## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## The Three Copecks.\* PAUL H. HAYNE.

2

Crouched low in a sordid chamber, With a cupboard of empty shelves-Half starved, and, alas ! unable To comfort or help themselves,—

Two children were left forsaken, All orphaned of mortal care; But with spirits too close to Heaven To be tainted by Earth's despair.

Alone in that crowded city, Which shines like an Arctic star, By the banks of the frozen Neva, In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven, But his delicate sister Leeze, With the crown of rippling ringlets, Could scarcely have reached your knees

As he looked on his sister weeping, And tortured by hunger's smart, A thought like an Angel entered At the door of his opened heart.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,— With quivering hand and soul,— " Please send to me. Christ! three copecks, To purchase for Leeze a roll!"

Then, rushed to a church, his missive To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,— As the surest mail bound Christward,— In the unlocked box for alms!

While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it; One passed from his priestly band, And with smile like a benediction Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom Grew warm with a holy Joy: "A h! Christ may have heard you alread; Will you come to my house, my boy?"

"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely, We'll have a rare party of three; Go, tell her that somebody's waiting To welcome her home to tea."

. . . That night, in the coziest cottage, The orphans were safe at rest, Each snug as a callow birdling In the depths of its downy nest.

And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit, The preacher so spake of these Stray Lambs from the fold, which Jesus Had blest by the sacred seas—

So recounted their guileless story (As he held each child by the hand), That the hardest there could feel it, And the dullest could understand.

O'er the eyes of the listening fathers There floated a gracious mist; And oh, how the tender mothers Those desolate darlings kissed !

"You have given your tears," said the preacher— "Heart aims we should none despise— But the open palm, my children, Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection, From the altar steps to the door, Till the sum of two thousand rubles The vergers had counted o'er.

You see that unmailed letter Had somehow gone to its goal, And more than three copecks gathered To purchase for Leeze a roll !

• The "copeck" is a Russian coin of about a cent's value in our currency. -St. Nicholas, for January.



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

On the ninth day after the events above narrated, there seemed to be a sudden pause in the violent fits of delirium which

wasted the patient's strength. Mr. D'Arcy and the two ladies were allowed by the doctor to remain for nearly two hours in the sick-room. It was an unspeakable comfort to Rose to sit by her dear sufferer's side, and hold the hard, burning hand within her own, while she renewed the ice-applications on his head, or refreshed the parched mouth with cool The pale, emaciated features seemed to be those in deep sleep, except for the bright hectic spot on each cheek, and the spasomdic motion that every now and then ran like an electric commotion through the slumberer's frame.

ionally, through the n

volcano,—breaking out here and there fitfully and feebly, as if to warn the un-wary that they still lived; but, in reality, only concentrating their fury for a more fearful outburst. So the dreary autumn had passed slowly for the countless homes made desolate all over the land by the death of the dearest,—the young, the brave, the manifest,—laid low by the iron storm. It passed more slowly still—as "You say nothing of yourself, little sister," Gaston answered, as he passed his hand over the bent head, with its wealth of dark-brown hair. "What mystery is this ?" "She is not to be long with us," his father said. "She has chosen the better

"Rose, darling, is this so? Are you

storm. It passed more slowly still,—as well as the long winter months,—for the wounded, the maimed, the blighted in all the bright flower of their manhood, as they groaned on their bed of pain in the hospitals. Alas, this host of sufferers, in-stead of diminishing as the spring brought going to leave us,-to leave papa, I mean, in the desolation which has fallen on us? That is not like our generous, self-sacrificing Rose 'Spare her, my dear boy," said Mr.

