Fra Angelico.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world
through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is
there.

there.
Oh praise your Rubens and his fleshly brush!
Oh love your Titian and his carnal air!
Give me the thrilling of a pure toned thrush.
And take your crimson parrots. Artist—
saint! saint!

Oh Fra Angelico, your brush was dyed
In hues of opal, not in vulgar paint;
You showed to us pure joys for which you

fon snowed to us partially sighed.

Your heart was in your work, you never You left us here the Paradise you gained!

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER IX.

IN ANDALUSIA. Ronda, July 4, 1860. My Dear Husband,—We have been now over a week in this most delightful place, and the rest, the mountain air, the delici-ous climate and the healthful atmosphere of social goodness that surrounds me, have made me quite forget the sufferings of the sea voyage and the prostration caused on our arrival by the intense heat of Mal-

Your father's generous forethought had Your father's generous forethought had provided us with the beautiful residence from which I write to you. It is an old palace of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, which has been allowed to fall into decay, but which our dear parent has already made most comfortable, and will soon be after the province of t perfect in every way. For he has got all the masons, carpenters, upholsterers and gardeners to be found far and near at work inside and outside the house. He has rented it at a wonderfully low figure

has rented it at a wonderfully low figure for ten years, and may purchase it if I find it in every way suitable.

As you know Andalusia so well, dearest Louis, I shall not attempt to describe what I found the country and the people to be to my American eyes. But as your father says that you have never seen Bende and its accountry and the people to be to my American eyes. want you to picture to yourself exactly how we are situated here, so that your fancy, each time that you think of your dear father, your children and your wife, may form a not unfaithful image of the

the brow of the hill, or gigantic mass of rock, on whose top Ronda is built. From the Alamedia there is a sheer fall of five hundred feet down to the river Guadiaro, mountain on three sides. The furious streem seems to have cleft the mountain asunder in the course of ages, for "The Cut" (El Tago), as the citizens call the Cut" (Et Tago), as the citizens can the narrow river passage, is less than two hundred feet in width, and is spanned by two bridges that your father, the children and myself go daily to admire.

One of these, at the narrowest and lowest point, is a single arch thrown over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over and rests on double piers of solid masonry, built up from the river bed, and support-ing an arch of one hundred and fifty feet span, under which you could put Trinity steeple, New York, and add its neighbor of St. Paul's without torching the key-

scenery and surrounding objects of surpassing grandeur, we found ourselves here amid sublimer chiects still and this Accustomed as we were to mountain amid sublimer objects still, and this great work of human skill filled me with sincere

Allow me, however, to describe our new home and its immediate environs. very spacious edifice, containing two distinct parts—one for winter residence, and the other for summer. The former is most admirably calculated to keep out cold in a very elevated position, while the cold in a very elevated position, while the latter, which we at present inhabit, is equally well adapted for the fine season. There are only two stories running in a quadrangle round a most beautiful court or interior garden planted with citron and orange trees, and adorned with the most beautiful flowering plants to be found in this favored country and climate. They have given me the best apartments—I mean your dear father has—with those for Rose and the girls adjoining mine. I can-not tell yow what pains this most gener-ous of parents has been at to provide me ous of parents has been at to provide hie with everything that could make life delightful for me and the children. He has studied in the furniture our taste, the needs of the climate, and above all, my

health and comfort.

So, my rooms are gems, and from them I can go into the garden in the vast courtyerd, or step out beneath the shady walks of the Alameda, where I can enjoy the invigorating breezes that are ever blowing round the mosatain crest, or feast my eyes on the gorgeous scenery, will dear father recalls the stirring incidents son nected with the history of Ronda unter the Romans as well as under the Moors.

The girls ever tire of their walks on a santing Alameda, with its pave-

The girls ever tire of their this encurrence of many colored marbles, its graceall and shady trees, the rich variety of flowers and shrubs that fill its parterres, its parterres and the balmy, scented air that, one might fancy, wafted hither from Paradise. And thus most interesting and charming as is this city, with all its wonders, the people are to us objects that attract and charm with a far greater power. It is not alone the singularly simple and appropriate costumes of both sexes, or their rare beauty of form and vivacity of expression, that strike a foreigner so much as the evithat strike a foreigner so much as the evident goodness that shines forth in the faces of all classes. You, who have been so much in Spain, know well the elevation of the Spanish character, the noble pride and self-respect, courtesy and gen-

erosity that distinguish no less the peasant and the mountaineer than the noblest and wealthiest in the land. But I must not dwell on this at present; many opportunities will doubtless be afforded me to give you my impressions of the people and the country, as I become acquainted with them. The peace which fills our new mountain home, and the enchanting aspect of nature and society

around us, only carry me back hourly to Fairy Dell and its dear inmates, while the rumors which come to us from across the Atlantic of increasing agitation and impending civil war, fill my soul with deep anxiety for all my loved ones, for you in

articular, my own twin-soul.

