The Widow of Nain. BY MARY E. MANNIX.

The dust on their sandals lay heavy and white, Their garments were damp with tears of the night, Their hot feet aweary, and thorbbing with As they entered the gates of the city of Nain. But lo ! on the pathway a sorrowing throng Pressed, mournfully chanting the funeral And like a sad monotone, ceaseless and slow, The voice of a woman came laden with woe. What need, stricken mothers, to tell how she

wept? Ye read by the vigils that sorrow hath kept, Ye know, by the travail of anguish and pain, The desolate grief of the widow of Nain.

As He who was first of the wayfaring men Advanced, the mute burden was lowered, and

Advanced, the influe burden with the then As He touched the white-clothes that covered the bler The bearers shrank back, but the mothen drew near.

Her snow-sprinkled tresses had loosened their strands, Great tears fell unchecked on the tightly-clasped hands, But hushed the wild sobbling and stifled her

As Jesus of Nazareth lifted His eyes. Eyes wet with compassion, as slowly they

Fell-Eyes potent to soften grief's tremulous swell, As, sweetly and tenderely, "Weep not," He said.

And turned to the passion less face of the dead. White, white gleamed his forehead, loose rippled the hair. Bronze-tinded, o'er temples transparently fair: And a glory stole up from the earth to the skies. As He called to the voiceless one, "Young man, artse!"

The hard, rigid outlines grew fervid with breath. The duil eyes unclosed from the midnight of death; Weep, weep, happy mother, and fall at His feet: Life's duil, blighted promise grown hopeful and sweet.

The morning had passed, and the midday

heats burned : more to the pathway the wayfarers One turned. turned. The conqueror of kings had been conquered again: There was joy in the house of the widow of Nain.—From the Ladics' Bazaar Journal.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XIL

DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

"Dear mamma needs me here, and grandpapa, I am sorry to say, is by no means as strong as he was at home. Being as young in heart as the youngest of us, and always thinking of some new means of procuring us amusement of the means of procuring us amusement of delightful instruction, he makes us forget his great age. He is so devoted to dear manma and every one of us, so careful of our needs and comfort, that he will not allow us to spare him any fatigue he can take on himself.

on hin "If you could only see, dearest papa, how much he is respected and looked up to by the noblest gentleman in the land. Not a day passes without his receiving visits from some of those who formerly knew him—high officers of the army and navy, imm—high officers of the army and navy, or statesmen whose names are well known. You would think that long separated brothers could not meet again with more joy and cordiality. Then he made a con-stant companion of me in his early devo-uions of every day. He takes me with him to his favorite churches and chapels, and everybody—priests, layman, and the ladies, of course—scene to be so unch ediladies, of course—seem to be somuch edi-fied by his frank and simple piety. Oh, if I could only be like him and you, dearest papa! For you are both so like each other in your manner of thinking, your way of acting toward others, and your beautiful devotion to our holy faith, that you appear to me like elder and younger brother.

send much comfort, de

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. glorious and so fascinating. This alone explains the splendid monuments we find on every side. Grandpapa taught me much about Spain, its heros, saints, and literature since I was a little girl. Now he is still our most delightful instructor and guide in explaining all the wonders that abound in this most wonderful city. Oh, if we only had you, dear name and that abound in this most wonderful city. Oh, if we only had you, dear papa, and dear brothers Gaston and Charles, and darlinglittle Mary, to make mamma's con-tentment perfect! After you she misses her 'baby-girl' most. And I miss her, too, more than I dare to tell. "And now I answer your last question remeating the subject you say is no near

"And now I answer your last question respecting the subject you say is so near to your heart, —my engagement? Count Dieg has been so long and so much spoken of to me, and the proposed alliance repre-sented by you, dearest papa, as one so much to be destred, that in my childish way I had forme? of him an exalted idea. I am glad to say in many respects the real personage surpasses the image that was in my mind. You know, papa, I never cared much for the society of gentlemen,— although we saw much company, not only in our city house, but at Fairy Dell. Per-haps my disinclination to their society arose from the thought that Diego was most likely to be my choice. "Well, we met, and since our meeting he has told me that I charmed him even from the first hour. (Do you think it possible?) I admired him. I could not help it. He is most devoted to me, but most respectful in his devotion, even most

help it. He is most devoted to me, but most respectful in his devotion, even most dignified in his bearing, at all times most agreeable; and I think that I ought to say that he is daily winning more and more of my esteem. "I do not know if I love him. I think

it is not love, because I am too foad of Gaston and of brother Charles. Still I do miss his daily visits, when anything prevents me from seeing him. We are a great deal together, and I am happy in his society.

