## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## The World From the Sidewalk.

9

Did you ever stand in the crowded street, In the glare of the city lamp, And list to the tread of the million feet In their quantity musical tramp? As the surging crowd go to and fro Tis a pleasant sight. I ween, To mark the figures that come and go In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinne Here the production walks with the finite production of the production of the production of the And the priest in his gloomy cowl, And the swalks in the motley crowd With Lazarus, check by jowl, And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart As pure as her spotless fame, Keeps step with the woman who makes her matt In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass In the midst of the city's ills, As freshly pure as the daisied grass That grows on her native hills ! And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye, And his learn, wan face and crutch, Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by A's he gives him little or much.

When Time has besten the world's tattoo, And in dusky armor dight. Is treading with celoless footsteps through The gloom of the silent night How many of these shall be daintily fed And shall sink to slumber sweet. While many will go to a sleepless bed, And never a crumb to eat !

Ah me! when the hours go joyfully by. How little we sop to heed Our brothers' and sitters' desparing cry In their woe and their bitter need! Yet such a world as the angels sought This world of ours we'd call. If the brotherly love that the father taught Was felt by each for all.

Yet a few short years and this motley throng Will all have passed away, And the rich, and the poor, and the old, and the young Will be undistinguished clay, And lips that laugh and lips that moan shall in silence alike be sealed. And some will lie under a stately stone, And some in the Potter's Field.

But the sun will be shining just as bright And so will the silver moon, And just such a crowd will be here at night And just such a crowd at nco; And men will be wicked and women will

sin, As ever since Adam's fall, With the same old world to labor in, And the same God over all.

# THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER XXIII. THE SHADOWS STILL DEEPENING.

To-day Death seems to me an infant child Which her worn mother, Life, upon my knee s set to grow my friend and play with Ha

Has set to grow my friend and play up ne; If happy so my heart might be beguiled To find no terrors in a face so mild.— If haply so my weary heart might be Unto the new-born milky eyes of thee, O beath, before resentance reconciled."

Most joyous was the meeting of Mr. Bingham with his venerable friend, and hearty the welcome which he exright tended to Rose, her sisters, and the Ash-tons. The latter were now to part company with the travelling companions -a most tearful parting for the ladies, and a most reluctant one for Mr. Ashton ladies. and Mr. D'Arcy. The passport and the order to the Federal commanders and civil authorities given at Washington by the kind-hearted President, were amply sufficient to get Mr. Ashton and his family safe beyond the belligerents' lines. With the D'Arcys the way to Fairy Dell, though seemingly much easier and safer, was beset formidable difficulties, as our

narrative will show. It was now about the middle of May;— oh, how different from thet peaceful birth-day celebration at Fairy Dell, two years before, was this anxious parting of friend in the great Western city ! The city itself seemed changed into a vast military depot, through which bodies of infantry and cavalry were constantly passing, many of them bearing the too evident signs of

Stripes displayed on a few ships in the harbor, his soul was stirred by the sight of the dear old flag, the tears came into his eyes, and he took off his hat reverently to that sacred emblem of nationality to that sacred emblem of nationality under which his father, grandfather, and and bled for liberty. It was not that he had a strong leaning

toward the South, in which he was born and hid beed reared, or that his opinions were swayed by the declamations of fanatics at the North or at the South. But his stay abroad during the first stages of the mighty contest had convinced him that foreign nations rejoiced at the downf ll of the great commonwealth created by the sword and the unselfishness of Washington. Had he been half a rebel in heart the joy of the European press at the break, ing up of the Union was more than sufficient to make him an enthusiastic Union soldier. And such he now yearned

In these sentiments he was encouraged In these sentiments he was encouraged to persevere by Mr. Bingham, whose soul was enlisted in the cause of the Union, though he carefully abstained from any immixtion with political factions. He was sustained still more by his grandfather, who never wavered for a day, or an hour, in bis, ellogiance to the cantral gracement in his allegiance to the central govern-ment. Like both of these reverend ment. Lake both of these reverend guides, however, Charles was careful never to thrust his sentiments or opinions on the company into which he was thrown. He was, boy as he was, more inclined to action than speech. He knew that Eastern Tennessee, as well as the adjoining mountain districts of North Carolina, and, mountain districts of North Carolina, and, indeed, the whole of the mountainous country eastward as far as Virginia, would be a vantageground hotly contested for by both beligerents. He was aware that in his own native county every man must be a soldier, and fight for one side