If I can only feel sure that you, dear-Louis, will not be carried away in this irl of political passions, and that you whirl of pointeal passions, and that you succeed in guarding our own people from the fever of discussion that has seized upon our fellow-citizens, North and South, then I am confident that my health will improve rapidly and steadily. Let me now say a word about Rose and her

aga, we were agreeably surprised to find that Diego and his father, Don Ramon, that Diego and his father, Don Ramon, had been waiting there for our arrival. Indeed, they had come a week beforehand to make sure that the villa which Don Ramon has rented for us, about a mile from the city, was in perfect repair, and provided with furniture, servents and all kinds of provisions necessary to our comfort. The old Marquis had not spared his pains, in spite of his age, his infirmities, and the oppressive heat that reigns at this season all along the sounthern seaboard. We found everything ready for us and in the most perfect order. The Marquis's old military habits would not allow him

to rest until he felt sure that your father's wishes had been complied with, and no one of his subordinates dared to trifle or idle while his watchful eye was on them.

We arrived about two o'clock in the morning. It was a lovely moonlit night; and as I had slept soundly the night before and retired very early while we were on our way from Cadiz, I was up and on deck when we were boarded by the custom-house barge. In it, unknown to your father, came the Marquis and his son Rose and the girls were still in their state-rooms, and your father and I were seated in a cozy nook on the quarter-deck, he

in a cozy nook on the quarter-deck, he explaining to me the various points of interest on the shore. All at once we heard his name pronounced at the gangway, and in a moment the captain with two gentlemen advanced toward us. Don Ramon, forgetful of lameness and everything, rushed forward and held father in a long; mute, and fervent embrace, "My dearest friend! my more than brother!" being the only words uttered. Then your father led him forward and presented him to me; the old gentleman kissed my hand and the old gentleman kissed my hand and expressed his joy at my safe arrival, and his concern for my health, in excellent English, and in that bespoke much more

than the compliments of Spanish courtesy. Then turning to his son, who was standing, hat in hand, at a respectful distance, he beckoned him to him and presented him to me first and then to your father. There was light enough to enable me to see that Diego was of a most commanding and graceful figure, strikingly handsome, and in every way, so far as I could judge, worthy to be the representative of his ancient house. He addressed me in very good French, though I heard him aftergood French, though I heard him after-ward speaking very fair English, and I thought him perfect both in his sentiments and his manner of expressing them.

Of course I felt very proud of my new

est point, is a single arch thrown over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over which, they say, there was formerly an aqueduct. The other bridge is at some distance, and at a much higher point of the Cut. It is upward of four hundred feet from the level of the highest water, and rests on double piers of solid masonry, and rests on double piers of solid masonry, are respect to us, but my father persuaded them to remain till the entire ship's common the European shore."

Of course I felt very proad of my new shore and settling down here for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and restrict the most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first they were for the to the thing her becoming one of themselves and settling down here for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and on board our steamer. It was explict up into three distinct and hosaities that touched them most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first they were for the most of the touched them most, Diego was left to the poor little mockatory and as the two old gentlemen eagerly down here for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and the transfer of the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and over the chasm in the time of the Moors, and as the two old gentlemen eagerly down here for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and the most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first they were for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and the most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first they were for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and the most, Diego was left to entertain me. At first they were for life, I could not help comparing myself to that poor little mockatory and the pany were afoot. And so we waited for two hours, until Miss Rose and her sisters made their appearance. Rose, who did not expect so early a visit, was not a little startled by the sudden apparition of the venerable Marquis, to whom she was presented by her grandfather. I did not hear the pretty speech of welcome that he made, but Viva repeated it word for word. He said that this was of the happiest days of said that this was of the happinest days of his life, and that he hoped soon to see his own happiness crowned by another day, another day when the house of Lebrija would hail in her its loved and beautiful mistress. Poor Rose turned pale and scar let in turns, and could only reply by curtlet in turns, and could only reply by consessying her thanks, and looking towards me in her utter distress. I was soon by her side, but Diego, on being introduced, with the delicate instinct of a true gentlewith the delicate instinct of a true gentle-man, contented himself with kissing Rose's hand most reverently, while she smiled her acknowledgments. Viva and Maud, who rather seemed to enjoy this little scene, were soon chatting volubly in French with Diego, and this gave my poor little Rose ame to recover herself. Pres-ently up came saucy Maud to me, saying in a load whisper: "Ch, mamma, don't you think he is handsome?"

