THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Bells of the Angelus.

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music Still fills the wide expanse. Tinging the sober twilight of the Present With color of romance :

9

I hear you call, and see the sun descending On rock and wave and sand, As down the coast the Mission voices blend-As down the coast the ing Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incarnation No blight nor mildew fails : Nor floree unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition Passes those airy walls. Borne on the swell of your long waves reced-

ing I touch the farther Past,— I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, The sunest dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission

towers, The white Presidio; The swart commander in his leathern jerkin, The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting Above the setting sun: And pass the headland, northward slowly drifting The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses Recall the faith of old-O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight

The spiritual fold ! Your voices break and falter in the dark-

ness Break, falter, and are still : And veiled and mystic, like the Host des-

The sun sinks from the hill!

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER I.

A PATRIARCH'S BIRTHDAY. "Flowers are lovely: love is flower-like; Friendship is a sheltering tree; On ! the joys that came down, shower-like, of friendship, love, and liberty. Ere I was old?" "We must have water-lilies, if we

genial warmth of the great luminary. "We must have water-lilies, if we grandpapa's eightieth birthday. He says that in India the water-lily is the symbol of immortality. And I wish I could make his life to last longer than that of any of the patriarchs." "Where will you get water-lilies, Rose?" asked the younger of two girls, who, at

"Where will you get water-lines, Rosef" and sunset, during nine months of the saked the younger of two girls, who, at sunsite, on a lovely May morning, were issuing from a greenhouse with two baskets full of the choicest flowers. "And you know, dear," she continued, "that water-lilies don't keep fresh for more then a for here. But where our south is "heart's rest," because there had his "heart's rest," because there had his "heart's rest," because there and wider the south of the south on the south of the s

water-lines don't keep fresh for more than a few hours. But where on earth are you to get them, Rosette?" "Oh, I know where there are plenty of them,"replied Rose, "and have them I will, before breakfast. I have a lily pond at Fairy Island; and it won't take me much more them an hour to callen down to the more than an hour to gallop down to the river and back."

Won't you let me go with you ?" exclaimed her companion. "No, no, little one!" was the answer.

"I did wrong to let you get up so early,

"I did wrong to let you get up so carry "Little one, indeed !" pouted Lucy. "And too weak! I don't want to hear you say that, Rose. I am not so weak as you think, nor quite so little, after all, although I am only thirteen, and you are a of this story. Fairview Villa, the Hutchyoung lady of sixteen."

