

MOMENTS.

Only a little moment! A tiny fragment of life! To be crushed beneath the great years' footsteps...

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

Through the lovely November weather, however, uneasiness about her mother's health and her acute sufferings, had almost absorbed the heart and mind of Rose.

As the end of November brought the most alarming tidings from home, she doubly seconded her grandfather in his efforts to keep all bad news from Mrs. D'Arcy, and even from Viva and Maud.

It had been the hope of Mr. D'Arcy 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.

He was assisted toward the performance of this most painful task by an accident—a providential occurrence, namely, that one might rightly deem to have been a true answer to his prayer.

It was a heavenly morning about the middle of December, just an hour before noon. The windows on the southeastern side of Mrs. D'Arcy's large and beautiful room were thrown open to admit the sunlight.

A rich Persian carpet, in which red, yellow, and blue predominate, covered the space in front of Mrs. D'Arcy's couch, and others were spread in front of the ottomans...

As viva read and read of the protracted and seemingly endless sufferings of the heroic Teresa Alhambra, 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 supernatural aims.

Gradually and unconsciously Mrs. D'Arcy raised her voice, as she gazed like one entranced. Viva stopped reading, and Rose, laying down her pen, listened at first, and finally rose and approached the couch.

"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 at 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 Mother of Sorrows, whom she so nobly resembled in suffering with on earth."

"I have had none of any kind this morning," he replied. "I asked you this, 'I went on saying, 'because I had such a sweet and consoling dream about home last night.'"

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

methought, as the most delightful music began to fall and fill the church with harmonies such as mortal ear had never heard, that in front of the altar, and surrounded 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 thorns.

"It is a most gracious warning sent us, my dear Mary," said her father-in-law, who had listened 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."

"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 my childhood, in my youth, 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 Father of my soul?"

"And are you prepared, dearest Mary," Mr. D'Arcy 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?"

"I shall send a telegram 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."

"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 tidings from home that you don't know. Only there are some business matters about which both your mother and myself have to write home."

own satisfaction, offering now and then, to relieve her by writing in her stead, and clearing 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 husband," she wrote, "this letter will bring you the first grief ever caused 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 I must try to save for you, my own dear Louis, for you and our darling, 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."

"I shall leave with dear father a few notes for you respecting my last wishes, in case the worst should happen. I shall 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 sake, O dear heart, so true to God and to me, as I know well."

CHAPTER XVII. A MOTHER'S LOVE. Sweet father, and bid call the throstle man. Hither, and let me strive me clean and die."

Mr. D'Arcy had, in truth, telegraphed to Paris, bidding his grandson Charles to lose 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 Diego de Lebrija when the telegram from his grandfather was handed to him, and, as may be guessed, Diego was endeavoring to make Charles his ally in the suit that his heart was set upon.

Diego, however, since his return to Paris, had risen not a little in the estimation of Charles D'Arcy. He had studiously avoided the company of many of his old associates; the importance of the political position which he had accepted absorbed him, and all his time, and thus dispensed him in a very great measure from receiving or returning innumerable visits.

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 a joyousness he was far from feeling. The 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 great effort to be calm, and even joyous, when her boy stood before her.

"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, holding out her hand in conformity with American custom. "I was asking myself how you were the happier, mother or son," she continued, as Charles bent low and kissed the proffered hand.

"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 tenderness. "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'Arcy, "I must not stay here a moment longer. Mr. D'Arcy 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 sweet 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 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 feelings.

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

Charles obeyed his pet sister's command and still there, she might indeed be taken for an elder sister of the handsome youth of nineteen.