Hush, you silly little chit," said Rose patting on a blush as vivid as the scarlet which we had been just admiring on the

loftiest peaks of the near Sierra.

"Mamma, darling," she said presently,
"will not you come down with me a moment to our stateroom? I have something

ment to our stateroom? I have something to say to you before we go ashore."

I did not question her, knowing how exquisitely delicate and sensitive our child's heart is, and accordingly went down to my stateroom. Rose instantly locked the door, and throwing herself into my arms, burst

into a flood of tears.

"Let me cry a little," she said, softly.
And when I had petted and soothed her,
"Mamma," she continued, "let us kneel
dawn and pray to our dear Lord to do
with me as He knows best for my good and the happiness of us all."

And with that sweet but irresistible im

beiousness which marks Rose's manner n er serious moods, she made me kneel beste her, and I did pray with my whole near that He whose fatherly love and visdon directs all our ways should guide hear that He who that veginial soul whose treasures of goodnes and generosity 1, her mother, could best appreciate of all living beings. When we had risen from our knees, she turned or me a face radiant with a strange

What is it, my own darling !" I said. 'Has anything disturbed you? You were strangely troubled a moment ago, and now you seem strangely happy."

"I cannot account for it, mamma," she answered; "but the first sight of Mr. De Lebrija filled me with unacountable and sudden terror. And as I placed my heart and my life just now in the hand of God, to be disposed of as He wills I felt my whole soul overflowing with a peace and a contentment so heavenly sweet that I am sure he will have a care for me."
"Indeed I know He will, darling,"

said. And now let us join the gentle-

men."
From that moment the child has behav-From that moment the child has behaved admirably. She has neither sought nor avoided the company of her affianced. The old Marquis was, and is still, for fixing an early day for the marriage; but your father, acting as the head of the family, and speaking in your name and mine, insists that the written contract of affiances the state of the property of the property of the strength of the state of the strength o ment drawn up by him, and subscribed by ment drawn up by him, and subscribed by Don Ramon, expressly stipulates that Rose shall be left free, when of proper age, to ratify or reject the promise made in her name. Hence, your father gave the Marquis to understand that the whole matter must now be left to the young people themselves, or rather to Rose, who is thus As soon as the steamer had reached Malthemselves, or rather to Rose, who is thus at liberty to dispose of her heart and hand. I confess, dearest Louis, that I am entirely in favor of Diego; he seems to me the type of the high-born Spanish nobleman. I have, therefore, watched with intense interest the progress he has been making in our child's esteem.

Have I any solid grounds for thinking that Rose loves him? To this question, I think that both as a woman and a mother, I can answer in the affirmative. I made

I can answer in the affirmative. I made up my mind about it during the first reeption we gave after our arrival at our company was very select, including the Duke, the family of General Blake and O'Donnel, our own and Don Ramon's con-nections, and most of the aristocracy of province. In that noble assemblage no one surpassed, or even—as I judge— approached Diego de Lebrija, in manly beauty, graceful bearing, or brilliant con-versation; and as he and Rose were occasially drawn together, the two shone like twin stars of surpassing lovliness. Again and again during the evening, the ladies who sat near me could not help congratu-lating me on my child's happiness, re-marking, as they did so, that "they were

peerless couple."
Moreover, unless I am sadly mistaken, Rose was much touched by the homage paid to her as the affianced bride of Don Diego de Lebrija. She could not avoid overhearing the half-whispered compli-ments paid to her future husband and her-

self as she moved about by his side.
When our company had left, which they here do at a very early hour, I kept Rose with me. She was excited, flushed, and nervous, though evidently pleased with the way she had spent the evening. Don Ramon, on taking leave of us, could not Ramon, on taking leave of us, could not help saying to me, in her presence, that he was the happiest and proudest father in Spain; and Diego, when he kissed my hand, whispered that he owed to it a gift far more precious than life.