"Now, my dear papa, I think that I have disclosed to you the true state of my have disclosed to you the true state of my heart, and it pains me—on, so much, so much,—to say anything of Count Diego that can make you like him less. How can I do it? There is a barrier between me and the great happiness that you and dear mamma anticipate for me Count Diego is only a Catholic in name. He does not even believe in the divinity of our holy religion. Christ for him is not what He is for you and memma, and for all your children,—the God of our hearts! He has confessed this to me, and has thrown has confessed this to me, and has thrown himself upon my mercy, my pity, and im-plores me not to cast him off. He says his ove for me will bring him back to the Church. "What can I do? What ought I to do

dear papa? I am overwhelmed to-night by conflicting emotions, and blinded by doubt and fear. Pray for and advise, "Your loving daughter, "Rose D'Arcy"

CHAPTER XIII. THE TRUE HEART OF LOVE.

"Learn to win a lady's faith Nobly as the thing is high. Bravely, as for life and death, With a loyal gravity. By your truth sheathalt be true, Ever true, as wives of yore : And her yes, once said to you, SHALL be yes for everymore."

Diego De Lebrija was too much elated y his last conversation with Rose, and too by inside conversation with Rose, and too impatient of any delay to their solenn betrethal and their subsequent union, not to fill the old Marquise's bosom with the same sentiments. The young man felt bimself too sure and too proud of having gained the love of his affianced not to avoid pressing himself on her during the evolution gained the lowe of his affianced not to avoid pressing himself on her during the evening of the Dutchesse's reception, or *tertulia*. Indeed this lady herself, while compli-menting the Count on his good fortune, told him that Rose was seriously anxious about her mother, and after a warm ex-pression of concern for the sufferee both pression of concern for the sufferer, both

his visitors to be seated, and drew his "If Diego has not misunderstood Miss D'Arcy," the Marquis replied in a tone of surprise, "there is no longer any obstacle on her part."

on her part." "There is a very serious objection in her conscience," Mr. D'Arey s id, "whatever may be the voice of her heart. Your son can, I think, best explain what its nature is"

"She certainly did speak of my-my not sharing in her own fervent faith. But I understood her to say that she was willing to accept me on the condition of winning me in course of time to practical reli gion

"" You do not mean," the Marquis said to Mr. D'Arcy, "that your granddaughter would reject my son, the heir of one of the oldest and proudest houses in Spain be-cause he would not go with her to confes-sion and communion ?" "I mean-for I know," the other answered, "that Rose D'Arcy, would not wed the King of Spain were he to refuse to worship with her at the altars of their common faith, or to decline preparing his soul in the same divinely-appointed way, before becoming his bride." before becoming his bride

"Bahl my de r friend, there is not a lady in Spain who would not think it mad ess to refuse the hand of Diego de Lerija on such a pretext." "I should be sorry for Spain and should

have but little respect for its women," was the firm and gentle response, "if I could bring myself to believe that Spanish mothers have so degenerated, and that Spanish maidens set such little store on the faith of their heroic ancestors."

"I have only conceived a tenfold rever-ence for Miss D'Arcy's noble character," Diego said, anxious to prevent an angry discussion, "since she declared to me that, to her mind, a perfect union of hearts is impossible without perfect unity

"It is as well that you should understand at once," Mr. D'Arcy said, "that proud as our family have been of their inprotect as our family have been of their in-violable devotion to the cause of their lawful princes, they glory far more in their unvarying fidelity to their ancestral faith. We were driven forth from Ireland two centuries ago because of this twofold fidelity. We have been and are as devoted republicans as we have been royal mon-archists. But under a monarchy or under the republic we helped to found and to maintain, we heve been true to the God of our fathers. And may I or son of mine never see the day, when child of ours could hesitate for a moment to pluck out of her heart a love that could not be met by a love as pure and hallowed as her own !?" "It is my wish, my firm hope, as it shall be the aim and ambition of my life, to make my love worthy of that which she avows for me," said Diego, fervently. "But how came Miss D'Arey to speak to you or this mbitst?"

you on this subject?" inquired his father.