D'Arcy. "You will not condemn her when you have heard all."

when you have heard all." "I fear, my dear sir, that I am too sel-fish to be reconciled with the thought of losing her. Oh, Rose," he continued, drawing the weeping girl to his side, "you know, during all these long months of suffering and darkness, I have dreamed of your being my stude, my staff. back one more warmth to our skies and beauty to our fields, was only to go on increasing, increasing steadily, like swarm in the hive. And then with summer and the autumn that followed, the deadly struggle raged more fiercely still, as Sheryour being my guide, my staff, my angel guardian, through Fairy Dell and its neighborhood, when it should have pleased food to rectare us all to its wind " man's forces pushed their way through the mountain passes of Northern Georgia, and Grant sat down before Richmond, his God to restore us all to its quiet. bands contending slowly but surely for final success, like the ice-streams moving

"God will not leave you without a bet-ter and more trusty guide than your sister Rose," she replied looking up into the down from some mighty Alpine mass, and Rose," she replied looking up int anxious face. "You mean Viva?" he inquired. ploughing their fateful way around crag

and precipice, through ravine and valley, impelled downward ever and onward by the snowfalls on the highest summits. "Yiva, and Maud, and Mary, will be, every one of them, the most devoted of sisters," she replied. "But I was not thinking of them." Through springtide and summer and autumn these great armies of brothers Through springtide and summer and autumn these great armies of brothers faced each other with unfaltering resolu-tion, while the whole civilized world looked on in amazement,—surprised and saddened that a free people should employ in self-destruction the intelligence and energy destined to civilize and elevate an entire

"Of whom, then, were you speaking ?" he asked, while a vivid blush overspread

his scarred features. "Of one who loves vou better than her own life," Rose answered. "Oh, dear papa, forgive my indiscretion," she added. Ťh e are things I should not have mentioned.

sible moment after Gettysburg, obtained leave that Gaston should be exchanged, "You do not mean Miss Hutchinson ?" Gaston said, in a husky voice. "What wonder if I did, brother mine ?" and then the Federal authorities willingly

and then the Federal authorities willingly granted the permission to retain him in-definitely in his own family. Communi-cation with the Southern States became more difficult as the war progressed, and as the Union armies closed on the heroic but exhausted bands of Lee and Johnston. Naws from Fairiage hearing also no. she replied. "Because-even were your words true -such love is one that I never could ac-cept. Oh, Rose, how could I burden the oman I loved with the life-long care of a crippled man ? Let this end our conver-sation on this subject," he said, rising sud-News from Fairview became also very scarce and very uncertain. Knoxville

denly. "I do not want my son to be a burder from the early stages of the war, had been a most important strategic center, for which both belligerents contended, so that to any one," Mr. D'Arcy now said, as he took Gaston's hand. "Your father shall the passes through the neighboring moun-tains were always held by an armed force, be your guide, your companion, your friend," he added "so long as God spares him to you."

and the valleys adjacent to these passes subject to the raids of the successive oc-cupants. The conflict in that region be-"Have you not ever been that, my own dear father ?" said Gaston, overcome with the recollection of the past. "And has ame more furious with Sherman's advance to Atlanta, and with Breckenridge's not misfortune come to me because I perretreat southward across the Alleghanies. Meanwhile Gaston had recovered his strength, but he remained still blind, sisted in leaving your dear side and follow ing my own way? And lo! now I am as helpless as a babe, and far more hopeless !" no medical skill having availed to restore him the use of his right eye. To his gen-erous benefactors, to Mrs. Hutchinson in "You must not say these things, my boy," said his father. "You must not even think of them. Miss Hutchinson's particular, he showed the most unbounded gratitude. Nothing could exceed the girlish admiration for you was well known to all of us. It remains to be seen whether tenderness and delicacy with which the noble woman made her hospitality acceptthis sentiment still exists. She is as yet but a school-girl, and it is premature to able and delightful to one so sensitive as Gaston naturally was. Lucy had been sent to Georgetown Academy as soon as speak of what may be her feelings two or three years hence. Meanwhile, you have your father, your brother, and your sissent to Georgetown Academy as soon as the condition of the wounded man became such as to need no special care. The girl was ambitious to acquire the knowledge and accomplishments she lacked, and was ers, and you can never be a burden for

