The Legend of the "Forget-Me-Not."

Ere this earth of ours had fallen Beneath Sin's and Satan's sway, Into Eden's blooming garden Came the Lord of all one day. Bud and blossom shook their perfume O're the pathway were He trod, And the flow'ret's primal incense Rose up from the virgine sod.

Then He called the flowers around Him, To give each its hallowed name; And, like planets round the day-god, In scintiliant throngs they came; And as each receives its title, Filled with joy it went away, To begen the earth's green vesture Till the final recokoning day.

But one sweet and little flow'ret, With timid, azure eyes, Suffused with dewy moisture From the feunts of Paradise— Came back sad and half reluctant, And whispered as in shame; "Dearest Lord I have forgotten That fair gift of Thine—my name

Then a sympathetic radiance
Beamed upon Jehovah's face;
He took up the little flow'ret:
With a sweet and and tender grace;
And whisp'ring to it sortly
add, "Though thine's a lowly lot,
"Thou art dear to Me forever;
"Go thy way—'Forget-me-not!"
New York, Nov. 1879. WM. GEOGHEGAN

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

Nor were the farmers—the regular in-habitants of this wild and picturesque region—out of harmony with the glorious nature amid which they lived. They were manly, independent, truthful, honest, and most hospitable. Hiawassee, who had mapped out carefully the path which he intended to follow, was also personally acquainted with nearly every one of these Carolinian mountaineers at release door he might have to knock for shelter or hospitality. They all knew Francis or hospitality. They all knew Francis D'Arcy, at least by reputation; and so as they wended their way upward around the shoulders of the Black Mountains, no settler's hut was so small that it had not a warm welcome for the man who had been for half a century the benefactor of the whole country. Politics had not been for half a century the benefactor of the whole country. Politics had not chilled the warm currents in these gener-ous hearts. The men had, like the grand forest-trees of their mountain-slopes, a rough exterior that covered virtues un-counted and priceless.

It was the 25th of May. By avoiding

the most traveled roads, and proceeding slowly and cautiously, the party had arrived within a fair day's journey of their goal. They had reached before sunset a plantation, or a clearing, rather, far up in the bills, and contiguous to a mountain stream that originated in the deep snow-beds near the summit of the ridge, and ran full and fierce down the heavily-wooded glen even in the hottest summer months. The settler had consummer months. The settler had con-structed a rude saw-mill at r favorable spot on the creek, which he and his three stalwart sons worked to their no small profit,-floating the heavy planks and the oak staves which they manufactured down to the broad river in the valley beneath, when the waters were at their highest. It was a wild spot for a human habitation. But the soil was fertile on the steep mountain-slope, the timber wa of the finest, the game abundant the whole year round, and the settler's large and solidly-built dwelling was never without plenty; and with plenty there was peace, contentment, freedom, and inde-

The proprietor was an old friend of the D'Arcys. Indeed, he had worked for the founder of Fairy Dell long before the lately-destroyed mansion had acquired the princely proportions in which the incen-diaries found it. And Francis D'Arcy had been to old Thomas Coolidge a true friend in more than one emergency. S far the Coolidges, who had the reputatio of being thriffy and well-to-do in the world, had been unmolested by the marauding bands that disturbed the country. Probably these lawless men had a wholesome fear of the Coolidge rifles, which rarely, if ever, missed their aim. But once or twice since the beginning of the present month of May, single wayfarers, of no prepossessing appearance, had dropped in under one pretext or

another This circumstance had made the family suspicious, and the father and sons agreed among themselves that the house should not be left unprotected by day, and that they should never absent themselves by Old Thomas, however, had two o three days before the 25th returned from Augusta, where he had withdrawn a handsome deposit in one of the city banks, alarmed, as he well might be, at the commercial ruin which was already falling on the South. This journey and its motive had not been unobserved in the neighborhood of Asheville, little as Thomas Coolidge and his some troubled the inhabitants with the visit or business fransaction.

