Moments

Only a little moment!
A tiny fragment of life;
To be crushed 'neath the great years' footsteps, To be lost in centuries' strife.

And yet, I remember a moment, Just a tiny moment like this, That held, in its heart, the giving Of the gift of infinite bliss.

That won back long years of darkness To the light of the rarest grace, And so glowed with the golden "Forgiven," That sin fled from the flash of its face.

Ah! life of that little moment, You live through my length of days; And the grace that fell in your fleeing, Will fail on all coming ways.

I never may slight you, wee moments, Seem you ever so briefly grasped; Since, all that the future could promise, In the touch of a moment was clasped.

For moments, so frail and fleeting, Ye may bring our lives, in your Up to the Day everlasting, Down to the enless Night.

Ah! voice of the passing moments, How I list as your cadences flow; For I know not which bears the sun Of eternal weal or woe.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

Through the lovely November weather, however, uneasiness about her mother's health and the sweet care of alleviating her acute sufferings, had almost absorbed the heart and mind of Rose. We say "almost," because there was, in her parting with Diego de Lebrija, very, very much that raised him still more in her esteem, so much did he manifest of delicate and chivalrous devotion to both her mother and herself, and so genuine was his grief at having to tear himself away from Seville, at that moment especially. And Rose's innocent heart, in surrending itself to the pure sentiment that filled it for one she had been so long accustomed to think of with tenderness, was following only the bent of both duty and inclination. Indeed, she thought much of her absent lover, and his image became inseparable in her soul from that of her dear ones at Fairy Dell.

the end of November brought the most alarming tidings from home, she ably seconded her grandfather in his efforts to keep all bad news from Mrs. D'Arcy, and even from Viva and Maud. The seclusion of their new residence allowed them to shut out as much of the world and its noise as they chose. So their dear sufferer heard not a word of the ordinences of secession, passed by the Southern States, or of the arming of formidable

bodies of militia.

It had been the hope of Mr. D'Arey and Dr. Shorecliffe that the balmy autumn and winter weather would abate the sufferings of Mrs. D'Arcy, and enable medical skill to arrest the spread of the cancer.

It became evident, however, as the winter advanced, that nothing but an operation, and an operation performed before Christ-mass, could save the life of the patient. Her fortitude and unmurmuring submission to the Divine will were too well known to her father-in-law, to justify him in witholding from her the judgment of her physicians a moment longer than was necessary, or in delaying for a single day necessary, or in decaying for a single way the cruel trial to which they were to put her strength of soul and body. He never-theless besought the divine aid both for himself, while imparting this intelligence, and for his dear and most exemplary suf-ferer, that she might be disposed to ac-cept the inscription with perfect screenity. cept the inevitable with perfect serenity of soul.

He was assisted toward the performance -by a providential occurrence, ratherthat one might rightly deem to have been

It was a heavenly morning about the middle of December, just an hour before noon. The windows on the southeastern side of Mrs. D'Arey's large and beautiful room were thrown open to admit the sun-light, the golden beams of which came into apartment softened by the haze which veil of vellow glossamer. On the opposite or southwestern side, the lofty windows opened into the patio, allowing the eye to rest on myrtles, palmettoes, orange trees, and all the most beautiful flowers of Southhern Spain, while the splashing of the central fountain, and the song of birds, and the mingled fragrance of a thousand plants were borne in on the morning air to the low couch on which our patient lay Viva and Maud were sitting on low stool near their mother, Maud holding between her own the left hand that lay on the snowy bed, and Viva reading, in a sweet, low voice, a chapter from "The Life of St. Teresa" (written by the Saint herself). Rose, in a pure white dress, without a single ornament, and relieved only by a narrow blue ribbon round the waist, and a tiny band of blue sust ining the frill at the neck, was busy at a writing-table between two of the inner windows, indicting a letter to her brother Charles in Paris from her mother. The walls were inlaid from her mother. The walls were inlaid with Spanish marble of a rich, rosy tint, softened by age. A cornice of rich old Andalusian oak, deeply carved, and relieved by gold and vermillion, ran all round the room; and from it depended heavy blue damask curtains at the windows. The ceiling was in sky-blue starred with silver, with a circular fresco in the centre repre-senting St. Ferdinand entering Seville as a conqueror. Opposite Mrs. D'Arey's couch, and over the table at which Rose was writing, hung a picture of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a composition so life-like and soul-stirring that one could look forever on the trans-formed beauties of the Mother of Sorrows, as she soured upward, followed and sur-rounded rather than borne by a cloud of rounded rather than borne by a cloud of angelie beings, her face lifted toward the coming glory of her Son, as if the yearning eyes sought the long-denied light of His countenance, and her hands stretched upwards, like the wings of a soul transported by divine love. The whole picture seemed to impart to the beholder a glimpse of the beioth world above, and to awaken in the oright world above, and to aways, meart the desires of the eternal joys. bright world above, and to awaken in the