"How happened it," replied Mr. D'Arcy "that you, my dear Ramon, in all our correspondence, and knowing what a our correspondence, and knowing what a price I, as well as my son and daughter-in-law, set upon chosing for our child a true Christian man, you should not have once hinted at this insuperable obstacle to the union of these young people t" "Because," replied the other haughtily, "I could not conceive that you were bet-ter Christians in your Protestant republic than we were here in Catholic Static My

than we were here in Catholic Spain that we were here in Cathone Spain. My son can wed to-morrow the woman of his choice from among our highest nobility, and not a parent will question him about his religion any more than about the blazon on his shield."

"Louis D'Arcy and his admirable wife," id his friend, "have made it the most said his said his friend, "have made it the most sacred of duties to keep the soul of their oldest daughter, as they have those of all their children, from any contact with error and stain of sin. They would deem it, at least, as foul a wrong done to the woman wedded to their oldest son to give her, unwarned an unbelieving husband

"American gentlemen though they may not have bound themselves to any one particular church or local religious society, are not, for that reason, altogether irrelig-ious. Scofing at priests, or turning holy things into ridicule, is not fashionable in good American society." "My misfortune was to be educated by skeptical masters in the French University schools, and to have mixed at home with men who had made light of what you hold to be most sacred," said Diego. "I love and praise you for this frank admires the resolution you have formed of learning the divinity of religion from the beautiful lives of its professors. I wished that my granddaughter should know you herself, and that, unwarned and unprejudiced, she should form her own estimate of your character. This is why she is now in Spain."

"Surely, my dear sir, I cannot com-plain of the delicacy and nobleness of your behavior toward us." behavior toward me." "Nor can I," said the Marquis, "although

"Nor can I," said the Marquis, "although I. felt wounded by your suspicions, my dear Francis, and by your rejection of what I must presist in calling a most de-sirable alliance to both of us." "Everything must now be left to the young people themselves," Mr. D'Arcy said. "My granddaughter, though scarcely concered from circlined in of this inde

emerged from girlhood, is of ripe judg-ment and has great decision of character. She has been trained by her mother to superintend the spiritual and bodily wante

Count," he continued, addressing Diego. Count," he continued, addressing Diego, "What is it you propose my friend?" in-quired the Marquis, "I fear I do not understand you. The Duke and Duchess, and all Seville with them, now look upon the betrothal as an accomplish-ed fact. They expect the solemn ceremony of ratification to be speedily performed. A delay would create gossip and scandal; it would, inevitably, tend to dis-

grace both my son and myself." "My son must be informed by his daughter of her doubts, and await his decision," Mr. D'Arcy answered. "It is a natural and really excuse to give to ques. "ioners. A father's final and formal con-"It is a sent-especially where it involves the set-tlement of large estates—is sufficient reason for even a long delay. Meanwhile, my der Diego, you must approve your-self more and more to my dear grand-daughter."

"And you and Mrs. D'Arcy will continue to be with us on the same footing of intimacy, while we are expecting the let-ters from Fairy Dell?" said the Marquis. "Can you doubt that the honor of your house and the happiness of every one who bears your name, as dear to me as my own life?" replied his friends "Allow me to give to our noble hosts whatever ex-planations may be needed, and let us both help our children to be worthy of each other and of the divine blessing."

Thus ended for the moment a difficulty which appeared to be pregnant with serious mischief.