"I have pained you, dear Gaston," Rose uid, penitently. "Indeed I did not mean and accomplishments she lacked, and was not sorry to be away from home during the last stage of Gaston's convalescence. Mr. Hutchinson, during the intervals of rest allowed him by the public business, said, penitently. to de

"My little sister could never pain me knowingly," he answered, as he drew her to him and kissed her forehead. "Rose," was most devoted to his young friend. General De Beaumont, however, had been active with the Confederate authori-ties to obtain permission for Mr. D'Arcy

"I did not come so far with dear papa, to find you out, that I should be in such a and Rose to go as far as the Federal out-posts before Petersburg. There Mr. Hutchinson met them and escorted them

to Washington. The meeting with Gaston was a happy diverson to the grief which

victorious advance through South Caro-lina; while at Fairy Dell, Charles was once more reorganized the large industries created by his grandfather, and thus re-opening to the impoverished population their former sources of thrift and prosper-ity. ity. She felt instinctively that the place she

had once held at Fairy Dell could now be filled by Lucy and her own sisters, while she might execute her own sisters, while she might execute her own project of car-rying out the last wishes and cherished plans of Diego de Lebrija. The appoint-ment of Mr. Hutchinson to a foreign mission came in the middle of July, to sadden the hearts of his son and daughter. Frank found too much of sweetness in being so near to Rose, not to be dismayed being so hear to kose, not to be dishayed by the prospect of seeing their happy household broken up. And he had not yet dared to say to her one word of the love which alone had sustained him in his long career of heroic self-conquest! Nor was Lucy less disturbed by the thought of

parting with Gaston. It so happened that the news of Mr. Hutchinson's appointment was brought to Lucy at a moment when she was alone in the house with Gaston and Rose. It was a short note from her father, and was handed to her while she and her two friends were seated, after sunset, in a pretty arbor

overlooking the Potomac. On opening and reading the note an exclamation of pain broke from her as she dropped the paper, and grew very pale. "What is it, Lucy darling ?" Rose said, springing to her side. "I hope it is no bad

news "Oh, no, no !" the other answered. "Only we must be going away." And a sudden faintness made her lean back in her seat. But as it had no back, she would have fallen to the ground, had not Rose caught her in her arms. "Courage, darling!" said the latter. "Here, take my smelling-bottle. It will

revive you. There, now, you are better. But what is it, dear ? Who is going away, and where ?"

"Papa is going as ambassador to Eu-ppe," Lucy answered, as if the words rope," Lucy answerca, choked her. "Well, dear, and what is there so dread-

ful in that ?" "Why, that I shall have to leave you Rosette, and Gaston,—and—and—" And

And the poor girl burst into tears. "Do not fret about that, my pet," said Rose, as she strove to soothe her friend, well divining the cause of her tears. "We have to go ourselves to Paris very soon, and thence to Madrid and Seville, so that our separation may not be so long as you think

"Oh, Rose, we can never again be as we have been here," Lucy replied, with a great effort at composing herself. "I felt so happy, so happy, I knew it could not

"But, my dear, you will be with your parents and with Frank, and you will have the precious advantage of seeing have the precious advantage of seein foreign countries and the best of society. "Do not talk to me of good society and foreign countries," Lucy said, with something of the old petulance in her tone. "Oh, I wish we were back in Fairy Dell, and that I was a little girl again, looking up to you, Rosette, as a Fairy Queen sent to charm away my pain and teach me everything, and to Gaston as to some great Fairy Prince, made for people to look at

"I did not come so far with dear papa, to

worship me now in tan," than here in Washington." "Do not say that!" Lucy again said, "methously. "You were then only as impethously. "You were then now you Gaston never exchanged another word either with his father or with his sister on this delicate subject, till circumstances had of themselves solved the difficulty. Rose was encouraged by both Gaston and he

from her kneeling position, too wrapt in her gratitude and her worship to take her eyes off his face. "And papa knows it too," she continued, "and they both love Heart,

you too well not to rejoice at this. Oh, Rose, have you nothing to say to me,— not one word of congratulation to offer your sister Lucy?" she said, rising and throwing herself into the outstretched

arms. "I ought to bless God, my own darling," Rose answered, "for giving me the dearest and best of sisters in my own cherished Lucy, and for giving to my dear Gaston woman I should have chosen among all women to be his life-companion."

