

that when this burden of care, of which he complained so much, should have been lifted from his heart, all would again be well.

Delafield was leaning listlessly against the mantel-piece, his eyes fixed on the decaying fire, when his wife rose softly and laid her hand on his arm.

"Forgive me, Harry, if I have been dull and uninteresting. You know I would do anything to make you happy."

An unusual softness stole over the features of Mr. Delafield as he returned his wife's caress, and he said, kindly, "Brighter days may come to us yet, Mabel. Cheer up, and let us hope for the best."

The morrow came, and with it the dreaded parting—the sad and silent farewell. With high and ardent hopes, Delafield started for the West; there he expected to regain the fortune he had lost—to fulfil his dreams of worldly ambition, and be satisfied.

Weeks passed away, and then came a cold and careless letter to Mabel Delafield, telling of anticipated success, but not one allusion to the past. Faithful to her own love, she wrote a long and tender letter in return; she encouraged him to persevere in his business, assured him of her own unwavering affection, and looked joyfully forward to the time when they should be united and forget all past reverses in their flowing happiness.

A year passed heavily on; no tidings came to Mrs. Delafield of her husband, and she gave him up as dead. But there were those even among her dearest friends who thought very differently—who, while they did everything that kindness could dictate for Mabel, hoped that Delafield would never return. Seven years passed away, and with them the dearest and kindest of Mrs. Delafield's friends; and now that she began to look around her for support, she found that that support must be made by her own efforts.

The West offered a broader field for exertions than any other part of the country, and thither she determined to go. After a comfortable journey, Mabel found herself in the hospitable city of L—, and there first felt how easily wounded is the stranger's heart. But Mabel had a way of stealing quietly into people's hearts before they knew it, and a warm circle of friends was soon formed around her, so that through their influence and by their aid she opened a school, and soon had the pleasure of seeing it well filled with happy faces. A year passed by, and Mrs. Delafield was comparatively happy in doing her duty, and thereby preserving a good conscience.

One bright and sunny morning one of her favorite pupils brought a visitor, a little girl of seven summers. The child was more than usually beautiful, and Mrs. Delafield, attracted by her appearance, called her to her side. As she took the child's hand, and parted the luxuriant curls from the open brow, her eyes involuntarily wandered to a locket of gold which confined a necklace around the child's neck. A paleness like that of death came over her features, and she trembled in every limb; but by a strong effort of will she suppressed the shriek of surprise which arose to her lips, and she said as calmly as she could to her favorite, "A glass of water, dear Mary; I am quite faint." The water was brought quickly, and putting aside the anxious children who crowded around her, she drew the strange child toward her, and said kindly, "Allow me to look at your pretty locket."

The child was pleased with the attention, and, unclasping it, hastily hid it in her hands. "Can it be possible?" thought Mabel, as she examined it; "this certainly was once my own. Who gave you this locket, my child?" asked Mrs. Delafield, soothingly.

"My father—dear, good father," replied the child, in delight.

"What is your name?"

"Mabel Delafield."

"Mabel Delafield!—why that is my name!" and she paused for breath, but she was determined to solve the mystery if possible.

"How old are you?"

"Seven years old in June—and this is June, I declare."

"Have you always lived here?"

"Yes, I was born here."

"And your name is Mabel Delafield?"

"Yes; is it a pretty name?"—why do you ask?"

"Why, it is strange," and Mabel tried to speak carelessly, "that you should have my name."

"You will love me now because I am your namesake," said the child, as she put her face close to Mrs. Delafield's, and looked into her eyes earnestly.

There was something in that look that went to Mabel's soul, and reminded her of Delafield as he was wont to look on her in moments of tenderness. She pressed her lips on the forehead of the innocent child, and strove to speak in a steady voice. "Can you tell me where your father lived before he came to this city?"

"In New York."

Mabel groaned aloud, taking up the necklace, she clasped it on the child's neck, and said carelessly, thinking of what she spoke, "And thy hair, whose soft, glossy hair is this? Is it your mother's?"

"Oh, no, it is a lady's who lives away in New York—she gave it to papa with this locket."

"And her name—was what?" demanded Mabel, eagerly.