or the other. So, he longed to be at home, by the side of his brother Gaston. During their stay with Mr. Bingham they received a most pressing invitation from a dear old friend in Kentucky to spend a day with him. Mr. Hunter --such was the name of this gentleman--was only a year or two younger than Mr. D'Arcy, was of the same religious faith; had been, like him, a staunch Whig so had been, nike him, a statuch whig so long as the old party lines had not been blotted out, and had also been, till quite lately, a strong Union man. He believed firmly, however, that the rapid rise to power of the Free Soilers and Republicans constituted a real danger for Southern in-fluence, and that their declarations of hostility to slavery meant a violation in the near future of the federal compact, and of the rights conferred by the various compromises enacted by Congress since 1820. Four members of the Hunter family were at that moment in the Confaderate ranks. All these circumstances made Mr.

D'Arcy hesitate to accept the invitation so cordially extended to him. For he was weary of political discussions, and averse to mix in company where angry passions were likely to take the place of the genial and cordial hospitality of by gone times. Nevertheless, as his path homeward across the mountains lay through Kentucky, it might not be prudent to decline the friendly aid of families as influential and widely respected as the Hunters. So both he and Charles accepted Old John Hunter's hospitality, Rose and her sisters remain-ing behind, intent on their daily labers in the hospitals.

In this they did wisely. Both banks of the Ohio were then alive with men bent on aiding to their utmost one party or the other in this fratricidal war, or no less other in this fratricidal war, or no resson, that the D'Arcys so delightful to our Ken-bent on driving a thriving business at the the D'Arcys so delightful to our Ken-expense of both sides. For if there was a patriotic thust in the ranks of both to a patriotic thust in the ranks of both to make what each deemed the good cause concealed — made all the fatigues and the source of the read seem to the young men make what each deemed the good cause triumph, there was in the bosom of the numerous herd of speculators a no less fierce ardor to make money out of our misfortunes. Among the latter Mr. misfortunes. Among the latter Mr. D'Arcy could have found riany men well acquainted with every road and by-path in the lowlands, and with every pass in the intricate mountain masses of the Alleghanies. But they were not the guides to whom he could trust the safety of his granddaughters. Mr. Hunter was delighted to see his old riend. He had invited to meet Mr. D'Arcy the most influential men in his friend. neighborhood,-some of them, indeed, the st influential men in Kentucky. All however, with one or two exceptions, were ardent Secessionists. The travellers were not slow to perceive that neutrality or moderation of opinion was intolerable in a country where every man had been in a country where every man had been obliged to take sides openly. Charles was beset by the young men present, and, in-deed, by the ladies, with every possible argument, to join the Confederate cause. But Charles' head was not easily turned by flattery, and he had been till that moment not very accessible to the softer passions, while he knew perfectly how to av just as little or as much as he pleased say just as fittle or as much as he pleased to those who questioned him. Both grandfather and grandson were splendid specimens of Western manhood, and the ladies and gentlemen pre-ent were prompt to acknowledge it. These were, besides, natives of a Southern State, and going thither at the very moment when it wa of vital importance to save North Carolina from going over to the Federals. S although Francis D'Arcy could not persuaded to approve of secession, and although his grandson respectfully declined to wear the Confederate colors that more than one fair hand would have tied to his button-hole, Mr. Hunter resolved that h should himself accompany his old friend till he saw him safe on the other side of

sage at Liverpool, he saw the Stars and Bingham during her delightful stay near him. He had been the trusted spiritual guide, both of her parents and her grand-father, and her own as well. The venerable priest felt a most fatherly interest in this beautiful soul,—so full of rich promise, so capable of the most ex lted heroism, so simple and humble in its unstained innocence, so wise in the divine instincts that directed its aims and swayed its feelings, and so strong in its capacity for action and

"What do you prophesy of my little Rose ?" Mr. D'Arcy had asked him, on the eve of their departure for home. "That I shall be blessed with possessing

"That I shall be blessed with possessing my darling grandpapa for twenty years more," Rose hastened to reply, as she looked up beseechingly at Mr. Bingham. "That you shall be the joy of his life till his latest day, my dear child,"answered

till his latest day, my dear child," answered that gentleman. "That is a safe prediction, my prudent prophet," said Mr. D'Arey, laughing; "but pray do not be so oracular." "Should I point out the day and hour whon she is to leave all things to follow---" "Her husband?" said her grandfather, pressilly. merrilly.

mernily. "The imperious and irresistible call of love!" replied the priest. "How many years is it now since you called me to Augusta to unite her father and mother ?" he continued.

