

A Man's a Man for a That.

A NEW VERSION BY CHARLES M'KAY.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns, For a that and a that. But though the song be clear and strong It needs a note or two of rhyme To let the world shirk his daily work Yet claim his wage for a that. O'log, when he might earn his bread, Is not a man for a that.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

"A little longer, and thy heart, beloved, Shall beat forever with a love divine; And joy so pure, so holy, so eternal, No creature knows and lives will then be thine."

Mr. Hutchinson had gone to his mission in Europe, taking with him his whole family. For Colonel Hutchinson's health had been seriously impaired by repeated attacks of swamp fever, and a change of climate became absolutely necessary to him. He was glad to go for another reason. Mr. D'Arcy, with Rose and Mary and Gaston, were also in Europe, and poor Frank still clung to the desperate hope of meeting with them, and of awakening some affectionate interest in the breast of Rose—his earliest and only love. An affectionate interest Rose did, indeed, feel for the brave soldier, whose blameless private life and glorious military record completely blotted out in her mind all memory of his stormy boyhood and youth. He too had been, in very truth, lifted up into a new life by the love of a true woman. Alas for him, that could make him no such return as his heart was busy with.

When Mr. Hutchinson reached Paris, the D'Arcys were still there. Mr. D'Arcy trying what the most renowned physicians of Europe could do to restore his eyesight; Gaston allowing his dear father to hope against himself, while he, who had long given up all hope, was calmly resigned to the Divine will. Mary had been placed with her mother's old and cherished maid, Babylone, in the great school of the Rue de Barylene, where Rose daily spent with her all the time she could spare from her duties to her father and Gaston. It was fortunate for Mary, who had never till then been away from home, that this American girl, who at that very moment was receiving their education there. A few of them, from New Orleans, were acquainted with the Ashton, and thus a first bond of affection was formed. What, however, made Mary a sort of little heroine, was the first visit paid to the estate by her father and Gaston, about whose wounds and exploits the most romantic stories were soon told all over Paris.

Shall we say that Rose, in the widowhood of her maiden love, was powerfully drawn to the noble ladies—noble in every true sense of the word—who reared with her in this Parisian convent, and with a delicate frame and a small stature, but with the great heart and lofty soul of a Xavier; and who had gathered around herself, by the twofold magnetism of her sanctity and her amiability, thousands of the most generous souls to be found in the ranks of French womanhood.

One little more, and she had left her native France to educate the daughters of our Southern planters, had made Rose familiar with the history of these heroic women, with the beauty of their private lives and the fruitfulness of their labors. Mrs. D'Arcy had spent the crowning year of her own education in the same convent in Paris, and there she had learned to love and to reverence the holy women who had been the first chosen apostles of the new era of female education. Above all of them, she had loved and revered the venerable foundress—a peasant-girl of Burgundy, with the cultivated intellect of a noble countess, with a delicate frame and a small stature, but with the great heart and lofty soul of a Xavier; and who had gathered around herself, by the twofold magnetism of her sanctity and her amiability, thousands of the most generous souls to be found in the ranks of French womanhood.

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grandfather," she said to Rose. "To my mother, grandfather, and my brother, I owe everything under God."

"To my dear papa also," answered Rose, "I am equally indebted; only papa and mamma and all of us, young and old, looked up to grandpapa as our teacher and model in everything."

"These are priceless advantages," the other replied, "not often found even in the fortunate classes. And now, darling, she continued, "you say you want to dedicate the service of God's neediest on earth, the life you would have spent in companionship with your betrothed husband, and all the wealth which he has left you?"

"Yes, dear Mother," Rose answered, "I wish to go and labor for needy souls on that same land of Mexico, where God's light dawned so full on my dear lost Diego. I only yearn to continue the work—so far as women may—which enlisted his holy enthusiasm. One of his last noble utterances to me—on the very day before he took to his bed—was, that were he convinced he would contribute, by becoming a priest, toward reviving religion and promoting civilization among the forlorn native populations of Mexico, he was ready to renounce even my love." And the poor girl yielded to her emotion.