The furniture, as in most Spanish houses of even the best class, was rather simple than rich; of the best materials,

A rich Persian carpet, in which red, yellow, A rich Persian carpet, in which real, yellow, and blue predominate, covered the space in front of Mrs. D'Arey's couch, and others were spread in front of the ottomans between the windows. On an inlaid ebony table at the foot of Mrs. D'Arey's couch was a large Sevres vase filled with the rarest flowers which the duchess's garden could sumply and which she selected den could supply, and which she selected every morning for her dear friend. High den could supply, and which she selected every morning for her dear friend. High above the blended and delicate-scented flowers of the Sierras, which Mrs. D'Arcy loved so dearly, shone the rare exotics from Madagascar,—the Angrocum Superhum and the Augracum Sesquipedale,—in themselves a marvel of floral magnificence, that won the admiration and praise of Mr. D'Arcy As yiva read and read of the protracted

and seemingly endless sufferings of the heroic Teresa de Ahumada, she forgot her own pangs in the contemplation of what a feeble, sickly, persecuted woman could achieve for the divine glory and the elevation of our common humanity to a higher level and supermatural aims. And the eyes of the sick woman wandered to the figure of her oldest girl as she was busied figure of her oldest girl as she was busted quietly in her sisterly work, and then to the bright picture overhead, the Holy Mother entering into the light unapproachable. And she realized, sweetly, line by line, the verse of a modern poet, which she had taught her children to resert to her. peat to her:
"Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,

That lets me see her standing up Where the light of the Throne is bright? Unto the left, unto the right, The cherubim, arrayed, conjoint, Float inward to a golden point, And from between the seraphim And glory issues for a hymn."

Gradually and unconsciously Mrs. D'Arcy raised her voice, as she gazed like one entranced. Viva stopped reading, and Rose laying down her pen, li-tened at first, and

finally rose and approached the couch.
"You must not excite yourself, precious mamma," she said, kneeling down and kissing the face so beautiful in its heavenly expression of love and rapture. "Thank our dear Lord, you are so much better

"Yes, darling, so much better!" was the answer, while the speaker's eyes still seem-ed so full of the glorified figure of the as-cending Virgin Mother, as if the heavens

were really open to view.
"Oh, mamma," said Viva, who had now taken her place by Rose's side, "you will soon be able to go down with us all to the Alcazar in the afternoon. The weather is just as lovely as the month of May at Fairy Dell, or as February in Charleston."

"Why did you stop reading, Viva dear?" said the fond mother, as she now looked upon the three lovely faces fixed upon her own. "I was thinking how near in glory St. Teresa must be to the Mothe of Sorrows, whom she so nearly resembled suffering while on earth.

At this moment Mr. D'Arcy entered the room, and was struck by the picture be-fore him, of the gentle parent looking with love lit eyes on her three daughters kneeling beside her,—as beautiful as angels sent to minister to the comfort of

"You are looking very bright and ha py, dear Mary," the old gentleman said, bending over and kissing his daughter-in-law's forehead. "What have these little witches been doing to make you look so radiant?"

