### Poetry That Sounds Like a Sigh.

[BY FATHER RYAN.] Go where the sea waves are kissing the

o'er.
But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed it before—
And they're signing to-day, and they'll sigh were proper. Ask them what alls them-they will not

"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?" The waves will not tell you—neither shall I. Go, stand on the beach of the broad boundless When the night stars are gleaming on high, And hear how the billows are moaning in

On the low-lying strand by the surge-beating teep; moaning forever, wherever they sweep. sweep.
Ask them what alls them—they never reply:
They moan and so sadly but will not tell

does your poetry sound like a sigh?" lows won't answer you—neither shall I.

ly clutching one another listening with white faces, as a long, dismal sound, like the howl of a wild beast with a human moan in it, smote their ears, first far off, then nearer, and at last almost close to

Be you sure, panna, the Cossacks are not

and chiselled features were too statusque, and her large blue eyes had a flash of steel in them that was more dazzling than sympathetic. She looked a born heroine, and though the peasantry on her widowed mother's estates called her an angel, it would have better expressed her character and their mutual relations had they called her a queen. She was a creature born to rule, and to rule nobly; but she lacked that tender, womanly softness which by that tender, womany sorther common assent is supposed to represent the angelic attribute in woman. If the country rose in arms, Hedwige Barowitska would have led her people against the foe or defended their last stronghold from the battlements like another Maid from the battlements like another Maid of Saragossa; but the village girls did not come to her with their love troubles. The noblest amongst the chivalry of her native land had courted her, but they make an entrance into her wellguarded heart, and one by one threw up the siege, declaring there was no heart to

As she and her maid stepped from the Prince," library into the noble gallery on which it

opened, the moonlight streamed in upon them from the unshattered windows with dazzling effulgence. Marbles and pictures, bronzes and panophies, stood out as bril-liantly distinct as in daylight, and the polished oaken floor shone like a sheet of

Hedwige advanced to an oriel window and looked out into the night. The snow gleamed with blinding whiteness in the moonlight. One wing of the castle was in shadow—a black mass reflected in deeper darkness on the ground—but the other side shone in silvery brightness; every line in the clock-tower, every arch and moulding, every grinning gargoyle every line in the clock-tower, every arch and moulding, eyery grinning gargoyle and delicate bit of tracery, was picked out distinctly in ebony and Silver. Hedwige, as she stood in her mourning dress, bathed in the crystal light of the moon, resembled some spirit from its own mysterious cav-erns. She was paler than her wont, for that remark of Vinka's had made a deeper impression on her than her mide would impression on her than her pride would own, and she could not banish the terrors

The billows won't answer you—neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day, When it passes and murmers "Good bye," The dear little breeze! how it wishes to stay Where the flowers are in bloom, where the singing birds play:
How it sighs as if files on its wearlsome way, Ask it what alls it—it will not reply; Ask it what alls it—it will not reply; The voice is a sad one—it will not reply; The voice is a sad one—it will not tell why. The voice is a sad one—it will not reply; The breeze will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, watch the wild blasts as they spring from their hair.
And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair.
And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair.
And they blight with their breath all that's lovely and fair.
And they groan like the ghosts in "the land of despair."
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell why.
Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
They rokes are mournful, they will not tell why the lovely glamour of the sight, Hedwige stood gazing into it, watching the shadows that slept upon the snow, noting the biue sheen of the window-panes in the clock-tower, the trees than the pride would own, and she could not banish the terrors it had conjured up.
Witold Ranolzki was on his way to her with tidings, of life and death, perhaps, concerning one dear to them all; but at the promised hour of his sarrival there had one, instead of him, this howd of the one; instead of him, this howd of the assuredly; his how it liddle sounded close to the eastle; he was most likely prowling within the park.
Riveted by the lovely glamour of the sight, Hedwige stood gazing into it, watching the shadows that slept upon the snow, noting the biue sheen of the window.

Drawing the furred hood over her head, the young countess opened the casement and met the keen night air. All was steeped in midnight hush. Nothing stirred except the stars palpitating in the deep sky. And yet the wolf had heard a sound? It right be that Witold was recelling with him in mostal counter class. wrestling with him in mortal combat close by, and yet too far for help. The snowthen nearer, and at last almost close to the castle walls.

"Hedwige was the first to recover herself.

"What fools we are!" she exclaimed, laughing. "It is only a wolf."

"When folks are half-dazed with want to sleep small blame to them for mistaktaking a wolf for Cossack," said Vinka sulkily. "Who knows if one does not bode the other? What brings the wolf down on us at this time of year, when the snow has not been a week on the ground? down on us at this time of year, when the snow has not been a week on the ground? panna, the Cossacks are not are beating the forests, and ave fled before them. Bevarning: when a walf far of; they are beating the forests, and the wolves have fled before them. Besides, it is a warning: when a wolf comes before his natural time, and gives that long howl under the windows of the house, it is the holy souls that send them."