"In whatever way I can help you to carry out your design, you must count on my doing so, and count also on those who will govern our Society after me. We have houses among the native tribes, and ones of our most devoted, whose lives are spent in training the women of these wild races to all the virtues of Christianity, and all the arts of civilized life. We also help the men in the measure allowed our sex, and thus provide for the wants, both of the bodily and the spiritual life. We shall be but too happy to second to the utmost all the purposes of your holiest zeal."

"Oh, if I could only think myself worthy!" exclaimed Rose, through her sweet tears of joy.

"Ah, my child," said the other, "you will never cease to be worthy so long as you seek what is highest and best in the road of self-sacrifice and devotion to your crucified love! Oh, you do not know," she continued, looking upward with a rapt, ecstatic look, "how daily and hourly draughts of the wine of Divine love and self-abnegation intoxicate and strengthen and enable the feeblest of human beings to undertake and accomplish what would seem impossible to worldly wisdom! O, my Lord and my Love," she continued, while her whole countenance became radiant, and the bent form seemed to rise upward; "oh, if I had loved Thy Cross more, what couldst Thou not have achieved despite my weakness and unworthiness?"

Rose gazed in wonder—almost in terror—at the transformed countenance, and, falling on her knees by the side of the speaker, she felt her whole soul thrilled to the centre by the rarest exclamations which burst forth from the great servant of God. "Oh, to serve Thee!—to suffer for Thee!—to spend a thousand lives in glorifying Thee!—O, Goodness! O Love Crucified!"

A few days later the welcome angel, Death, had released this yearning soul from its earthly bondage. Rose felt, as she bade her farewell, that she should never again in this life look upon those radiant features or hear the accents of that inspired voice. The words spoken in this interview burned into the very substance of her soul. And, like hundreds of others of her own age, she left that parent care of a widespread family with her soul overflowing with the spirit of self-sacrifice.

When she returned to her father and mother at the Grand Hotel, she found the Hutchinsons there. They had arrived very early in the morning. The meeting of Mr. Hutchinson and Lucy with Rose was a rapturous one, at least on the part of the former. On Rose's side, it was the joy that was tempered with the apprehension of having once more to listen to Frank's hopeless suit. This time, however, she was determined not to avoid him.

He solicited a few moments of privacy with Rose, in spite of his mother's and his sister's remonstrances. For they knew that he was only adding to his own misery and to Rose's pain.

"When they were alone, Frank at once addressed himself to his task,—one more difficult and dreadful to him than had ever been riding up to the enemy's battery and exposing himself to the full fury of its fire."

"I would fain spare you and myself the pain of this interview," he said, as he sat down by Rose's side; "but the love of you, and the dear hopes which that love inspired, have been to me far more than the breath of life ever since that fatal morning at the Lovers' Leap."

"Ought not the glorious memories of the year that have passed since that day comfort you, and make you look forward to a most honorable future?" she said, very sweetly.

"Yes," he answered, "if my reward could be to realize in the present the bright hopes that filled all these years. Oh, Rose!" he continued, "let me speak to you as our dear companionship since childhood gives me the right to speak. Surely you must know how long and dearly I have loved you. Pray do not interrupt me," he pleaded. "My heart will break if I do not lay down its burden at your feet. I did not importune you, when I learned that you had ratified your early betrothal, and that you had given your heart to one far more worthy of you than the Frank Hutchinson whom you had known. But I knew you would reject, and perhaps begin to esteem me, when fame would have told you how I strove to be worthy of the woman whom I loved hopelessly, but loved so truly."

"I did rejoice, believe me," Rose said, through her tears; "for I know how many noble qualities you possess, and how I defect. And my esteem increased for you with the tidings brought me of your victory over self, much more than of your heroic deeds of daring."

"Thank you for that," he said, taking and kissing her hand. "You are scarcely twenty-one," he continued, "and may I not hope that time will allow esteem in your heart to ripen into friendship, and that a life of meritorious service to my country may win me some beginning of love in return for my long devotion?"

touching devotion you have all shown to my brother, that our friendship is not of the common kind."