"Nothing but looking at her, grand-papa," said Maud, as she laid her cheek beside her mother's.

"Yes, they, with you, dearest father, and our absent darlings, are altogether the sun of my life, and their looks of love warm and brighten my soul.

"You have been a most blessed mother,

dear Mary," Mr. D'Arcy said, seating him-self on the other side of her couch, and keeping her right hand in his own.

"So blessed, indeed," she answered, "that I do not see how I resemble that dear Mother of us all," she continued, rais-

ing her eyes to the picture on the wall.

"Leave it to Him, who bore the cross before her, to create and complete that re-semblance," he said, in a voice that seemseminance," he said, in a voice that seeming de to quiver with emotion. "Rose," he added, "you and your sisters can take a stroll in the patio, while I am treating with your mother of urgent business."

shall be quite near at hand, grandpapa," Rose replied, as all three girls ros to quit the room. "Shall I tell the servant that you must not be disturbed!"

"I have done so myself," he answered. "You can look in within a quarter of an

hour. And you, Viva, gather me a tiny fragrant bouquet for your mother."
"Yes, grandpapa," said the delighted girl. And off they went into the paradise of tree and shrub and flower in the spacious court.

ous court.
"You have had no bad news from home dear father?" Mrs. D'Arcy asked, as soon as the girls had disappeared through the open window.

"I have had none of any kind this

"I nave had none of any kind this morning," he replied.

"I asked you this," she went on say, to "because I had such a sweet and consoling dream about home last night."

"Dreams are sometimes sent to us by

our good angels to reassure us in our auxieties or to prepare us for coming

"I am sure mine came from the good angel," she said, "because it has filled my heart with great peace and great strength. Indeed, it seems to me that I could endure anything at present to be worthy of our dear Lord and His most blessed Mother I tell you my dream, dear father

Or will you not think me superstitious?"
"You shall tell me your dream, my dear child," he said with his warmest smile. "And I shall not believe you superstiti

You know, dear father, that on the eighth of next September falls the twenty-fitth anniversary of my union with

"Yes, de rest, and I trust we shall celebrate it all together in Fairy Dell."
"Well, father dear," she continued, "I dreamed that morning had come, and that Louis and 1 stood again together before our sweet little altyr, as on the blessed morning you first called me your daugh-

ter."
"A most blessed morning to me, Mary

it gave me the dearest and best daughter ever a parent had."
"Ah, I remember yet the tears I kissed off your cheek, and you told me after-ward they were tears of joy. But, in my however, elegant in its simplicity and admirably suited to its surroundings. The floor was of rich azulejos, or dark-blue and white tiles alternating, with a single red or yellow flower in the middle of each, and connected by narrow lines of bright blue.

methought, as the most delightful music began to swell and fill the church with harmonies such as mortal ear had never heard, that in front of the altar, and surneard, that in from the area and yet rounded with a light most intense and yet not dazzling, stood one whom I felt to be the Blessed Mother, holding in her hand a crown of most exquisite flowers outside, but with a crown of most piercing thoms. Beckoning us both, Louis and me, to her feet, she pressed the wreath on my head. Oh, the agonizing pangs that shot through head and frame, and seemed to consume the very substance of my soul! And then came over my whole being like a wave of bliss, so great, so inconceivable, that I took the crown from off my own head and placed it on that of Louis. Then she, with arms outstretched to bless and to beckon us to follow, floated upward and faded from our sight. But when I looked around for Louis he was gone, and with great pang in my side and in my heart