Without directly questioning Rose on her feelings toward young De Lebrija, I pressed her to say everything that could relieve her heart.

relieve her heart.

"It is all so new, mamma," she replied;
"and you know I am only a child. But,
indeed, dearest mamma, I am neither unhappy nor disturbed. I miss dreadfully all our poor people around Fairy Dell. I dream of my Sunday-school children, and of old Aunt Maria with her pickaninnies. And finding myself so suddenly in this strange country, with all these great people around me, and with the prospects of becoming one of themselves and settling

"Is this just to your parents, Rose?" Id. "Are you, then, the bird torn forcibly away from its nest and its native woods, and caged up to live mateless and to sing loveless far away from its kind?"

"Oh, no, no! not that, not that, darling mamma!" she said, burying her head in my bosom. "You know I could not mean my bosom. "You know I could not mean anything unkind to you or papa, or to dearest grandpapa. Only you must confess that anything which suggests to me a life-long separation from the sweet nest in which I have been so tenderly reared, and from the mother under whose wing

"Here she broke down, and I could do nothing but kiss my child and weep with her.

"It is natural that you should feel as ou do, darling," I said, when I could command myself sufficiently to speak. Von only suffer as I did at your age and when looking forward to a separation from my mother."
"Ah, she was like you, dear mamma,

"An, she was like you, dear manima, and you can thus appreciate how intolerable is the thought of being away from you. Do you know that I pity our poor

papa in his loneliness? It is the first time e has been without you.
"And have you no thought of what I must suffer to be thus separated from

your father.
"Indeed I have, dearest mamma," the child replied, as she looked so lovingly into my face. "Did you not tell me hun-dreds of times that his love alone, so full of manly tenderness and devotion, could console you for the loss of your old

'And will you not find a love equally deep and true, and a devotion as lasting, in the noble husband your grandfather and father have so carefully selected for you?" I said, examining her sweet, open countenance carefully. "Mamma," she said, after a moment of deep thought, and while her eyes seemed to seek some far-off object, "mamma, is not true love Godgiven? Is it not like the sudden entrance into the soul of a sentiment so absorbing that it takes possession of our whole affec-tion for once and forever, making the

heart a captive with resistless force "I know, dear," I said, "that I loved your father from the very first moment I aw him; and he told me, many a time that his love for me was love at first sight But that first feeling of absorbing attraction for one who was so manly, so noble, so manifestly good and true, was not to be compared to the deeper, holier, and sweeter affection which was begotten by the close intimacy of our wedded life, the close intimacy of our wedded fife, by the daily and hourly experience of that peerless husband's exalted and spotless virtue, and of the thousand great and lovely qualities which continually reveal-ed themselves to me. I believe this second love is a true gift of God, being the natural effect of the sacramental grace

of matrinony.
"Mamma," shereplied, still looking away from me, "I do not know that I have ex-perienced anything like that love at first sight you speak of. Mr. De Lebrija is so like our own dear Gaston and Charles, that I feel much drawn to him by the re-

semblance. Perhaps, if our dear Lord wills me to become his wife, He may fill my heart with the exalted and holy senti-ments that you describe. But, oh, mam-ma, I don't know, and I cannot pray for it." And here the child burst into sars.

And here the child burst into lears. The next morning Rose was brighter ad happier than I had seen her since we left home. The Marquis and his son called in the afternoon, and proposed an evening ride through to Velez de Malaga, where they have one of their largest domains. The weather was so lovely that your The weather was so lovely that your father thought the ride would benefit me, besides enabling the girls and myself to see one of the richest tracts of Andalusia, see one of the richest tracts of Andalusia, one of the most beautiful countries, in very truth, to be found on the face of the earth. The two old gentlemen rode in the same carriage with me, while Diego was with Rose and her sisters, explaining to them the romantic history of all the famers old Moonich towns that we saw on our ous old Moorish towns that we saw on our way. Even I, in spite of my ill-health, forgot everything else as I gazed on the enchanting scene, the blue sea to our right reflecting on its calm bosom every tint of sky and lofty mountain, and the fairy-like landscape that extended landwards, rising like an ampitheatre up to the Sierras, and disclosing at every step as we drove on some new perspective, more beautiful, we thought, than the preceding. Your father seemed as much at home on this enchanted coast as Don Ramon, and had drunk deeper of the historic and poetic lore connected with the struggles of Moor and Christian. You know what fascina-

as he was on that evening.

