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Uselessly, aimlessly drifting thro' life, What was I born for? For somebody's wife, I'm told by my mother. Well, that being body keeps himself strangely from And if nought but marriage will settle my fate, I believe I shall die in an unsettled state; For, tho' I'm not ugly—pray what woman

You might easily find a more beautiful phiz; And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain, He who seeks for perfection will seek here in

vain.

Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my head is perverse,

And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse"
To take the first booby who graciously came,
And offered those treasures, his home and his

I think, then, my chances of marriage are Aut why should I think of such chances at

My brothers are, all of them, younger than I, Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try.
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm

kept. But—this is the question that troubles my Why am I not trained up to work of some Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life, Why should I wait to be "somebody's wife"

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

She had never spoken to him before in She had never spoken to him before in a way that betokened anything approaching to personal affection. Now, it seemed to him, there was love, deep and pure love, in every tone and look. He would have sunk on his knee before her but that their friends were in full view examining some of the gushing fountsipe and graph of the sushing fountsipe and graph of the sushi some of the gushing fountains and groups of statuary. Drawing himself up to his full height, with his arms crossed on his

chest, he spoke to her with infinite respect and undisguised emotion.

"Senora," he said, "Rose I do not pre-sume to call you yet in spite of the close tie which has so long bound us to each other, I can only promise to devote to your happiness a heart that will daily learn to worship your goodness more and more, and a life whose loftiest ambition shall be to see you the most honored of Spain's nobility, and to make myself

worthy of your esteem and affection."

"There is a something besides that,"
Rose said slowly, in a voice singularly
calm and impressive, "devotion to the
God of our fathers. I have been taught from infancy, in my own blessed home, that He and His interess were to be that He and His interess were to be supreme. I have seen all my dear ones placing their chief honor and happiness in serving Him, and in henoring their ancestral faith by a spotless ife and noble deeds. I could not be happy were my deeds. I could not be happy were my husband to be in this unlike my saintly grandfather, my father, and my brothers She looked up at him, a he stood silent, with pale face and kntted brows, and eyes averted from her. He felt that a crisis had come in his fate, and that he must speak plainly to the girl vho chal-lenged his belief in all that she ield most

dear and most sacred. "Has any one—permit me to isk yo s question, Senora," he said atlenot "No one," she replied; "not even my religious principles?"

"No one," she replied; "not even my religious principles."

grandfather, who would, I know, rather see me dead, than become the wife of a

man without religion. "What, then, is the meaning and he object of this strange conversation?" he asked, with some bitterness in his tone.

'Shall I tell you?" she answered.
"I request it," he said, "as due alike to my honor and to my reverence for the woman whom I must hope to call my

The suspicion, the doubt, if you will," comes from what I myself observed.

"I did not know, Senora," he replied, "that your religious training had taught you the duty of watching so carefully over the secret thoughts or private con-

duct of others." "With your private conduct or your secret thoughts, Senor de Lebrija," Rose said spiritedly, "I could have had nothing to do. I speak of what I saw with my own eyes, and in the most public place in

"May I beg to know what it was that merited your displeasure?" he asked.
"You remember our visiting together your glorious Cathedral ?" Rose said look ing straight into his eyes. "We—grand-papa, mamma, your father, my sisters, and myself—had knelt for a few moments and myself—had knelt for a few moments in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, before the magnificent altar. As I rose from my knees, I perceived that you were standing behind me and looking away, with your back to the altar. As you turned round suddenly, I thought I saw on your face a smile of mingled contempt and displeasure. I saw, too, that my grandfather had observed your action with something of the surprise and pain it. with something of the surprise and pain i

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You have seen but little of Europe, or even of what was once Catholic Spain, he said, interrupting her, "else you would think but little of seeing the noblest and truest men in the land entering our

churches without bending the knee."
"What was once Catholic Spain!" Rose repeated, as if to herself. "And are not the noble and the true men of Spain Catholic still to the heart's core?" she

continued.