"Then the holy souls will take care of us," said the young countess, but in a tone which betrayed as much contempt for her maid's superstitions as trust in the vigilance of the blessed dead.

She was very beautiful, this young Polish maiden, but it was a beauty of marble and meta; her clear, ivory skin and chiselled features were too statusque, howl of rare came echoing through the starlight. The wolf was close upon the rider: another stride and his fangs were in the horses flanks. The terrified animal flung up his forefeet and fought the air for a moment, then with a loud ery fell.

The wolf drew out his fangs and turned to attack the rider, who had fired his last shot and stood, revolver in hand, ready to sell his life as dearly as he could. The brute, who was wounded and maddened with pain, sprang forward, but as he did so a bullet came whizzing through the so a bullet came whizzing through the air and struck him in the head. With one last, long how he rolled over and lay

dead upon the snow.

The men now came flying down the

majordomo. castle door."

"Then it was one of your fellows who took aim from within. You must find him and bring him to me."
"It was the Countess Hedwidge who

fired it, Prince. She was watching, and

sent to wake us up."

Witold looked quickly up at the castle, and saw a hooded figure in the western window; he recognized it instinctively, and, dropping on one knee, pulled off his sable cap and bowed low to his deliverer. It was a striking scene—the dead body of the wolf stretched upon the snow, the wounded horse close by, the men with this flaving torches the young man kneel wounded horse close by, the men with their flaring torches, the young man kneel ing in knightly fashion to the lady of his

ing in knightly fashion to the lady of his love, and the whole group transfigured by the mystic glamour of the moonlight into some weird vision.

Hedwige returned no salutation to the knightly homage, but a light laugh that rang out in the silver silence assured Witold it was not resented. He rose and walked quickly on to the castle, while the air resounded with the cheers of the men. Hedwige received him in the library.

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Hedwige received him in the library.

She was as white as marble, and apparently as cold; nothing could have been more stately than her greeting of the man for whose life she had trembled in every fibre and saved by an almost heroic impulse.

Witold raised reverently to his lips the small white hand which, in spite of all womanly shrinkings, had delivered him from a loathsome death.

"I owe you my life, cousin," he said;

bed aloud.

"He is alive, cousin; the Fortress is not death. He may be set free; take courage in that hope," said Witold.

"What hope! "That those cruel fiends the course of the course "What hope! That those cruei nends will find pity in their hearts for an old man who can neither bribe nor trick them? I might as well have hoped that the wolf would have drawn his fangs out of your "Hope is inventive; we may find means

of bribing and circumventing his jailers, though be himself can do nothing," replied Witold.
"O Witold! do you mean this? Have

you you any grounds for bidding me hope, or is it only that you wish to comfort

e?"
It would be sorry comfort to raise lise hopes that would but mock your rief. Will you never learn to trust me, Hedwige? But forgive me. I meant to tell you that I have a scheme in my head; itis full difficulties, but not impracticable. Pere Alexander himself thinks so, and you know he is no dreamer. He can only help us by his prayers; but the prayer of an apostle has opened prison doors be

"He thinks? Then he knows? You

hand?"

Nicold turned back the breast of his coat and glanced round the table. Hedwige took up the silver chatelaine that dangled from her belt. and, opening the tiny scissors, defuly cut the lining where he pointed to her.

"Here are my credentials, since I cannot be taken on parole," he said, handing her a thin letter which."

"I thank you for trusting me, fair cousin. You shall not repent it. Fare."

"I thank you for trusting me, fair well."

not be taken on parole," he said, handing her a thin letter which he drew from its hiding-place.

Hedwige opened it with trembling fingers, and read in Pere Alexander's well-known handwriting the following lines:

"My CHILD: It is a great joy to me in my prison to receive tidings of you and your dear mother, and to send you with terrace and across the park, some with torches, some with firearms.

Prince Witold, who had been flung violently down by the wolf in that last spring, raised himself from the ground, shook the snow from his pellisse, and made sure that he was not a dead man.

"Heaven be praised! you are safe, Prince," cried several in chorus.

"Yes, thank Heaven, and then you, my"

"Yes, thank Heaven, and then you, my"

The light of the moon had waned, but the sturs were shining brightly. The men had dragged away the body of the wolf, and stood by, scaring the stalight with the red glare of their resin torches, that threw lurid shadows on the snow.