"Mabel Delafield, too. That makes three Mabel Delafields," and the child laughed heartily.

tempt on reading the morning paper. Near him, very elegantly dressed, sits a lady, young and beautiful, regarding him with an interest which nothing but love could create.

"Do lay aside that paper, Harry, and go with me. I have been waiting this half hour," said the lady, somewhat impatiently.

"Where was it you wished to go, Emily?" asked Delafield in an abstracted manner.

"To see this Mrs. Delafield about sending Mabel to school."

"I thought you did send her this morning."

"Oh! I let her go with Mary Palmer just to see how she'd like it, and told her we'd follow directly. I hear so much of this Mrs. Delafield's school that I think it would be better for us to send Mabel there. By the way, I think, Delafield is getting to be quite a common name."

"So it is. Did you ever hear this lady's Christian name?"

"No, I did not. But why do you ask?"

"Mere curiosity—that's all!" and Delafield slurred inwardly.

"You surely don't think it can be your cousin Mabel, Henry. I do believe I shall be jealous of her!"

"What nonsense, Emily. Do you think my cousin would be here and I not to know it?"

"Such a thing might be, but I have half a mind to be jealous of her anyhow; you called her name so often in your dreams last night."

"Did I?" asked Delafield, much confused, but then recovering himself, he added, "but it was my own little Mabel I was calling Emily; and here she comes now," and Mabel came running in out of breath, and exclaiming, "Oh, papa, I have found another Mabel Delafield!"

Both father and mother looked surprised, but, summoning his courage, Delafield asked, "Where did you find her, my dear child?"

"She is the lady that teaches the school—I love her so much."

"I told you," said Mrs. Delafield, playfully, "that it might be your cousin Mabel, and I suspect it is; but what brought you home, Mabel the third?"

"Mrs. Delafield was so ill—she fainted—and, papa, she thought this locket and hair so beautiful—she took it off my neck, and looked at it for a long time."

Delafield stood rooted to the spot—the mystery was solved—he knew that his deserted wife was near him—he alone guessed the connection between the fainting fit and the locket. But Delafield had gone too far in crime to permit this to crush him without a struggle, and gathering up all his effrontery, he professed to believe the lady in question was his cousin, who, for some inexplicable cause, had not warned him of her arrival.

"Well," said Emily, "we must call on this cousin of yours, dear Harry, immediately, and why not now?"

"Is Mrs. Delafield papa's cousin?—say, mamma, may I not go too?"

"Be quiet, Mabel," said Delafield, and then turning to Emily, "I must first go myself—Mabel is very proud, and she must have some cause for acting in this way."

"Well, I don't like proud women, and I shall not like her, I am sure."

"Yes you will," joined in little Mabel, "you can't help but loving her—everybody loves her."

"Sometime to-day," said Delafield, as he took up his hat, "I shall call and see her."

With a trembling heart, and a conscience that goaded him almost to madness, he left his happy and confiding wife, and walked on, on he cared not whither; but at last, as if his steps were impelled by some secret force, he found himself in front of Mrs. Delafield's seminary. He ascended the steps, and rang the bell with a trembling hand—a servant obeyed the summons, and he asked, "Can I see Mrs. Delafield?"

"She is not well; but walk in and I shall see."

Mrs. Delafield had, in some measure regained her composure, and, though still pale and agitated, she was sitting up when the servant brought her the card; as her eyes fell upon the name she had dearly loved, she sprang convulsively to her feet, and exclaimed, "Harry Delafield!" and then, ashamed of exposing her feelings to the servant, she sunk into her chair, and said ask him to walk up.

"Here! to your own room, madam?" inquired the servant.

"Yes, here—he is a relation—a particular friend."

As the servant left the room she clasped her hands over her face, and said—"The bitterest enemy I ever had. Forsake me not now, my Heavenly Father, but sustain me in this trial."

The door opened, but Mabel did not look up, she felt that Delafield stood before her as she said—"Be seated, sir, and tell me the cause of this visit."

"Mabel, I know not what to say."

"Then why come to disturb my peace? What do you desire?"

"Your forbearance—your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness you have—my forbearance you do not deserve."