He made no answer, and only smiled a dubious smile. It was too much for Rose.
"Oh, dearest grandfather," she said,
bursting into tears, "why did you bring

Senora," Diego said, with respectful but affectionate earnestness, "it may be the misfortune of my life that I have been brought up in a school and with companions in every way hostile to the Christian faith, to the Catholic Church in particular. The apparent indifference that springs from unbelief becomes, unconsciously, as deep-seated a habit as the reverence and adoring love which arise from faith in souls like yours. I only know, if I question my own soul at present, that communion with one like you, and familiar intercourse with your family, would be the surest means of making religion once more lovely in my

It is, then, but too true that you do not believe ?" she said, as she strove to drive back her tears. "I am not the judge of consciences," she continued,

"and must not condemn. But let us go

"and must not condemn. But let us go to our friends," she said, rising. "They are coming towards us, and may be wondering at our absence."

"Am I, then, to give up my long dream of happiness," he said, retaining her a little, "for a misfortune which is the result of necessity, not of choice, or of any fault of mine? Would it not be the triumph of true love—the love of a true Christian woman—to lift up the man of her choice to the level of her own living faith?" "Oh," she answered, "if I could only

hope for that !' "Senora—Rose?" he exclaimed, touched to the heart, and seizing her hand and kissing it fervently, "if I am blessed enough to have won your

Rissing it fervently, "if I am blessed enough to have won your regard, your love, let me hope that you, in your turn, shall win my soul to God!"

"Here is grandpapa," she said, startled by the near approach of D'Arcy and her mother; "let us walk on a short way before them."

fore them."

Before they had gone a few steps, however, Genevieve and Maud were by their side. "What have you two been conspiring about?" said the former, seizing Rose's arm. "Do you know, Rosita, that we have just seen the Duke and Duchess of Morroscolor with their half." of Montpensier, with their children, tak-ing a walk, while you were losing your-selves in these interminable alleys? The selves in these interminable alleys? The Duke spoke to grandpapa, and the Duchess, who is looking very lovely, smiled a gracious recognition at mamma and us. And there was the baby Princess, Maria de las Mercedes, who was being carried about in her nurse's arms, and followed by her two older sisters, the Princesses Isabella and Christina."

"How you chatter, Viva!" said Rose, as she pressed the girl's arm against her heart.

"Are not you and Miss Maud beautiful princesses yourselves?" Mr. De Librija

"I would not be a princess," said Maud, "and have to he followed everywhere by ladies in waiting and gentlemen in uni-form. Oh, Senor de Lebrija, you do not know how glorious our woods and rivers and mountains are around Fairy Dell. But you will see them some day, will you

not l'' she asked, looking up to him, and not heeding Rose's warning glances. "I suppose, Miss Maud," he said, "that you find but little to admire in these gardens and walks, as compared with the grand and fresh scenery of your American forests and hills!"
"Oh, I like the beautiful gardens well

enough," she replied. "But even that grand, favorite walk along the Gaudal-quiver, which you call Las Delicias, bequiver, which you can has Dencias, ne-cause it is shady and cool in the evening and overhangs a muddy and sluggish river—what is it to our park at Fairy Dell, with its prospect of the clear, bounding river beneath, and the great mountains around and behind, all green to their very tops in the

"Maud," said Rose, "it is not nice to

"Maud," said Rose, "it is not nice to be making such comparisons,"

"She must be right," replied De Lebrija; "I have heard my father describe the sublime mountain scenery of North Carolina. Your plains, your wooded slopes and fertile mountain-valleys have not been like those of Spain several the not been, like those of Spain, ravaged by the wars of two thousand years, desolated alternately by Roman, Goth, and vandal, by Moor and by Christian. Is there no fear of your having to suffer in the ap-proaching conflict?"

proaching conflict?"

"Grandpapa can best answer your question," Rose said, as Mr. D'Arcy now came up to them. "Senor de Lebrija was asking me a question about our

"Let us haven home, darling mamma,"
the still excited griverid to Mrs. D'Arey.
"I should give the world to be alone
with you in your own room."
"I understand you, my own," the

proud mother said; "we are going presently. Father," she called to Mr. D'Arey, "would you kindly lead us to the shortest way home?"

"You have only to follow me," he re-ied. "Do you feel unwell, Mary"

"No, indeed," she said; "only we have been a long time here, and the dinner hour is not very far off.

hour is not very far off."

