The Builders.

R. M., IN THE "IRISH MONTHLY."

I saw the builders laying Stones on the grassy sod, And people praised them, saying: "A fane to the mighty God Shall rise aloft in glory, Pillars and arches wide, Windows stained with the story Of Christ the crucified."

I saw the broken boulders
Lie in the waving grass,
Flung down from bending shoulders,
And said: "Our lives must pass
Fre wide cathedral spreading
Can span this mossy field
Where kine are slowly treading
And flowers their honey yield.

"Oh, dreaming builders, tarry!
Unchain your souls from toil,
Leave the rock in the quarry,
The bloom upon the soil;
For life is short, my brothers,
And labor wastes it sore.
Why toil to gladden others
When you shall breathe no more?

"Oh! come with footsteps springing,
With empty hands and free,
And tread the green earth singing
'The world was made for me!'
Pray amid nature's sweetness
In pillared forest glade,
Content with the incompleteness
Of fanes that the Lord has made!"

The builders, never heeding,
Kept piling stone on stone,
Their hands with toil were bleeding—
I went my way alone,
Prayed in the forest temple
And ate the wild-bee's store;
My life was pure and simple—
What would the Lord have more?

The years, like one long morning, They all flew swiftly by; Old age with little warning Came creeping softly nigh. Now the we all forgiven! I longed to see, alas! What the builders had raised to heaven Instead of the tender grass.

I heard a sweet bell ringing Over the world so wide. I heard the sound of singing Across the even-tide. What sight my soul be wilders Beneath the sunset's glow? The fane that the dreaming builders Were building long ago!

'Tis not the sculptured portal,
Or windows jeweled wide,
With joys of the life immortal,
And woes of Him who died.
That fill my soul with wonder,
And drain my heart of tears,
And ask with voice of thunder
"Where are thy wasted years

But a thousand, thousand creatures Kneel down where grew the sod, And hear with glowing features The words that breathe of God. Alone and empty-handed, I wait by the open door, Such work hath the Lord commanded, And I can work—no more!

The builders, never heeding, The burders, never needing.
They lie and take their rest,
And hands no longer bleeding
Are folded on each breastThe grass waves o'er them sleeping,
And flowerets red and white,
Where I kneel above them weeping
And whisper, "You were right."

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XXV

shown by either side when the proprietors did not happen to sympathize with them-selves. Union men who had sons in the Confederate service, though known themselves to have been loval at every risk, were ruthlessly disposed by the Union officers—by those, at least, who had a personal motive in dealing harshly with such people. And arcent secessionists, who had made many sacrifices towards the Confederate cause, but who chanced to have a son or some other near relative the Federal service, were treated with the same undiscriminating injustice by the freebooters who disgraced the Confederate

uniform.

Thus it came to pass that both the Hutchinsons and the D'Arcys were harried by the bands who preceded or accompanied either of the invading armies. Mr. Hutchinson's mansion was sacked because he was a member of Congress at Washington, and Fairy Dell, even when spared by the Confederates, was utterly ravaged the Union troops, because General De Beaumont happened to be a nephew of the proprietor, and because the latter's n was said to be serving under his reletive in the ranks of Secession. Meanwhile Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy

had with great difficulty found their way to Washington, where they had taken up their abode, while Mr. D'Arey and his were forced to seek a refuge at Mortlake.

Charles could not be induced to adapdon the old home and such of the factory men and lumberers who still clung to the fortunes of the D'Arcy family, and hoped for better times. Charles had formed his men into a local guard, well equipped and armed, and their number was increas ed by volunteers from the neighborhood to the figure of nearly two hundred. They were all, or nearly all, strong Union men. But their first and sole object was to preserve their own neighborhood from raids of the bands of outlaws and abonds who swarmed in some parts of t region. They had obtained the countaince of the Federal commanders in the region. But they provided and Tonnessee. vagabonds who swarmed in some parts of that region. They had obtained the coun-tenance of the Federal commanders in Kentucky and Tennessee. But they protected with an equal and most conscientions zeal the families of Secessionists as well as those of Unionists, from any an-

Gaston D'Arcy, on the contrary, had prevent secession, and to preserve in-iolate the union of the States. But, secession having become an accomplished was for casting his lot with the

South for weal or for woe.