No wonder, when we arrived at Velez in the twilight, that I found the girls all enthusiasm over what they had seen and what they had heard. Rose's eyes fairly had evidently heightened that of lover. Of our doings in Velez I must tell in my next. But I cannot defer any longer, dearest Louis, telling you although the mild tempreture and air of Ronda have done me much good, do not comfort myself with the hope of a speedy recovery. Should the physicians pronounce my case hopeless, I shall insist on returning to you without a moment's delay. Indeed, indeed, your presence is to me more than the loveliest climate or the most consummate medical skill. can neither be happy a moment, nor live

without you. CHAPTER X. THE STORM-CLOUD OVER FAIRY DELL.
AUGUSTA, July 21, 1860.
MY DEAR FATHER,—You will see by the

last week's papers, which are sent to you by express, that our worst fears are about be realized. The seceding wing of the emocratic party met in Baltimore on the 23d of last month, adopted the most ex-treme Southern platform, and all but put forth a proclamation of open rebellion. The selection of Abraham Linecin by the Republican convention of Chicago is only a pretext for the active measures which they are now openly taking in South Carolina, as well as here and throughout most of the Slave States, for the forcible lissolution of the Union.

The election of Lincoln has become a

its own men for the executive

work of electioneering canvassers, low demagogues, political knaves, and fanatics, who agitate every city, town and ham et in favor of their own party. Political passion, when it runs high, is always bitter ough; but to the intense passions which excite every class of our people is now added the fury of theological hate. To the new Southern Declaration of Rights, in which the servitude of the African race is proclaimed as a dogma of the law of nature, made by some to rest on scrip-tural authority, the anti-slavery men answer by denouncing every form of servitude as essentially opposed to the free-dom bestowed on mankind by Christ. Thus, while on the one hand the political and social edifice, reared by Washington and our fathers, and consecrated by the blood of so many heroic men, is utterly demolished to make way for a new structure, in which slavery is to become the corner stone; on the other hand, the old Puritan spirit, now fairly roused, denounces any compromise with slavery as a compromise with Hell, and calls on all true compromise with Hell, and calls on all true men to destroy the institution root and branch, at once and forever.

Mr. Hutchinson has gone over openly to the Lincoln men on the explicit prom-ise, it is said, that in due time he shall be

ise, it is said, that in due time he shall be elected to Congress as Senator for North Carolina. Only last week I was approached for the third time by a Republican deputation, holding out to me the most flattering prospects of high federal honors, if I would only consent to pledge myself and my father to the support of their party. I could only answer in your name and my own that no consideration could ever make us waver in our allegiance to the Union; but, inasmuch as religious con-siderations had always prevented both of us, as well as our ancestors, from being given in the commonwealth any of the ositions of trust to which our birth, position, and acknowledged services entitled us to aspire,—so now, I could only de-clare that we should hold ourselves free from the trammels of extreme parties, and ever ready to make any sacrifice for the Union, or the defence of our native

Mr. Quincy Williams was a member of the deputation, and is hand-and-glove with Mr. Hutchinson. He and the Methodist and Presbyterian clergymen are, am credibly informed, closeted every night with Hutchinson.

I regret to inform you that our workingmen are sadly wrought upon by agita-tors and intriguers of both parties. The colored people are kept in a continual fer-ment, and what with their nightly prayermeetings, and what with the frequent ap-peals to their anti-slavery sympathies, they are becoming fractious and idle. Last night I had to tell Mr. Williams that I should no longer put up with his neglect-ing the proper duties of his office to meddle so actively in politics. I gave him to understand that any further intermeddling, either with my colored workmen or their white associates, must be followed by his immediate discharge from my employ-ment. As all were equally free who labor-

ed for me, or lived under me as tenants, I said, so I could not allow the brotherly and neighborly feelings that had, until now, made us all feel like one family, to

the appeared with by anybody.

He appeared very submissive while speaking to me, and promised to conform religiously to my orders. But Gaston, who saw him this morning at the office, found him sullen and sulky. Evidently the man is seeking for some office under the next Republican administration. For, the next Republican administration. For, dear father, Republican it is evident it now will be beyond the possibility of doubt. The Democrats are hopelessly split up into three opposing sections, whill southerners, of all parties, wish anti-slavery administration in Washington, and thus to make of its accession the pretext for a formal and final separation from

Young Hutchinson went to Charlestown and professed himself a fervent pro-slavery man; his father's antecedents, however, and his own previous character, did not make him find favor with the leaders there. So, he has gone to Ohio, where both his father and himself are much pet-ted by Governor Chase and the Free-Soil-The clouds are gathering over

hitherto peaceful valleys, where you, dear sir, have been laboring so long and so earnestly to establish the home of true freedom and prosperous industry. We— our entire household and many of the nearest neighbors—meet daily in the chapel to pray for the maintenance of and Christian. You know what fascination he can throw into those historic narratives of the middle ages, and I never found him so eloquent and well inspired as he was on that evening.