"What then would it be," he interrupted, "if you would consent to be to my mother a devoted daughter, instead of the Lucy she is sending to be mistress of Fairy Dell?"

"This can never be," Rose said, firmly. "From my heart I thank you for that long love devoted to one whose heart you knew to be given to another. Let us not pain each other more than it is unavoidable," she continued, "I cannot give up a love which I have irrevocably pledged to him who is in his grave." And she hid her hands.

"Do not send me away with a refusal that you can never recall," poor Frank pleaded, piteously. "Let time decide. Time heals not wounds, and allows no blessed and beautiful things to grow up and ripen. Do not kill all hope in my heart."

"Alas, I must!" she replied. "This very day I have been accepted as a member of a religious missionary body, devoted to works of holiest charity. I am only waiting to conclude some important business arrangements in Spain, to bid farewell to the old life."

"Then God help me!" said the young soldier, rising. "The future is indeed without a purpose for me!"

"Oh, say not words," Rose listened to reply. "The future has in store for you all that can stimulate a true man to the noblest exertion. And will you not delight me in my faroff field of labor by letting me hear of your growing fame, and of your happiness as well?"

"Oh, Colonel,—oh dear Frank!" she said, "I would send you or Gaston or Charles to the battle-field with brave words of cheer and comfort, so must you send me, who am almost a sister to you, forth to my sacred and chosen duties with words of praise and blessing."

"More than a sister, rather. You are to me the soul of my life, without whose existence must have been one dark endless night. You are the pearl of all our hearts," he continued. "I would only have a dearer claim to you, because I would keep you at Fairyview, to be the light of both families, and to continue to be a visible providence for the people who worship you, who cry out for your return, and who need you a thousand times more than before the war."

"This was too much for poor Rose. It was touching her heart in its weakest point,—appealing at once to her dearest and noblest affections and memories. "Be merciful to me," she said, as she struggled with her own feelings, "I know that my heart will be half with you all when I am gone. But I know that Lucy will be to our people all that I could have been. And I have seen Genevieve and Mary, and even little Mary, walking in my mother's footsteps. And Gaston, disabled as he is for public life, will be only the more devoted to the happiness of all around him. And, oh, Frank! will you not keep all that I could have been, and be the eyes and the arms of my poor maimed brother?"

He was deeply touched by this appeal. He felt how useless it was to press his suit, "I have pained you," he said, after some moments of silence. "It is not the first time I have caused you pain, and I will be the eyes and the arms of my poor maimed brother?"

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pitiful to behold. She loved Rose with a love so deep and so grateful, that in her dream of future happiness and future usefulness at Fairy Dell she had never separated Rose's companionship from that of her worshipful Gaston. Only once had she pleased of Frank's suit, now explained, he ceased to urge it, and never, with Rose, returning to the subject, because she feared she was only pleading for herself,—when Rose's whole conduct was so eloquent of self-denial.

The three young people were left to explore by themselves the Cathedral of Cordova, during their brief stay in that most interesting old city, while Mrs. Hutchinson, with her husband and Mr. D'Arcy, visited the Alcazar. Gaston, who had carefully studied the history and antiquities of the city in a former visit, and under the guidance of his grandfather, now explained to them what he could no longer see. Oh, how different was the present from that delightful past, unburdened with any care, when, at the age of nineteen, he explored with his grandfather all that was most beautiful and inspiring in the Peninsula!

How he regretted the thought of giving up his sister, he had been called upon to make in the interval! And the end was not yet. For now Rose was to be taken from him,—Rose, who had been so unexpectably dear to him! Not all the devoted love of Lucy, fully as he prized it, could reconcile him to the thought of giving up his sister, the companion of his life so far, and his own twin-soul, to a vocation that was to separate her forever from her family.