"It is a most gracious warning sent us, my dear Mary," said her father-in-law, who had l'stened with moistened eyes to this dream. "After all, the longest life of suffering and sorrow is but a brief instant as compared to the endless eternity of bliss that follows and crowns it. Our blessed Mother endured with her Adored One all the bitterness that could be pressed into one day—the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the bearing the cross, the dreadful agony of crucifixion—and then came the glory, the repose, the bliss with-

out end or measure."
"I feel, dear father," the generous sufferer said, "as if all my life had been one long day-dream of purest happiness, so much has God given me in your love, in Louis, in my children, in all the members of our most united family. Surely I must have my share of suffering before I die, else how shall I be like Him, the Divine

"And are you prepared, dearest Mary,"
Mr. D'Arey said, with a voice full of the
tenderest emotion, "to see your dream fulfilled; to be for a short hour with Christ on the Cross; to wear for a day his crown

of piercing thorns?"
"With His assistance, I am," she replied lifting her eyes heavenward. "And I know that my sweet Mother will be near me, though unseen, to be my comforter. But you have come to tell me something. father?" she continued, looking into the face where she now read deep and unusual concern.
"I have, my child," he answered. "The

doctors declared an operation necessary, and only await your consent. Delay may now be fatal. "Thank God!" she said. "I am ready.

"Thank God!" she said. "I am ready. This dream was indeed sent by Him."

"And should fill your soul with consolation and strength," he said.

"It does; oh, it does!" she replied. "If Louis could onle be here, and my little Mary, and my darling boys."

"I shall send a telegraph for Charles immediately," said Mr. D'Arcy.

"Thank you, dearest and best of fathers," she said. "And I must write a short letter to my own dear husband."

short letter to my own dear husband."
"On I shall write it for you, dear one,"
he said, "if you will only dictate it to me. And now, my dear child, you must rest.

This has been a severe tr l to you. You must leave it to me to tell the girls."

"I leave everything to you, dear father," was the answer. "You have ever een to me, as well as to my darling h band, the living image of God's love and

wisdom."

"Say not so, Mary," he said. "Ask only for me, that I be also tried by suffering ere the end comes."

"I am then to say nothing of this to

Rose and the other children?" she asked.
"I think that would be best," he
answered. "May I now call them in?" "Yes," she said. "And, O my good God, do Thou continue to be my strength and my light!" she exclaimed, while Mr. D'Arcy went to beckon to Rose and her sisters to return to the sick-room.

sisters to return to the sick-room.

"How do you like my nosegay, grandpapa?" exclaimed Genevieve, running, delighted up to Mr. D'Arcy, and presenting
to him an exquisite bunch of white rosebuds, mixed with heliotrope, mignonette,
and other delicately-scented flowers that
her mother loved so well.

"Inst what will beless your mother my

"Just what will please your mother, my dear. Now, you must all be as cheerful as possible till Dr. Sherecliffe comes for

as possible the Dr. Sneverme comes for his noon-day visit."

"We are just as merry as crickets,"
Maud said. "For I have not seen dear mamma look so bright for several weeks. Oh, grandpapa, would not this be glorious weather to take mamma out into th country for an afternoon drive?"
"Not to-day, my little Maud," he said.

"Your mother is still in need of rest. Rose," the old gentleman said, "bid the servant fetch my little portable writing-desk from my room. Your mother wants to write to Fairy Dell by next mail."

"What is the matter, dear grandpapa?" Rose asked, with a look of alarm and almost fright at her grandfather. "Has anything dreadful happened at home that you don't like to tell me?"

"Nothing has happened, my love," he said. I have had no tiding from home that you don't know. Only there are some business matters about which both your mother and myself have to write

And as Rose, half satisfied, turned away to do her grandfather's bidding, the old gentleman could not help uttering a silent oraver for this tender daughterly heart bout to tried by the most terrible of sor-

Rose found Dr. Shorecliffe waiting for her grandfather in the latter's ante-chamber, and immediately sent the servant to ask if her mother was ready for the doctor's visit, while she went herself for the writing desk in the study. "
Mrs. D'Arcy answered, "I should b to see Dr. Shorecliffe whenever you like, dear father." And so the physician was met by Mr. D'Arcy, who informed him the happy disposition of the patient, her Dr. Shorecliffe expressed his deep satisfaction at seeing her so calm, so resigned, so hopeful. They would take every precaution, he said, to render the operation as short and as devoid of pain as possible. Modern science had discovered the means of securing both speed and safety, while relieving the sufferer from at least all unnecessary pain. The day and hour were thus settled, and Mrs. D'Arey lose a moment in writing

to her husband.