No wonder, when we arrived at Velez in the twilight, that I found the girls all enthusiasm over what they had seen and what they had heard. Rose's eyes fairly serve her in this. He is the noblest of serve her in this. He is the noblest of serve her in this. He is the noblest of serve her in this.

grandfather, whose daily lessons and ten- to herself as well.

"Well, papa, if I must own to it," he re-plied, with a little hesitation, "on coming into the room a foolish fear arose in me st he should never come back to us. And then you know how precarious is mamma's state of health. And then, again, If Rose should get married in Spain, how desolate this house would be for you, sir,

as well as for your remaining children!"
"Gaston," I said, "I hope you do not
often yield to these forebodings and senti-You and I have now some serious work before us. There is mischief brew-ing, end a bad spirit is abroad in our val-leys. It is a time when I shall need your

zealous cooperation."

"And you shall have in me as devoted a son and trusty a fellow-worker as ever

a son and trusty a tenow-worker as ever man had," he said, with his proudest look, and grasped my hand warmly.

I know it, my son," I said; "for I know and trust you thoroughly. We must look ourselves to the management of our estate here, and to the large business interests created by your grandfather. Williams must be looked after carefully. I fear ur utmost forbearance will not make a friend of one whom unlimited kindness has only disposed to be our enemy."
"I have had him well watched," Gaston

answered. Or, rather, the many true friends you and grandfather have our workmen, keep their eyes and ears open. They have already, and of their own accord, agreed to watch all his movements. For they have proofs that he means to use us for his own ends, and to ruin us, if he cannot.

"And the Hutchinsons?" I asked.

"It was only yesterday afternoon," Gas-on answered, "that I met Mrs. Hutchinand Miss Lucy at the door of our lored school house. They were evident-glad to see me, though Mrs. Hutchin-m was, at first, a little embarrassed. After the usual enquiries about the family, Mrs. Hutchinson asked me if I would not mind walking down with them to the eiver. Of course I assented, and she forth-with bade her coachman drive on slowly before them. Then, without any prelimi-naries, she told me she had been looking out for an opportunity to warn me agains Quincy Williams. With her husband's course, she said she could not interfere, s he never asked nor tolerated advice com any member of his family. But, with fears in her eyes, she begged me to tell you not to trust Williams or any of his political confederates. I thanked her in your name, and assured her that we were neither blind nor deaf to the intrigues of these men, and should hold ourselves prepared to baffle them. Then Miss Lucy overwhelmed me with questions about mamma, and Rose, and grandfather. "Whatever happens," Mrs. Hutchinson

said in parting with me, "you can always depend on having faithful allies in Lucy and me," I bowed my acknowledgment of what I knew to be a sincere declaration of friendship. I had been my like I is in the control of of friendship. Indeed, poor Miss Lucy is inconsolable for the loss of Rose. She tries to fill her place in the Sunday-school, and in visiting the old people and the sick. But Rose's clients do not take kindly to any of the Hutchinsons.

As you see, Gaston is assuming all the As you see, Gaston is assuming all the duties and responsibilities of serious manhood. Without loosing any part of his characteristic simplicity, or of the artless and innocent ways that show how purehearted he is, the boy is very decided and firm in practical matters, uncompromising whenever his religious belief or his political prices and the serious sections of the serious ser whenever his religious benefit of his pointi-cal principles are concerned, but most re-spectful towards the conscious convictions of others.

He is just now pressing me very hard to

know if the right of concession from the Union is one of the rights reserved by the original States on ratifying the constitution of 1787, and becoming by their final act members of the Federal Union. His own knowledge of law and his careful study of our own history has created a serious doubt in his mind as to the justice of treating the secession of State as rebel-lion, and as to the right of the Federal Government to punish seceders as rebels, It is not that he approves of the steps taken at present in South Carolina and elsewhere, or that he has any leaning toward the side of those who would break up the Union and found a separate polity, based on the permanent enslavement of an entire race. He has too much of your blood in his veins not to be an American of the Americans, loving freedom for its own sake, and hating with his whole heart every form of oppression. But he also dislikes utterly the fanatics of the Quincy Williams school, who would set the entire south on fire to free the slaves, and would then refuse to admit them to social equality, and all the charities of public and

private life.