He was a not unpleasing type of th North Carolinian mountaineer, this Thomas Coolidge, whom his sixty years of unceasing toil hardened into the toughness of the oak or hickory of the surrounding forest. He was tall, broadshoulder d, with abundant gray hair that shaded a face as brown as mahogany, but lit up by a pair of large blue eyes, and a smile as sunny as that of a girl of thirteen. His three sons were even more stalwart than their father, with frank, open countenances, abundant black hair, and an easy, cordial manner that bespoke a fearles spirit and a warm heart. Their two sis ters were married and living at some dis tance. Their mother, an intelligent and mild-mannered dame of fifty-five, showed signs of robust health and hard work, but bore no mark of decay. She was now aided in her household duties by a neice, -a handsome girl of nineteer, named Nancy, not unknown to Rose D'Arcy and

The whole family had come out to meet their visitors, and stood in front of their spacious and comfortable dwelling-house. every countenance beaming with pleasure and flashing a hearty welcome to their

guests. "Well, Thomas, you see I had to go all the way to Spain in order to pay you and Mrs. Coolidge the visit I have so often promised you," said Mr. D'Arcy, shaking warmly the farmer's hand. "And you, Mrs. Coolidge, I am so happy to see you with your good looks and your good

plied. "I reckon it would improve my good looks any day to see yourself and Miss Rose, and her bonny sisters, and Mr. Charles, who is grown to be such a fine gentleman."

gentleman."
There was a hearty hand-shaking all round. Mr. Coolidge and his sons busied themselves in finding shelter and fodderfor the horses, and in conversing with the gentlemen on local news, while Mrs. Coolidge and Nancy were attending to the comfort of Rose and her sisters. There was delicious milk to slake the thirst, was delicious milk to slake the thirst, after their long and exciting ride, and some good old apple-jack for the soldiers. It must be said that all preferred Mrs. Coolidge's sweet milk to the more stimulating beverage. And so, the first travelstains removed, and their thirst appeased, the whole party were assembled, some seated, some standing, on the broad veranda of the house, overlooking the clearing on the almost precipitous hiliside, with a full view beyond the tree-tops beneath them of the valley of the Tselica, and the mountain-walls that inclosed and intersected the vast tableland through vast tableland through intersected the vast tableland through which the river flows. The sun had gone down behind Mount Pisgah a few minutes before; the blue,

transparent haze of evening shrouded the shoulders of the lofty hills, but all seemed impenetratable darkness in the shadows of the deep ravines. Their eyes turned half-wistfully, half-fearfully tow rd Fairy bell; but the Dell itself was concealed from their view by a spur of the inter-vening mountain, and all gazed in momentous silence toward the loved spot, as if they would pierce hillside and forest and gloom, and scan every hidden feature of the familiar landscape. Even the Ken-tuckians followed with instinctive sympathy the direction taken by their friend's eyes. "I had never conceived anything so

magnificent as such a sunset, and such a country!" exclaimed Captain Hunter, carried away by his enthusiasm.
"It is so unlike sunset at Ronda," said

Charles, turning to his grandfather. "This beautiful world seen at evening from Ronda is all full of man's creations and

'God preserve our valleys," said Mr. "God preserve our vaneys." said Mr.
D'Arcy, reverently, "from the desolation
which man's passions have inflicted again
and again on Andalusia!"
"But what can man's passions find in

our valleys to tempt them to destroy and desolate?" asked Rose. "We are not wealthy, as were the Spaniards or the

oors."
"Ah, my child," he replied, "the highways of commerce are like the streams that fertilize and bear with them plent and peace; but the highways of armed warfare only bring pillage, plunder, and bloodshed,—fire and sword, and slaughter and ruin. Armies, even now, are preparing, on both sides of these mountains, to sweep through our valleys on their er-rand of invasion and destruction. They shall meet here like adverse tides in narshain meet neer are averse tues in har-row channel, foami g and contending for the mastery,—making our poor people the prey, alternately, of the victor and the vanquished, as the fortunes of battle chance to change.

cnance to change."
"I fear it must be just as you say, sir,"
said Captain Hunter; "yet I think that
our friend Mr. Coolidge has placed his
nest far out of the reach of the storm of

"Why so I" Mr. D'Arcy.

"There are always some twenty or thirty men, well armed, who sleep there. Besides, Hiawassee and our friend Jamie, here, have nicely caught and punished the leaders. They are now safe in the county jail, and I reckon they will either get the halter for all their ill deeds, or well either them a does of lead if over they we'll give them a dose of lead, if ever they get free again."