They had both been explaining to Lucy the sad changes which time, political and religious revolutions, together with the neglect to men and the shocking haste of age, had wrought in the structure of the glorious cathedral and its decorations. It was now all covered inside with a coat of whitewash,—an act of vandalism first, and most likely, by the French during the brief reign of Joseph Bonaparte. Rose had been describing the vest interior as it was in 1235 when St. Ferdinand entered it as conqueror: the twelve hundred columns, each of one block, of marbles of different hues, reproducing all the vivid colors of the rainbow; the blue roof studded with gold and silver stars, from which hung hundreds of silver and gold lamps; the walls and spaces above the capitals of the pillars, wrought like lace-work, inlaid with precious stones and marvelous tracery; and through the stained-glass windows the richest tints ever streaming on the marble pavement. Surely, when the saintly warrior-king had dedicated to Christ this, the most beautiful temple of Islam, the worshippers who came with the dawn to the morning sacrifice might well fancy that the brilliant scene which met their eye on entering the holy place was an anticipation of paradise.

So did it seem to Lucy, as they paced near the portal to explore with the pained eyes of perspectives before them in the rich twilight of Andalusia.

"Shall we ever build such temples again?" inquired Lucy.

"Never shall!" Gaston answered. "At least, not till the anti-Christian and anti-social spirit which now forms the very soul of the triumphant European democracy shall have swept all existing institutions, and Christianity begins anew to reconstruct the entire social order, and to reform both the heart and mind of humanity."

"Why, Gaston, what a gloomy prophet you are!" said Lucy.

"It is, in substance, what my poor Diego was saying, both about Mexico and about Spain, when he came to us at Mortlake," Rose added. "And papa was much struck by the truth of his prophecy."

"Then you still think that these beautiful churches will be allowed to fall into ruin, or be utterly destroyed by the spread of modern democracy?" again asked Lucy.

"I fear," said Gaston, "that it shall be destruction before reconstruction, not merely a purification or repairing of the existing structures."

"Ah, if we could only repair and purify thoroughly before the fated time!" exclaimed Rose. "It would be a glorious work to restore this magnificent temple to its former beauty and wealth of color, even though the destroyer were at its gates!"

"And the spiritual temple, Rose?" Lucy inquired.

"So with the spiritual temple, she answered. "I should give a thousand lives,—devoting them one after the other through the slowly passing years—to make the souls of all who believe as I do the pure and lightest temples of the Holy Spirit, and their lives the true expression of the life of the spiritual temple within. The life of a nation is made up of the lives of its citizens."

"It is hard work, I fear, dearest sister mine," said Gaston, pressing to his side the arm within his own.

Often times I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible towline with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping; she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel, still she moves on steadily, in serene triumph, as with her own life.

But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam on so majestically, there was a little toilsome tug, with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug twined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the effluent tide no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare, toiling arm and brave, warm heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close to him so that no wind nor wave could part them, have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Let us honor, revere, respect, and love with a special love the most holy and glorious Virgin Mary. Let us have recourse to her, and like little children cast ourselves into her arms with perfect confidence. Let us implore her protection, invoke her maternal love, and try to imitate her virtues, thus testifying that we have towards her a truly filial heart.—St. Francis de Sales.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Politeness costs little, but avails much. Envy no man's talent, but improve thine own.

The reward of work well done is having done it.

Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and idleness.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

We believe that God's power is without limit. Why should we not believe the same of His mercy?

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give you their confidence, never betray it.

There are few occasions where ceremony may not be easily dispensed with, kindness never.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber; for though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

As an appliance for the improvement of our friends a habit of scolding proves no appreciable virtue.

The best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Sense shines with double lustre when set in humility. An able yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

Let reason be your rule, conscience your counsellor, and your actions ever contrary to those you find fault with.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

Falseness, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but, when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.

Slack makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late will not trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct. The right forms the rule of his behaviour, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

The object of God has been to perfect the heart of man rather than his mind. Perfect light would indeed help his mind, but would check his feelings. There is nothing in the world that does not show either the wretchedness of man or the mercy of God; either the impotence of man without God, or the power of man with God.

Don't fight for the last word in a quarrel. If you are scolded and criticised, just bite your lips and keep still; it will soon be over; but if you retort you are in "for three or four years' war." Many a man who pours himself into torrents of rain for five minutes, and then breaks out into the sunshine of good temper again, will settle down into a three days' dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to insist on having that last word.

