

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31.]

The Stranger and His Friend.

MATT. xxv., 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Did often pass me by my way,
Who seemed humble for rest or care—
That I could never answer "Nay."

I had not power to ask his name,
What he did, or where he came—
Yet there was something in his eyes
That won my love; I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word he spoke—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him what I had to make.

And ate, but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For from the crust he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;

I drank, and never thirsted more.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone.

The heedless water mocked his thirst;

He quenched it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran to catch it, but it was gone—
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,

Dipt, and returned it running o'er;

I drank, and never thirsted more.

Then night: the flood burst out; it blew

A wild wind, and the waves roar—
I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof.

I warned, I stoned, I covered my guest,

Left him to the open sky;

Then made the heart my bed, and dreamt

In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;

I bound him up, and brought back his breath;

Revived his spirit, and gave him wine;

Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.

I had myself a wound concealed,

But from the hand of God I was safe;

And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned

To meet a traitor's doom at morn;

The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,

A man in his midst shame and scorn.

My friendship's name was not named—

"Of Me the hand of God is not named;

These deeds shall thy memorial be;

Fear not, thou dost them unto Me."

—James Montgomery in *Cork Examiner*.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

"She is right in that," he answered. "The scenery in both places is more sublime. All wild and uncultivated grandeur at the Lover's Leap, all eloquent of man's triumph over the most formidable natural difficulties at Ronda: Seville and the vast plains of Andalusia, as seen from the Giraldas, give you the idea of beauty, of God's bountiful hand giving to man the fairest and most fertile of homesteads, and of man's intelligence and industry in improving the priceless gift."

"And then, grandpapa," said Viva, "Senor de Lebrija pointed out to us all the spots on which some great exploit had been achieved; and when we came home Rose gave us the history of the siege and conquest of Seville by St. Ferdinand."

"So that you have not yet had time to weary of sight-seeing," he said.

"No, indeed, sir," said Rose; "they say they could spend a whole month examining all the wonders of the Cathedral and the Alcazar."

"Take your time about it, my children," the old gentleman added. "We must see these things together, when your mother can be with us, and at the hours when our examination of the beauties and monuments of the Cathedral shall not interfere with the devotion of the worshippers."

"Oh, grandpapa," exclaimed Maud, "when I go into the Cathedral, I do not feel like looking around and gazing, as foreign visitors do. I only wish to go into some dark corner and kneel to adore the mystery of our great and good God."

"That is what we all should feel, darling," said her mother, at whose feet Maud had seated herself. "I thought I was inside the gates of heaven when I first stood beneath the glorious central dome, amid all the many-colored splendors that streamed down from the afternoon sun through the stained-glass windows."

"Surely," said Mrs. D'Arcy, "the house of God on earth ought to be the visible image of the eternal home above. The great Sacramental Presence here below is but the pledge and foreshadow of the everlasting possession hereafter. But, my dear Mary," he continued, "what do you say to a quiet drive, in the lovely evening, along the banks of the Guadalquivir? The Duke says he will be waiting for us, with the Duchess, at their villa, where you shall have a real American tea, and then we shall return leisurely by moonlight."

"That would be delightful, dear father," she said. "I am sure the thought came from you."

"And are we too to go?" inquired Maud.

"Of course, you spoiled pet," answered her grandfather. "You and your lady friends are to go in one carriage; Rose is to be with her mother and me."

The visit to the tobacco manufactory was postponed on account of Mrs. D'Arcy's indisposition, the girls going with their grandfather to visit the Caridad or Hotel-Dieu, of Seville, where Murillo labored so long and left so many and such splendid specimens of his handiwork. The party was joined there about noon by Mrs. D'Arcy, together with the Duchess and her daughters. From the dreadful disease which preyed upon her frame the former knew well she could not, without a miracle, expect to be delivered. While she saw the stealthy advances of her mortal foe, her spirit remained superior to suffering. She reviled in the religious atmosphere which surrounded her, and was the more eager than her daughters for a thorough knowledge and appreciation of Christian art and the creeds of Catholic piety, that she was conscious how short her stay on earth might be. Hence the keen and constant delight she took in listening to Mr. D'Arcy's explanations of all the glorious things so new to her admiring eyes—so minute, so careless, so dead, alas, to many of the men and women born in their midst!

Yet, all this eagerness to see, to understand, to admire the marvels of the beautiful Andalusian capital did not partake of anything that smelt of morbidity or melancholy. She and her noble father-in-law and life-long instructor, were as pilgrims at the end of life's journey, with the eternal hills visible at the horizon, looking their last on the sun that had lighted them on their way, blessing its radiance, and feeling that the glorious orb, going down beyond the western mountains, was only the faint image of that

unreiated Light and Love, whose beams would soon make for them a morning to which there should be neither to-morrow nor evening.