This is news to me, Hiawassee," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Why have you not told

"For one good reason among several," said the old chief. "Both men wear the Confederate uniforms; at least they pretend to bear commissions from the Confederate government."

"And you were not willing to offend our dear friends and companions by men-tioning the names of cut-throats, who boast the honor of serving the same

cause? "Precisely!" was the answer. "The scoundrels only make use of a name dear to the South to cover their own crimes." "By Heaven, I would shoot them like dogs!" exclaimed Captain Hunter. "And

I rejoice to have come here, if for no other purpose, to tear the mask from these murderous villians."

And in such discourses the evening passed away rapidly.

passed away rapidly.

The travelers were too weary to push their vigil far into the night. Besides, it was needful that they should be on foot and on their way to Fairy Dell before dawn. So the family relinquished their beds to the ladies and Mr. D'Arey, old Coolidge, with his wife occupying the small attic overhead, and the military antidemental the cheeks D'Arey and the gentlemen, with Charles D'Arcy and the three young Coolidges, stretching them-selves on floor and bench wherever they chose. Sleep, with the deep calm of the lovely May night, soon settled on the entire household,—on the eyes of Francis D'Arey last of all.

This strange way of coming back to his ruined home, without having by his side either of the angelic women who had made that home so bright, so blessed by the poor or the weary-hearted; the memory of the day when he first resolved to find amid the wild solitudes of Fairy Dell a refuge in which he might be free to profess and to practice, in perfect inde-pendence, the dear religion of his fathers, free to rear his children according to his own lofty ideal of parental duty, and free, as well, to employ his wealth and his ener-

providence of the Father for the preservaprovidence of the Father for the preserva-tion of his dear ones and his own. Much had been given to him; what he held most dear had been taken. But Death had only come to his household, like an angel of light and consolation, to claim back the precious souls that this life had been constantly chastening and enriching for the higher and more blissful life of the never-ending future. It had been, throughout his long caveer, the custom of Francis D'Arev—one con-

the custom of Francis D'Arcy—one con-tracted under the noble masters who had trained his boyhood and early youth,—to close his day by a brief review of his conscience, calling himself to account for the uses to which he had put the last twenty four hours, and concluding with the four hours, and concluding with the Litany of the Saints. In this most beau-tiful but little understood form of prayer, he had ever found a new and incre delight. For, both in examining to what use he had put the day just passed, and in reciting the Litany, the blessed company of the City above seemed to become present to him: the veil was withdrawn, and there before him was the Mercy-Seat, the Majesty of the Godhead visibly enthroned, and the glorious throng of faithful angels and faithful men. On this night, after blessing, as usual,

his grandchildren, and saying sweet words of comfort and encouragement to his cherished Rose, he seemed to pass behind the Veil, as he closed the door of his little room, and knelt for his nightly devotions. A sweet and heavenly sense of nearness to that Blissful Presence, and that exul-tant multitude on high, stole over him. And when the old man of eighty-two laid his weary limbs on the cottager's humble his weary limbs on the cottager's humble couch, the vision departed not. From out the shining ranks of glorified men and women came well-known and most dear forms and faces,—father, mother, wife, daughter-in-law, children and grand-children, dead in infancy or childhood or early youth,—forms and faces that had made of Fairy Dell a paradise on earth. His wife, whose teacher and guide, in spiritual life, he had himself most truly been, and his lately-lost daughter-in-law, whose soul leaned, like that of her husband, so much on his great fatherly soul, they stood by him, he thought; they smiled on him ineffably; they spoke words which flooded his heart with joy; they seemed to beckon to him as to one whom

From this half-cestatic trance he is sud-denly awakened by the loud and angry barking of the farmer's watch-dogs, by shouts and muttered curses, and the sharp cracking of rifle-shots. He is on his feet in an instant, for he had only divested himself of his coat as he threw himself on the bed for a brief rest of a few hours. In another instant, he stands, fully dressed, in the farmer's kitchen, and hears Rose's voice calling to him in hurried, fearful

"Do not stir from your room, my darling," he says to the frightened girl, whose head is thrust out from behind the door. "Dress yourselves quietly and in silence, and keep away from the window in the accorner of the room. We shall soon drive away these vagabonds."