of this story. Farview Vila, the Huten-inson residence, was but three miles dis-tant, in a straight line, from Fairy Dell; but the winding road that led to it was thrice that length. The two mansions, But, dear, you are scarcely recovered from your last attack of terian fever, and the morning is chilly, and there is still a heavy mist on the river. Besides, I must row across to Fairy Island, for Brother however, were in view of each other across the interventing gulfs of verdure, and from the lofty flagstaff which stood close by Gaston, you know, is gone to fetch your father and mother for the feast, and I their respective portals, the national flag was alternately hoisted and lowered to expromised him that I should get John Por-ter, the gardener, to go with me to the change friendly greetings on this auspicious morning. A most lovely morning it was. The "John, John !" she called out to an old great masses of shadow down in the valley of the Tselica (the modern French Broad !) man who was half concealed among some favorite grape-vines not far eff; "Oh, John, come here quickly. I want you to and in the adjacent and interlocking vales, were now shifting with every step of the gold. do me a kindnes The old man, bent a little by his habit ascending sun, while the mists were fast floating upward, and leaving the far-off crests and shoulders of the southern or of stooping over his work, rather than by the weight of his sixty-five years, came promptly at the call of his young mistress, western mountains enveloped in the pecu-liar and beautiful blue haze which made and taking off his hat, bowed respectfully to herself and her companion. "John," she said, "I must go over imthe rude pioneers bestow on various groups in the eastern and western ranges, the not very poetic names of Blue or Black mediately to Fairy Island for some waterlilies, and be back before breakfast. Will r Smoky Mountains. While the families at Fairy Dell and you saddle my pony and ride my brother's hunter yourself? Now, John, we must be back before the family are up and about." Fairview Villa are busied preparing break-fast, and for the other festivities of the memorable birthday,—our two maidens "And, pray, what do you do with me?" said Lucy to her friend. "John, I insist have reached the river .- creek it canno said Lucy to her friend. "Joint, I must on going too. So, please get me a siddle also. . . Nay," she continued, "I will not be refused, Miss Rose; for, though be called,—which is a principal affluent of the Tselica. Though a turbulent, headlong mountain stream, as it issued from its deep native gorge, it became as smooth as a mill-pond just where Fairy Dell opened not a D'Arcy, I intend to get the first lily from the river, seeing that I worship your grandfather almost as much as if I were as a mill-point just where rary Denopenet its bosom to give its waters a brief respite in their downward course. A lofty and precipitous headland stood right in the path of the stream, forcing it almost to flow back to the shelter of the deep and one of his own." Lucy," was her companion's reply, as John hastened away to the stables, and the girls sped to the house to put their flowers in safety. You are a brave, generous, little thing scarcely less precipitous cove over which the dell opened upwards. This expanse f water looked singularly like a little ke-dark, because overhung on all side You know I am neither brave, nor "You know I am method of the term generous, nor little either, for that mat-ter," said Lucy with a saucy toss of her head. "I'm very selfish, and idle, and good-for-nothing, although a girl of thir-teen. But when I'm with you, Rosette, I by steep rocks or stupendous wooded heights, and sheltered on its glassy bosom a little islet covered with a dense growth of oaks and chestnuts, and concealing in its very midst a shallow pond all covered with metar lites. teen. But when I in will you in everything."
"Hush!" said the other as she bestowed a reproachful look or. her companion.
You must not praise me for what I do not deserve. Remember how sick you with water-lilies. This islet, christened Fairy Island by the D'Arcys, had ever been a favorite resort of Rose and her grandfather. They had constructed a rustic cottage there, where the old gentleman loved occasionally to have been, Lucy, and how much you have Now, that suffered these past three years. spend a few hours in writing his memoirs, you are fast getting strong, you will be your true self again, loving, generous, and while the young folks were devoting themselves to the more congenial occupation of boating on the river, or awaking the echoes of the place by song or merry devoted to all around you. The pale face of the young girl was lifted up to her friend, while a look of admiring affection shot forth from the large blue laughter, or of exploring the recesses of the sheltered nooks along the shores for eyes. She had indeed been a sufferer, this bright and gifted child of the South, and long suffering had made her since child-hood the pet of her parents and their numerons servants. But the selfishness rare flowers and mosses. Rose had found the boats moored at the entrance of a sort of cavern, and giving the horse to John, she helped Lucy into a and habits of indulgence begotten in the child by protracted ill health, sat like a skiff, seized the oars, pushed off from the shore, and showed that she could manage shore, and showed that she could manage her little craft as thoroughly as her pony. As they flew over the calm bosom of the river, Lucy could not withhold her ex-clamations of wonder and delight at the non Lucy's better nature, and was a continual subject of self-accusation to the high-spirited little maiden in whom soul was far in advance of maturity of enchanted scene around her. The mist bodily grewth. two girls, warmly but deftly hadrifted slowly in broken patches over the The two gnis, warmy but denly had bited for their short ride and short row on the river, were already at the door when John the gardener and Ned, Lucy's special negro servant, came up with the horses. In an instant the ladies were in the saddle water, impelled by the scarcely percepti-ble breeze which blew down through the ble breeze which blew down through the deep dark cleft forming the pathway of the mountain stream. It now hung like a shroud over the river and the inclosing and riding down the broad avenue to the walls of rock, and anon parted asunder, river, with John following at a little dis-tance, and Ned taking a short cut across cancey of sky overhead, or allowing the

eye to range upward along the amphi-theater of wooded hills, that rose like billow above billow to where the lofty summits of the Black Mountains shone far the lawn and through the woods to the spot where he knew the boats to be Pause we a moment, while they are en-Pause we a moment, while they are en-tering the deep masses of the primeval for-est to describe the scene around us, and to make a slight acquaintance with the to make a slight acquaintance with the

families to which the two young friends belong. Summer residence of the D'Arcys was who had also been the first settler there-who had also been the first settler there-