At that very moment the noise of car-riage-wheels was heard on the graveled road leading up the lawn, and as the three rose, Lucy now clinging fondly to Gaston's arm, Frank advanced toward them. He saw that something extraordin-ary had happened. Lucy's eyes were still moist, and there were the tears on Rose's cheeks, while Gaston' usually calm features were disturbed. Lucy, with a woman's quick instinct, threw her arms round her brother's neck. threw her arms round her brother's neck. "Dear Frank," she whispered, "we are engaged, and I am so happy, so happy !" "God bless you, darling !" he replied, kissing her fondly. "This is good news, Gaston," he continued grasping the other's hand. "It is a happy day that gives you to me as a brother." to me as a brother.

'You are generous, dear Frank," said other, returning the warm grasp of hand. "I fear all the generosity is on his hand.

his hand. "I fear all the generosity is on one side, and do not know what Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson will say." "They will just say what I have said," replied Frank. "Now let me go in be-fore you, and be the bearer of these happy tidings" And of the weat tiding dings." And off he went. At the drawing-room door Mrs. Hutch-

inson met them with tears of jo ther eyes. She opened her arms to Lucy and Gaston as they advanced together, Lucy yushing the latter toward her mother,— toward his mother, now. For the excel-lent lady folded him in a true motherly washing if the second secon "My own dear, dear Gaston, embrace. she said.

"Gaston, my boy," said the frank, manly voice of the newly-appointed am-bassador, "I knew it would come to this. You are rewarding us all for having loved you so long and so well. Ah, you sly puss!" he said to Lucy, "I thought we should find you out at last. God ever bless you, my own one!" he continued, as he kissed his child. "With all my heart I congratulte you. Here D'Arey heart I congratulate you. Here, D'Arcy, here is a little girl who must learn to call

here is a httle grif who must learn to call you, too, father." "Dearest Lucy," said the latter, as she threw herself into his arms, "you will not find it a great hardship to call me that." "Upon my word," put in Frank, "I wish with all my heart we could start for Mexico to-morrow, and drive out these reasedly. Eranchung. It would do me rascally Frenchmen. It would do me good to ride straight at their batteries."

good to ride straight at their batteries." "Come, come, my boy," said his father, "there is a fairer prize to be won nearer home. And now, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "I am ravenously hungry, and ready to do justice to your good fare. Let us have a good dinner; and, D'Arcy, let me tell you this: Now that we are to be more than neighbors and friends. I promise you that I shall make friends, I promise you that I shall make short work of my mission abroad, and be

back to Fairview as soon as possible. TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK, CO. MAYO, IRELAND.

We have much pleasure in laving before our readers another account of the recent extraordinary events in Ireland, which has appeared. kindly been sent us by a well-known missionary priest of the Archdiocese of fully Tuam, who has visited the scene of the occurrence and heard the relation persons who witnessed the Apparitions. The account is substantially the same as that published last week from the TuamNews, which we received through the courtesy of Very Rev. Canon Bourke. Galway, Ireland, January 12, 1880. My DEAR FATHER: --Many thanks for your most kind letter, and for sending the Are Maria. I had not a moment till now to reply, as I have been away on missionary work till to-day. With great pleasure I send you the account of the Apparition of the Most Blessed Virgin at ock, which I heard from the very persons who saw it, and at the place where it occurred. On the evening of the 21st of August, 1879, the eve of the Octave of the As-sumption of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, from a quarter-past eight till half-past nine in the evening, during a fearful ram, there appeared to fourteen persons, rain, there appeared to butteen persons, of different ages, sexes and conditions in life, the following Apparitions, at the Catholic church of Knock, Co. Mayo, in the Archdiocese of Tuam. A good, sen-sible, pious girl, Mary Byrne (from whom, with others, I heard the whole account), was coming over to lock up the Church of Knock after the devotions of the evening, when to her great surprise she per-ceived the whole gable end of the outside lit up with a strange, supernatural light. On approaching nearer, she perceived distinctly, about the centre of the wall, an altar, surmounted by a cross, and on this altar was standing a living lamb, repre-senting the "Lamb of God." At the right hand side of this altar appeared St. John the Evangelist, bearing in his left hand a book, and his right hand raised towards heaven, in the attitude of preaching. At the right hand side of St. John appear-ed the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, robed in white, with a crown on her head, and with her eyes and hands raised towards heaven, as if praying for the people. Im-mediately at her right appeared St. Joseph, in his bare head, with his gray hair falling carelessly about his face, which was bent in reverence towards the blessed Virgin,