Her father-in-law would not leave her bedside till she had fulfilled this task to her little.

own satisfaction, offering, now and then, to relieve her by writing in her stead, and cheering her by his words of heartfelt praise and hopefulness. She insisted, however, in writing every word of this letter herself.

"My dearest Louis, my own cherished "My dearest Louis, my own cherished, husband," she wrote, "this letter will bring you the first grief ever caused you by your little wife. The doctors here agree that I must immediately submit to an operation. It is the only chance left them, they say, of saving my life. And that I must try to save for you, my own the intervence and our darlings, and for Louis,—for you and our darlings, and for our dearest father, too, that we two may continue to be to him the same devoted and tenderly-loving children he says we have always been.

"Oh, my precious husband, why are you not with me in this hour? I have just lifted my heart to our crucified Lord, and begged Him to accept the bitterness of this begged Him to accept the bitterness of this separation from the dear companion of my life, chosen for me by His fatherly care. Shall it be that I am never again to see you, my own dearer self? that I can never, in this life, look upon the face of my Gaston, my own noble, noble boy? or that my little Mary is never again to be laid on her mother's hear? laid on her mother's heart?

"Oh, my baby-girl, how I yearn for one kiss from your lips! But, dearest Louis, this is to be both my cross and my crown. So, I must try to repress my

"I shall leave with dear father a few notes for you respecting my last wishes, in case the worst should happen. However, i snan hope for the best, putting my trust in Him to whom alone we have both ever looked for all good and the deliverance from all evil. I shall hope for it for your sike, Odear heart, so true to God and to me, as I know well." I shall hope for the best, putting my trust

CHAPTER XVII. A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"Wherefore cease Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man Hither, and let me shrive me clean and die.

Mr. D'Arey had, in truth, telegraphed o Paris, bidding his grandson Charles to oose not one moment in hurrying to Seville. In a previous letter he had informed the boy of the serious nature of Mrs. D'Arcy's illness, telling him to hold himself in readiness to join his mother and sisters. Charles was in close conversation with Dieago de Lebrija when the telegram from his grandfather was handed to him. and, as may be guessed, Diego was en-deavoring to make Charles his ally in the suit that his heart was set upon. The Spaniard, in spite of his stately presence and winning manners, could not at first overcome in the mind of the young Ameri-can gentleman the strong prejudice, almost amounting to aversion, which former pro-fessions of skepticism had begotten, together with the not unreasonable suspicion that his sister's affianced husband might share the moral laxity too often found united to the intellectual libertinism

of the French schools.

Dieago, however, since his return to
Paris, had risen not a little in the estimation of Charles D'Arey. He had studiously avoided the company of many of his old associates; the importance of the political mission which he had accepted absorbed, he said, all his time, and thus dispensed him in a very great measure from receiv-

ing or returning innumerable visits.

To ' harles he frankly declared that he had resolved to make himself, by deeds, and by an earnest search after re-ligious truth, worthy of the preference with which Rose had honored him. His services in Mexico, and in the other fields of diplomatic labor, must be the knightly offering that he proposed to lay at the feet of the woman he loved.