"You are a fairy queen, Rosette !" she exclaimed, as she sprang out on the smooth sandy beach of the little cove, toward which her companion had steered uner-ringly through mist and darkness. "And I think you have none but obedient sub-jects in your kingdom; for everything seems to come to pass just as you wish it seems to come to pass just as you wish it. See now how the fog has lifted all of a See now how the log has interval of a sudden, to let the morning light greet you on your landing. And see how the white vapors are rushing up along yonder ra-vines, as if the fairies were urging their flight, so as to afford their mistress a full magnificence. Behind him arose like a semi-circle wall

flight, so as to allore their mistress a run view of the glories of her kingdom." "You are the sweetest of fairies your-self, dear Lucy," Rose replied, as she drew up her skiff on the sand, took from it a flower-basket and a knife, and led the way Behind him arose like a semi-circle wall the mighty masses of the Blue Ridge, which here reaches its greatest elevation. The slope on which old D'Arcy had first pitched his tent was upward of three thou-sand feet above the sea level, while all around it, within a day's journey, were the highest summits of the Appalachian through a concealed opening in the screen of kalmias and flowering vines. Before them, but invisible from the river was a winding avenue among the stately growth of hickory, chestnut, and oak, which soon ranges,—standing like watch-towers for God's angels, around what He intended to

of hickory, chestnut, and oak, which soon led our maidens to the lily-pond in the centre of this islet. It surely was a spot in which faries might well disport them the whole night long. The whole surface of the pond was covered with the broad leaves of water-lilies of almost every species, native and foreign. Old Mr. D'Arcy had himself brought thither both the rootstocks and seeds of lilies from the be an earthly paradise. Though the sun had risen, and in its rays the gigantic mountain forms, to the south and the west, were seen clad with south and the west, were seen clad with verdure to their very summits, the deep valley beneath Fairy Dell lay still buried in gloom and mist. But, just a little to the east of the Dell itself, there was a the rootstocks and seeds of lilies from the Ganges and the Nile, so that, amid the yellow and white flowers of our American break in the encircling hills, which allowed species were to be seen the splendid white the rising sun to pour in its welcome rays, and thus all day the favored slopes which enclosed the little vale, rejoiced in the and blue lotus of Egypt, India, and Ceylon and even the glorious blue lily of Australia. There was a flat-bottomed little boat ex-There was a hat-bottomed rithe boat ex-pressly constructed for the purpose, which allowed the girls to approach the flowering clusters. Lucy was permitted to cut the first lily—our own sweet-scented nymp-hea, and Rose culled from the rare buds of the blue and while being all they want of the blue and white lotus all that was needful to her purpose. They then re-turned without a moment's delay to where John, the gardner, and Ned were waiting for them with the horses; Ned feeling half-ashamed, half angry at himself, for half-asiamedi, half angly at minetory not having been in time to row his young mistress across to the island. This feat, however, Rose never would have per-mitted him to perform, as she was very choice in her selection of visitors to her created a great, prosperous, and widely beneficial industry; there he was universally beloved and revered, and there especi-ally he could satisfy all the instincts of his

hitle realm. An hour had now clapsed since they had set out, and it behooved them to lose no time, if them would enter the house quietly, and change their attire before the