[FRIDAY, FEB. 20.]

miracles have since been wrought at the place of the Apparition, and especially by the mortar of the wall where the Blessed Virgin Mary made her appearance. Very faithfully, yours in the Sacred

Galway, January 15.

MY DEAR FATHER:-I send you ad-ditional news about the Apparition at Knock, which I have just received from good authority—with an account of ad-ditional Apparitions and miracles which have occurred there.

The chapel, or Catholic church, of Knock, t which the Apparitions have occurred, s about five miles from Claremorris, and is about five miles from Claremorrs, and about the same distance from Ballyhaunis County Mayo. In the gable end of this chapel, or rather of the sacristy, im-mediately behind it, there is a Gothic mediately behind it, there is a Gothic window, five feet by two; its lowest part being twelve feet from the ground. The remainder of the gable is plain, and cover-ed with cement. It was on this gable end of the sacristy where the extraordinary lights were seen, in the midst of which appeared the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, accompanied by St. Josoph and St. John the Evangelist, and surrounded by brill-iant stars, which changed the dusk of the dull dreary evening into comparative dull dreary evening into comparative brightness. In the centre, immediately brightness. In the centre, immediately under the Gothic window, appeared an altar, on which stood a lamb, surrounded altar, on which stood a lamb, surrounded by rays of light, and immediately behind the lamb, a crucifix bearing the figure of our Lord. Through the brilliant, sup-pernatural light that surrounded the altar, angels appeared to be moving. Im-mediately at the Gospel side of the altar appeared St. John the Evangelist, with a mitre on his head; and in his left hand, which he held over the edge of the altar, was the book of the Gospels, whilst his was the book of the Gospels, whilst his right hand was raised in the attitude of preaching or blessing the people, the first and middle fingers being extended and the others closed. At St. John's right stood the Blessed Virgin, having a large crown on her head, her eyes elevated towards heaven, and her hands raised as high as heaven, and her hands raised as high as her shoulders, with the palms turned to-wards the people. Immediately to the right of the Blessed Virgin was St. Joseph, in his bare head, with his hands joined, right of the blessed virgin was St. Joseph, in his bare head, with his hands joined, and bending in veneration towards the Blessed Virgin. Until fully half-past nine, or near ten, the whole Apparition remained, and though it was pouring rain everywhere else the place of the Apparition remained perfectly dry.

Last New Year's days, immediately after last Mass, as the people were return-ing in crowds from divine service, the Blessed Virgin again appeared, in the same place, and remained for an hour-from one till two o'clock. On Monday evening, the eve of the Epiphany, from eleven o'clock in the morning till two o'clock next morning, a bright supernatual light was again seen on the same spot by a large crowd of people, who remained on their knees during three honrs, wit-nessing the wonderful Apparition. Already the place is covered with *ex-voto* offerings, such as crutches, walking-sticks, statues, etc., etc., sent by those who have been miraculouslycured by the intercession of "Our Lady of Knock."

Within the last few days two very remarkable and well-authenticated miracle have been wrought by the same powerful intercession. Two girls have received their sight by the application of the cement from the spot where the Blessed Virgin stood. One of them, who, as declared by her own mother, was blind from her birth miraculously received the use of her sight in the presence of several hundred people, at the very place where the Blessed Virgin

remain, my dear Father, very faithin the Sacred Heart.