"We have all met the 'liberal' Catholic; unfortunately he is by no means an uncommon individual. We may hear his idle babble in almost every assembly, whether social, political or religious. He is by no means chary of his presence, or of airing his own peculiar views, and impressions. So large, broad, and lofty are his ideas, and projects, that the world-wide Church Catholic, the gentle mother of nations, is altogether too small, and narrow, and circumscribed for him. He feels 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd' within the limits of the Church as it is, but hopes by assiduous and ceaseless argumentation and controversy to enlarge the narrow limits of his own lofty 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 among Protestants and free-thinkers, whose society he much affects, 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 officiate, attend to sick calls, and preach sermons of which he strictly approves, on purely spiritual matters. One privilege he will not give under no circumstances, 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 deprecates. The priests will insist upon dabbling in politics; they occasionally have something to say on Public Education and kindred subjects. This is clearly wrong, they have no business in the matter whatever."

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 temporal gain, and a wily shrewd Church forbids her children to avail themselves of such an excellent opportunity of improving their worldly 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 ever seen upon his knees, except now and then during mass, which he occasionally patronizes. A good, sound, practical Catholic, who loves, honors and respects his church, and everything appertaining to her; who is not ashamed, but is proud, of being looked upon by Protestants as a bigot, who always and everywhere unflinchingly sticks to his principles, and yields 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.

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?" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q. "Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was the Daddy of his Country?" 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 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. 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 elbow?" said the widow Smith to her irrepressible small boy. "Oh, Mother, I hid under the sofa when Jack Hornor 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 hid in and laughed in my sleeves till I fast 'em."

"The spring has... The snow is... Nor do autumn... As they... It is growing... Every... As the heart... Every... Love is less... Every... Of the love... Every... Of the joys... Every... Of the time... Every... Oh! how sad... Every... Where the clo... Every... That to bloom... Every... To the past... Every... Every now... Every... Come where... Every... And to come... Every... You are grow... Every... You are mor... Every... You have ov... Every... Deeper sorrow... Every... Thank God, n... Every... Of the land... Every... No losses the... Every... Nor losing th... Every... Nor death... Every... THE CO... THE PEOP... GOLD, SU... When I had... Every... had some half... Every... as the Irish... Every... and history, it... Every... between Mr. G... Every... got patched in... Every... order; that had... Every... as rare as w... Every... scandals of the... Every... be counted on... Every... world had perh... Every... about them. M... Every... have been a c... Every... contrary. Ever... Every... hour I spend u... Every... am more and... Every... the conviction t... Every... but at this ve... Every... cases, but in r... Every... some law, be... Every... land laws, the... Every... That agitation... Every... the evils of th... Every... earthed a tithe... Every... weak tyrannic... Every... people have a... Every... oppression has... Every... stance, this c... Every... county of Clar... Every... is unknown, an... Every... was not ruffl... Every... is infested east... Every... most virulent t... Every... would have a... Every... sumes as many... Every... place the peop... Every... landlord is po... Every... are fleeced bec... Every... earn a reputati... Every... the tenant mu... Every... vote at electio... Every... his daughter... Every... pounces upon... Every... flies abroad to... Every... fever charities... Every... feudal system... Every... and the grim... Every... its exactions, f... Every... necks of the p... Every... Before givin... Every... the treatment... Every... seasons of the... Every... tenant farmer... Every... pass, let me... Every... summary of th... Every... GLOOMY... There are two... Every... re-changing I... Every... large mass of... Every... large masses... Every... population in... Every... and State en... Every... that; but bec... Every... alming, been... Every... misfortune the... Every... fraction of th... Every... and that, unt... Every... are brought d... Every... carrying on a... Every... money or cal... Every... calamity Char... Every... tion. If I sai... Every... population a... Every... quarter of th... Every... would be an... Every... evidences wh... Every... my eyes wit... Every... in every c... Every... The whole gra... Every... together cover... Every... area. You m... Every... I tell you th... Every... the last compl... Every... lay (or what... Every... the patches of... Every... ripened at al... Every... are blis... Every... and wear ear... Every... the standing... Every... or attemp... Every... grow with th... Every... the eye one in... Every... The potatoes... Every... disastrous a... Every... food for two m... Every... so wet, so sn... Every... of a miracle... Every... from dis... Every... and over ag... Every... the day, that... Every... in laid down... Every... general and... Every... of these mur... Every... many are no... Every... it is because