ally he could satisfy all the instincts of his noble nature, in shedding happiness around him, and in contemplating with the eye of a philosopher and a Christian the great-ness and goodness of the invisible Creator, stamped on the visible works of His h-nds. With the history of this venerable man, with the members of his large and most interesting family, with that of Lucy Hutchinson, then bound to his own by old friendship and near neighborhood, and with the mansions inhabited by both amid a these glorious highlands of the south, we shall become fully acquainted in the course of this story. Fairview Villa, the Hutchhour for the morning meal. As the mist which enveloped the Fairy Dell when they left the house at sunrise bell when they left the house at summise had now disappeared, they took a round-about bridle path through the woods, left their ho, ses near the stables, and stole in through the shrubbery and the green-house. In the latter they met Mrs. D'Arcy, Rose's mother (her grandmother had long been dead), who felt disposed to chide the been dead), who felt disposed to chide the girls for their early rising and excursion to the lily-pond. But, as she, even more than her daughter, was a devoted wor-shiper of the venerable head of the family, she dismissed them to their rooms with a haif-murmured word of reproach and a loving motherly caress. Meanwhile Mrs. D'Arey had arranged with exquisite taste the gardien and green-house flowers collected by the two girls in

a wrinkle broke the polished surface of the broad brow, on which all lofty thoughts and noble sentiments were reflected as rapidly and faithfully as the calm bosom of the river beneath Fairy Dell mirrored each cloud as it flitted across the blue,

each cloud as it initial across the blue, overhanging heavens. Three of his children were there. There was Louisa, the oldest of them all, a stately lady, the widow of Gaston de Beaumont, a noble French *emigre*, and with her was her son Charles, a Major of Engineers, of great reputation. There was Gertrude her son Charles, a Major of Engineers, of great reputation. There was Gertrude, married to Richard Montgomery, a weal-thy Georgian planter, who had come with his second son, Alfred, to pay his respects to his parent on this family anniversary. Finally, there was Louis, the oldest son of three, the father of our acquaintance. Rose, and the joint proprietor of the splendid estate of Fairy Dell. The chief interest of this family circle

and the joint properties of this family circle estate of Fairy Del. The chief interest of this family circle centered, after the venerable head of the house, in Mrs. Louis D'Arcy, her noble husband, and their six children. Louis D'Arcy, as he came forward to greet his father on that morning, appeared to be the latter's living portrait, when some twenty years younger. Nor was the re-semblance one of outward form only; Louis D'Arcy was most like his parent in talents, disposition, and elevation of soul. Louis D'Arcy was most like insparent in talents, disposition, and elevation of soul. He was still what he had ever gloried in being, his father's most devoted servant, friend, and companion—most perfectly one with him in mind and heart. Mary Dalton, Louis D'Arcy's wife, had become his bride at eighteen, in the first flower of her unspotted innocence and uncommon beauty. Her husband had kept her heart as fresh and her soul as pure and guileless up to the beautiful autumn of her life, as it was when the sweet fragrance of all her goodness won his young heart so many

years before. Of their children, Gaston, the oldest, was Of their children, Gaston, the oldest, was just then on his way from Fairview with their friends and neighbors, the Hutchin-sons; Charles, the second son, was com-pleting his course in the best school in Paris; Rose, the oldest daughter, is there, clinging to her grandfather's arm, her snow-white morning dress, with its sash of blue ribbon, con-trasting with the ross on her cheels trasting with the roses on her cheeks and the dark masses of her auburn hair, while her friend, Lucy Hutchinson, encircles her with one arm, in expectation of sharing a first greeting from Mr. D'Arcy. Three younger sisters, Genevieve, Maud, and Mary, nestle between her mother and father, all radiant with happiness, and as fresh and fair to look upon as the loveliest flower that bloomed over all these beauti-ful ground. ful grounds. By the side of Major de Beaumont's

By the side of Major de Beaumon's martial figure stood Doncan McDonald, a tall, comely scion of the Clan Keppoch, the son of Mr. D'Arcy's youngest daughter, and who had come all the way from Can-ada to bear to his grandfather the love and congratulations of both his parents. "Doneset grandpana" said Rose, look-

congratulations of both his parents. "Dearest grandpapa," said Rose, look-ing up into his face with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "all the family wish me to express their felicitations and the forward the second s fervent prayer of all our hearts, that many more years shall be added to your precious

life "I accept your felicitations, my child," the old gentleman replied with emotion, "and thank you all for your loving

a bright day for the young folk

in Mary's case.'