"I remember the day well," said Mr. "I remember the day well, said and D'Arey. "And I remember, too, your prophesying so truly of the happiness our dear Mary was to shed around her—on parents, husband, children, servants, al!—

within her home and outside it." And so they set out, but without old Hunter.

Our travellers met with Hiawassee and Our travelers met with Hawasse and Jamie McDuffie at Lebanon. A most joyous meeting it was, and the dangers that beset them, though it recalled to all except the Kentuckians the disasters that bed of late defined the best of the bad of late darkened the home of the D'Arcy's. Still, joy far predominated in the minds of the girls. For they knew that, of all living men, the faithful Cherokee could best guide them through the labyrinth of mountain-paths between them and their home. Captain Hunter and his friend, Lieutenant Boone, refused to turn back. They had promised old Mr. Hunter to see his friends safely in Ashethere is a set of the name, most honorably borne, and of a character superior even to the advantages character superior even to the advantages of birth and education. They forgot the political opinions that divided him and his family from them, as they listened to his story of the settlement of Kentucky by their own ancestors,—the noble de-scendants of the Maryland Pilgrins, and of the set which they and the Diverse of the part which they and the D'Arcys bore in the establishment of American independence and nationality. Had they fallen earlier under the spell of Francis D'Arcy's superior learning, wisdom, and particitism, it is doubtful whether they had ever espoused the Confederate cause, so lofty was the ideal which he held up of American freedom, and of the duty sacrifice everything toward preserving and promoting it. The chivalrous young men had also contracted a warm friendship for Charles D'Arcy. He was one of their own—one of whom they might well be proud. And there was in him a charm that made all his grrat qualities most lovable: he was as innocent as a babe, and as brave as a lion.

However, it was not only respect for the grandfather, and friendship for the grand-son, that made the companionship of

HOW A DYING PRIEST SAVED A SOUL.

Among the priests attached to the hurch of Saint-Paul-Saint-Louis, in in Church Paris, was a Spanish priest, remarkable for his tall stature, his fine black hair, and his dark and grave countenance. [One a Yankee bumpkin would call a

Dandy priest."] From his military walk, it was easy to From

guess that this priest had once wielded the sword, and people listened without surprise to the history of that brave calvary officer who had fought bravely upon many a battle-field against the enemies of his country and his king, and

who finally laid down the sword for the Cross. This priest was Padre Capella. After spending some years at Saint-Paul-Saint-Louis, where he won the esteem and affection of everybody, Father Capella was appointed to a little cure on the outskirts of Paris. Here he was greatly venerated by his good and simple parishioners, who were nearly all garden-ers. His goodness, his firmness and his military frankness overcame all pre-judices, and even all antipathies, and the good he did there during his too short stay good he did there during his too short stay

was incalculable. It was on the eve of his death; the last Sacraments had been administed to him, and he was wrapped up in his thanks-giving, offering his last sufferings and his event, which was about commencing to agony, which was about commencing, to God At this moment a woman came suddenly into his room, and going to his bedside said to him: "Father, such-a-one, whom you know

very well, is very sick; we are very un-easy about him, because he won't allow t priest to go near him; and when Father B. came to see him, he turned his back apon him and wouldn't listen to him." "What a pity ! such a good fellow," said Father Capella, with sorrow. "And if I was not dying myself, perhaps he might

was not dying mysel, perhaps he might have received me." She did not finish the sentence. A sublime ider gleamed upon the soul of the priest; raising himself up in his bed and joining his hands together, he said, "My God! grant me only a little strength!" and after a moment of recol-lection. he turned suddenly to those near lection, he turned suddenly to those near him, and sold : "Dress me !"

him, and sid: "Dress me?" Overcome with surprise, no one ven-tured to move. Stapified, 'hey listened to that expiring voice, which had so gained his tone of command, to do an impossible thing, and they began to think he had be-come delirious. "Dress me," he repeated, in a voice not to be disregarded

not to be disregarded.