God's mercy controls the first and last grace; the first He gives gratuitously by regeneration in Holy Baptism, and the last at life's close, when He calls, in loving accents: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Receive the crown prepared for you for all eternity." From the spiritual birth to a happy death, the chain is one of love, one long line of graces, and it behoves us to hold fast to each of the links, as they pass through our life's hands.

SOLEMN BLESSING OF POPE PIUS IX. ON THE IRISH NATION.

IN ANSWER TO THE ADDRESS OF THE WOMEN OF IRELAND PRESENTED ON 5TH JANUARY, 1872.

The Pope replied in the following beautiful words: "This proof of the loving devotedness of the Irish nation to the Holy See, is indeed to me nothing strange, for every year of my Pontificate has been marked by repeated proofs of such affection."

Each year and each season, but in a particular manner in the mournful circumstances of the present times, Ireland has multiplied her deeds of devoted attachment to the See of Rome. She sent me her gold, and she shed her blood in my defence. It is not many years since I beheld in this city a band of Irish youths who came to devote themselves to the service of the Holy See, and to sacrifice their lives in defence of justice and of the throne of Peter. Therefore I needed not this new proof to convince me of your affection, and yet these renewed protests are not without their fruit. They are welcome and dear to me because they inspire me with fresh courage, and renew my strength to combat the enemies of God and of His Holy Church.

May the Irish Nation be ever blessed by God. May she ever prosper under the protection of her great Apostle St. Patrick, from whom she inherits such a spirit of love in the ends of unity and faith with the Holy See. Blessed be you, her people! May all your holy desires be crowned with the blessings of God, and when the end of this your mortal pilgrimage shall have come, may you gather the fruits of faith when you shall see your God face to face, and praise and love Him for all eternity. This is the prayer which I now offer for you all, for all the Irish people, for the two hundred thousand women who signed this address. May two hundred thousand blessings be granted to them, ye more, again and again a million times may all the blessings of Heaven, which strengthen woman's weakness and redouble the might of man, be given to you all, and together with the blessings, may the mercies and graces of our God forever rest on Ireland! Amen.

OLD DUBLIN.

Tradition tells how Fighting Fitzgerald, an exquisite and duelist of the last century, dealt with the "bucks." A plague then infesting the streets of Dublin, and, indeed, the streets of every town in Ireland. These "bucks" were half-bred young fellows of some means and high animal spirits, whose sole occupation consisted in making town-into intolerable to quiet people. Parliament was more than once compelled to frame penal enactments with a view of restraining their peculiar ruffianism; but as there was no properly constituted police to enforce them these statutes were of small effect.

Among the tricks of the Dublin bucks was this: On the middle of a crossing street, stand in the middle of a crossing street, day and night, drawing his sword, thrust every body who wanted to pass into the mud. It was a common thing to see half a dozen or more of these unpleasant sentries lining a leading thoroughfare all ready to afford each other support, and to receive their contempt with merely obstructing their passage.

They knocked off hats, ripped up garments, and pricked the limbs of the wearers with the points of their weapons, and broke ribald jests on them the while—to the vast amusement of the ruffians who used to collect in the vicinity of the street, and turned on one of these "bullies" who would rush up and form a circle round him; then seizing him by the collar and the arms they would prick him about the legs until they considered him punished sufficiently.

Fitzgerald proposed to some of his brother exquisite and fire-eaters that they should clear the streets of the metropolis of these pests. It was just the sort of proposal to suite such daring spirits, and an association was immediately formed to carry it out, like their leader, they were consummate swash-bucklers and dabblers in the first water—the Dandy being the former invariably the antipodes of the Buck—a distinction which people who write about Ireland of the past are very apt to forget.