pretty much their own way. Frank, her only son, was a young man of splendid physique and rare natural abilities. But Mr. Hutchinson's continual absence from home, and his devotion to political mat-tors having both but livit ters, having left him but little opportunity or inclination to direct his son's studies or or inclination to direct his son's studies or watch his intellectual and moral develop-

watch his intellectual and moral develop-ment, Frank was allowed to grow up without proper culture or wholesome re-straint. The overseer on the estate, a clever but upprincipled fellow, taught the boy to drink, and fostered and fed the boy to drink, and fostered and fed the dreadful propensity as he passed from boyhood to youth. When Frank was sent to grammar-school, far away from home, and afterward to college, this fatal passion waxed stronger, as well from the unlimited amount of money the young fellow could command. Thus did one noxious vice, as it grev

I hus did one noxious vice, as it grew up with him, choke or overshad wall the young man's native virtues. He only re-turned to his home during vacation time, to be the tyrant of his mother and sister, to be the tyrant of his mother and sister, the scourge of the servants, and the scan-dal of the neighborhood. Mr. Hutchinson, from whom the fond and weak mother concealed the features of

these excesses, hoped that they would wear these excesses, hoped that they would wear away with age; and that once engaged in the serious business of life, his son would form both more honorable associations and more gentlemanly habits. These hopes were, indeed, to be realized, as we shall see, but not through the means contemplated by the over-indulgent parent.

To his sister Lucy, many years his younger, Frank Hutchinson had, up to the moment at which we meet with them both, been a terror and a shame. The both, been a terror and a shame. The child inherited the great qualities of both of her parents, together with her mother's sensitiveness and weakly disposition. At the age of nine, her brother, in a half-tipsy freak, forced her to ride with him horseback across the swollen Tselica, and, as the frightened animal that bore them

missed his footing in mid-stream, both Frank and Lucy were only saved from From the effects drowning by a miracle. From the effects of this accident Lucy did not recover for several years. The shock and the long exposure to the icy-cold water brought on a slow fever, with pneumonia. This, with the constant unhappiness caused to her mother by Frank's ill conduct, preved fearfully on the little girl's spirits and retarded her growth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMOROUS.

When a boy sees a nice round smooth stone lying on the ground, he always thinks it rather mean that there isn't a ellow dog in the vicinity.

And now the weeds and the bugs look The new the weeks and the ougs look op to the diligent agriculturalist and cry a "Give us no more of this hoe cus-poke-is business"

It is a little singular, although no less true, that one small but well-constructed fly will do more towards breaking up a man's afternoon nap than the out-door racket of a full brass band.

It must be a sad moment for a man to reflect that he is innocently furnishing the editor with a subject for some foolish remarks.

"Can you tell me the color of the devil's wig ?" said a forward young person to Dr. Kawson, of Selkik. "Oh, man, ye maun be a poor tyke," replied the doctor, "to hae ser'd your master sae lang, and no ken the color o' his wig yet."

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lightning-well, that is what makes the difference between a wit and a blockhead. A man buttonholed Sheridan one day, and A man buttonholed Sheridan one day, and insisted on pouring into his ears a long story of personal woe. At last, out of breath, or having no more woes to relate, he said : "But, my dear sir, I fear I have been intruding an your attention." Sheri-dan looked at him with a very innocent and childlike glance and replied, "Not at all; not at all, sir; for you see I haven't listened to a word.

Why He Sat on His Feet.

It was a warm afternoon, and young Mr. Cummagen did not go in the house, but sat down in the pleasant porch, as was his custom, after ringing the bell. His little sister came to the door, and looked

in the sister canne to the door, and tooked at him with some curiosity. "Does your sister Mabel know I am here, Nellie ?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied the innocent prattler, "I guess she does; she told me to come out and see how shady it made the front read when you wit your feet on the read yard when you put your feet on the porch

He took them down and sat on them .-Burlington Hawkeye.