A smothered exclamation broke forth

from every one present. But the dying man, whose remnant of life had centered in his unshaken will, held out his trembling arms, and his already motionless limbs, and as if by some sort of electric impulse, his attend-ants silently proceeded to dress that body that seemed to call back its life that it might hasten to save a soul. "Now carry me to the sick man," said

the priest. "Ah! mon Dieu! he will die on the way," they all cried in despair.

He without heeding what was said or done around his bed, absorbed in his own

fixed horoic idea, directed the necessary things for the administration of the last Sacraments to be brought him. When all was ready he said; "Let us be off and

prayed silently.

be quick about it." With unspeakable emotion his attend-ants took up that body which all along the and took up that body which analong the road swayed from one side to the other at every step they took. The sovereign will alone prevailed, and lived alone, never permitting a cry or a murnur to escape him during all that long journey. With his head resting upon his breast he mayed silently.

### BETTER THOUGHTS.

"The busiest are the happiest," "Empoyment produces chearfuine is the salt of life."

and, in my mind, no proof at all of courage, at least, not moral courage, which dares do nothing (however pleasing to man), that is offensive to God."—Judge Jenkins.

If we would have powerful minds, If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These in-clude nearly all that is valuable in this life. life.

The man who labors most to augment the happiness and contribute to the plea-sure of others, will, in spite of all adverse circumstances, be the happiest of all men himself.

In order that we may be able to place a proper estimate upon the actions of our neighbors, we must needs look into the ecret springs and motives of our own. Understanding our own spiritual wants, we will be more disposed to treat others with charitable consideration.

heard, however many the accusations prefered against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more grace-ful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discover the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be orna-mented again; precious ones, never.

Love, it has been said, descends more of the love which God has manifested

ss, where in all charity we ought to condone and sympathize.

In the fathomless depths of the sca the waters are stillest; the heaviest weight of ief and woe is that which the afflicted speake information of the most and count, the greatest joy has no voice or language to give it expression; the most impressive prayer is voiceless—wordless; the most impressive preacher of mortals is the silent one whose lips are cold in death.

In the fathomless depths of the sea the waters are stillest; the heaviest weight of grief and woe is that the afflicted spirit bears in uncomplaining silence; the purest and deepest love is that which speaks through the looks and touch; the greatest joy has no voice or language to give it expression; the most impressive prayer is voiceless-wordless: the most impressive preacher of morals is the silent one whose lips are cold in death.

Against slander there is no defence. Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so fell a foe. It stabs with a worl, with a nod, with a look, with a smile. It is a pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which condition he went to America, and delivereven the most weary traveler cannot avoid. It is the heart-searching dagger of ed a course of lectures through the States. the assassin; it is the poisoned arrow whose wound is incurable; -it is the moral sting of the deadly adder. Munder is its employment,—innocence is its pray,—and ruin its sport. Loathe it as you would contagion, for it cloaks an infamous presence-the devil-whose favorite garb Religion exalts the nature of man: it tames his rebellious passions; it gives pro-per direction to his aspirations, controls his actions and animates his hopes. Without it he would be, like rudderless ves-sel amidst the storms and tempests, the sport of every gale of passion and at the mercy of the waves. It is the most precious of all his titles, the most sublime of all his prerogatives, and the chief of those attainments that likens him unto God. He possesses nothing that he can compare with it; ancient descent, proud name, possessions, great learning, popularity—all these are mere vanity compared with the dignity which religion imparts to him. In judging of human infirmities we seldom take into account the motives, often many-sided and mysterious, which lie behind human action. And this natural, for the action is necessarily open. while the motive is usually concealed. At best, all human judgment must be more or less fallible, for the reason that it can only appertain to the surface of things. It can know nothing of the inner springs that move the mental machine and control the mind in its every action. That the best of us were not born thieves or murderers is no credit to ourselves, but is rather due to fortuitous circumstances over which we had no more control than we had over our own birth. Therefore, it becomes us all to be charitable-evil, but of the evil-doer.

reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration, and publicly confessed the Catholic Faith; for the basis of all true nobility of scul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's on His own authority."-Dr. Brown-

son. Let us continue to write, not for glory, but for Jesus Christ. Let us crucify our-selves to our pen. If nobody should read us in a hundred years hence, what does it signify? The drop of water that falls into the sea has gone to swell the flood, and the flood never dies. "He who has been of his time," says Schiller, "has been of all time." He has done his work. How many books are now forgotten on the son. many books are now forgotten on the shelves of our libraries that contributed three hundred years ago to bring about the revolution we are now witnessing! Our forefathers themselves are unknown to us, but we live by them. I advise you strongly to go on working, and if I were the director of your conscience I would lay it on you as an obligation.—Father Lacor-dain to Compare daire to Oranam.