While her grandfather was so wisely While her grandfather was so wisely guarding her dearest interests, Rose D'Arcy was busied in cheering her mother and directing the studies of her sisters, who looked up to her with the same deference as if she were fifty years of age instead of sixteen, and a most ex-perienced teacher of all knowledge, in-stead of being the keen and simple-minded learner that she was in reality. Rose, how-ever, had a rate faculty for imparting ever, had a rare faculty for imparting knowledge-more rare even than the exknowledge-more rare even than the ex-traordinary quickness with which she seized and mastered what was essential in seized and mastered what was essential in every branch of science submitted to her. Her sisters, her Sunday-school children, as well as the colored folk whom she under-took to instruct in letters or in religion, were made to understand at once and to were made to understand at once and to remember firmly whatever the girl ex-plained to them. She had the talent for making the school-room or the catechism-class delightful by her pleasant manners unchaste woman on a man of stainle and her bright fancy, as well as by the clearness and simplicity of her lessons. And so, when Mr. D'Arcy entered his ighter-in-law's room after his interview with the Lebrijas, he found her seated in an arm-chair, with a beautiful copy of Ponce de Leon's poems open on her lap, her eves closed as if she were dozing, but in reality listening to Rose's most interesting lesson of Spanish history. The three girls were seated round a table at a window opening on the delicious patio, or interior court of the ducal palace. with its orange-trees, its palmettos, its world of flowering plants, and its gusting fountains. A map of Spain was spread out before them on the table, while Rose was explaining the successive conquests achieved over the Moors by St. Ferdmand, or Ferdinand III. Genevieve's arm was around her sister's neck and Mand's circled her waist, as both girls followed her with rapt attention the glorious tale so simply and so interestingly told by their little teacher. The *patio*, with its wealth of shrub and flower, with its deliciweath of sirulo and nower, with its dener-ous odors and enchanting sights, was quite forgotten as the the girls followed the hero-king from triumph to triumph. Mr. D'Arcy paused as he drew aside the heavy hanging that separated the outer from the inner apartment, and looked with a sensation of intense happiness and devoit gratitude to heaven, on the devout gratitude to heaven, on the mother so lovely in her beautiful middle age, and the three angelic figures grouped near that window, with the golden sun-light and the many-colored trees and shrubs beyond. With a swift prayer of thanksgiving to the divine goodness with whom his thoughts held perpetual communion, he advanced toward Mrs. D'Arey, "I should have come long ago, my dear Mary," he said, as he bent down to kiss the bright, glad face upturned to his own, "but that I was det.ined by a rather unexpected visit." "I know it, dear father," she said as she pressed his hand to her lips. "I am so much better to-day!" she continued, and feel ashamed of having spoiled your evenvisit. "Thank God for the change, my dear," "Thank God for the change, my dear," said the old gentleman, as he took a seat by her side. "Are you near the end of your morning task, Rose ?" he inquired, looking toward the group in the window. "Yes, grandpapa," answered that young lady, as she rose and her two pupils Thastened across the room to embrace Mr. D'Arey.

"Well, Mary, where are these three Graces of yours going to visit to-day?" he

aked. "I had promised to go with them to the obacco manufactory," she replied. There are nearly three thousand women employed in that immense edifice, and

Rose—" "Ah, I see," interrupted her father. "Rose is pining for some good, healthful work to do among poor creatures." "Just so," said Mrs. D'Arcy. "The Dutchess is going with us, and Rose has already planned a society of ladies, who will take on themselves to look after this bittle armon of formal toilow? little army of female toilers."

"Do not blush, Rose," said her grandfather. "I quite approve of the labor and the plan. I suppose Viva and Maud are going to be your aids in this new enter-

"Indeed, grandpapa," said Rose, "I only mean to follow the guidance of the Duch-ess, and to do as well as I can everything she will bid me."

"Well, Viva, how did you and Maud enjoy your ascent of the Giralda?" he asked.

asked. "We enjoyed it immensely, grandpapa," the young lady addressed said. "Viva said it was not half so high as the 'Lovers' Leap," Maud hastened to put in, "nor half so exciting as the view from the new bridge at Ronda."

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRAVER.

POWER OF THE "OUR FATHER" AND HAIL MARY.'

In 1836 while connected with the Church of St. Roque, I was for a long time engaged in giving catechetical in-struction to the children; not only the ordinary catechism, but what we called, and what is still called, catechism of perseverance, at which young persons of both sexes attended until their marriage.

One day I was called upon to solemnize the marriage of one of these young persons, who was very plous; she had most as-siduously followed our instructions until the hour of this great engagement; her betrothed was a practical Catholie, so that it was one of those marriages which we can bless with hope and consolation.