It was with difficulty, when Rose and her grandfathers had arrived at the hospit, that she could be pre-ent from paying her first visit to the wards where the aged poor are provided for with such a princely liberality, and a charity and a reverence that bespeak, in the founders as well as in the good Sisters who minister to these helpless ones, the belief that Christ is present in the persons of His poor.

When, however, Mrs. D'Arcy and the Duchess arrived, they found Rose and her sisters listening, with all their eyes and ears, to the criticism of their grandfather as he stood in the convent chapel, before Murillo's grand picture of Moses Striking the Rock. Not only did the old gentleman point out the technical beauties and defects of the composition so as to enable his pupils to take these in at a glance, but he went with them, in spirit, to the days of Moses, skimming the providential and prophetic mission of the great Jewish liberator and law-giver, and then showing the reality fulfilled in the Redeemer—the Rock and Refuge of all humanity—from whose riven side flows unceasingly the stream in which the nations are regenerated, refreshed, and saved. The Duchess left the delighted group of children to drink in Mr. D'Arcy's lessons, and hastened away to precede her visitors at her country-house in the evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRENCH PROJECTS AND MEXICAN DUPES.—"Tis the transition-stage, the tug and strain; That strike men: standing still is stupid like."

"You must make up your mind speedily, Diego, either to accept the honorable post offered you on the English mission, or to go to Mexico as the confidential envoy of the government and the trusted friend of General Prim."

"It will be a relief to go, sir, under present circumstances, somewhere out of Spain," was the somewhat despondent reply of the young Count de Lebrija to his father.

"You have then given up all hopes of a speedy marriage with your betrothed?" said the latter.

"Or of a speedy ratification of our engagement itself," replied the son.

"Then you had a more definite answer last night?"

"Yes. The girl loves me—she does not deny it; but she is only sixteen, and begs not to be pressed too hard. There is room in what she says."

"And no little bigotry in her reasons," added the parental voice.

"I do not like to call it by such an ugly name. Neither she, nor her mother, nor Mr. D'Arcy himself, are illiberal or narrow-minded in their opinions. They do not obtrude either their piety or their principles upon others, even upon us Spaniards, whom they have a right to consider as firm in our convictions and as fervent in our practice as they are themselves."

"Well, I begin to think that, after all, your little Senor D'Arcy is like a hot-house plant—most rare and beautiful, to be sure, but unfit to live in the atmosphere of the world. She is no better, and has no more practical sense than a country girl, who knows only from reading its definition in the catechism."

"That, my dear sir, is most unjust to Miss D'Arcy," replied Diego.

"Well, you are either love-blinded, or less a man of the world than I think you," said the monitor.

"I do not speak from my own feelings or observation," said the Count; "I have heard women, married and unmarried, announce despaches from Madrid, with a special courier from the prime minister. The bearer of despaches, however, happened to be as much a personage than Senor de Aguilar and the exiled Bishop of P— to visit France and Spain. He listened quietly, however, to the story told him—one which he well knew—of wrong and spoliation, as well as to the plan proposed as an effectual remedy."

"You tell me," he said at length, "that the Mexican envoy, that the Emperor Napoleon is ready to assist you?"

"Not only ready, but anxious and impatient to go so."

"All you are assured of the co-operation of England as well as of Spain?"

"They are settling at this moment the conditions of a joint expedition to Mexico."

"And the United States refuse to be a party to this armed intervention?"

"I beg you to understand me well," Senor de Aguilar said, "England, France, and Spain, finding that they can obtain no redress for the grievances so long endured by their respective subjects in Mexico, have resolved to enforce a just settlement of their claims."

"That is in substance the answer given at Washington. There has been no question of interfering to save religious interests in Mexico."

"It would have been worse than useless to state such a purpose to the Executive or to Congress," said Mr. D'Arcy.

"But you were not so scrupulous in 1846," put in Senor de Aguilar. "The weakness of the sister Republic and the lamentable party passions that distracted her, only encouraged your Congress and your Executive to declare an unjust war, to invade our territory, and to wrest from us some of our richest provinces."

your lady-love become a Sister of Charity?"

"I would have the lady, whom I love with my whole heart, remain what she is—a light, a shining example to all her sex, wherever she goes. Would that every woman in Spain resembled her! As to myself, I must say that my contact with Mr. D'Arcy has raised my ideal of manhood. What I saw in Paris of his grandson, Charles D'Arcy, was a first revelation to me. I had heard and read of men being young and chaste, and lofty-minded without; as gentle as a maiden, in the common intercourse of life, as simple as the child, and yet as brave as a lion in defense of truth or principle."

"You found your ideal in young Charles D'Arcy?" asked the Marquis.

"I found in him every one of these noble qualities that authentic history attributes to Tamerlan and Godeffroy De Bouillon, to our own St. Ferdinand, and to the Cid Campeador, together with one other which is so important to the man of our day."

"And what may that be?" said the Marquis.