#### DAVITT AND EILLEN.

#### Never condemn your neighbor un- AN ENGLISH ACCOUNT OF THE ARRESTED MEN

Straid, near Castlebar, in the County Mayo, in the year 1846. His father was evicted in 1851, and the family went to reside in England; they settled in Lanca-shire, where they remained for 25 years years. Michael Davitt went to work in a cotton mill at Haslingdent at the age of 9, and he was a year at the labor when his rig t arm was crushed by the mill machinery, necessitating its amputation at abundantly than it ascends. The love of parents for children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousand part bookkeeper in the printing-office attached bookkeeper in the printing-office attached to the post-office there. Leaving that in 1868, he became a commercial traveller, to us? Life is full of sermons—of stirring themes for the essayist, moralist and philanthropist. Its mistakes, misfortunes, crimes, appeal to us with many tongues. Our sympathies are often touched at points where, perhaps, we ought to demn, and we frequently condemn, doubtless, where in all charity we ought to condems and supretting. HS6S, he became a commercial traveller, dealing extensively in fire-arms, an avoca-tion which brought him into difficulty, as a large quantity of his goods found their way to Ireland. On the 14th of May, 1870, he was arrested in London, with a gun-mith named John Wilson, from Birming-ham. He was tried at Newgate on a charge of Fenianism, and on the 17th of the set set of the s July, 1870, was sentenced, by Chief-Justic Cockburn, to 15 years' penal servitude; Wilson being awarded seven. Corydon was the informer on the occasion, and pirit bears in uncomplaining silence; the urest and deepest love is that which peaks through the looks and touch; the netestion here a confronted him in the dock. Davitt underwent his imprisonment in Clerken-well, Newgate, Milbank, Dartmoor, and Portsmouth for a short time, and then was sent to Dartmoor again, till, on the years and seven months in prison, he was handed a ticket-of-leave and discharged. He then went on a lecturing tour through England and Scotland, speaking in London and Manchester, Liverpool and Glas-gow, and on the 21st June, 1878, was examined before the Royal Commission, of which the Earl of Kimberley was working of the penal-servitude acts, and the management of convict establishments throughout the Kingdom. The evidence given by him on that occasion fills fifteen pages of the Blue Book, and contains several suggestions as to the classification of prisoners, etc. On the 23rd of July, last year, his health being in a precarious

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active and bloody warfare. Large numbers of the wounded and maimed were also lying in extemporized hospitals in the suburbs, tended by noble and devoted women, whose hearts only tasted of the bitterness of war, without any of its intoxication, and whose hands were only raised in prayers for peace, or employed unceasingly in binding up the shattered limbs of friend and foe alike, in healing their festering wounds, or in ministering in a thousand ways to the comfort of body and spirit.

Even during her short stay in the Western metropolis Rose could not be with-held from taking her part in these labors, and with her, Maud and Genevieve were ever to be seen vieing with their oldest sister in devotion and intrepidity. Rose had been trained to these labors of love by her whom she left reposing in the undying hope of the just, on the fair Andalusian shore. She had often seen her dear mother at Fairy Dell become a tender parent to the motherless sufferer, and a helpful sympathy to the poor, sick factory hand pining on his fevered bed for the voice and the hand of his sister far away. And among the crowd of the mained, the hope-lessly infirm, the sorely sick, and the dying in these military hospitals, Rose and her sisters found many a father, husband, son, and brother to whom their own loving ministrations recalled the sufferer's far away home, with all its womanly sunshine

and charity. Charley, as he had travelled westward from New York, and as the stern deter-mination of the men of the Free States grew fiercer in proportion to the suc-cesses of the Confederates and the vacillations and blundering of their own leaders, felt his soul glow within him with the desire of joining in the fray. In France, in Spain, and in England he had heard the triumph of the South prophesied as certain, the cause of the North spoken of as that of a corporation of manufacturer and shop-keepers, who wished to have the Cotton States under their own sovereign and exclusive control, because the latter produced what was indispensible to the industry of the former. In all three countries national prejudice or jealousy impelled the people and the press to speak of the downfall of the great Western Re-public—as of "the pricking of the great Democratic bubble." and exclusive control, because the latter

