing must tell you in great secresy, and which you must not break to the girls. The doctors have decided that I cannot improve till I have submitted to have a rapidly surgical operation performed.'

Charles hung down his head, with his lips pressed on the dear helpful hand of his mother, and almost felt from the head "No; r mother, and almost felt free to let e the fountain of his own grief.

Don't be frightened, my darling," she "Don't be frightened, my daring, she said, in her most loving tones, and cares-sing the bent head with the hand left free. "It will not last long, they tell me, and I shall not have to suffer. For they will give me chloroform. And then, with the delightful climate and Dr. Shorceliffe's till and maniformation on and skill, and grandfather's loving care, and that of you all, I shall be as good as new again.

"God grant it, my precious little mother !" he said, rising and kissing her again and again. "Indeed," he con-tinued, "I know that your own brave with gran conmother ! thinked, I know that your own have spirit, after God's blessing, will do more than anything else to restore your strength and health. Oh, mother, what a time they than anything else to restore your strength and health. Oh, mother, what a time they will make of it in Fairy Dell when they get you back there again !" "Yes, yes !" she said; "but Rose won't he there you know. I hope to see her

alone. "It is lovely to-night above all, and we shall just take a round or two, as read you the last letters from home. But 1 if we were in the shrubbery at Fairy Dell. Oh, Charley, you make me so happy that I do not know what to say."

"But I know what I have to say to you. Rosetta," he said, as he drew her arm within his own, and they began to pace the marble alleys of the garden, while the full moon was just rising above the eastern mountains, and the mingled odors of a ountains, and the mingled odors of a ousand flowers perfumed the air around them. "First, I have to say, that the little Rosette I left two years ago, scarcely as tall as Maud, is now the stateliest

sweetest, the most lovely young lady 1 have seen since I left Fairy Dell." "And you prepared this graceful com-pliment on your way from Paris, brother mine?" she said. "And are these the

graces they teach you to cultivate in the rench schools ?

"Let me finish my speech," he said, ith a quiet laugh. "Next, I am comwith a quiet laugh. "Next, I am com-missioned by a neble young Andalusian, than whom 1 met no truer gentleman in all Paris, to lay at my sister's feet the homage of a devotion which I know to be respectful, and believe to be most true and most chivalrous."

" Is this from your heart, Charles ?" she asked, in a low voice.

"From my hear, as I am your most loving brother," he replied, tenderly kissing her. "You are my own dear old Charley,"

she said, returning his caress. "I cannot teil you how much your coming comforts

"Because I bring you pleasant news?"

"No; not so much because of that," she answered. " And yet that gives me great pleasure, because it gives me great hopes for the Count de Lebrija. But I am very anxious about darling mamma. And, oh, Charley, I wish we were all together again at Fairy Dell."

" I find mother very bright and happy, the brother said. "Seville is a paradise for invalids, and the delightful spring weather will soon restore her strength." "I hope so," she said. "Did you ever hear of one person's life being accepted for

the recovery of another ?" "Yes. But why do you ask ?" he said,

stopping and looking down into the eyes in which tears were trembling. "Have you been offering your life for mother's

be there, you know. I hope to see her he again asked, in a voice of admiring married before our return. Tell me," she i tenderness.

mine, to whom your very presence is a blessing, and to the Lebrijas, whom you have already won to nobler aims." And eves of his soul were fixed on the agon again and again embraced her friend. "It will all be over in a few hours more," rs. D'Arcy said. "Our Father in Mrs. Mrs. D'Arcy said. "Our Father in heaven will direct all for the best. Oh, I am so happy in the assurance that His love will guard me and mine !"

"My sister, d'Azara, will take the girls out in my stead," the Duchess said, as she was preparing to summon Rose to her mother's bedside. "I must be near you

while the doctors are here." "Thank you, dearest friend," Mrs. D'Arcy replied, "That is just like yourself.

"I only wish to be like you, dear one," "I only wish to be like you, ucar one, said her friend. "And now I shall hurry home, and be back with you immediately after breakfast." And, kissing the pale cheek, the true hearted woman hastened cliffe to her own home. Rose and her sister now entered the sick

chamber,-the latter all joyous excitement and expectation about their drive into the country, Rose quiet and subdued, experi-encing a great feeling of heart-satisfaction could be none, and a fatal homo might at any moment declare itself. at the tidings from Diego. But her satisfaction had about it a tinge of sadness

that she could not account for. Mrs. D'Arcy received all three with demonstrations of usual tenderness. They remembered in after years that their dear mother never appeared to them more radiant with happiness, or more lovely in her dress of pure white, with no other ornament than her blue ribbon and medal her dress of pire white, with no other ornament than her blue ribbon and medal of *Enfant de Marie*, and the sapplire cross on her bosom,—the gift of her husband, worn first on her wedding day, and which

she now bore continually in memory of Mr. D'Arey and Charles soon joined them. The old gentleman suggested that, in nonor of the latter's arrival, they should all breakfast together in the sick-room. And to this-agreed upon previously-the sick lady yielded a ready consent. Charles, however, demanded as his privilege to wait upon his mother. And he served her with all the gallantry of a served her with all the gallantry of a knight waiting on his lady-love, pouring faint whisper: forth an unceasing fire of pleasantry with

Rose and the younger girls, in which Mrs. D'Arcy took, as of old, a willing part, as well as her father-in-law. The spring of Irish wit and drollery had

never been weakened in any of the gen-erations of the D'Arcy family. Francis D'Arcy and his son, Louis, seemed, in their hours of genial home enjoyment, as racy of the soil of Green Erin, as if they had been born and reared there. And the vein of native wit was just as rich in Gaston and Charles,-indeed, in every one

of girls. And so was the undying love for Ireland, and their lofty pride in the name they bore. To hear the family circles on faint hope and mortal fear, the hours

angels.

"It is all over ?"

"It is, my love," he replied.

pared with the indebtedness.

"Am I dying *P*' she again inquired, more with her eyes than with her voice. "No, my dear, not dying, thank God !" he said. And her uplifted eyes and mov-ing lips scened to repeat, "Thank God !" A petition has been sent from the ladies f Valencia in Spain to the Holy Father, begging him to order the names of St. Joachim and St. Anne to be added to the Litanies of the Saints.

Then she closed her eyes again, but not Mgr. Guillemin, Prefect Apostolic of in a swoon this time. The good Sisters of Charity administered the stimulants and Canton, China, who is at present in France, has announced that Catholicity The good Sisters of Prefecture of late; and it is his intention Prefecture of late; and it is his intention to build a grand and a petit seminaire by the side of his cathedral, which has been the side of his cathedral, which has been anodynes suggested by their long experi-ence, as well as by the chief surgeon, and warrented by their knowledge of the

ceeding generations can repeat with truth " Defunctics adhuc loquitur."

Fredrich Benedetti, who took a prominent part in the 1848 revolution in Austria, and at whose instance the Jesuits were then expelled from Graizthas, committed suicide at the age of seventy-four.

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It is stated among foreign items that Cardinal Manning starts for Rome Nov. 6, to induce the joint to make certain changes in the external organization of the Catholic Church in England, which will feasilistic for the catholic formation of the feasilistic starts and the start of an

(Hisses.) He crisis impend they have not and his Gove as the Gove it in 1-847, tha be swept to then, as now. with arms fol things to nat (Mr. Parnell) despair when. provinces he s must be inte approaching turf, on which depended for placed after without the s when saw the also be added he saw that t evidence that

caring two fa people of thi make one's h best they co what they did during this ' pleasent to th must recollec of the comina