His enforced sojourn at Mortlake during his aunt's long illness and her protracted convalescence, had confirmed him

the same of the Parket States

was an eloquent advocate of Southern rights, and the affection which Gaston bore her,—and which was second only to that which he bore his mother,—had made him an easy proselyte. Besides the foremost position in the Confederacy to which Colonel—now General—De Beaumont had been raised, and his splendid services were not without their fascination on his young cousin. The General had paid frequent, though brief visits to his sick mother during the most glerious period of Con-federate successes, and his very presence was sufficient to fire the soul of Gaston. The repulse of the Federal armies before

Richmond, and the subsequent series of victories achieved by Lee and his subordinates, impressed Gaston with the conviction that the South was irresistible; while the enlightened piety of his aunt no less than the virtues of her son, and of her son's admirable family, did away with the

grandfather and your mother were spared the pang which I must now endure."

You are too hard on your dear boy, us," said Mrs. De Beaumont. "Surely, it can be no sin or no shame to support a cause in which my dear Frank and s of our noblest Catholic men have shown

such zeal and won such renown."
"Forgive me, Louise," said her brother;
it is intolerable to me to think that the blood of the D'Arcvs should be shed in any other cause than that of the religion for which our fathers died, and that of the States, which they establish by imperiling both their fortunes and their live

The Unithd States established by Washington and his peers," said Gaston, "never aimed at sacrificing one-half of the Union for the benefit of the other.

"They have taught you your lesson well," his father answered; "and they found in you a willing learner. Such were not the doctrines taught me by my father, or taught you by me. But why consult me at all? Why not spare me the anguish of such a parting as this?"

Rose and her sisters, overcome by their ear parent, in one from whom they had never yet heard an angry or a loud word, were weeping bitterly. Gaston too was were weeping bitterly. Gaston too was much moved by this unexpectad resistance. "Father," he said, "you do not believe that I could do what I knew to be wrong? You do not think your son capable of sinning deliberate and his honor? deliberately against his conscience

"You have made up your mind to go?"

"I do not think there is danger swered. If there should be, and that God should call me to join those I have so lately lost, I shall be consoled by the thought that death shall spare me the pain of seeing my son return with his hands stained with the from the beginning felt himself inclined toward the Confederate cause. He would, it is true, have made any sacrifice knowledged. It is better that you should go at once, and that I should see you no

"And am I thus to leave you, without ove or of blessing?" asked

Gaston, in a broken voice.

"Oh, do not go!" sobbed Rose, throwing herself on her knees by his side.

"Were it my determination to leave

sent to us for our sins."

"Believe me, then, when I say t at But with the latter half of June came

*But hark the din of arms! no time for sorrow.

To horse, to horse! A day of blood to morrow!

One parting pang, and then—and then I fly; Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!

My the goes, and Night comes as it never came! With shrieks of horror!—and a vault of flame!

And lo! when morning mocks the desolate, Red runs the river by; and at the gate Breathless a horse without his rider stands."

It was in vain that Louis D'Arcy made every sacrifice to rebuild his ruined home at Fairy Dell. As his father had foreseen the flame of the sorrow is a sorrow of seeing my oldest in politics, as well as in religion, were based on deep and conscientions. He goes, and Night comes as it never earner with shrieks of horror !- and a vault of the south is pouring mocks the desolate. Breathless a horse without his rider stands!"

It was in vain that Louis D'Arcy made every sacrifice to rebuild his ruined home at Fairy Dell. As his father had foreseen and foretold, the opposing tides of armed conflict had poured into the valleys betwen the parellel ridges of the Allegs had been during the last two years, his physical powers of endurance were now reduced almost as meuha as they could be. His illness, on that account, was of a very sacrifice to rebuild his ruined home at Fairy Dell. As his father had foreseen and foretold, the opposing tides of armed conflict had poured into the valleys betwen the parellel ridges of the Allegs had been and bled, "O'Pearest sir, let us not discuss the question of justice over again," said destand, the summer of the best best blood on the battlet-field."

It was in vain that Louis D'Arcy made every sacrifice to rebuild his ruined home at Fairy Dell. As his father had foreseen and foretold, the opposing tides of armed conflict had poured into the valleys between the parellel ridges of the Allegs in particular, but very little commisseration was shown by either side when the proprietors did not had been and the shame of seeing nay oldest be called political passions. But his father and farely proprietors and foretold, the opposing tides of armed conflict had poured into the valleys between the parellel ridges of the Allegs in the fee and conscious nature. He had not what might be called political passions. But his opinions in politics, as well as in religion, were because of the holegoth of the were burnered from his father and grandfather, and had their roots in his earliest education, in the most cherished memories and associations of his life. As with his father, so with him, the love of liberty—of liberty founded on law and order and religious principle—was sidn not had been accustomed to look upon a few orders and a value of the call w mg the hand that lay on the coverlet. "I wish I could see thir gs as you do, and as dear grandfather did. I belong to a younger generation, in which different maxims and principles prevail—"

"I know it too well," said Mr. D'Arcy, bitterly. "And I am glad that both your grandfather and religious principle—was indeed a passion with him. And all his life he had been accustomed to look upon the constitution of the United states as the surest safeguard of the nation's liberties, both in the temporal and the natural order.