"You have ceased to love me, Mabel."

"Dare you upbraid me with not loving you?" and her form towered; her eyes dilated, and she looked on him for the first time, but his eyes refused to meet hers. "Harry Delafield! love is extinguished in my heart forever; but I can have compassion on your innocent child—on the unfortunate woman you call your wife. I would not have her to suffer the misery—the wretchedness you have made me to feel; but you, you—what do you not deserve?"

"Have mercy, Mabel—do not destroy their happiness—do not expose me to ruin."

"I know what you would ask, Delafield—you would ask me to bear my wrongs in silence—to bury them in the ashes of my love for the sake of others—that their happiness be not destroyed—but how can this be?—for whom does your wife take me?"

"For my cousin," and his lips quivered in agony.

"Let it be so then—but remember it is for

the sake of them—not for your sake that I withhold you from justice, and we must never meet again!"

"How can I explain that?"

"In any way you like, I will not contradict you. To your wife and child I will be a friend, to you as one dead; and now leave me, I would be alone, and may God forgive you as I do now!"

"Mabel! farewell!"

She did not speak, and he passed to the door; as he opened it, he said, "May Heaven bless you, Mabel! Will you not say 'farewell'?" One word. But Mabel moved not; and he went out thinking how strange it was that she who had once loved him so fondly should have changed so much.

When, after some time the servant entered the apartment, Mabel was still sitting as Delafield had left her, but the spirit had fled forever. She had laid her life as a sacrifice to another's shrine.

It was said that Mrs. Delafield died of disease of the heart, and no one thought of inquiring what produced the disease. Little did the unconscious Emily think as she gazed on that face for the first time, now cold and still in death, of the secret buried in that bosom forever. She dreamed not of the sacrifice made for her and her child. And what were the feelings of Delafield as he gazed on the inanimate form which had so often rested on his own bosom? He thought of her never-fading kindness—of her patient and gentle forbearance—and, above all, of the sacrifice she made of her own life. But a secret joy stole over his heart as he reflected "the dead tell no tales"—that his danger was past. A few days more and Mabel Delafield was laid in the cold grave. The secret of her sudden death was enveloped in darkness until all secrets are brought to light, for "then is nothing hid that shall not be revealed."

ENCYCICAL EPISTOLE OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD PIUS IX, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.

To all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in the Grace and Communion of the Apostolic See.

PIUS PP IX.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLICAL BLESSING.

When, reduced by the secret counsel of God under the power of the enemy, We beheld the hard lot of this Our City and Our Civil Principedom crushed under an armed invasion then by Letters addressed to you on the first day of November in last year, We declared to you, and through you to the whole Catholic world, what was the state of Our affairs and of this City, and to what excesses of impious unbridled license We were exposed; and in accordance with Our supreme office We testified before God and men that We were resolved that the rights of the Holy See should be kept safe and entire, and We stirred you and all Our beloved children, the faithful committed to your care, to appease the DIVINE MAJESTY with fervent prayers. Since that time the evils and calamities which those first bitter experiences foreboded for Us and for this City have truly increased beyond measure against the Apostolic dignity and authority, against the purity of religion and morals, and against Our well-beloved subjects. Moreover, Venerable Brethren, the condition of affairs daily growing more serious, We are compelled to say with SAINT BERNARD: "These are the beginnings of ills; we fear worse things behind" (Epist. 243). For iniquity keeps on advancing and carries forward its designs, nor now does it greatly trouble itself to veil its wicked proceedings, for they cannot be concealed, and it is now endeavouring to possess itself of the last spoils stripped from justice on which it has trampled, from decency, and from religion. Under these distresses, which fill Our days with bitterness, especially when We consider to what perils and snares the faith and virtue of Our people is exposed, We cannot, Venerable Brethren, recollect or mention without the deepest gratitude the high desert of yourselves and of Our beloved faithful under your care. For in every part of the world the faithful of CHRIST, responding with admirable zeal to Our exhortations, and following you as their guides and examples, have persevered in continual and fervent prayer; and either by repeated public devotions, or by holy pilgrimages, or by uninterrupted attendance in the churches, by approach to the participation of the Sacraments, or by other special acts of Christian virtue, have deemed it their duty to have recourse with perseverance to the throne of Divine mercy. All the burning zeal of these deprecatory prayers cannot fail to obtain from God abundant fruit. The numerous blessings that have already proceeded from them are the earnest of other good things to come, which We await in faith and hope. For We behold firmness of faith and warmth of charity expanding daily; We see stirred up in the minds of faithful Christians that concern and sympathy which God alone can inspire for this Holy See and for the labours and conflicts of the SUPREME PASTOR, and We behold such unity of minds and wills that from the first ages of the Church even to the present, it could never be said with more splendour and truth, that "the multitude of those who believed were of one heart and one soul." (Acts iv. 32). In mentioning such a spectacle of virtue We cannot pass over in silence Our well-beloved children the citizens of this City, whose love towards Us, whose piety, and whose firmness equal to the trial, has shone and still shines brilliantly with a greatness of soul not only worthy of, but even rivaling, the heroism of their ancestors. Therefore do We ascribe immortal glory and thanks for you all, Venerable Brethren, and for Our well-beloved children the Faithful, to the merciful GOD who hath wrought such great things in you and in His Church and still worketh; and where malice aboundeth, hath made the grace of faith, of charity, and of confession of the truth still more to abound. "What is then Our