Ordinarily an exhort tion is given on these occasions; I said a few words acording to the custom, and I still remem-per that while speaking I had a distracber that while speaking i had a distrac-tion; it was caused by a tall man, at least six foot high, who stood erect while every one else was scated, looking at me with a fixed, intense gaze, and, as he was one of the first witnesses at the ceremony, ke stood scarcely three steps from me. This proximity, his great height, his original manner, and his fixed look, had, as you may readily, understood attracted my may readily understood, attracted my attention, for a moment, and then I cast the impression aside. After the cer-mony all retired, and I thought all was finished; far from it. At five o'clock the next morning my bell was rung by the bridegroom, who came in great haste to

summon me to a dying man, his uncle, the same tall man who had so singularly distracted me the previous evening. He was quite aged, seventy-four years old; he had taken cold at the wedding cere-mony, and the physician declared he could not live. I started immediately, and as we went along the street, I asked, he

"Was your uncle a good Christian?" "He was a good man, but we fear that he neglected his religious duties. " Has he any idea of his dangerous conditio "Yes, he is fully sensible of it." "I · Does he wish to see me ?" "Yes, whe saw that he was struck by death asked him if he would not like to "Yes, when we k by death, we FRIDAY, OCT. 24.]

will assist you; I will say them myself; you will say them afterward with me, and then you will find all you have lost." Kneeling down by his bedside, and and holding his hand in both of mine, I commenced. He let me say the two or three first invocations of the 'Our Father, but when I said 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us,' he suddenly pressed my hand, and as one arousing from a long sleep he exclamed, "Oh ! I remember that. Yes ! I think when I was a little boy my mother taught me something like that. Will you please commence it again !" I recommenced it and then instantaneously, from the depths of his soul, across his darkened mind, and from far away in his early childhood— across seventy-four years—across all those across seventy-four years—across all those wars and all those battle-fields which had passed over his life and effaced from his soul all ideas of religion, came back to this old soldier the remembrance of his this old soldier the remembrance of his mother, and the prayers she had taught him when a little boy, and he commenced unaided to recall the words. One by one I saw them leave his soul, as if they had all been engulfed, and were now rising to the surface. At each sentence he in-terrupted himself: "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I remember—Our Father Who art in Heaven'—yes, indeed that is it—'hallowed be Thy name'—that is it again !—I re-emember it all now !—'Thy kingdom come.' Yes, yes I remember I used to say emember it all now !-- 'Thy kingdom come.' Yes, yes I remember I used to say all that--Oh ! isn't that prayer beautiful !" And when he came to the words "forgive us our trespasses," "Ah !" he cried, "above all the rest, I remember that--those are the words that brought all the rest back to me; my mother used to make me say that whenever I did anything wrong." And in this manner he finished the "Our Father;" then he asked to say it with me,

and seemed never weary in repeating it "But," he exclaimed, "is there not

another *l* Oh ! yes, now I remember my wother said there was a Blessed Virgin-stop—I must find that prayer also ! But it won't come back. Say it to me so I can remember all about it." And when I can remember all about it." And when I repeated the first words, he interrupted me with a joyful cry, "Oh! yes, that is it! 'Hail Mary!'" And then, without waiting for me to take the lead, he con-tinued. "full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and all the words seemed to flow miraculously from his soul, and with tears flawing down his chack he remeated

flowing down his cheeks, he repeated, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners, now and at the hour of our death." Behold in this old man the power of

Behold in this old man the power of the prayers which a pious mother had taught him in his childhood! Precious germs deposited in his soul, and a long time buried there—but, thank God, they were there—and at the supreme moment, under a favorable ray of Divine grace they burst forth to support him in his last hours, and to open for him the gates of a happy eternity! He never wearied in saying them, but continued constantly repeating them. epeating them.

Finally, seeing that he was fatigued, I Finally, seeing that he was failgued, i left him promising to return as soon as he had taken some repose. And I did return very soon, for I was most anxious to give him Holy Communion. He received the Viaticum with the most lively faith; all had been revealed with those two prayers. I had nothing more to teach him. Dupanloup.

..... SUNDAY-OBSERVING ENGLAND.

An honest Englishman, sojourning for a time in Belgium, and rather astonished at certain things he saw there, writes a note to the Liverpool Catholic Times, Aug. 28th, which will be found suggestive. He

says: I have often heard it remarked by my ountrymen that nowhere but in England is the Sunday observed with the proper rest from labor. It is much to be regretted that Protestantism abroad is not gretted that Protestantism abroad is not the same as at home. It is not as a rule here, but quite the exception, that any work is done by Belgians. I passed some Sundays, however, at Gand, alias Ghent, and Antwerp, when to my surprise I found large steamers (British) unloading their series of iner coal and and rundrise their cargoes of iron, coal, and sundries, just as if it was a Monday, and employing directly and indirectly a number of men, with no other or better excuse than it was more lucrative to do so. We hear much of the Sabbath in Scotland and Eng-land; it would be better to hear less, and see the religious idea better carried out by them in other countries with which they them in other countries with which they trade, and upon whose soil they cast the odious repreach of violating the Sunday so freely. J can only regard such conduct as most insulting to this Catholic country, and regret that the influence of new Sunday-observing England cannot pro-duce any better fruits to give in return to this Catholic country, from whose industry they annually draw such large revenues. I remain, etc.,