"Oh, do not go out, dear grandpapa," "Come in and stay with us, grandpapa,"

"I fear it must be just as you say, sir," said Captain Hunter; "yet I think that our friend Mr. Coolidge has placed his nest far out of the reach of the storm of war."

"Yes," said Mr. D'Arey, "this spot is entirely out of the way armies would be likely to take. And so, I once thought, is Fairy Dell. But marauders always find anen in every country who are ready to lead them wherever they can find forage or plunder. I hope, Thomas," he continued, addressing Mr. Coolidge, "that these lawless bands won't trouble you?"

"I'm about the only one they've not troubled, so far," replied Coolidge, "that these lawless bands won't trouble you?"

"They about the only one they've not troubled, so far," replied Coolidge, "They don't like to get within reach of the boys' rifles. I don't think they'll trouble Fairy Dell again, sir."

"Why so ?" Mr. D'Arey.

"There are always some twenty or "Let me go out and stay with us, grandpapa," sid the terrified voice of Maud, while the bolder Genevieve uttered not a word, but completed her toilet in silence.

"I shall be with you presently," the old gentleman said. "Only be quiet and do not say a word."

"Tom Coolidge," shouted a voice from the nearest bushes at the end of the clearing, and where the shadow was deepest, "we have no quarrel with you. We only them them to get that old Cherokee and Jamie McDuffie. We have soores to settle with them. Send them, and we'll let you shout your ears, and shoot yourself and your white-livered curs of sons."

"Let me go out and story with us, grandpapa," stay that we've hit old Francis D'Arey? "You don't tell me that we've hit old Francis D'Arey?"

"Tom Coolidge," shouted a voice from the nearest bushes at the end of the clearing, and where the shadow was deepest, "we have no quarrel with you. We only the nearest bushes at the end of the clearing, and where the shadow was deepest, "We have no quarrel with you. We only the old gentleman said. "Only be quiet and do not say a word."

"The Cherokee was not there at all. And now listen to me, man. The C

"Let me go out and speak to these men," said Mr. D'Arcy. "I think I know that voice. I can settle with them, and they would not dare to harm an old man

"You shall not go while I live," said Hiawassee. "Or you shall go by my

"And I say the same," McDuffie added. "And I say the same," McDulne added,
"I am putting you all in danger, sir,"
continued the brave young fellow. "Let
me speak to that midnight murderer.
For I know that voice, if I know that of

my own father."

"Not one of you, gentlemen, shall leave this house, while I and my boys have arms to defend it and you," old Coolidge here said, as he tied his ammunition belt around his waist. "Come, my lads, keep a sharp look out at the windows. Let the women folk go up to the attic, where balls can't reach 'em. I reckon we can lay out a dozen or more of these scamps before they can force our doors or set tire to the house. Come, be quick there!" he continued, as the fiercer barking of the dogs intimated that the

ssailants were breaking cover.
The Kentuckians—who could not tell The Kentuckians—who could not tell the number of enemies they had to deal with, had examined their weapons care-fully, and kept themselves in readiness to fully, and kept themselves in r a bodyguard to Mr. D'Arcy and act as a bodyguard to Mr. D'Arcy and the ladies—now allowed themselves to be directed by old Coolidge. The men, Charles D'Arcy included, were stationed at the openings in the house. Every light was put out, and every voice hushed.

"Don't fire till you see your man and are sure of your mark," Farmer Coolidge sides they were separating. "These

said, as they were separating. "These varmin ain't going to do us any harm."
Scarcely, however, had they all taken Searcely, nowever, and they are their appointed stations,—Hiawassee and Charles D'Arey being posted near the two little windows in the attic, where the women were crouching and praying in silence,—when Frank Coolidge, the far-

"My God, they've set fire to the baru?"
"Let the barn burn!" cried his father. They only want to get us out and shoot

at us."
"By Heaven!" exclaimed Captain while Hunter, "your barn shall not burn while I carry a rifle. Now, who'll follow me?"
And out he sprang through the window, shouting, "Three cheers for Davis and Dixie

At the sight of the Confederate gray, and the gold-laced uniform, a man ad-vanced from behind the nearest trees, cryrs. Coolidge, I am so happy to see you thy your good looks and your good looks and your good looks and your good lath."