hope and Our joy and crown of glory? Is it not you before God? A wise son is the glory of his father. May God therefore bless you and may HE be mindful of your faithful service and pious compassion, and the consolation and honour which you showed and still show to the Spouse of His SON in the evil time and in the days of her affliction." (S. Bernard, Ep. 238 & 130.)

But in the meantime the Subalpine Government, while on the one hand it exerts itself to make of Rome a fable for the whole world, (S. Bern. Ep. 243), on the other has elaborately endeavoured to impose upon Catholics, and to quiet their anxieties, by drawing up and contriving certain futile immunities and privileges called in the vulgar tongue (*guarentigie*) Guarantees, with the intention of Our accepting them in lieu of that Civil Principedom of which by a long series of plots and by parading arms it has robbed Us. On these immunities and safeguards, Venerable Brethren, We have already passed Our judgment, noting their absurdity, their disingenuousness, and their mockery in Our Letter of the 2nd of last March, addressed to Our Venerable Brother CONSTANTINE PATRIZI, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Dean of the Sacred College, and exercising the functions of Our Vicar in Rome, which Letter was forthwith printed and published.

But forasmuch as it is a characteristic of the said Subalpine Government to add an unfeeling and base insincerity to its unblushing contempt of Our Pontifical dignity and authority, and as it has shown by its acts that it regards as nought Our protests, expostulations and censures; hence, notwithstanding the judgment expressed by Us respecting the aforesaid Guarantees, it has not desisted from urging forward and promoting their discussion and examination in the supreme estates of the realm, as though a serious affair were being transacted. In which discussion has clearly appeared both the truth of Our judgment upon the nature and character of those Guarantees, and the fruitlessness of the enemy's attempt to disguise their malicious and fraudulent intent. Truly, Venerable Brethren, it is incredible that so many errors in open opposition to the Catholic faith and even to the principles of natural justice, and that so many blasphemies as were uttered on that occasion could be uttered in the midst of this Italy, which has ever boasted, and still boasts, above all things, of possessing the worship of the Catholic religion and the See of the Apostolic Roman Pontiff; and in truth, by the protection of GOD over His Church, widely different are the feelings which by far the greater part of Italy cherishes, groaning over and deploring together with Us this new and unprecedented form of sacrilege, and by the continually increasing proofs of its affection and duty proving to Us that it is united in one spirit and sentiment with the rest of the faithful throughout the world.

Wherefore We this day again direct Our voice to you, Venerable Brethren, and although the faithful of your Dioceses have, either by their letters or by other important protests, publicly expressed how bitterly they feel Our distressed situation, and shown how far they are from being deceived by the trickeries disguised under the name of Guarantees: yet have We judged it to be a duty of Our Apostolic office to declare solemnly through you to the whole world that not only those so-called Guarantees which have been perversely fabricated by the Italian Government, but any titles, honours, immunities, privileges, and whatsoever else may come under the name of Guarantees, can be of no value whatsoever towards the assertion of that unfettered and free use of the power Divinely committed to Us, or towards the preservation of the necessary liberty of the Church.