The two young men were discoursing on the state of Mexican affairs when the message from Seville fell on the heart of Charles like a death knell. Dicago was for accompanying his friend. But on that very afternoon he was to be present at a most important conference to be held in the Tuilleries, between the French Minis ter of Foreign Affairs, the Spanish Ambas-sador, and the Mexican deputation. So he was compelled to limit himself to aiding Charles in getting ready for his depar-ture, and to writing to Mr. D'Arcy a letter

of heartfelt sympathies. He also confined to Charles respectful messages of devotion and concern for Rose. Charles arrived in Seville late on the eve of the day appointed for the oppera-tion. Indeed, the chief surgeon of the Royal Hospital of Madrid joined his train at that capital, and was introduced on its arrival in Seville to both Mr. D'Arcy his grandson, by Dr. Shorecliffe, who was

anxiously expecting his confrere.

Mrs. D'Arcy was also expecting her son. It was now two years since she had seen him. He had grown as tall as Gaston, and resembled his mother in feature and expression as much as Gaston resembled his father and grandfather. The good Duch-ess wished to spend near her friend every hour remaining before the event which they all dreaded, and the two were conversing most pleasantly at the moment Mr. D'Arcy and his grandson entered the

Rose and her sisters were thus free to receive their brother first. It was a most joyous meeting on the part of the girls, for they did not know what the unexpected visit boded. Charles, who had been instructed by his grandfather, put on joyousness he was far from feeling. Th pleasant voices in the reception-room and the sound of the younger girls' merry laughter, had reached Mrs. D'Arcy's ear, and the fond motherly heart made a gre

effort to be calm, and even joyous, when her boy stood before her. She was not reclining, but seated in a ow chair admirably adapted to the climate and to the comfort of a sick person. Sarose with an irresistable impulse, Charles entered. In an instant she wa

"Oh, my own precious little mother!" would gasp out in the cestasy of his allove. "Oh, how I have yearned for filial love. "Oh, how I have yearned for you, just for one kiss, one look at you, one word from those lips! I am come for good, mother darling. I'll let the law go for a few months anyhow, and I'll just and betgo for a few months anyhow, and I'll just have my fill of living with you and petting you. Just sit down, dear little mother, and let me be here at your feet." "But you have not said one word to Duchess of Medina," said his mother, when they could recollect themselves a

"A thousand pardons, Senora!" said Charles, rising, and advancing to where the noble lady stood, near Mr. D'Arcy.
"I enjoyed too keenly the spectacle of your mutual bliss," said the Duchess, kolding out her hand in conformity with American conton. "I was asking myself." American custom. "I was asking myself who was the happier, mother or son," she continued, as Charles bent low and kissed

"The son is, I think, Senora," he answered. "For I have the dearest of mothers," he replied, with a proud, fond look at the face all radiant with tender-

"And I think I should be the happiest of all mothers in Christendom," the Duchess said, earnestly, "If God had spared me such a son as you. Nay, dear friend," she said to Mrs. D'Arey, "I must not stay hear as a kill-joy. Mr. D'Arey and myself have one or two little matters to settle, and you can summon me to your side at any moment. And she swept out of the room.
"The three girls now surrounded their

mother and brother. Mrs. D'Arcy who had kept up bravely while the Duchess was present, now yielded to the bittersweet tears that were welling up in her half anxious, half hopeful heart. Charles had drawn a low stool to her side, and she, with her right arm round his neck, pressed him fondly to her, passing her hand with her right arm round his him fondly to her, passing her hand him fondly to her, passing her hand allowing through the clustering curls, and allowing her tears to fall silently. This was almost too much for him, and he had to make a mighty effort to repress his own feel-

ngs.
"Oh, mamma, you are going to improve rapidly now that Charley has come," said Maud. "Mamma, do you know the people here will think you and Charley are sister and brother, when you get back your color again, and dress as the Duchess does?"

Mrs. D'Arcy smiled through her tears. "You do not believe mamma?" continued the irrepressible Maud; and off she ran for a good-sized mirror that lay on the dressing-table. "Now Charley," said she, "do you come and put your head close to mamma's, and let her see both your faces together in the glass."