Witold did not know that Hedwige was watching him, but instinctively, as he hambs bereft of their shepherd and exposed to the fury of the sturs were shining brightly. The men had dragged away the body of the wolf, and stood by, scaring the stalight with the red glare of their resin torches, that threw lurid shadows on the snow.

Witold did not know that Hedwige was watching him, but instinctively, as he turned away, he looked up at the window where she stood, invisible, but present to divine worship, &c.

good friends! That shot was a timely one. Which of you fired it?"

"None of us, Prince," replied the old majordomo. "It went off as we opened of the control meeting here below. Words fail me to speak of my noble son Witold, of his devoted courage in braving so many perils and enduring such sacrifices for my sake. I can but bless him, and pray that his reward may be great in proportion to my

"With affectionate greetings to your admirable mother, I am, my child, your father in Christ, "ALEXANDER WALARINSKI."

Hedwige, when she had read the letter, poked up at Witeld, and now read in his ooked up at Witold, and now read in his features the true meaning of their pallor

and haggard lock.
"Dear Witold! how can we ever thank you?" she said, holding out her hand, which the young man, after the chivalrous fashion of his country, raised to his lips.
"I am more than repaid," he mur-

mured; "I am your debtor."

Yet if was not so much, after all, for the devotion of a lifetime, for a worship which had been faithful to its object as the stars to their course, and pure as ever fired Crusader's breast for his liege lady Hedwige's heart smote her as she looked at him, and saw in imagination, too terribly whetted by experience, all that he had gone through to give her this last proof of love. And he held himself her debtor because she had deigned to thank him! What is there in these marble women to kindle such fiames in hearts of men?

What is there in these marble women to kindle such flames in hearts of men?

Vinka came in upon the conference, and broke the spell by asking if the prince was not hungry, and whether he would have refreshment brought to him here or go down to the dining-room.

"How I have discharged myself to-night!" exclaimed Heylwige, laughing; "first I demean myself like an Amazon and kill a wild beast, and then I sin against all the laws of hospitality as never lostess did before! Send up the supper here. I will serve Prince Witold myself."

And so, in spite of the young man's en-

cess to the janer, and through him to Fere Alexander. But while he remains in the fort there is nothing to be done. We must first get him changed to Kronstadt."

"And how is that to be done? There is not the faintest probability of his being

removed there."
"There are difficulties in the way, but I

shall overcome them. The jailer is well disposed, and I have made it worth his while to be faithful to me."

"That means that you have already made tremendous sacrifices, and have pledged yourself to further ones which was compromise your own and your may compromise your own and your brother's fortunes."

brother's fortunes."
"Gently, fair cousin. I have so far compromised nothing but the family jewel-case, which I have pilfered of a few

jewel-case, which I have plated of a lew trinkets for the jailer's wife."

The few trinkets meant a neck lace of diamonds that represented the dower of a princess, and a promise of the eardrops and coronet on the successful escape of the prisoner.
"Cousin, the time flies fast in your presence, but I must not let the charm lure me to my ruin," said Witold; and washing down his copious meal with a

last bumper of Burgundy, he rose and prepared to equip himself for the road.

She rang, and ordered the stoutest hunter in the stables to be brought round

He raised her hand to his hips again, pressing them longer than was needed for mere courtesy, and then left her.

She waited till he was in the hall, and then went out to the gallery, and stood in that oriel window which had been her watch-tower twice to night, and waited to see him manutand ride away. see him mount and ride away.

The light of the moon had waned, but

the eyes of her lover's memory. He was a lover to feel proud of, Hedwige acknowledged, as she saw him vault lightly into the saddle and ride away with the air of one bound on a noble missien and fitted to accomplish it.

Alexander Walrinski had made one of a band of five young noblemen, chosen from the flower of Polish chivalry, who in the year 1830 took arms for the deliver-

from the hower of rollsh chivary, who in the year 1830 took arms for the deliver-ance of their country. They fought like heroes. Two met a glorious death on the field of battle, and the others, when the insurrection was over, went one morning to the old cathedral of St. John's at War-

close on seventy, and it was a mystery to all who knew him that he should have lived to such an age; for no man had been more reckless of his life than he, both in driving his body by austerities and hard work and in defying the authorities up to their very teeth. Yet the law which he

The control of the state of the control of the cont thinking only of now he could help the afflicted people and circumvent or defy their treacherous persecutors; confessing and saying Mass, preaching and instructing, communicating his own fiery spirit to the much-suffering flocks, and inciting them to be worthy of the martyr's crown. TO BE CONTINUED.