It was not that he considered it perfect. He clearly saw, on the contrary, its imper-fections. But his religious training under a father and grandfather brought up in conservative traditions, had taught him to revere institutions and laws that were the outgrowth of a people the august handiwork of nature herself, sanctioned and blessed by nature's God. Louis D'Arcy, like his ancestors, would have touched as reverently every part in the sacred edifice of American constitutional liberty that needed amendment, as he would have approached the consecrated altar of his faith to repair or adorn them.

This reverence was, therefore, in his family both a worship and a passion. Hense the intense suffering caused by the thought that his eldest son—so worthy in every way of being the head of the family -should take up arms to destroy the Constitution of the United States.

It was in vain that Mrs. De Beaumont tried to soothe and comfort him. He considered Gaston's course to be the result of her persuasion and of the arguments and examples of her son. So, he besought her to send him Rose, and begged that Gaston's name should not be mentioned till his fever had abated and his strength had returned.

And thus Rose found herself once more

the angel of the sick-room, the comfort of her suffering father, as she had been of her lost mother. With a heavy heart, bur-dened with sad forebodings about her sole remaining parent and with deep grief at the departure of Gaston, the devoted girl ime Genvieve and Maud-no longer the thoughtless, merry pair we have known them—were the zealous and intelligent assistants of their eldest sister. Thus spring and early summer passed at Mort-lake, between the long delirious sufferings of the noble father and his tedious and un

certain convalescence. From Fairy Dell came rare messages, in which Charles briefly told how the tide of war—of alternate successes and disasters to the Union arms—ebbed and flowed along the courses of the Tennessee and the Cumberland. From Mexico came another letter of Diego's, forwarded across the Texan frontier to the nearest Confederate headquarters, and thence sent on its erratic way to its destination. Diego had come bitterly opposed to the measures of the French commanders, and, to avoid capture and ill-treatment at their hands. tracted convalescence, had confirmed him is sympathies. Louisa De Beaument this moment for the ranks of the Federal at opponents of Almonte, determined to fight, an order to the Confederate com-

do a soldier's service in my country's hour of need." der out with his daughters beneath the grateful shade of the woods around his of need."

"God help me!" said Gaston almost overcome by this sudden outburst.
"Father," he added, with infinite tender-ters strove to make the hours pass most delightfully. Gaston wrote to them every ress in his tone, "you know that I never told you an untruth?"

"Never!" was the reply. "Nor did you ever do an undutiful thing till this unnatural spirit of strife and rebellion was of the Conf-derates. He had been given

within the analysiscent pixely of his and a regardly evidence mixed to an understand thing with the analysiscent part of string and selections are supported by the trimumbof the confidence are mixed to a strong the string in the string and the string in the string in

a fever of excitement and alarm by the progress of Lee's splendid armies into the ichest vallies of Penusylvania.

It was on the morning of the 2nd of July that Mr. Hutchinson was roused from his bed by the arrival of a special messen-ger, who informed him that Lee had conentrated all his forces for a decisive struggle at Gettysburg, and that the Union army, which had been hastily thrown forarmy, which had been hastily thrown for-ward to oppose him, had been almost annihilated on the preceding day. Gen-eral Meade, it was said, who had suddenly superseded Hooker in the chief command, was hurrying up with all his available troops to repair the disaster. At the same time volunteer nurses were loudly called for to go to the front and attend to called for to go to the front and attend to the wants of the thousands of wounded, abandoned without shelter or help of any abandoned without shelf of arly July. It was to be—as was the rule with all the great battles of the war—a deadly struggle several days' duration.