[FRIDAY

L down her b

a classmate, r sunny field With bright face One glimpse to o Learning the so As, borne along Living her schoo She

A fairer picture Than yon vessel Out on the billoo But a fair young From deck to wi Kee

A widow stands O'er which the si Marked by a stor The mossy trace And to the far br Is

Whitely and sile On the meadow s O'er the dark'nir O'er the data An aged woman, A child again in h Still

Thus, all throug turn There are aching Over by-gone hou Within us that w And as, in the mi We'r

But angels, kneel The loved ones fo Are thrilled with Their eyes " the F Yes, in His preset No

OUR LAD

In the midst

during which the

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expressed the sympathy, the si-the paralysed, the the arena. Som trasses, and were priests into the llotted space. interest was a yo years of age. Sl years of age. a dying state, an trass bed. Her a ravages of cons Her frame was e pale and attenua esplanade her e upon the statue i clasped a rosary fervently in pray borne along the involuntarily utto be distinctly hear The sick were in rows. The m short intervals, as for the accommo able to sit were d A striking feat presence of kind had been consider of the extreme ca It was a touc gentle Sisters of nursing with pr consoling manue the dejected, th languid and exhau by one, came appeared to be in visibly stealing do and it was not di great must have painful inconveni

papa, or any good news concerning darling mamma's health. I see that she is not gaining strength, as we all hoped she would, in the lovely climate of Andalusia although I think that in summer the cli-mate of Fairy Dell is healthier in many mate of Fairy Dell is healther in many respects. Here no rain ever seems to fall, and I miss our frequent thunder-storms, our refreshing showers, our beautiful woods, and our lovely rivers. So does mamma. Perhaps it is too dry for her here. Still the doctor says a dry climate is more favorable to her in her present condition, and that the autumn and winter condition, and that the autumn and winter months especially will prove of great bene-

"I hope and pray fervently it may be Still my heart is oppressed by gloomy odings. We must not be despondent, so. Sum my We must not be despondent. forbodings. We must not be despondent. however, dearest papa, because the physi-tans here do not at all despair of her re-cians here do not at all despair of her case nowever, dearest papa, because the physi-cians here do not at all despair of her re-covery. They differ respecting her case and its treatment. But of this I do not know much, and I am sure grandpapa keeps you informed of everything. Dr. S—said in my presence that he hoped to see her perfectly restored and able to resee her perfectly restored and able to return to America before this time next Oh, papa, I do not feel reassured year. Oh, papa, I do by his hopefulners.

"I have made a special offering on my own behalf to our dear Lord in order to obtain darling mamma's complete restora-tion to health, and to you who worshup her so dearest papa. In His hands I leave the result. We-grandpapa, the girls and myself-pray daily at Mass for this favor, and several communities and many poor people are uniting their supplications to ours. Dear grandpapa gives most liberal ours. Dear grandpapa gives most liberal alms in mamma's name, and encourages me to find out every case of real distress I can that he may relieve it secretly. Surely our dear Lord will listen to the prayers of

His poor. "It seems to me that I could not live if She has mainma were taken from me. She has made me her inseperable companion since I was a little child, and now my soul seems to live by her soul I cannot tell you, papa, how the fear of losing her darkens everything to me even in this land of beauty. Mamma thinks that my depresbeauty. Mamma thinks that my depres-sion of spirits comes from reaction after the excitement of society life in Spain, so new and strange to me. I let her think

so. "You ask me, dear papa, how I like Spain! It is a most beautiful country. But coming ourselves from the South, and from among the grand mountain-scenery of North Carolina,-we were not so much of North Carolina,—we were not so much struck by the aspect of nature as by the character and manners of the people, and the monuments left by former ages. It is the history of Christian Spain that is so

the Marquis and his son pressed Rose to tire, which she soon did in company with ner grandfather.