The association set to work most heartily, and in this way: Whenever a fine afternoon followed a showery morning they would rally in the knots of four or five, each being followed by a servant carrying an oak slapping. On reaching the haunts of the bucks the servants kept the rabble off while the equisites did the work they had undertaken. For a couple of months few days passed without three or four affairs between the bucks and the dandies, in which the former invariably came off second-best. Ere long the mainstay of the bucks, the mob turned against them too. This meant that defeat was sure to be followed by hooting and pelting with mud and stones. Then the pleasant pastime of attacking the thoroughfares in broad daylight was abandoned.

CHARLES O'CONNOR.

The following personal item about the great New York lawyer, will be read with interest. It is from the New York Correspondence of the Buffalo Courier.

Mr. O'Connor still keeps his office in Wall street, but his use for it is very little. He has been out of active practice for several years, but force of habit still brings him down to the office quite often. His small, still, very creditable, and very well kept, old papers of one sort or another to look over, which take up a good deal of his time. He occasionally takes a retainer as counsel in cases involving intricate law points, but his service goes no further than preparing an opinion or suggesting to other lawyers about half way between the case. The letter that is just now so much talked about shows that his mind is as clear and keen as ever, and his bearing in the street, where he is often seen, furnishes evidence of his full recovery from the illness of four years ago, when the doctors gave him up and he took his case into his own hands. His hair does not seem any whiter now than it was ten years ago, his back is just as straight as ever, he never wears glasses out of doors as many much younger men do, and though his step is not quite so active as it used to be, he is generally about as fast as walking on the down town sidewalks. His manner, up so to speak, has not changed within the memory of a generation. His hat (sometimes rather shabby-looking) is worn well back on his head, a tightly-buttoned frock coat wraps his body, and his trousers and boots are about half way between shabby and genteel. A plainer looking man could not be found in any respectable company, nor one seeming to think so little about himself. He is a talker, but whose society is agreeable he can also sustain a full share of the conversation, and he is always listened to with the most respectful attention. He speaks freely of his early days and especially of his boyhood, and the hard fight he had to make his way in the world, and he seems to take special pleasure in telling these things to men who began the same way themselves.

Mr. O'Connor is a democrat of democrats, and hates all kinds of sham and pretension almost as much as trickery and dishonesty.

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.

A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea is thus described: "The ocean swept away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We voluntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun swung perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid another day."

At that an... soft thro... On to the... That he... A breath o... And elon... Above the... Adoring... Some fac... Maces co... Dark, sta... which th... Have be... Some fac... Who en... serene... Than moun... Lift thro... And thro... Of rosy y... Who find... In cryin... This "m... How hard... Amid wil... Where prai... To know... This wher... health... "To blight... love, C... trath... In ways o... them?" Perhaps th... grie... The... No Jess... know... "In patri... In patri... Fills out... THE CAT... The labo... religionis... history of... this contin... the Cathol... cas Vespeli... being the B... the New W... a French C... Newfoundland... michi river... ed a cross... ing the m... It was Carl... following y... gulf, as well... "Superior... St. Lawrence... also discov... Antiochi, w... in honor o... Cartier adop... name "Can... very exten... along the... Lawrence... station... in honor... by the cre... created alon... honors tho... explorers. n-mend Doug... first moun... The French... the cod fish... founded, a... 1608 Samu... laid the f... of the... after broug... of the B... sionaries in... year, ere... of the St. Ch... the calumet... of the m... fore the P... in the N... Jesuits cam... themselves... national schoo... was founde... the... oldest semin... States was... of the seven... Nuns founde... This religio... hotted the... called Mont... Sulpician Se... ters of the... garet Bourge... the Jesuit... teaching, an... several of... baptized, but... peaceful vi... the shores o... François des... inhabitants... families, pu... the act of... death. Agai... aries martyrs... and St. Loui... the p... canonize two... Lallemant, a... already be... St. Louis o... when taken... brought to F... tied to stakes... pitch and ro... them and s... beads about... recited the l... De Brebeun... silence. The... Jesuits put... and who die... devotion to... was erecte... Francis De L... over one hun... a bishop in... come to the... the humble J... clad in the... the dangero... truth of the... dried meat... with five... the two sta... winter. Pla... protection y...