Mr. Hutchinson resolved to go forward

at once to the battle-field, and Lucy peti-tioned hard for leave to go with him. She was accepted. But, thereupon, Mrs. Hutchison herself, who was now in admirable health, insisted on accompanying her husband and daughter. For her boy her nusband and daughter. For her boy
her only son—was a major in the Federal cavalry under Reynolds, and, motherlike, she must be near him in danger.
Why recall the terrors of these never to

be forgotten days? Lucy and her mother had contracted a worm friendship for a family living near Frederic City, bearing toric name, and devotedly attached to the D'Arcys. In their hospitable mansion Mr. Hutchinson was invited to stay with his wife and daughter while the battles of the second and third of July were in progress. There he forced the ladies to remain while he hastened forward himself to the neighborhood of the battle-field, and put himself in communication with the cavalry corpse in which his son was serv-ing. Frank, though much exposed during the unequal and sanguinary battle of July the first, had escaped without a would, and had greatly distinguished himself in the desperate battle of the third. During the torrential rain that fell on the

visit the thousands of Confederate ed prisoners within the Union lines, inquiring particularly after those of North and South Carolina. What was his surprise and horror to discover among those who had been most dreadfully wounded, Gaston D'Arcy! A shell had burst under his horse's fee

evening and throughout the night or this

his influence as a Member of Congress to

last memorable day

army," Gaston said, slowly, and looking his father full in the face, "would you not bid me go?"

"Aye, were I on my death-bed!" replied Mr. D'Arcy, raising himself up, and speaking with startling energy. "This is the crisis of our national life. And when the news of yesterday's disaster to the Union arms came to us this morning, I should have gone myself to Washington to do a soldier's service in my country's hour

His own men, as they were beaten down from the slopes of Cemetary ridge, had passed over him, crushing him still more, and late in the evening only, with some prisoners who had surrendered there, and the mingled Federal and Confederate wounded, poor Gaston was picked up and borne to the ambulances. Was the spirit of his mother and the guardian angels of her home, hovering the field of sleunding and the guardian angels of her home, hovering the standing in the waiting the directions from the standing in the guardian angels of her home, hovering the field of sleunding and their nefarious work. near that field of slaughter, and watching over that young life, to preserve it for suffering, and for the heroic purposes which can never be achieved without suf-

where we shall nurse you tenderly.

"Yes, Gaston, my dear, dear boy, I am
so happy to be near you," said Mrs.
Hutchinson through her tear.

so mappy to be near you, said Mrs. Hutchinson through her tears.

What could the poor sufferer do but moan pitifully in his mute agony, and press in mute recognition of all their kindness the hands of the dear friends thus so providentially sent to him?
"Now Julia, my dear," broke in Mr.

Hutchinson, "we must not distress Gaston by too much talk. You and Lucy must ep his wounds as cool as you can in this dreadful weather; and he must be kept quiet, if we would not have him in a ragng fever. Gaston, my boy," he continued, ddressing the invalid, "we are going to ake you home now by slow stages. I have hired six men to carry you gently in a hammock, resting by the way, and your three friends shall not leave your side a recent it. de a moment."

And thus with every care and precau-

tion which true love could suggest and money provide, Gaston was carried to Mr. Lancaster's ample and hospitable mansion. There, in the bosom of a family bound to his own by ties of friendship running through several generations, he was sur-rounded with all the consolation of his own religious faith,-so welcome always to the heart of the stainless youth-and nursed with unwearied tenderness by Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy, as well as by the ladies of the Lancaster family. Here we must leave him a while and re-

turn to Diego de Lebrija in Mexico, and to our friends at Mortlake and Fairy Dell.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Every night the monks of the grand Chartreuse rise at twelve, and meet in the chapel for matins; two hours they remain there, and at two they go to bed for three hours more. At five the day begins—a day spent in the solitude of a cell, and devoted to prayer and study. n Sundays and feast-days they dine to-ether, but a reading from the Lives of Saints prevents all conversation: for tongue of a Carthusian, said St. tongue nd praise. On such great fasts as Good Friday they taste no food, but on an ordinary fast day, perhaps a little bread and water will be passed into the iron grille through which all their meals are supplied to them. Fires are only allowed two months in the year.—All the Year

It ofttimes takes a wise man to discover that inconsistency of conduct is not hypocrisy, but that is one of the most common syncrasies of the mind to write and was bearing, in the hottest of the last day's believe one thing and as self-approvingly

A STRANGE CONVERSION.

Sometime towards the end of the first sometime towards the end of the first half of the present century eight English-men and one Scotchman, all Protestants, arrived in the town of Trim, County Meath, Ireland, hoping to carry on, surreptitiously, their trade of coining. Aftera few days in town, they admitted into their company an Irishman of doubtful character; and altogether they worked

without detection for some time.

At length, however, the authorities got information of the matter, and after some vigilant watching on the part of the police, the ten unfortunate coiners were arrested

While standing in the hall of the jail waiting the directions from the chief officer, the Irishman, who had from experience a thorough knowledge of prison reputations, informed them that they they would be questioned as to their re-ligious persuasion as it was customary to register that as well as the prisoner's

"So," said he, "let us all have our

names entered as Catholics."