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of the fever, could be heard words of denunciation of Napoleon, or of remon-strance with the Mexicans; then came English phrases thanking invisible friends for kindness; and anon sweet words of endearment in his own native Spanish, in which his mother's name was mentioned Once, as he seemed to sigh, and contend with some powerful emotion, was heard the words, "Rosita ! Rosita !"-almost the last words he had said to her in their last evening walk along the borders of the

It was too much for poor Rose. Falling on her knees, "Oh, Diego, my love !" she said, "why will not God take me and leave you, who can do so mach good to others ? You, who can do so match good to others I<sup>\*</sup> And she burst into an uncontrolable fit of weeping. They had to take her from the room. Dr. Northrup prescribed a mild opiate for her, and she was made to retire early, with the hope-a slight one, but still fondly cherished-that this subsidence of the delirium would be the precusor of a favorable change. A change there was, indeed. A little

after midnight they came to wake Rose. Diego had recovered consciousness, and was calling for her. Mrs. De Beaumont and her own maid helped her to dress as soon as might be, and leaning on her aunt, the poor girl, like one in a half-joyous, half-fearful dream, hastened to the sick-

Diego was conscious, and with straining eyes watching the door for her appearance. As she entered the dying man's counten-ance was lighted up with a joy so sudden that he seemed transformed. He opened his arms, and would have risen, but strength there was none. As his eyes met hers she flew to him, and was folded in his embrace for the first and for the last time

"Oh, Diego," she said, looking into the wondrous eyes, "are you better ?" "Yes, my own Rose," he gasped, "bet-ter-oh, so much better !"

"You are not dying ?" she asked, fright-ened by the cold face and the marble brow all wet with the dew of death.

"Yes, dying happy," he said brightly. "Thank God! thank God!" he added, with extraordinary fervor, as he looked upward toward the new light that dawned upon him,—the light of the sun that knows no setting !

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CROWN OF SUFFERING. "Sorrow, that I wearied should remain so

long, Wreathed my starry glory, the bright Crown spared to me." of Song. "Oh, Gaston Suffering, that I dreaded, ignorant of her

charms, Laid the fair child, Pity, smiling, in my

During the winter which ensued, the fierce passions of war burned beneath snow and ice, like the slumbering fires of a painful separation."

weighted so heavily on the souls of both his father and his sister. Mr. D'Arcy would not allow him to utter one word of apology, and thus the great burden which weighted so heavily on his conscience—in spite of Mr. Bingham's assurances—was of Mr. Bingham's assurances-was lifted off altogether, and he was once more the happiest of sons.

hemisphere. Mr. Hutchinson had, at the e rliest pos

He was also the happiest of brothers. Rose needed the opportunity of pouring out on her dear Gaston all the tenderness which had been accumulating in her heart since she had heard of his injuries, and since her own great bereavement. It thus fared well with our invalid during the

winter and spring of 1865. Of course Mrs. Hutchinson was over joyed by Rose's arrival. The presence of the latter proved more beneficial to Gaston than the most potent drugs in the Sur-geon-General's pharmacy, and her intelli-gent and loving care availed more to forward his recovery than even the kindly nursing of the devoted Sister of Charity. Lucy, we may well believe, was happy beyond measure to embrace her Rosette beyond measure to emorace her Rosette, nor was her happiness lessened by the frequent visits which she now allowed herself to make to her mother, to Rose, and to Gaston. There was one other and to Gaston. There was one other person whose pulses beat quicker and whose hopes rose higher when he heard of Miss D'Arcy's arrival in Washington. And this was Colonel Hutchinson, who was doing heroic service under Sheridan, in

Gaston, conscious of the great shock which the sight of his own helpless condi-tion must give to his father and sister, strove to be most cheerful, and never to speak of the future but with the utmost hopefulness. His efforts in this respect hopefulness. His efforts in this respect did not succeed in weakening the sad im-pression made on both by the terrible wounds Gaston had received. It was their duty to gladden him with words of cheer and high hope. And nobly did they per-

form it. "You are but a boy yet," Mr. D'Arcy a few years—in a few months even—you will feel little or no inconvenience from your wounds, your sight excepted. But then, my dear Gaston, you will not have to earn your bread like so many others— thousands upon thousands—of laborers and mechanics who gave gone to their and mechanics who gave gone to their homes disabled for life."