her grandfather. At a very early hour the next morning, however, both gentlemen called on Mr. D'Arcy to make inquiries about his daughter-in-law's health, as well as to settle, if possible, an early day for the solemn ceremony of betrothal. The old gentleman and Rose had, as

usual, been up with the dawn, had been among the first worshipers at a neighbor-ing mon-stry church, which both sought with the simple and childlike faith of th which the simple and childlike faith of the pure of heart the "supersubstantial bread" that is both light and food to the worthy recipient. And both were back, had re-freshed the body after strengthening the scall hed brick of the strengthening the soul, had lavished upon their loved sufferer their words of comfort and cheer, making her forget every pang of spirit, when Mr. D'Arcy was informed that visitors were awaiting him in his chambers. "We have presumed to call early," said

the Marquis, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "because I remember my old friend's beautiful habits of early rising and early morning devotions. They tell me that you are not changed in this?"

My spiritual need has not lessened as age nd its infirmities increased," Mr. D'Arcy and it replied.

replied. "Ah, I wish you had been always by my side," the Marquis said, sadly. "Your example might have kept me fervent in the trials of manhood even as your com-panionship saved me from the temptation of our school days." "It is never too hate to renew the youth of one's soul my dense from the youth

"It is never too late to renew the youth of one's soul, my dear friend," said Mr. D'Arcy, cheerily. "If it is important to begin life well, how much more is it to end it well ! But I am not given to preaching."

No, for you preach more persuasively

"No, for you preach more persuasively by the silent eloquence of your whole con-duct," replied the other. "Well, well, my dear Ramon, you for-get how much I owe to you," said his

friend. "I fear all the weight of obligation is on your side, dear Francis," said the Marquis, as he again seized Mr. D'Arcv's hand. "Besides the precious pecuniary aid you have given me in our political and commercial disasters, you are now about to place me eternally in your debt by the happy union between our houses.

"I am glad you speak of this," Mr. D'Arey answered. "Perhaps this has been the chief object of your visit?"

"That, together with our anxiety abou Irs. D'Arcy's health," the other said.

her, unwarned, an unbelieving husband, as they would to bestow the hand of an

mrity This is impeaching my honor and my

"I impeaching my honor and my "I impeach no one," Mr. D'Arcy rejoin-ed. "I am stating the principles which have ruled my life, and which I have taught my children to prize above wealth, to the mail amount of the state of the state of the state." station, and everything except the divine blessing. I am explaining to you what kind of a girl we have been training to be your son's wife. Have I, has she, have her parent's no right to know if the husband you would give her has been educa-

band you would give her has been educa-ted on principles quite opposite?" "Father," said Diego, "and you Mr. D'Arcy, I must beseech you both for my sake, and for that of the noble maiden whom I love, and who, I believe, loves me, that this contestation shall end here. If not to believe in Christianity is

a barrier to my union to the angel whose very thought thrills my soul, then am I the most unhappy of men. Allow me only to know more of her, to behold and admire the beauty of her life, and I may surely be led thereby to admire the holi-ness of a religion which produces such women, and to believe in its heavenly origin."

origin." "That must be my granddaughter's own decision," replied Mr. D'Arcy. "She never learned from me or from any member of my family aught unfavorable to the character of her affianced husband. She only thought of the family of the Marquis of Lebrija as she thought of her own-that it was most Christian, most honored, and

it was most Christian, most honored, and most happy. In her innocent girlish fancy Diego de Lebrja was invested with all the perfections she worsbiped in her own brothers." "How did these injurions suspicions arise then?" asked the Marquis. "I was just about to tell you," answered Mr. D'Arcy, "some things I had myself observed in Diego's conduct during my last visit to Spain three years ago, had pained me. Still I was reluctant to be-lieve anything that was not most favor. pained me. Still I was reluctant to be-lieve anything that was not most favorable of one so dear to me, and kept my thoughts to myself. From American friends in Paris, however, who frequently met your son, and were also acquainted with the tie that bound him to my family,

I subsequently learned many things that confirmed my own fears and pained me beyond expression." "I confess," Diego put in, "that I was to fine the subsection of the subsecti

too free in proclaiming my want of faith in all established religious forms while "Yes, g mingling in with your countrymen." "And in that you did not win their re-speet, believe me," said Mr. D'Arcy.