Charles obeyed his pet sister's command

and the amused mother beheld her own therialized features reflected side by side with the embrowned, manly face of her boy. In truth, she could not help being struck by Maud's correct judgment. Although her cheek had lost much of its roundness, and of late all of its color, the superb beauty of her spring and summer was still there. She might indeed be taken for an elder sister of the handsome youth

"See how I might fit as a younger sisteer," exclaimed Rose, as she suddenly ap-peared a third in the reflected picture; and in the lovely young face that laughed and sparkled near her own, Mrs. D'Arcy saw her second self, the child who had been to her companion and friend from childhood. Shall you wonder, fair reader, that Mrs. D'Arcy again indulged in a few moments more of delicious carresses?

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRAITORS WITHIN THE CAMP. A man's greatest enemies are freuently those of his own household. The Church has suffered most from her own renegade, apostate, or deceitful, and disobedient children. In many cases the vipers that she has warmed and nourished in her own bosom have, by way of grati-tude, turned their deadly fangs upon her loving heart.

unfortunately he is by no means an un-common individual. We may hear his babble in almost every assembly, whether social, political or religious. H is by no means chary of his presence of airing his own peculiar views, and im ressions. So large, broad, and lofty are pressions. So large, broad, and lofty are his ideas, and projects, that the worldwide Church Catholic, the gentle mother of nations, is altogether too small, and narrow, and circumscribed for him. He feels "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" within the limits of the Church as it is, but hopes a saiduant and castalose accounts. by assiduous and ceaseless argumentation to make it appear to outsiders agreeable to his own lafty ideal. He will tone you down a dogma, explain away an historical fact, and smooth off prominent difficulties, until you fail to see the slightest difference between the Catholic Church and any of the Protestant sects. The "liberal" Catholic is popular amongst Protestants and freethinkers, whose society he much af-fects, and whose favorable opinion he constantly courts. He is very anxious to keep priests in their proper places. For instance, he would have them say their Mass and office, attend to sick calls, and preach sermons of which he strictly approves, on purely spiritual matters. One proves, on purely spiritual matters. One privilege he will allow under no circumstances, as he considers a priest has no manner of right to it, and that is a free political opinion. He holds that this is the secret of that unpopularity of the Church, which he so sincerely deplores. The priests will insist upon dabbling in polities; they occasionally have some thing to say on Public Education and kindred subjects. This is clearly wrong, they have no business in the matter what-

The course taken by Holy Church with regard to secret societies is unhesitatingly condemned by "liberal" Catholics, it is branded by them as an attack upon the liberties of man. Masonry for instance, is in many places a sure means of tem-poral gain, and why should the Church forbid her children to avail themselves of such an excellent opportunity of improving their wouldly position. All this is bigotry and superstition, two charges which the "liberal" Catholic sorely dreads, and is always by word and deed endeavoring to rebut. He is clearly free from superstition, he never goes to confession, or holy communion, nor was he then during mass, which he occasionally patronizes. A good, sound, practical Catholic, who loves, honors and respects his church, and evertything appertaining to her; who is not ashamed, but is proud, of being looked upon by Protestants as a bigot, who always and everywhere unbigot, who always and everywhere the flinchingly sticks to his principles, and flinching ground to vields not one inch of standing ground to the enemy, such an one is an abomination unto his liberal co-religionist, he stinks in his nostrils, and must be put down whenever opportunity offers.—Buffalo Union. other people.

HUMOROUS.

A recent obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!"

Etiquette requires that a call should not be more than fifteen minutes. This rule does not apply to newspaper offices. Editors don't have anything to do but receive visitors.

'What do they always put D. C. after Washington for \tilde{r} asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q. 'Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was the Daddy of his Country \tilde{r} said Quilp with a snicker.

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. 'Oh, you should just see some of his love letters!' 'Yes, I know,' was the his love letters!' 'Yes, I know,' was the freezing reply; 'I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk.'

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that a man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beauty how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife."

"John, did you take the note to Mr. ones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it." "Why, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said the widow Smith to her irrepressible small boy. "Oh, Mother, I hid under the small boy. "Oh, Mother, I hid under the sofa when Jack Horner was saying to our Julia that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I bust 'em."