Wanted to Invest in Better Security. A Detrioter, says the Free Press, who has the reputation of being a hard pay, was waited on the other day by a man who

began : "Mr. Blank, I hold your note for \$75.

"Mr. Diank, I note your note for \$75. It islong past due, and I wanted to see what you would do about it." "My note? Ah? yes, yes, this is my note. "For value received I promise to pay," and so forth. Have you been to the note shavers with this?"

"I have, but none of them would have

"Wouldn't, eh? And you tried the banks?"

banks?" "Yes, sir, but they would't look at it." "Wouldn't ch? And I suppose you went to a justice to see about suing it?" "I did, but he said a judgment wouldn't

be worth a dollar."
"Did, eh? And now what proposition do you wish to make?"
"This is your note for \$75. Give me

S5 and you can have it." "Five dollars ! No, sir! No, sir! I have no money to throw away, sir!"

WHY HE BECAME A CATHOLIC.

GEN. BEN. LE FEVRE EXPLAINS HIS CON VERSION IN COURT

A dispatch from Lebanon, O., in the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: Last week Wm. F. Coulson, of Deerfield township, died at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Aza Coleman, in this place. Mr. Coulson left \$75,000 worth of property and two children, the eldest 8 years old. His wife died about a year ago. She was a sister of Gen. Ben Le Ferre, congressman from the Fifth Ohio district, and requested him on her deathbed to act as guardian of her children if her husband should be taken away before they attained their majority. In obedience to her wishes Gen. Le Fevre came down after his brother-in-law's death and applied for the guardianship of the children. Aza Coleman, husband of Coulson's sister, resisted the application, and asked that his son, a young and un-married man, should be appointed. The Ken the color o' his wig yet." The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted of Sripture—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "That were

Saturday and it was rich. Coleman ob-jected to the appointment of Gen. Le Fevre, because he is a Catholic. The Gen-eral pleaded guilty, and told why he was a Catholic. He said that when wounded during the late war he was neglected by the Protestant chaplain, and most kindly cared for by the Catholic order of Sisters He was at that time a Presbyof Mercy. He was at that time a Presby-terian, but the course of the Protestant chaplains all through the war turned him of Mercy against the Protestant faith. He came home at the end of the war, but did not immediately connect himself with the Catholic church, because his father and Carlone church, because his familer and mother were strict Presbyterians, and his brother was a preacher of that seet, and he did not want to give them pain. But when his mother discovered how he felt and the reason for his changed convictions, she told him to go and join the church of his choice. His sister, Mr. Coulson's wife, also connected herself with the Catholic church shortly before she died. The Gen-eral said that he did not force his religion religion upon anybody, and if it was the wish of the relatives of the children he would have them educated in the Protestant with. He did not want them for his church, neither did he want their money. He loved them as a father should love his children, and he wanted to carry out their mother's dving wishes.

who had also been the first settler there— "Fairy Dell;" and the name was not an unapt one, for on no spot of earth, save, perhaps, in Andalusia, amid the foot-hills of the Himalayas—in Cashmere, the Pun jaub, or Bootan—did the hand of nature clothe the earth with such surpassing condour loveliness, and fertility. Standclothe the earth with such surpassing grandeur, loveliness, and fertility. Stand-ing in the porch of the beautiful country-home which the venerable Francis D'Arcy had built half a century before, and facing had built half a century before, and many the broad lawn which sloped gently down toward the southwest, the eye of a visitor, on this glorious May morning, would have beheld a spectacle of incomparable

house flowers collected by the two girls in | mother !'

