

The Three Copecks.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Crouched low in a sordid chamber, With a cupboard of empty shelves— Half-starved, and, alas! forsaken, To comfort or help themselves,— Two children were left forsaken, All orphaned of mortal care,— But with spirits that soared to Heaven To be taunted by Earth's despair.

volcano,—breaking out here and there fitfully and feebly, as if to warn the way 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 manliest,—and low by the iron storm. It passed,—and low by the iron storm. It passed,—and low by the iron storm.

"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 part."

victorious advance through South Carolina; while at Fairy Dell, Charles was once more reorganized the large industries created by his grandfather, and thus reopening to the impoverished population their former sources of thrift and prosperity.

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 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.

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 Heart, Galway, January 15.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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 hand, burning hand within her own, while she renewed the ice-applications on his head, or refreshed the parched mouth with cool drinks.

Meanwhile Gaston had recovered his strength, but he remained still lying on medical skill having availed to restore him the use of his right eye. To his generous benefactors, to Mrs. Hutchinson in particular, he showed the most unbounded gratitude. Nothing could exceed the tenderness and delicacy with which the noble woman made her hospital visits, able and delightful to one so sensitive as Gaston naturally was. Lucy had been sent to Georgetown Academy as soon as the condition of the wounded man became such as to need no special care.

"I do not want my son to be a burden to any one," Mr. D'Arcy now said, as he took Gaston's hand. "Your father shall be your guide, your companion, your friend," he added, "so long as God spares him to you."

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

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK, CO. MAYO, IRELAND.

Galway, Ireland, January 12, 1880.

My DEAR FATHER:—Many thanks for your most kind letter, and for sending the Ave 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 Knock, which I heard from the very persons who saw it, and at the place where it occurred.

THE ENGLISH ATROCITIES IN IRELAND.

Galway, Ireland, January 12, 1880.

The misdeeds of our country are beginning to feel that they are being found out, and that the many 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 France, which is the terror of Jingo braggers, reaps the benefit of the better information which Europe is acquiring upon the reality of English domestic policy.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE CROWN OF SUFFERING. "Sorrow, that I wearied should remain so long, Wreathed my starry glory, the bright Crown of Song. Suffering, that I dreaded, ignorant of her charms, Laid the fair child, Pity, smiling, in my arms."

"You are but a boy yet," Mr. D'Arcy said, "you have youth in your favor. In 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 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 spared to me."

"Oh, Gaston," said Rose, "they will 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 and dear papa, and Charley and the girls, will enjoy your reunion after this long and painful separation."

Several well-authenticated

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