"Let us go, then," the old gentleman answered; and he led the way to the Alcazar, through the maze of beautiful walks. Once more they crossed the path, followed by the royal party, whose resifollowed by the royal party, whose residence was in the adjacent palace of St. Elmo, and this time the Duke graciously led Mrs. D'Arcy and her daughters up to where the Duchess was seated. After a few inquiries about Mrs. D'Arcy's health, her royal highness allowed the ladies to see the sweet infant as she slumbered in the nurse's arms. The two older ladies to see the sweet infant as she slum-bered in the nurse's arms. The two older princesses, beautiful girls of twelve and eight respectively, conversed with Gene-vieve and Maud. How little could the royal parents and their American visitors, as hey gazed on the slumbering babe, forece the day when the reigning Queen of Spain should be violently driven from them, and binned my while the room throne and kingdom, while that same infant, become a lovely maiden of seventeen, shalld be raised to the throne of Isabella-te-Catholic, to shine for a few months like a star of peace and love, and then to be left to the heart of her husband and the hope of the star of the heart of her husband.

and the hopes of her storm-tossed people!

Ah, how blesed is the Fatherly Hand that covers to u all with an impenetrable veil the dark myteries and tragedies of life!

CHAPTER XII.

DOUBTS AND DEFICULTIES.
"There is no doubt that there exist such voices, Yet I would not call them Voices of warning that announces to us Only the inevitable.

It was a memorable day for Rose, that on which occurred the conversation re-lated in the last chapter. She had—and she now was fully conscious of it—allowed Diego de Lebrija to believe that she loved him, and that she was ready to ratify by a solemn act their early and private betrothal.

betrothal.

When Mrs. D'Arcy, on their arrival at the Medina Place, wished to question her daughter on he result of the latter's nter advice. He rose instantly from his knees, view with the Count, Rose besought her and admitted Rose, whose pale face bore not to pess her interrogatory at tha moment.

oment. "Have I done wrong to interrupt you, "Not now, dear mamma," he gil dear grandpapa!" she asked.

pleaded. "Indeed I could not give you a

pleaded. "Indeed I could not give you a rational or correct account of anything. My head aches, and my brain is in a whirl."

"I shall not press you, darling," the fond mother replied, as she sat down on an ottoman, and took the fair head and laid it on her bosom. "I can guess pretty well without your telling. Diego looked at me with eyes in which shone the light of happy love. And you have made your poor sick mother also very happy, my own sweet Rose. For, indeed, my child, I do feel this evening much worse than I ever felt before."

"Oh! do not say you are worse, my precious little mother!" said the alarmed

"Oh! do not say you are worse, my precious little mother!" said the alarmed girl, as she knelt and threw her arms round her parent's neck, looking into her face as if she would read in it her idolized mother's fate. "You have been exerting yourself too much, mamma," she continued; "and you have been worrying about me and my future. Oh, mamma, why are you so anxious to part with me?" and she buried her face on her mother's

and she buried her face on her mother's shoulder.
"Part with you, my own darling!"
Mrs. D'Arcy said; "it is like tearing my heart asunder to think of parting with you. But I have a sacred duty to perform toward you. And I wish to fulfil it while God still leaves me with you."
"But Jack waymen this is only "But Jack waymen this is only

"But, dear mamma, this is only momentary fatigue or depression. Papa's last letter has saddened and troubled you as well as grandfather. You need not and must not go to dinner. I shall tell the Duchess to excuse you, and beg to be allowed to remain with you during the

"No, dear; I must not be absent this evening above all evenings, if I can at all help it. The Lebrijas are invited, and it might seem to them as if I regretted what ccurred to-day."

has occurred to-day."

Mrs. D'Arcy was still speaking when
the servant announced the Duckess. She
had remarked her guest's extreme paleness, and had also had an inkling of the
love scene between Rose and her bethed. She was very much interested the gentle, lovely woman, whose children were making such a favorable ression in Seville. I thought you looked a little fatiguel,

dear Mrs. D'Arcy, and feared lest could not leave your room this evening," she said, as she took her friend's hand, and seated herself by her side. "We Spaniards are not as stiff in our etiquette as English folk generally are. So, let me advise you not to come to dinner. Rest here till eight o'clock, when our evening company will begin to assemble, and then you can sit near me and I shall spare you dl unnecessary trouble. What say you,

That is precisely what I was suggesting to mamma when you came in, Senora," said the latter. "You treat me, a mere stranger, like a

sister, dear Duchess," said Mrs. D'Arcy.
"But I do not think I am unwell enough be away from your company, particu-

understand, my dear friend," said the other, smiling and looking at Rose, who did not dare to meet the eyes fixed on her blushing countenance. "Shall I who did not dare to meet the eyes have on her blushing countenance. "Shall I congratulate you, my love?" she continued, addressing the confused girl. "Nay, surely you need not conceal your blushes from me. You have accepted the hand of one who is the most admired of all the outh of Andalusia."