two magnificent Levres vases on her ample break fast-table, placing the lilies in the center, opposite to old Mr. D'Arey's chair, Japanese vase of silver inlaid with which that gentleman had brought

with him from the east. The breakfast-room itself was one which needed but little adornment to make it thoroughly delightful. It faced the east, commanding from its lofty windows a view vou do! of the vast slope of green sward that sur-rounded the house on three sides, of the entire valley of the Tselica for more than there makes and of the making states of the Lucy. thirty miles, and of the sublime mountain groups that reared their blue forms in the listance, with white masses of mist and loud still clinging to their shoulders or distan great favorite. "I am jealous of Lucy, grandpapa, vailing their summits. Beautiful as were both lawn and park, with their wealth of shrub and flower, and lordly forest trees-and their intelligent proprietor had be-stowed on their embellishment the loving care and industry of forty years—his own eye, like that of every guest who sat at his spitable table, was irresistibly drawn and above and beyond lawn, park, and woods, —the

"Insuperable height of loftiest shade... A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend Shade above shade, a woody theater of statliest view. Yet higher than their top The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung."

Yes, most truly, on this the morning of his eightieth birthday, as on the first morning so many years ago, when he, a pioneer among these wilds, first gazed upon this scene, Francis D'Arcy thought that the two latter in their own carriage, Hutchinson, Lucy's only brother. Mr. Hutchinson was a good type of the man of his class, tall, strongly built, with this scene, Francis D'Arey thought that the supernal paradise alone could offer to the soul of man anything more ravishing the soul of man anything more ravishing than this favored spot, prepared for his earthly home. And Lever sathe down to his repast in that room, without casting his eyes on the blended magnificences of earth and sky before him, and thanking the divine Author of all good for the fatheely compressive that mervides in the a great head of curly hair, bronzed, hard features, dark, restless eyes, that expressed in quick succession wrath, fierce resolution, and great goodness and kindliness. He had a commanding air about him that im pressed all beneath him with respect. Bu fatherly generosity that provides, in the riches and beauties of our present abode, an earnest and a foretaste of the everlastwith all his natural fieriness and imper-ousness, he was more loved than feared by his dependants. He was never known to forsake a friend, to betray a secret, to go back of his word, or flinch from the

And such was his feelings as he joined consequences of his own private conduct or political principles. He was wrong in the admiring family group that awaited his coming on the spacious veranda front-ing the breakfast-room, and who, familiar some things, extreme in many, and honest in all. He was an ambitious man, though not one who could ever sacrifice his conas the glorious prospect w.s to most of them, seemed to feed their souls on the

as the giometric period their souls on the varied splendors of the vast expanse of earth and sky before them. It is a most fitting place and moment to introduce the reader to Francis D'Arcy, science to his ambition. He neglected his own domestic affairs, the government of his large household, and the managemen of his estate, to what he called the welfare—which meant in reality the

his family and his guests. The patriarchal figure that stepped out

ests of his party in Congress. For, the elever men who lead in politics always know how to use the honest zeal and conamong the expectant group was that of a man upward of six feet high, erect and elastic in his bearing, with hair as white as the driven snow, falling in silvery waver over his shoulders, his deep blue eves full of a could fix, which would scientious convictions of their followers for their own selfish ends. "Mrs. Hutchinson, a refined, sensitive, delicate woman, with a warm and faithful blue eyes full of a gentle fire, which would heart, was much loved and much trusted blue eyes the a bright flame when the blaze up into a bright flame when the some noble subject excited his interest or some noble subject excited his interest or his enthusiasm. His checks were still his on the blaze and the lifeby her husband, but not much feared by her numerous slaves, who played upon her natural gentlenes: of disposition, and profited by her weak health to have things his enthusiasm. His checks were still ruddy from health, exercise, and the life-long practice of temperance; while scarcely

of Scripture—"He that given to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "That may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a red "Yes, come to me, dearest Mary !" he added, opening his arms to Mrs. D'Arcy and folding her to his heart. "How many a long year have you not been the light of my home, as well as the joy of your husent.