"Thank you, sir," the good dame rewont, heartily thanked the all-directing to face, and hand to hand," was the reply, to face, and hand to hand," was the reply,

"I shall tell you my name and insist on

knowing yours."

There was no time given to answer this challenge. For, fast on the heels of Captain Hunter, the three Coolidge boys had rushed out and made for the barn, whence the smoke was already issuing in thick volumes. A volley of rifle bullets was aimed at them, and one one bullets was aimed at them, and one or two shots whistled by Captain Hunter, without doing any harm. The barn door was open, and the frightened animals were driven out, while old Coolidge and those who remained in the house felt tempted to join Captain Hunter. He, with his three Kentuckians, was advancing to where the hulk of the available. with his three Kentuckians, was advanc-ing to where the bulk of the assailants ieemed to be concealed, calling on the latter, in the name of the Confederate cause, to go home and abstain from such cowardly work as these midnight attacks work as these midnight attacks

cowardly work as these midnight attacks on pe ceful people.

The reports of rifles from the roof of the dwelling-house, and the shrieks of women in the attic, soon recalled Captain Hunter's attention to the post of danger.

This is what had just happened.

Mr. D'Arcy, anxious to recall his Kentucky friends from evident danger, had gone out on the veranda in spite of the remonstrances of Jamie McDuffle. So far there had been no bloodshed. And Jamie himself had been kept indoors by the himself had been kept indoors by the earnest prayers of Mr. D'Arey, who hoped that the marauders would depart without adding murder to arson. No sooner had Mr. D'Arey shown himself outsooner had Mr. D'Arcy shown himself outside of the door, than two bullets in rapid
succession whizzed by him, one of them
penetrating the door itself. In an instant
Jamie was outside, with his arms around
the old gentleman, and covering him, as
well as he could, with his own body.

Jamie's gigantic stature was well
known to the assailants, and D'Arcy was
about the size and build of Hiawassee.
In the uncertain moonlight and the deep
shadow of the veranda, the long white
hair was not distinguished. At Jamie's
appearance, therefore a vell went up

shadow of the veranda, the long white hair was not distinguished. At Jamie's appearance, therefore, a yell went up from the nearest timber, and several shots, but too well aimed, were fired at the two tall figures. Jamie's right arm powerless by his side, and Mr. D'A with a slight groan, staggered heavily forward against the nearest post, and then lay prostrate at the feet of the wounded

Let us hasten over the scene that fol-Let us hasten over the scene that for-lowed. Jamie McDuffie almost forgot his shattered arm in the horror and grief that came upon him at the sight of the man, whom all his lifetime he had loved and revered above all human beings, lying bleeding and helpless at his feet. Even wounded as he was, he knelt by the side of his worshipped henefactor, worsteing of his worshipped benefactor, protecting him with his own body against the bullets that still kept dropping around the door.
At length Captain Hunter ran up at
the shouts of McDuffie, and seeing the
bleeding form of his father's friend he

dashed back to where the assailants were, still keeping up their deadly fire. "Men!" he shouted, "or incarnate devils, "Men!" he shouted, "or incarnate devils, as I think ye, do you know that you have murdered Francis D'Arey?"

"No?" said a gruff voice from the timber, and which was soon followed by the appearance of the speaker hinself, who advanced to within some ten paces of the Kentuckinn—"No?" You don't tell me

Alas! war is at all times cruel and undiscriminating, but civil war is ever the most fiendish in the passions that it evokes and the destruction it works.

Still, the truth of history demands of us o say, that for one instance of inhumanity called forth by our civil strife, there are a hundred known examples most exalted generosity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOMAN A LADY.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing that cannot be lost or found. No art can restore the grape in its bloom. Familiarity without confidence, without regard, is destructive that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

"The world is wide, these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all."
Nothing? It is the first duty of a oman to be a lady. Good breeding is ood sense. Bad manners in a woman good sense. are immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitu-tional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be con-doned, and not banish men or women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may reckoned as a State's prison offense, certainly merits that mild form sive restraint called imprisonment for life. their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of It is they to whom all moote society. It is they to whom all mooted noints should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady, prince or peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Be sure you confer honor. Carry yourself so loftily that men will look up to you for reward not at you in The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's idea is not wounded when a woman fails in worthy wisdom; but if in grace, in fact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness she would be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt .-Gail Hamilton.