The nine others became furious at this unexpected suggestion. The Scotchman recommended his creed, while the exas-

perated Englishmen protested they would never conceal their religious opinions. "We have the majority," said they, "let all be Protestants; this is but fair."
"Let us toss for it," said the Irishman. The others assented to what they con-

sidered a fair proposal. "I will throw for you first," he said.

addressing the Scot.
"All right," said he, and up went the

Thave you, my man!" shouted Paddy, "Now for my English friends altogether, and up went the precious coin again.
"It is head! You are mine," crie

In a few moments the registering of-

Romau Catholies.

At the next visit of the chaplain, Father Nulty, now Bishop of Meath, he was informed that there was an accession of ten to his flock in the house, Father Nulty saw them directly, and they unanimously expressed their desire to be instructed in

one true Faith. After some few questions, he saw they were really in earnest, so he promised to instruct them for Baptism, and took his leave, admiring the wonderful ways the Divine Shepherd makes use of to bring back the wandering sheep to His Fold.

As he was leaving, Paddy whose notori-

As he was leaving, Paddy whose notorious character was well known to Father Nulty, accosted him saying:
"Rev. Father, sure 'twas I won them

for you. I tossed a halfpenny to know what religion we would give in." "Wretch!" exclaimed the indignant priest, 'did you chance your faith on the toss of a halfpenny?'
"Arra, never mind, sir, I'm not such a

fool; there were two heads on the half-penny?" said Pat, shrewdly.

Father Nulty continued to instruct the poor men fer several weeks, and was lelighted with their excellent dispositions and with their insatiable thirst for instruction. Meantime, an Orangeman was taken up

in town for riotous and disorderly conduct. The day after his committal he duct. The day after his committal he was put to work beside one of the English neophytes, where he began to launch out the most blasphemous abuses against the Blessed Virgin. This provoked the Englishman to such a degree that he struck him. The alterention became so violent that the officers had to interfere. The next day Father Nulty was grieved to hear so serious a compilant against one to hear so serious a complaint against one of his converts, and seeking him expressed great displeasure at his unseemly conduct, saying he felt really ashamed of him.

cast eyes till the good priest had ceased speaking. Then looking up, a burning flush suffusing his countenance and his stout frame trembling with emotion, he ex-

"Oh, Father! how could I listen in silence to that miscreant blaspheming the Sacred Mother of God!"

Sacred Mother of God!"

Father Nulty was struck mute with amazement at the faith and devotion of the poor man, and with an overflowing heart he continued the instructions which were bearing such rich fruit.

Before being called out for trial the

nine men received baptism in the very best possible dispositions, and afterwards accepted their sentence of transportation as means of satisfying the justice of God I for their sins. was so exemplary that they were all released and allowed to settle down as

colonists. They all faithfully persevered and became the delight of their pastor and models of virtue to their Catholic neighbors under the Southern Cross. We learn that, in consequence of the reports made to the Vatican by some of the Bishops in Brazil, Cardinal Nina has sent a dispatch to the Papal Internuncio at Rio de Janeiro instructing him to make urgent representations to the Government on what the Cardinal Secretary describe as the doplorable condition of the Churches in Brazil. The despatch adds that Churches in Diazii. The use parametrind it impossible to prevent the acts of violence committed by the Freemasons against the

clergy in taking forcible possession of the churches in Brazil and arbitrarily compelling the performance of religious services, the Holy See will instruct the Internuncio to leave his post. The Catholic Church has been strengthened by two converts from the English communion. The Rev. Arthur Wa was a minister of goodly parts, and of dis-tinction in the Brighton fold, and his conversion seems to have thrown his late parishioners into a condition of unconrollable frenzy. Nothing that has curred for years in Brighton has so greatly disturbed the fashionable worshippers of that emotional town. The Rev. T. H. Tydd has been received, at the

Universe. The organization of Catholic elemen tary education is nearly completed in East Flanders. Schools have been erected in nearly every place; where they have not temporary places have been taken. The teaching staff is full of zeal, and the department of inspection is provided for. Everywhere the schools are getting that working order. working order.

London Oratory, into the Church.—London

The the p Beaug on the

some carria

on a b pilgrin

grace

drink

issuing then a place. a jolly they sesame I, too, and I regard curios compa of wor mood. merry in a de kinds Low Cathol high b

the se

religio of a vi

mast i

flies c

occasio in a grotesq cast of suppos two oth painful of the which, essence with th workm saw-mi was sea either l or his f And be

a goodshouted dous v among and as l sistence they p grotesq grotesq wards t winter during to 400 and the light we Ste.

ward at the me and dov along the a charm of Quel