The young American, wherever he went, felt that it was not so much sym-pathy for the suffering South, or a righteous indignation in favor of the weak or the oppressed, and against the stronger and the oppresser, and against the stronger and the oppressors, that inspired European statesmen, publicists, and popular opinion, as their ignorance of the right and wrong in question, and unblushing harred of a ment and uppenpare frequencies. great and prosperous free people. So, when, on leaving Spain, and taking pas-

the Cumberland Mountains. In the last week of May, therefore, the travelers were to be all together at Mr. Hunter's hospitable mansion, and thence this gentleman and his youngest son, a Confederate officer, were to escort them on their way, accepting for further safety the company of two daring young spirits,

who afterwards made themselves famous in John Morgan's raids. Rose felt a sort of repugnance to part with her sick patients. She thought of Diego de Lebrija on his mission to Mexico, and offered up to heaven her devotion to the victims of our civil war, in order that her lover's mind might be illumined by the fullness of divine faith, and his heart touched with that sacred fire which makes the true man, the brave knight, as well as the devoted Christian. She had opened her virginal soul to Mr.

perils of the road seem to the young men perpetual holiday.

And now, with Hiawassee to guide them, and brave, jolly Jamie McDuffie to give them the aid of his stout arm, his give them the aid of his stout arm, his keen eye, and unfailing humor, they pushed on rapidly for Jonesville, avoiding the most frequented roads, and crossing the Bald Mountain ridge where the Nolichucky river breaks through it. From that spot their path homeward was one of extreme difficulty and danger.

The military leaders on both sides were aware of the importance of securing the passes of the mighty Appalachian range, where it stood, like a tripple line of fortifications, to guard all approach from the North and West, to the very heart of the Cotton States. The Federal Government, uncertain of the support its armies might expect in the border States-like a man threading his way through a cedar swamp -was slow and hesitating in possessing itself of the principal passes or . gaps.

The Confederates, among whom there was more unity of purpose, more enthusi-sm, and more "push," had determined to asm, and more "push," had determined to be masters of the Alleghanies. They were thoroughly acquainted with the country, a d had ready and zealous auxiliaries in the native population. So, at the very moment Francis D'Arcy was on his way through these mountainous tracts, roads were beset by numerous bands of volunteer horsemen, many of whom soon afterward, under John Morgan, committed such havoc among the Federal advanced posts. The country all around the Black Mountains, and westward along the valleys of the Tennessee and its affluents, wa warming with marauders,-too many of whom had nothing to lose and everything

gain in predatory warf re. Hiawassee knew well that the band which had desolated Fairy Dell, and was olding in terror the neighboring countie was increasing daily in numbers and boldness, and was held equally in execra-tion both by Union men and Secessionists. He and his companions had to use no little wariness in making their way to Lebanon without falling in with these cut-throats and outlaws. The difficulty now was to get back again unknown to them. Not far from Bakersville, Captain Hunter met with some men of his own side, and two of them volunteered to join own

the party for further security. Thus they pursued their journey, not without ap prehension or every needful precaution, but pleasantly, as befitted the lovely May weather and the marvelously beautiful country through which their way led-all the more beautiful now, all the more full of new surprises at every step, that the memory of Andalusia was still so fresh.

TO BE CONTINUED.

the bedside of the dyin On reachin man, he said to him: "My friend, we are both about to

appear before our good God. . .Shall we make the journey together ?. . I have

gesture of admiration. "My friend," continued the priest, "our time is short. . .trust yourself to .you won't refuse to make your Confession, will you ?'

The sick man, overcome by this eroism of faith, burst into tears.