The established Church costs England \$58,000,000 annually.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

It is all very well to have wealth, if good use is made of it, but houses and farms and bank stocks and bonds are not unfailing sources of happiness; nay, they often prove an annoyance and burden to life. There is something that often comes with wealth that mars the joys that should accompany it. Before a man is aware this something has sapped his humanity and he stands out alone in 'the world, soured, vain and selfish—a being to make angels weep and devils grin and chuckle.

"Go sell what thou hast and give to the

poor," was an injunction to a young man by the Saviour, and we read, also, that his command made the young man "very sorrowful." But the further impressive words were uttered: "I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Under such that a rich man shall hardly enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Under such teachings, and with the experience that wealth brings many evils in its train, it is strange that the human family should jeopardize every hope, tire the livubs, worry the brain and stain the hands in the eager chase for riches. The question should come to all forcibly—to the business man in his counting-room, and to the professional man in his studies: "What am I striving for?" What are we building for future happiness? The What are we piness? The "What am I striving for?" What are we building for future happiness? The world was made for happy men and women. Its beauty and variety, its beautiful supplies of comforts and luxuries teach us the fact more forcibly than words that this world was designed for the alcode of happiness. But havey men words that this world was designed for the abode of happiness. But happy men and women are never found outside of happy homes. We pity the millionaire who boasts in his pride that he can pur-chase with his gold the precious commod-ity of happiness. It is something that gold will not buy. It is not for sale. Therefore if any reader of these lines Therefore, if any reader of these lines feels that his home is not the ideal place he has in years gone cherished and anticipated, it would be well to stop and

anticipated, it would be well to stop and inquire the re-son.

Does the tired wife who has been fretted with the annoying duties of domestic life light up with a smile at your coming? Do the little ones stand at the window and peer into the gathering gloom to note your explicits anymore or make to note your earliest approach, or make the house ring with joy when the door opens to admit you? No? Well, then there is something wrong. Stop, before you live another hour and seek cut the

cause of this discord in your life.
Husband and wife may well stop occasionally and consult together as to the
best plan to make home happy. Wealth
alone will not do it. The honors of the alone will not do it. The honors of the world and the rounds of fashionable life soon grow insipid, and we must ever turn to the home to find the chief object of life. If there were some potent method of ob-taining it, or if it could be purchased. taining it, or if it could be purchased, what a demand for it there would be And yet, when it lies at our doors, or is placed in our hands, we often fail to

grasp and retain it.

It is said that "familiarity breeds contempt." This can only become true betempt." This can only become true be-tween husband and wife when the nobility of manhood and womanhood has been forgotten and laid aside, and has been forgotten and laid aside, and selfishness and vulgarity taken the honored place. People must try to make their homes happy. Let the husband try for three months to enter his house and leave it as he did in the days of his woocostly experiment; and if the trial of a year does not make every room of your home, no matter how humble, ring with happiness then you may set it down that the devil has a mortgage upon it, and the sooner he foreclosses it the better. But you will not be disappointed. The happy heart will make the happy home, and a heart will make the happy home, and a love; love to God; love to man.

... THE PASSION PLAY AT OBERAM-MERGAU.