"I am most grateful, dear father," he replied, "for my miraculous preservation. I should be most guilty were I to repine at my loss. And I mean to make the best use I can of my life, with the faculties merned to me?" Gaston," said Rose, "they will " Oh,

only think the more of you at home for all you have suffered. We shall yet be all very happy," she added. "At least you

was encouraged by both Gaston and her familiar with the proper work of her future vocation. The Sisters of Charity, with whom she chose to labor in prefer-

ence, were delighted to have an in preter-ence, were delighted to have so intelligent and zealous a helper, as the closing act of the great military drama deepened in horror and in interest, sending over from Virginia an unceasing stream of the sick and wounded

At length the end came in April, and Hope, with its rain bow hues, rose up and Hope, with its rain bow hies, rose up and spanned the whole country from ocean to ocean. Lucy petitioned hard to be taken from school and allowed to share Rose's labors. But her parents were inexorable. Rose herself was soon forced to give her-self rest. Her health—into which repeated afflictions, and long vigils and journeyings, had made serious inroads—broke down with the first weeks of summer. A low nervous fever declared itself, and it was decided by Mrs. Hutchinson that they should take a large and comfortable man-sion in the neighborhood of the capital. So thither they removed toward the end of June.

The end of June also brought Lucy home from school, and Frank from the army, now happily useless in the field. It

was a most pleasant family gathering. To Frank's praise be it said, that he be-haved with admirable delicacy towards Rose, avoiding to thurst his company or attentions upon her, and, to her great de-light, bestowing on his mother and sister every possible mark of affection and de-It was evident that he wished votion atome for the past, and, surely, Mrs. Hutchinson was happiest and proudest of mothers with her noble soldier-boy by her side, and her lovely daughter, in whom

every day seemed to reveal some new grace, some more lovable quality. To Gaston, Frank devoted every hour he light to Gaston's narratives of his own

brief military experience. It was evident that the two families, once restored to Fairy Dell and Fairview, were destined to be more united even than they had been before the war. Rose's faver passed away with the pure atmosphere of the country, and the perfect re-pose enjoyed there. Her heart, too, began to feel a satisfaction she had little hoped for in seeing the two families drawn so closely together, and in learning, as she soon did, that the Beaumonts, at Mort-from the beginning

"Anas! yes. I feel them but too wen, and am not likely to be rid of them." "Oh, Gaston!" exclaimed Lucy, "how often have not both papa and mamma said that you were ten times more hand-some in their eyes, with these noble scars on your face and your limbs, than when I on your face and your times, than when 1 used to compare you to the angels that appeared to Abraham!" "You were but a child then," he an-swered; "and you judged things with a hild ide simplicity of the transfer to the second

swered, "and you judged things with a childish simplicity, and spoke of them with a child's frankness. But you are a young lady now, Miss Lucy, and you shall have to break more than one of your idols.