# THE POPE'S PERSONAL LIFE.

# THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

Personally the Pope lives very simply, the seats of wood which furnish his apartment, his white weellen robe, his table at which he eats alone, entail an outlay insignificant in comparison with that of other sovereigns, or even with that of pri-vate individuals of moderate fortune. But the palace of the Vatican, which has been handed over to him, contains in its library, in its archives and its museums, the history of eighteen centuries of Christianity. Its galleries are constructed to receive the pilgrims of the whole world, and the church built over the tomb of St. Peter is the largest and most beautiful under heaven. Were it only to protect and care for these treasures of science and of Christian art, the services are required of a number of workmen, of servants, and

of a number of working. Of caretakers, who, like the Pope himself, need their daily bread.

The Sovereign Pontiff is surrounded by some forty Cardinals, who not only are the electors charged with the nomination. at some future day of his successor, but are also his ever present advisers and assistants in the general government of the Church. Three or four of them are engaged in the direction of the Roman Con gaged in the direction of the home con-gregations, composed of councillors and assistants, corresponding to the various needs of Christianity. One is the Congre-gation of the Propaganda, charged with everything that concerns missions and the propagation of the Faith in infidel countries; another, the Congregation of the Holy Office, whose duty it is to exam-ine and decide questions of doctrine, in

### THE LITERATURE OF CRIME.

From the Council Bluff's Watchman.

America presents a most prolific field or cheap—i. e, low grade—literature; for cheap—i. e, low grade—literature and as our boys and girls are essentially reading class, and the demand for this literature is large, the bookstores and news stands are stocked with it. An unnews stands are stocked with a constraint of the expense of judgment, leads the young of both sexes to patronize that species of sensational romance, startling fiction, or even coarse that it is that so unsaringly meted vulgarity, that is so unsparingly meted to the old cathedral of St. John's at Warsaw, and, kneeling before the shrine of the Mother of Sorrows, dedicated themselves henceforth to the service of their country by sacrifice and prayer. They laid their swords upon the altar and went forth to become priests.

One went on the mission to Siberia and died there. The other was convicted of treason for saving the life of a young political criminal who fied to his presbytery for protection. He was condemned to work in the gold-washings of Irkoutsk; for five years he bore it, standing in iccold water to the waist, his shoulders blistered by the banning sun and cut open by the lash of the overseer. Then death came and set him free. The only survivor of the band was Pere Alexander. He was close on seventy, and it was a mystery to the lash known this then had been as a mystery to the lash known this then had been them for the surface of their propensities for such a reading. It out to them in the novels and story papers come a kind of second nature with our ris-ing generation. It has become woven with their very being, so that it would appear to be a necessary adjunct to their existence. They neglest the performance of their ordinary occupations and shirk the res-ponsibilities of position or duty to indulge their propensities for such a reading. It appears to carry with it a fascination that imperceptibly steals over the senses of its votaries and chains their intellect to its

dominion.

We advise parents to exclude from their

obey His injunctions.

Though the opponents of Christianity attempt it ever so much, they can never devise any system for the happiness of man at all comparable to Christianity Therefore, it would seem to be wise for them to desist in their attempts to injure the cause of the Christian religion. In

### order to be happy men need but to be practical Christians.—Catholic Advocate. IRISH "ZULUS."

The London correspondent of the Cork Examiner, writing under date of May 16, makes the following statement, which will astonish no one who reflects on the wonderful ubiquity that has distinguished the

derful ubiquity that has distinguished the Irish race in all ages:—
"The manner in which the Irishmen are turning up among the natives, in connection with the Zulu war, is much noticed. John Dunn, Cetewayo's Prime Minister, is ascertained to be from Ballymena, in Ulster. Rorke, after whom 'Rorke's Drift' is named, married into the Zulus, and is buried in Isandula; and Pautor's talegrams to day bring news of a Reuter's telegrams to-day bring news of a Kaffir chief called *McCartley*, who has been captured in a battle by the English.
McCarthy, I hear, emigrated from Ire-land to the South African diamond fields in the year of the Fenian rising, and, lov-ing adventure, attached himself to a tribe in the Swazi country, who elected him their chief. Lord Chelmsford will have him tried as a British subject. Another strange story is that the formidable chief, strange story is that the formatione cutch, Moirosa, who is reported to be besieged by the British forces in his mountain stronghold, is really one Morrissy, an Irish-American, nephew to the late John Mor-American, nephew to the late John Morrisy, ex-prize fighter and, Member of Congress from New York."

The beautiful Catholic custom of recognizing Christ in his poor is grandly told in the following: A certain man, through infirmity, not being able to fast till a late hour, always invited some poor person to breakfast with him on fasting days. He then said this little prayer: "O Lord, if thou art augry with me for not fasting today, I will say to Thee hereafter before thy day, I will say to Thee hereafter before thy judgment seat, Lord, if I did enthe time, Thou didst eat with me.