'Girls will be girls.' You're right. And lots of them that we know will be old maids unless they mend their ways and turn their attention to something else besides gadding the streets and giggling at every little male specimen of humanity in a stylish suit of clothes for which he owes the tailor.—Elmore Gazetts.

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrinmed. "Pat-rick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, your honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his had to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches!" your honor.

How the Darkey made Love.

Years ago a young planter was courting certain young lady in the sunny South. One day he ordered his negro coachman drive down to the residence of his

The next morning Cuffee observed his master and the young lady proceeding arm in arm to a summer-house, around which vines had overspread, making it a cool retreat from the sultry heat. Be it known that Cuffee, on his arrival, had fallen desperately in love with the ebony cook in the kitchen, but he was

dumbfounded in the presence of that sable woman, the art of love-making being to him an almost unfathomable mystery. Cuffee, however, was bound to learn, and he silently followed the pair to the shady bower.
Parting the vines with his hands, he

very cautiously peered within. There on the bench sat the young lady, and, kneel-ing on the ground was his master, who was holding her hands in his, Cuffee heard these words:

"Oh, your eyes are like dove's eyes! Your alabaster neck is most beautiful. Oh, Cupid ?"

As quick as possible Cuffee disappeared We have all met the "liberal" Catholic; from the scene. He returned to the kitchen, turned a kettle bottom side up, seized the bewildered Dinah, and scated her on the kettle. Then getting down on his knees he took both her hands in his and, with upturned eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, your eyes are like dog's eyes! Your yally blasted neck is bow legged. Oh, glue

> The last seen of that unfortunate darkey he was fleeing from the wrath to come, followed by sundry stove-sticks, propelled by the irate and very indignant

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF TAL-MAGE IN DUBLIN.

From the Dublin Church Bells.

Dr. De Witt Talmage, the Yankee lec-Dr. De Witt Talmage, the Yankee lec-turer, has come and gone, and left behind him an unsavory reputation. How such crowds could be collected together to listen to the garbage and disgusting vul-garity of this American baffles comprehenion! He is thus painted in the Dublin

Freeman's Journal:

"A tall man, with a stiff, ungainly figure, a hoarse, harsh, monotonous vois, a few actionlation. and a peculiarly ungraceful gesticulation He has a way, which is not pleasant, or uttering the sentences he intends to be impressive in a long-drawn solemn drawl and of waiting at the end of a funny and of waiting at the end of a 'funny' story with an encouraging smile on his face, as it were to give the audience 'a lead' at the laughter and applause. He has, besides, a happy knack of enlivening his lectures with 'catch phrases,' such as Mr. Brough's 'That's the sort of man I am!' or Mr. Toole's 'Still I am not am '' or Mr. Toole's 'Still I am not happy.' Dr. Talmage's favorite phrase last evening was, 'He wasn't a gentleman —never will be—you cannot make them out of that stuff,' which repeated at close intervals, in every variety of intonation, was found most effective in provoking Illustrating the "wickedness" of men,

he told the following: He was going down the road when he met a man with a fiddle. the road when he met a man with a nadie. He said to the man, "Do you know you are fiddle-faddling away your soul?" And the man replied, "Go to grass, you old spooney!" It was with such delectable anecdotes as this Dr. Talmage edified his ancience in the Christian Union Buildhis audience in the Christian Union Buildings, and taught them how to laugh

Gen. Grant is eastward bound. The

Gen. Grant is eastward bound. The Rocky Mountains will bow their snow capped summits and high Olympus will to its centre shake.

A Boston Pharisee has notified Archbishop Williams that he will prosecute him for gambling, if he permits a fair to be held in which money will be spent on "chances." The man is willing to stultity himself in order to appear famous, but like the old Pharisee that he is, he thanks the Lord that he is not as lead as but like the old Pharisee that he is, he thanks the Lord that he is not as bad as

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