"That one I never shall, never can break; it is dearer to me and more glorious a thousand times than before,<sup>9</sup> she said, carried beyond herself. "Oh, do not go away!" she cried to Gaston, who not go away !" she cried to Gaston, who had risen in dismay, and who in his help-less blindness had stumbled over a bench, and fallen heavily to the ground. "Gas ton, dear Gaston, what have I done !" she ton, dear Gaston, what have I done !" she cried, running with Rose to his assistance, and helping him to rise. "I have of-fended you," she continued, as she kissed his maimed left hand. "And must think me still the same silly, wayward, ungov-ernable little Lucy Hutchinson, who used to to see and torrest near a base a "

ernable fittle Lucy Hutchinson, who used to tease and torment you so long ago." "The Lucy Hutchinson whom I have known in dire need," Gaston replied, re-seating himself, and speaking with great seating himself, and speaking with great emotion, " is neither ungovernable, nor wyward, nor silly. She must ever be in my eyes the noblest, the sweetest, the dearest of women,—to whom I can never pay in gratitude and respect the smallest portion of the debt I owe her. Oh, Rose," he went on, in great distress, "have not we-have not I-been very wrong in all

"Lucy does not think so, dear brother,'

Rose answered. "No! I do not think so," said Lucy. "I have loved you with all my heart since you first carried me in your arms, a little you first carried me in your arms, a little, sickly, helpless thing; and oh, Gaston," she went on, kneeling by him and taking his hand, "how often, when you were lying unconscious at death's door, and during your long hours of delirium, have I not knelt this way and repeated to my-self and to you that I loved you, and would willingly give my life for yours!" "Lucy," he said, putting his arms round her neek and drawing her to him, while he pressed his lips upoa her forehead;

he presed his lips upon her forehead; "Lucy, my angel, my preserver, I know all you say,—I have long known it, and have long loved you in return. But how can I accept this priceless offering of your love? And what will your father and

"Mamma knows all, and has known it closely together, and in learning, as she "Mamma knows all, and has known it soon did, that the Beaumonts, at Mort-lake, had been unmolested by Sherman's through her tears, too happy to move

his hands joined also in reverence towards the Mother of God. For about an hour and a half, in the downpour of rain [which did not appear to fall where the Appari-tion was], Mary Byrne, and those who had collected around her, fourteen in number, witnessed this wonderful Apparition.

and, after a searching inquiry and full de-liberation, they have all given their writ-ten declaration that they can see no reason to doubt of the reality of the Ap-parition. Several well-authenticated whole evil system must perish. - Nation.

- Ave Maria. "THE ENGLISH ATROCITIES IN IRE -LAND,"

The misrulers of our country are beginning to feel that they are being found out, and that the manly sentiments of the world recoil in loathing and detestation from even the current history of their rule in Ireland. Naturally the great rival of England, that Russian empire which is the terror of Jingo brazgarts, reaps the benefit of the better information which Europe is acquiring upon the reality of English do-mestic policy. The starvation of Ireland, the heartless expulsion of honest cultiva-

tors, the torrorism attempted to be en-forced upon the people by military and police, are arousing a corresponding nation throughout the Continent. dig. Paris correspondent of the Stangard applores the fact. He confesses that there seems to be a decided current setting in among a section of French politicians in favor of Russia and against England. Thus the *Temps*, which holds a most honorable place among French journals, talks of the "internal vices of England," and of a "reaction having set in against exaggerated notions of Anglophilism and Russophobia"; while the "*Evenement*" this morning assures its readers that "the Bulgarian atrocities were but a triffe when compared to the conduct of the British Government against the Irish peasantry All honor to the French press for their manful exposition of the truth. The Irish people thank the editorial staff of the *Evenement* for the able and telling descrip-tion of the horrors of the British misgorernment in Ireland. The old alliance between France and Ireland revives and

gains new force in presence of French sympathy with the unhappy populations of the West. Yes, the London Cabinet are learning that they can no longer hide from the world the true nature of their dealings world the true nature of their dealings with this countary. The English corres-pondents in Paris, who, as they walked down the crowded boulevards, saw the blistering headlines of their country's shame—"English atrocities in Ireland" - will have more sights of the same de-scription to grow recorded over They

scription to grow regretful over. They will leran that the opinion of Europe will no longer be misled by English denunciations of Cossack cruelty. The rack-rentings, The Archbishop of the liocese, Dr. McHale, oppointed four ecclesiastics to inquire officially into the whole matter; now in progress in Ireland, will excite the compassion and indignation of honest men in the Old World and in the New, and in

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