A letter from Munich says: "The good

people of Oberammergau, who, in ad dition to the ordinary occupation of their mountaineer life, are, like the people of mountaineer life, are, like the people of Berchtesgaden, famous at woodcarving, to which they devoted the long enforced leisure of the winter, are just now engaged, might and main, in pushing on the preparations for the celebrated Passion Play, which will be performed in the Alvina relleg to the control of the control o Alpine valley next year, according to the traditional rule which fixes its representation at intervals of ten years Next summer, a miniature migration of nations will be taking place into those Bavarian highlands, where, according to Goethe's saying, dreaming and reality are so interwoven that it is not easy to distinguish the one from the other. In order to give sufficient accommodation to the crowds sufficient accommodation to the crowds who are expected to flock to see those celebrated performances, the people of Oberammergau have built a new theatre, which will give room for nearly six thousand spectators. Almost the entire space allotted to the spectators is uncovered. We may be allowed to see, in this of ferce expressions of the control of this al fresco arrangement, an assurance that the inhabitants look forward to fine weather on the days (only Sundays and holidays) upon which the performances will take place. There are one hundred rows of seats, each intended to accomm date sixty persons. The front seats, the admission fee to which will be moderate will be fitted with wooden benches. the seats at the back, which are raised, will be provided with cone-bottomed chairs, and will be sheltered from rain and sun by a roof; the occupants of the more comfortable positions will naturally be required to pay a higher entrance fee The orchestra will not be visible. This precisely as in the Wagner theatre at Bayreuth. Possibly, the influence of the highest personage in the Bayarian kingdom may be traceable in this arrangement the royal chateau of Lindenstage enclosed on three sides. In front is a great open space, at either side, of which the choruses, which play so important a part, will be ranged. The amount ex-pended up to this by the people of the valley is about 2,000*l*. But, to complete the preparations, including new scenery and costumes, another 1,000l, or more will be needed. The entrance prices will vary from one shilling to eight shillings. The number of persons who will, in one capacity or another, be engaged in the performance will amount to nearly 700. The chief actors and solo singers are nineteen in number. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire population of the control of the contr

the valley, with the exception of the infants and a few old people, will take part in the performances. All the decorations and costumes are being prepared on the spot.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGIOUS EDUCA-TION.

Talent if divorced from rectitude will prove more of a demon than a god .-- Chan-

Popular education to be truly good and ocially useful must be fundamentally re-

ligious.—Guizot. The education of a young man to behave

well in society is of still greater importance than making him a Solomon in knowledge.—Lord Kames.

All education should be religious and intended to train the child for a religious end: not for this life only, but for eternal life.—Catholic World

life.—Catholic World. We value the enlightenment of the mind, but we don't prize less the culture of the heart; and of the two the latter is the more

important.—Archbishop Alemanny.

We shall never know our real calling or destiny unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything else as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.

-Sir Walter Scott. Religion is not a thing apart from edueation, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happi-

ness of the people. -- Lord Derby. He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect,

succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked.

—Leo XIII. A lower dogma never was maintained than this of a wholly secular education, or one more utterly impracticable. The subject must inevitably die under the operation, and religion must come back again into our schools and colleges, to save them from inantic and extinction. them from inanity and extinction .- Prof.

AFFECTION.

[From Chambers' Journal]. We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a dist net dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lotty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one

a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boys' eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart?

Who would not rather have his wife. Who would not rather buthan bury his love for her? than bury his over for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emo-tions of filial, parental and fraternil love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, love everything, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love their God, to love their ing. Let the wife practice the easy thing that is lovely. Teach your children charms that won her lover. It won't be a costly experiment; and if the trial of a parents, to love every one; to love all that is hearing in partner birds flowers &c.

STRANGE MISTAKE.

A queer story reaches the correspondent of a contemporary from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin went to court to be presented to the czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an ante-room, as she thought, where an aged lady whom she took to be a mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman.

The lady entered into conversation, but
in a frigid Russian style. The handsome
Irishwoman with the Hamilton blood in
heavier here little with the first the her veins has a little pride of her own, and thinking the Muscovite waiting-woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an ambassador, assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious and almost haughty At length she asked, "Have you so daughter lately ?" "Pardon me, mao. move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?" The answer led up to a tableau. "The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia herself.

Felix Meier of Detroit has devoted ten ears and \$7,000 to the construction of a clock. It is eighteen feet high, eight broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of the time. At the end of every quarter hour an infant in a carved trikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell, which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters of an hour a man, and at the end of each hour a greybeard.

Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises from a chair to his feet, extending his hand, presenting the Declaration of Independe The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time; also de facto President Hayes. Each is dresed in the costume of his time, and the likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face, raise their hands as they approach him, and walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second

It is our painful duty to record the death of Mgr. Zachi, a devoted cham-pion of the Church which occurred at Paris on the 19th ult. His virtues and apostolic labors, of which it would require a volume to speak adequately, were admired and appreciated throughout the Catholic world. He died at the venerable