

The Legend of the Rose.

Oh, say not that a single flower Is born to die, Or that a deed of mercy done Shall ever fade away!

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

Mina's simplicity was too perfect to be easily understood. Some of Madame d'Orgeville's visitors, who belonged to the school which influenced through its different phases the tone of French literature, from Rousseau to Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Chateaubriand, and the beauty and modesty of Mina d'Auban, excited her sensibility, and raised her to the rank of a heroine of romance.

present at the first fearful scenes of the insurrection, and owed her life to the protection of the Indian youth now in Paris, the wish to see and to speak to her became general. As much of her story as was briefly related by the mistress of the house flew from mouth to mouth, quite a rush was made to the part of the room where she was sitting, quite unconscious of the attention she excited, and only longing for a moment of Madame's arrival.

parents would not be as glad as herself to see him, and this sorely troubled her. Meanwhile several persons were endeavoring to converse with Ontara, partly by means of signs, partly by means of the few French words he had learnt. Every body was attracted by his appearance. He had grown very much during the last few years. His regular features; his fine melancholy eyes; the rich olive of his complexion, had all the beauty of which his eyes are sometimes possessed; and Mina, perfectly accustomed to the color of the red man, and who saw in his dress, changed in many respects, but not altogether altered since his arrival in Europe, a reminiscence of the happy days of her childhood, though there could not be on her face a handsome form and face than that of her adopted brother. There were traces of sorrow and of suffering, as well as of stern endurance, on his brow. His keen, intelligent countenance betokened intellectual power. To the volatile impulses and compliments addressed to him, he answered:

roll up another silver plate, that Ontara might see it. "Have you seen the wonder of the evening, M. le Comte?" said a pretty woman, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, to de Saxe. "Not the red Indian, madame, if you mean him." "No; I mean something infinitely more attractive. A lovely Creole—a mere child, but a perfect beauty. Your eyes will be much better employed in looking at her than at the savage."

were anti-Christian. It has been said that if Catholics were in a majority they would coerce their fellow-countrymen in matters of religion and education. To that proposition, both as a Catholic and a Christian he said absolutely "No."

the Catholics not acting together, and not giving up net schemes of their own. He believed Liverpool had a better chance of returning a Catholic member than any constituency in this country, and that was an object to which they should look forward, as its realization would have a most powerful influence in favor of the Church in England.—London Tablet.

CONTRITION. Some persons, when they go to Confession, slight the most important and necessary part of their preparation for the sacrament. They examine their conscience scrupulously on all possible sins; they worry over trifles and fret themselves into a state of nervousness for fear they should miss some peccadillo; they read long prayers from a book asking for every conceivable grace, and they make acts of faith, hope and charity without number. But they do not take so much pains as they should to excite themselves to a sincere contrition.

A DROLL PARODY ON MOORE.

One of the most beautiful of the Irish Melodies is that entitled "Was one of those dreams." It was written by Moore on the occasion of his visit to the Lakes of Killarney, and is descriptive of the poet's feelings on hearing the music which he had heard in the mountains of the West.

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in the affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey among their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments.

THE STABILITY OF THE CHURCH.

The children of the Church may glory in her stability. In the midst of the tossings and fro of the human mind, in the midst of the currents that agitate human thought—in the midst of the constant rising and disappearing of human religion—in the midst of the tumult that agitates every side, the children of the Church are the only ones who are conscious of her stability.

CARDINAL MANNING.

At a meeting recently held in Nottingham, Cardinal Manning expressed himself in the following terms regarding non-denominational schools: "I should like to see that education was to be should answer that it was education with liberty of conscience. In the condition of this country it was most just that education should be denominated, and no other form of education could possibly be."

WHAT ENGLISH CATHOLICS ARE DOING.

A club, which is to be known as "The Newman," was opened by the Catholics of Liverpool on Tuesday, September 21, its primary object being to bring together the middle-class Catholics residing at the South-end. The chairman, Mr. Digby Smith, observing that it was understood that politics should be excluded, said that members might be Conservatives or what they pleased in politics, but they were objects in which, as Catholics, they would almost necessarily join, and it was in this respect that they felt their want of power. Some thought that if they all acted together there might not be much difficulty in electing a Catholic member for Liverpool. For his own part, he must say that he should merge all his political feelings, if he saw it was possible to elect a Catholic representative, for that object.

REVEREND SIR.

REVEREND SIR: I have been some two years from a cancer in my leg, a little of the cement and a small tin of the ointment, and washed it with it. I thank the great God and his Holy Mother, that I am now able to do work for two years. By praying to the Blessed Virgin, Holy St. Joseph, and St. John the Baptist, I received great benefit before and by using the cement which you sent me. Please, Rev. Father, to send me a copy of the ointment, and I will pay for it. I am, your humble servant, DANIEL DON.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.

DIXON FOLD STATION, AUG. 21. THE REV. ARCHDEACON CAVANAGH. DEAR REV. FATHER: On July the happiness of receiving a little cement from you, which cured me the last two or three years. I was the right ear, and I am glad to say that I would feel greatly of with me. I would feel greatly of you could send me a little more friend who is very subject to main your obedient child in Christ. E. GR.