"I know you mean most kindly," said Rose, looking up and rallying; "but, in-deed, there is some misapprehension." "Well, my dear, I shall not distress you

"Well, my dear, I shall not discress you by further questioning. American maidens are proud and hard to win. Remaidens are the Duchess's daughters. "And now, I shall leave you. But, Rose, my dear, you must not allow your mother to be disturbed by these prattlers. Send them into the patio after a minute or two."

And the excellent lady was gone. The girls were too considerate to remain lorg in the sick-room, and were soon in the garden taking a pleasant lesson in boany under Genevieve's guidance. Ross re-mained with her mother, soothing Jer by all the sweet acts which filia! affection teaches so easily. At length 1rs. D'Arcy fell into a sweet sleep, which lasted for

more than an hour. The dinner was extremely quiet, no strangers being present Jut Don Ramon strangers being present at Don Ramon and Diego. The conversation turned on the probable fate of the African race in the United States is case of an armed conflict between the two sections of the Union. Mr. D'Arcy did not think that secession was likely to triumph, while a conflict would only hasten the abolition of slavery or serve greatly to mitigate its hardships. The Marquis, who was a staunch conservative would admit no position or principle that might comprosise slavery in Culp and Porta Rice. ise slavery in Cub, and Porto Rico. the Duke and Diego were for freedom.

Then they discussed the consequences of abolition, and ensidered the possibility of transferring p Africa the millions of freedmen from America. But Mr. and considered the by Arcy drew 9 powerful a parallel between the actual effects of the expulsion of the Morisec's from Spain and the utter ruin which the loss of the colored laborers would be to be Southern States, that no one said a wrd in favor of African col-

onizatior.

Mrs. D'Acy was able to be present at the reception, which in Spain is so different from that it is with us. The distinguished company ebbed and flowed through the spacious rooms, chatting guishal company enoug and nowed through the spacious rooms, chatting pleaanth with whom they pleased, arriving ithout formal announcement and leaing as they had come. All preseitedtheir respects to the Du Mrs. PArcy, and our young folks were Ms. Parcy, and our young lones were left fee to saunter about the rooms and mjo themselves as they pleased. It was though recreation, without fatigue or the comping recreation the comping recreation. It was restaint. And so the evening passed de-

lig!fully. r. D'Arcy had just begun to perform h'night devotions, and was about to in-ke the divine guidance in an especial anner for his cherished Rose, when three

"I have never known you to do wrong wilfully, my darling," he answered, kissing the sweet, tearful face lifted to his own. "And in this instance you have done quite right. Am I to be your confessor to-night?" he continued, as he led the girl to a low seat nea his own arm-chair.

hair. "As ever, dear grandp.pa, you must be

"As ever, dear grandpha, you must be my guide and my stay."
"You are troubled abut your mother, my love," he said, as she laid her wet cheek on the hand she held with so loving and trustful a grasp. 'There is no danger; at least, certainly none at present."
"Oh, grandpapa, how you relieve my heart!" she said fervettly, and looking up at him.

Then, her efforts to respond to the courtesy of our noble lists, and the journey from Ronda hiths, together with the strange climate and the changes of diet, all this has heated her blood a good deal. But I must find some quiet mansion near the city, or in the suburbs, where she can have as much rejose as she likes, and the daily attendance of the best physicians." "You say pothing of her feverish anxiety about ne, dear grandpapa." "I was coming to that, my child. It is

hard, indeed it is impossible, to reason with a motheron such matters." "But, granchapa, dearest," Rose said, looking up at him earnestly, "why are you all in such haste about me? I am but a child yt, and feel like a child, and am quite unit for the present to take the

steps mamma is urging upon me."
"Then your mother has been persuasion with you?" he asked. Yes. She fancies or fears that she is not to live long, and says it would make

her very happy to see me—to see this matter settled to her liking."