"A thorough, practical knowledge of the world around him, and a marvelous readiness to enlist his religious faith in every measure likely to benefit and elevate the society amid which we live."

"This is a very sudden resolution," Rose said, timidly.

"It is quite serious, I assure you."

"A correspondent who signs himself 'Philip Quarles' sends to the *Bazaar Journal* the following strange story:

The subsequent experience of Father McB—

"As related to me by my friends, was even more strange than the first. One night in November, he had gone to bed early, as the weather was very cold, and toward dawning a heavy rain had set in, which as the night wore on changed to hail sleet. The bedroom was on the ground floor—indeed, the house consisted of but one story. Somewhere in the small hours of the night, Father McB—was awakened out of a heavy sleep by what he supposed to be a tapping on the window-pane. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating rain. After a few moments he fell asleep again, when once more the sound was repeated, and this time he called out, 'Who is there?' A voice, which seemed to be that of a boy or a woman, replied: 'A woman is dying at Smithson Post-office—come to me!' At this summons, the priest arose, thrusting on some clothing, and opened the door. 'Come in,' he called out, 'and I will be with you in a moment.' No answer. 'Are you two horses?' he asked in a louder voice. 'Come in, come in, out of the storm.' Still no answer. Having dressed, he lighted a lantern, and again opened the door. Up and down the road, around by the footpath, near the stable, he looked in vain—there was no one to be seen.

Now, Smithson Post-office is eighteen miles from St. Mary's, and it seemed almost impossible that any one should have come from there on foot—utterly so that they should have gone back on this terrible night without waiting for him to follow."

"Then, when you are going," she said, with a warm smile, "you shall wear my colors."

"Thanks," he said, as he bent low and kissed her hand fervently. "Allow me now to wear one of these beautiful flowers near my heart. It will warn it to the noble aims you have yourself in mind."

"And of which you could form no conception in your father's house?" said the Marquis contemptuously.

"On the contrary," replied Diego, "I found in my own father inflexible integrity and unstained honor—the brave soldier, the patriotic and self-sacrificing citizen, open-handed and generous to the needy, true to his friends, and trusted by his fellow-citizens. But I did not find—through a misfortune like my own—that deep, simple, practical faith that was the Catholic heart of Spain in her days of incomparable glory and surpassing greatness. That alone, my dear father, lacks to make of him the man he ever meant to be according to my views."

These words were uttered with a feeling so deep and so true that the Marquis was moved visibly. And as Diego approached him with outstretched hands, at the close of his little speech, the old gentleman clasped him closely to his heart, and both for a moment gave way to their emotion.

"You are right, my son," the Marquis said at length. "We have been both unfortunate. I must help you to be the true Spanish gentleman you can and ought to be. It will be some reparation for my neglect. Had I been sent to the same school with Louis D'Arcy, and enjoyed for a few years longer the watchful care of his father, there had been in my life much less to regret and more pride."

The major-domo entered, as his master had just uttered these last words, and announced despaches from Madrid, with a special courier from the prime minister.

The bearer of despaches, however, had no right to speak with the Marquis, and he was compelled to wait until the arrival of the official messenger.

"Shure, we thought it was ravin' she was," said an old woman, who was seated in front of the fire, "when she was dronin' to herself all night, 'Bring him, good angel, sweet angel!' she'd say."

The priest saw no time was to be lost in hearing the woman's confession. Her story was soon told, and she died almost immediately after the last Sacraments were administered.

The man maintained positively that no one had been sent for Father McB—.

They had no friends, were the only Catholics in the place. The daughter of a pious Irish mother, her wife had kept her faith and piety burning as bright in that desolate spot as when she went regularly to the Sunday Mass and her monthly communion in the home of her girlhood.

They had no relatives, but the priest had a son, who was a priest for months. She had always prayed that she might not die without the last ministrations of the Church.

Father McB—firmly believed that he had a supernatural visitant that night, and so did his friend, Father A—. I tell the tale as it was told to me. Nothing is impossible with God, and his ways are not our ways.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MILITARY CLOCK.

There exist a great many ways of honoring the memory of the dead, but the following—due to the inventive imagination of a celebrated French clock-maker—will at least claim to originality.

The *facade* of this marvellous piece of mechanism, says a French contemporary, measures three square metres, and upon this surface the inventor of the clock has spent years of patient labor in order to bring his work to perfection. At each quarter of the twenty-four hours appear the four nations—France, Italy, Spain, and Austria.

When the first quarter strikes, four groups advance and maneuver; these are: Corporal Thibault and his men; the National Guards, who go through their exercise in a Parisian locality; the firemen of the capital; and lastly, the *curopel* of the 4th of September is represented.

As the half-hour strikes, several French flags appear, to the sound of military music. The following quarter brings forward Commander Bonaparte and his corps, with a number of sentries engaged in watching over a battle field.