These things being so, as We have already many times declared and professed that We cannot, without incurring the guilt of perjury, adhere to any scheme of conciliation which in any manner infringes Our rights, or diminishes those rights which belong to God and to the Apostolic See, so now as bound by Our office We declare that We shall never admit nor accept, nor can under any circumstances admit or accept, those Guarantees framed by the Subalpine Government, whatever may be their purport; or any other enactments of whatever kind and in whatever manner passed, which under colour of securing Our sacred power and liberty, may be offered to Us in lieu and in derogation of that Civil Principedom by which Divine Providence has willed that the Holy Apostolic See should be secured and dignified, and possession of which is confirmed to Us by the most legitimate and indisputable titles, and by a prescription of more than eleven centuries of possession. It cannot but be evident to every one that, were the Roman Pontiff to become subject to the dominion of any other Prince, he would neither be himself any longer invested with supreme power in the political order, nor would he, either as to his person or as to his acts in the Apostolic Ministry, be exempted from the control of the ruler to whom he was subject, who might even become a heretic or a persecutor of the Church, or be engaged in actual war or in virtual hostility against other Princes. And, in fact, this very granting of Guarantees of which We are speaking, is it not of itself a very plain proof that on Us to whom is given by GOD the authority to pass laws concerning the moral and religious order—on Us, who have been appointed the interpreters of natural and Divine law for the whole world—laws are imposed; laws which concern the government of the Universal Church, and for the maintenance and execution of which there is no other right than what the lay power in its discretion may prescribe and ordain? And as to what pertains to the relation between the Church and civil society, you well know, Venerable Brethren, that all prerogatives and all rights of authority needful for the government of the Universal Church, We, in the person of Blessed PETER, have received directly from GOD: Moreover, that

those prerogatives and rights, as also the liberty of the Church, have been obtained and bought with the blood of JESUS CHRIST, and are to be valued according to that infinite price of His Divine blood. We, therefore, should commit an outrage (which GOD forbid) against the blood of Our Divine Redeemer if We should consent to borrow from the princes of the earth these Our rights, especially tarnished and pared down, as they now desire to hand them back to Us. For Christian princes are the Church's sons and not her lords and masters, as that great light of sanctity and learning, S. ANSELM, Archbishop of Canterbury appositely told them:—"Think not that the Church of GOD is given to you as a servant to a master, she is committed to you as to her advocate and defender; nothing doth GOD so much love in this world as the liberty of His Church." (Ep. 8, l. 4.) And he further exhorts them in another place, where he writes:—"Never deem that the dignity of your grandeur is impaired if you love and defend the liberty of the Spouse of GOD, your Mother the Church. Think not that you are lowered when you exalt her, that you are weakened when you strengthen her. See, look around; there are examples in plenty; consider the princes who attack and trample upon her; how it profits them, and what becomes of them is known to everybody, it needs not to be told. Certainly they who glorify her shall be glorified with her and in her." (Ep. 12, l. 4.)

Now, however, Venerable Brethren, it must be evident to all, from the declarations which We have made to you, both now and on former occasions; that the injury done to this Holy See in these troublous times must redound to the injury of all Christendom. For every Christian man, as S. BERNARD said, is touched by wrong done to the Apostles, who are the glorious princes of the earth; and since the Roman Church, as the before-quoted S. ANSELM says, labours for all the Churches, therefore whoever robs her is judged guilty of sacrilege, not against her alone but against all the Churches. (Ep. 42, l. 3.) Certainly no man can doubt but that the conservation of the rights of this Apostolic See is most closely bound up with the highest purposes and interests of the Universal Church and with the liberty of your own Episcopal function.