Oh! yes, I will make my confession to you," he exclaimed. A heavenly smile broke over the pale tace of the Dataset Hender Priest. He made a sign to clear the room, and the two dying men were left alone together. A few moments later, the Minister of

God made a last effort to raise his hand over the head of the forgiven one, and the words of Absolution fell like dew

upon that resuscitated soul. "The priest called. "Extreme Unc-tion!" he said. The necessary things tion!" he said. The necessary things were brought him for administering this "Lift my arm and guide Sacrament. "Lift my arm and guide my hand," said he to his attendant. And his dying hand, glided, cold already, in a last benediction over the limbs of the sick man who seemed to revive under the icy touch, and under the unctions of holy

oil When the holy task was over, the priest pressed the heavy head he had just anointed towards him, and in a soothing tone said to him in a low voice: "Au revoir, mon ami!" Then turning to his attendants: "Take me home," said he in a scarcely audible voice. A moment later he added: "Now, Lord, let thy servant die in peace."

rvant die in peace. His heavy head now dropped upon his reast, his weary arms hung listlessly breast, his weary arms hung listlessly beside him, his eyes closed, and along that weary journey home one would have thought him dead were it not for the movement of his lips in prayer. last his home was reached, he was upon the bed, and in a few moments more he was dead.-New York Freeman's Journal.

Vespers at St. Peter's Cathedral are vespers at St. Peter's Cathedral are an attraction—sung by a hundred little boys and girls. Patient training at the beginning did it. The plan is Father Janssens, and Mr. Caul-field is the present director. The youngsters are experts in Requiem Masses, and are learning festive Masses. How many churches are ahead of us?— Richmond, Va., Visitar. Richmond, Va., Visitor.

Religion exalts the nature of man; it tames his rebellious passions; it gives proper direction to his aspirations, con-trols his actions and animates his hopes. Without it he would be, like a rudderly vessel amidst storms and tempests, the sport of every gale of passion and at the mercy of the waves. It is the most precious of all its titles, the most sublime of his prerogatives, and the chief of those attainments that likens him unto God. He possesses nothing that he can compare with it; ancient descent, proud name,

possessions, great learning, popularity all these are mere vanity compared wit all these are mere vanity compared with dignity which religion imparts to him.

"I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one more in accor-dance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and

He intended bringing back his mother and sisters, who had gone to America previous to his imprisonment. However, he leave them a year or two decided to longer, until times would mend in Ireland. and he again landed in this country on the 21st of December last. It was his inten-tion to engage in the wholesale tea trade in Dublin, but he abandoned that idea for

a more favorable opportunity, and took to literary work and lecturing in England. He is the correspondent of the *Pilot*, and of an Irish-American paper in New York and the more than the pilot. Puol, and of an insta-American paper in New York, and also occasionally contri-butes to Irish provincial papers. The part he has taken in the Irish land agitation, and which has led to his arrest, is well

known. Mr. James Boyce Killen, barrister, is a Presbyterian, and lives at No. 5 George's Place, North Circular Road. St. He has a wife and four children. He is son of Samuel Killen, farmer, and born at Kells, in the County of Antrim, 1 born at Kens, in the County of Antrim, in 1844. He received his early education at the Belfast Academy institution; sub-sequently entered the Queen's College, and became a gold medalist, M. A., and L. L. B. of the Queen's University. In 1869 he was called to the Irish Bar, and in that same year delivered a lecture on the "Spirit of Irish History," before the Queen's College Literary Society, the sentiments of which brought him into collission with the College authorities. Articles were published in the Dublin conservative journals, severely criticising lecture, and the matter was brought under the notice of Parliament the member for Armagh City. S Some the member for Arnaga City. Some time after Mr. Killen went to America. When he returned to this country he joined the Northeast Circuit. He never practised much at his profession, aving principally devoted himself to literary pursuits, and he was to some ex-tent connected with one of the National weekly journals. During the years 1876, 1877, and 1878 he was Barrington Lecturer on Political Economy in the Statistical Society of Ireland. Mr. Killen's grandfather was one on the men who participated in the rebellion of 1798. . ....

The Ritualist ministers of England The fitualist ministers of England frequently attend Mass in Catholic churches. One of them, Mr. Grant, de-fends himself in a Ritualistic paper in the following language: "I know of no law in the English Establishment, nor of any Divine precept, which precludes me from attending Roman services at my pleasure." Mr. Grant is not alone in his practice, for he adds : "The practice is not uncompared by the service of not uncommon, even among the Ritualists of St. James's, Hatcham. I have met several members of the choir at Roman services.