"There so many of our own poor colored people," Gaston was saying to me the otherday, "whom I know to be far above me in the right of God! There is Joe Porter, my old playmate, who learned to read and write with me, with dear boys. He felt his nother's and sister's absence terribly; and one morning I came upon him in your room, kneeling on your prie-dieu, bathed in tears, and so wrapt in notice my entrance.

"What is it, my boy?" I said, as he attured upon me his tearful countenance.

"What grief has fallen upon you?"

"Oh, pray forgive me, papa," he replied, "and do not notice this passing weakness."

"I understand you, dear Gaston, and appreciate this sensibility. You do not feel more keenly than I do the dreadful void which they all have left in our house."

And here my own emotion nearly overcame me.

"Oh, dear sir," he said, "who has ever had such a parent as God gave you in dear grandfather, and as I have in you? Indeed, indeed, were you not left to me I should not know what to do without my mother and Rose, and particularly without grandfather, whose daily lessons and tenders were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees were to me as necessary as the very degrees.

and I breathed."

"Yes, my boy," I said, "we both, you and I, were like an elder and a younger dependent for guidance and encour gement on that beautiful mind and great heart."

"And you were never lealous of our "Well, my boy," I said, "you cannot be "well, my boy," I said, "you cannot be

"Well, my boy," I said, "you cannot be surprised at that. We have been nurtured in the belief that by baptism we are all born anew of the blood of a God, and that whatever natural or social inequalities." for the evident pleasure you took in seeing all your children so devotedly fond of their grandparent.

may exist between the white child and the negro child baptized at the same font at the same hour, they are, in the supereir grandparent.
"But what was it that moved you just ow?" I enquired.
the same hour, they are, in the supernatural order, before God and His angels, true brothers thereafter, for all time and eternity. And hence these colored people are treated by our family, not only in the chapel, but in our house, and everywhere, as if they were most truly our brothers.

"Thank God that is so," I replied. The

question of alliance by marriage between the two races has never given us any trouble at Fairy Dell. Nature has established in the color itself a sufficient barrier. The church teaches and exhorts us TO BE CONTINUED.

A STORY WITH A SERMON IN IT. During the Jubilee exercises last month

at the Church of St. Alphonsus, St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Father Cook, C. S. C., preached a series of discourses upon the Sacraments, among which was the following under the title of Confession:—
Father Cook commenced by saying that

not many years ago a certain priest of the order set out to travel, incognito, for his health. He took with him some instruments for scientific purposes. He took sick at some place in Germany and died. Not being known, by name or profession, to any one, an investigation of his effects was made by the city officials, in order to find out who he was, if possible, a.d what Among other things found in his true k
was a little box. They found a screw in
the box and opened it. The burgomaster

picked it up, opened it, and threw it from him in horror, and ran for his life. Others did likewise. The box was closed and the room locked up. The mayor said no one should go near it, as the devil was in the box—he had seen him, horns, hoofs and

During his illness the priest had sent During his illness the priest had send for a brother of his Order to nurse and attend to him, but who did not arrive until after his death. He called for him, and was told that he was dead—was in that room and the devil was in there.

He gained access to his friend's body

He gained access to his friend's body and effects, opened the box and demonstrated to the terrified Dutchmen, that they had been looking at a harmless little terrified Dutchmen, that insect through a magnifying glass. Truly as they saw it, it looked terrible; its proportions all magnified many hundred times made it a monster. Thus we all times made it a monster. Thus we all make mustakes and are terrified where no cause for alarm exists. Catholics and non-Catholics, all the same, by looking at things through the magnifying glasses of our prejudices. We all have a horror—a dread of confession. The circumstances that surround us, together with our faults themselves, keep us away from the confession. fessional, from the feet of the priest.

Every one who looks in th must see that God intended—laid down a law that we must tell our sins to some one -all, all our sins. It is, moreover, a law of being. Man can not be happy unless he confesses his sins to his fellowman. I appeal to your own experience. Some-times we will tell to a trusty friend what we will not confess to others, but we

yearn to confess to some one. This as a modified form of confession, but not what the Church enjoins and teach. .