The bridegroom also informed me that his uncle had come from the country to attend his wedding, and he was then at a hotel in a cross street. (I have never since passed that hotel without emotion.) We entered, and I was left alone with him. Before me lay this poor old man dving. I approached, and he immediately held out his hand. There was something very frank and noble in his manner. "I am going to die," he said, " and I wish to do whatever is done at such a time. I am seventy-four years old, and for sixty years I have not been to confession. years I have not been to confession. At fourteen I enlisted; I have been in all the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; I have never thought of God during all the time, and I know not why. I now feel that I ought not to leave the world before being reconciled to Him, just as if I had always known Him." Fouched by his frankness and his extraordinarily sincere expression, I replied, "I will aid you to know Him, and God will aid us: such things are easy for those of an upright, candid heart." But it was of an upright, cannot neart." But it was not so very easy, after all, and you will readily perceive. When, by the assist-ance of many questions, I had finished his confession for him, "Now," I said, "I'll give you a penance." "What is that ! I have not the least idea of it."

And in truth he had not the first idea of religion, of the Sacrament of Penance, or of any other Sacrament. * * * * A poor dying man, whose hairs were bleached by the snows of almost fourscore winters, was passing from earth without having a single idea of Christianity;

merely an instinct prompted him to wish for a reconciliation with God before his death. I explained the meaning of penance,

and said: "You suffer very much; offer your suffering to our Blessed Lord, and that will enable me to give you an easy penance; you need only say the "Our Father" and "the Hail Mary." He looked at me for a moment with the most intent and piercing gaze, for, al-though so exhausted by age and sickness, he had a most extraordinary energy in his eye, and said, "Our Father," "Hail Mary!" What do they mean i I have never heard anything about them." Yes, this was the state which the poor miserable man had reached; seventy-four years old, and he had forgotten even the prayers that inhad torgotten even the prayers that in-fants in their mothers' arms lisp in childish accents. Religion was utterly obliterated from his soul! There remained nothing ! nothing ! I east a look toward Heaven, and I felt that a miracle was needed to bring back the pastor to enlighten his darkened soul.

DESECRATION AT LOURDES.

A very strange story comes to us from France-a story difficult to credit, but our authority is trustworthy. All who have been to the miraculous shrine at Lourdes must have been struck by the number of trophies that are the offerings of pious pil-grims, or that the quick recurring miracles have collected in the place. There miracles have collected in the place. There is a touching appropriateness in the devotion that makes the grateful pilgrim offer at the shrine the mementoes of his disease which the mercy of heaven have rendered useless. All the walls at Lourdes were hung with crutches, and wooden less and wooden arms to which screde legs, and wooden arms, to which scrolls were attached with dates and names authenticating the miracles. These trophies, it appears, excited the malignity of the unbelievers. It was a hard thing to scoff at the miracles with such visible testimony of their truth before the eyes of the world. There it was resolved that the testimony must be destroyed. In the dead of the night some miscreants pene-trated to the shrine, the religious trophies were collected in a heap and set in flames. They were reduced to ashes. A beautiful rose tree that sprang from a cleft in ful rose tree that sprang from a cleft in the rocks was destroyed by the fire, and the face of the statue of the Virgin was scorched and blackened by the smoke. It would be difficult in all history to find darkened soul. "You ought to know," that those pray-ers are the most beautiful in religion. I and liberty."

ufferers; th pillow and eased as possible they anticipated their

in so long a journ But, like ange Sisters of harity

Their kind manne

Nor were they a Men of Religio attendance; good valuable service, considerate kindn to win the gratefu assuredly as it ave the assembled mu When the sick 1

the grotto, and th in procession fron in prayer. A ten erected in the gro A priest began the multitude assisted tion for all who ca restoration.

Holy communie to the sick and in advanced to each l acolyte bearing a sick who had al thus happy priv Blessed Sacramen moment of intere picture was pres multitudes were k The sick were lyi of old anxiously w esus of Nazareth his priest passed The priest quietly bed to bed, from shall describe the look of earnest d visible throughou After the Holy received another Then the pilgrin church above. F was prepared and of bathing the inva labours of the th inaugurated. I s The labor was g and the charity a constant unflaggin in hand most edif For three days th the promoters, 1 were devoted to the to the care of the the time from earl invalids were car afflicted in various cared for, and a co an unwearying u their regard imp charity of a rema was not all. The The supplication w which had to be The pilgrims had the intention of m before the throne an impressive real