A young apprentice to the shoemaking nd! Ah, Louisa, my own darling, ss asked his master what answer he know you are not jealous of Mary, nor you, Gertrude. Oh, my children, is it not hould give to the often repeated ques-"Does your master warran tion, "Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove foretaste of heaven to love each other as And now, let us all help make and if they don't I'll make them good, and if the good for nothing. Not till you have kissed me too," said

A little boy of five, and his sister, three You too here, you mountain-sprite ? ears of age, had been to a funeral and said the old gentléman, kissing the pale, suffering face; for Lucy was with him a thought it a fine entertainment. Said the boy to the girl, "Won't I have a nice time going to the gir, "not er funct a like to the guickly replied, "I dont care, you shan't ride in the rehearsal with me ?" cried Genevieve, coming forward with her sisters to receive the coveted caresses.

Profanity isn't nice, and if men who "No! my little girls are never jealous anybody," said their grandfather. swear are desirous of curing themselves of it, let them resolve, and rigidly adhere to "There is no jealousy where there is no preference, is there, my little Mary?" he the resolution, that whenever they feel a disposition to swear they will take no name in vain except that of the Aztec god ontinued, giving a double share to this roungest and most beautiful of Mrs. of war, Hultzilochtli. If Hultzilochtli D'Arcy's daughters. "I am sure there is no jealousy, father," don't break them nothing will.

It is asserted that the St. Louis Globesaid Louis D'Arcy; "but I am not quite so sure about there being no preference Democrat recently sent out a corps of re-porters to bound an editoral excursion train. Each reporter wore a badge in-While the gentleman was shaking hands ribed : "With malice towards none, with the venerable hero of the day, Gaston rode up with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, scribed: "With mance towards hone, with questions for all; a soft answer turneth away wrath," and gave to each interviewed editor a check marked, "Keep this check in your hat to avoid furformer following on horseback with Frank

ther disturbance." Adolphus—"What time did your sister Adolphus—" what time did your sister Kitty reach Buffalo ?" Evadne Cecilia— don't know, exactly, but presume she ar-rived at the same time the train did." Adolph—" Ah, indeed ! I always supposed a lady arrived a little ahead of her train. E. C.—" Change of air is what you need Adolphus : your head is too full, dear."– But with all his natural fieriness and imperi-New York Co nmercial Advertiser.

A principal of Vissar College stepped uddenly into one of the recitation rooms, and said : "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk. The whole school stepped on the desk. The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid be-neath her tongue and said ; "Leally guls, I'm slupriseld." He neglected his

He told his better half that she was his treasure, and she felt happy ; but when he added that he was willing to obey the scripture injunction and lay up his treawith a broom handle, in battle. Fifteen minutes later, when the husband emerged rom under the bed he looked as the he had just returned from a Fourth of July elebra

Sheridan's wit seems alway to have been within reach. A great many of us could say very bright things if we had five or ten minutes to think about it, but to retort with the speed of a flash of

THE SABBATH.—A Jewish gentleman has lately written to the London *Express* commenting upon the erroneous idea pre-valent as to the Jewish Sabbath. Intelligent recreation and even an usement is, when innocent, deemed perfectly permissable. Reading rooms, gallaries and museums are all places of lawful resort. On the other hand, he says: "We are punctilious in regard to servile works. We would not, for instance, permit our servants to remain outside the church is to the other based of the service of the ser stening to the neighing of carriage lorses, while the devout congregation inside were listening to the Bishop eloquentey re-minding his absorbed listeners that the rest of the Sabbath must extend to all.

The passer-by may smile at your "piety ' in attending week day Mass, or when he sees you leave the church, where you have been making a visit to the Blessed Sacra-ment, but the scoff may be taken for our greater humility. He that faces the world and its derisions in the exercise of his faith, shows that he lives not for its glory, but for that which will last for eternity.

THE LATEST OUTCOME OF PRIVATE JUDG-MENT.—A Polish peasant woman at Man-kowe—young, handsome, and with a fine yoice—has recently established a new sect, having chosen twelve apostles to preach abstinence from wine, meat and marriage, tea being the beverage enjoyed.

A man can no more escape from his ordinary grooves of thought than he can from his habitual grooves of action.