We, therefore, considering and pondering upon all these things, as is Our duty, are compelled to confirm and constantly to re-assert that which We have many times declared to you, who unanimously agreed with Us, that the Civil Principedom of the Holy See has been by the singular design of Divine Providence given to the Roman Pontiff, in order that he, the said Roman Pontiff, being never subject to any Prince or Civil Power, may exercise in the fullest liberty, throughout the Universal Church, the supreme power and authority received from CHRIST our Lord of feeding and ruling the universal flock, and may consult for the Church's greater good and for her interests and needs. You, Venerable Brethren, and your faithful flocks, well knowing this, are all of you with reason troubled in behalf of religion, justice, and peace, which are the foundations of all good things, and illustrating the Church of GOD with a noble spectacle of faith, charity, constancy, and virtue, and being faithfully intent on her defence, are transmitting to her annals a new and admirable example for the remembrance of future generations. But forasmuch as the God of all Mercies is the author of those good things, therefore, lifting up Our eyes, Our heart, and Our hopes to HIM, We do, without ceasing, beseech HIM that He would confirm, strengthen, and increase the noble sentiments of yourselves and of your faithful flocks, and your collective piety, love, and zeal; yourselves also and the people committed to your watchful care We earnestly exhort that as the conflict grows more severe, so you would daily more resolutely and more abundantly cry with Us to the Lord, that He would vouchsafe to hasten the time of His mercy. May GOD grant that the princes of the earth—whom it very greatly concerns not to allow the example of the usurpation which We are suffering to be confirmed and successful, to the ruin of all order and established authority—may be all united together with consent of mind and will, and all disengagements being removed, rebellious disturbances being calmed down, and the fatal plots of the Sects being defeated, they may undertake in concert the labour of restoring to this Holy See its rights, and with them his full liberty to the Church's visible Head, and wished-for tranquillity to civil society. Nevertheless, Venerable Brethren, do you implore with fervent prayer, you and your faithful flocks, the Divine mercy, that it may turn the hearts of the wicked to penance, and remove the blindness of their minds before the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord; or, crushing their wicked plots, show them how mad and foolish they are who attempt to overthrow the Rock founded by CHRIST, and to violate its Divine privileges. (S. GREG. VIII, Ep. 6, l. 3.) In these prayers let Our hopes rest more firmly on GOD. "Think you that GOD can turn a deaf ear to His most dear Spouse, when she stands and cries against those who have straitened her? How shall He not acknowledge the bone of His bone and the flesh of His flesh; yet also, in some sort the spirit of His Spirit? It is indeed now the hour of evil and the power of darkness. But this is the last hour, and the power swiftly passeth away. CHRIST, the Power of GOD and the Wisdom of GOD, is on our side and the cause is His own. Be of good courage; He hath overcome the world." (S. BERNARD, Ep. 126 n. 6 & 14.) Meanwhile let us with a good courage and an assured faith follow the voice of the Eternal Truth, Who hath said, "Wrestle for thy life for justice, and contend for justice even unto death, and GOD will vanquish for thee thy enemies." (Eccles. iv. 33.)

Finally, Venerable Brethren, We do from Our soul pray for the richest blessings of heavenly graces on you, and on the faithful clergy and laity whom GOD has committed to your care, and as a token of Our special and heartfelt affection to you and to them, We very lovingly impart to you and to them Our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome at S. Peter's, this 15th day of May, in the year of Our Lord, 1871, in the 25th Year of Our Pontificate.—London Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

MISSION AT ST. NICOLAS'S DUBLIN.—The Mission of the Redemptionist Fathers in the above Church, continues to attract hundreds of penitents from early morning until night. Sermons are preached morning and evening to vast congregations, and the confessional is crowded throughout the entire day. In fact nothing could be more gratifying than the edifying spirit of devotion evinced by each succeeding congregation of the faithful since the opening of this holy mission by the Redemptionist Fathers.

ARCHBISHOP McHALE.—The Archbishop, who enjoys his usual good health and spirits, held his visitation of the clergy on Wednesday in Mayo, and proceeded to Westport, thence to Newport and Achill.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—During the first four months of this year 25,281 emigrants left Ireland, 15,500 being males and 9,781 females.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, CORK.—A meeting of the parishioners of St. Patrick's Parish was held in the Parish Church on Sunday last immediately after the last Mass, at which a plan for the repairs and improvement of the church, prepared by Sir John