"And you, my child?" "Oh, grandpapa," she replied, again laying on his hand the cheek which was now burning with the sudden rush of young blood, "if there is one thing in all this that would in the sudden rush of young blood," if there is one thing in all

young blood, "If there is one thing in this that would give me happiness, everything else makes me utterly wretched."
"Senor de Lebrija and his father seem
"Senor de Lebrija and his father seem think that you have given, or promised give, an assent to their proposals. They ere both very radiant to-night. Indeed the Duke and Duchess appear to loo upon the matter as concluded."

"Oh, no, no, grandpapa!" she claimed, excited, "You know I c not and would not grow a decisive answer without first opening m, heart to you. This is what I promised you."

"I have forgotten, dear," he said.
"But where there is a strong feeling or affection between two young people, may be hurried unguardedly into an er pression of such feeling, and into promise that binds the conscience."

"I believe I have a sincere esteem for Mr. De Lebrija," Rose answered. "Indeed, grandpapa, I am bound to tell you, for whom I never had any secrets, that the thought of him haunts me day and night. But there is one dreadful fear that is also inseparable from that thought.

Oh, grandpapa," she exclaimed, in a voice broken by sobs, "he has lost the faith!"

He allowed her grief to spend itself in uncontrolled weeping, saying no word, and caressing the bent head with its wealth of brown curls. calm enough to speak, she told him, a well as she could recall it, everything tha speak, she told him, as

well as she could recan his, each Alcazar.

Alcazar.

Should I be justified in pledging my
toth to a man who declares that he doe troth to a man who declares that he does not share my religious belief and hopes, on the sole ground of my love for him and with the purpose of winning his soul to God? Did not St. Monica so wed a

by ler family, when, in the arbitrary manner of the time, she was affianced and married to the heathen Patricius a Roman, like herself.

"Her wedded life was one of perpetual "Her wedged life was one of perpetual suffering and almost hopeless struggle against the drunkenness, the brutality, and licentiousness of her unbelieving husband. She succeeded in making some and licentiousness of her unbelieving husband. She succeeded in making some sort of a Christian of him a year or two before his death, when habitual excess of every kind had weakened his brain and wrecked his bodily strength." He spoke, as if to himself.

"But for a Catholic maiden, in a Catholic maiden, in

But for a Catholic maiden, in a Catholic land, to unite her fate to an avowed unbeliever, on the very uncertain hope of changing his mind and his heart," she replied, as if she were also talking to her-

self, and uttering eyery word slowly.

"It is not the fate to which I should be "It is not the fate to which I should be willing to consign my little girl," he said. "And were I so far to forget my convictions and betray my love for you, I know that your father would never consent to such a course."

such a course."
"Nor will I, grandpapa," she said. "Is not this the meaning of that instinctive and unaccountable dread that fell like a

and unaccountable dread that fell like a dark cloud on my soul the first time I saw Diego de Lebrija?"

"It may be the warning given to your spirit by the good angel," he replied.

"Oh, grandpapa, why did I not remain behind at Fairy Dell!" again exclaimed the poor girl, as she burst into an agony of tears.

"That your soul should be here tried in the furnace, my own precious one," the old gentleman said, as he took the droophead between his hands, and kissed it That, like the virgin gold thrice puri-

fied, you may be made more acceptable to the God of your soul. It is your over-fond old grandfather who erred long ago in seeking or consenting to this noble al-liance. But he is not the man to sacrifice the happiness of a child of his house for the possesion of a royal or imperial

crown "And yet—Oh! if I were only back "And yet—On! if I were only back again among our poor people, I might forget all this," she mound out pitifully.
"No delay that is not absolutely necessary for your mother's health shall delay us long in Europe. But I do not expect you'to forget so easily as that," he remlied

'Grandpapa," she asked, raising her Grandpapa, sne asked, raising her eyes wistfully to his, "cannot a man, a gentleman especially, be upright, honorable, and devoted to his family, when, without any fault of his own, he has the misfortune not to share our faith

"There are many men in the world perfectly true to the light which is in them. We, who glory in possessing the whole truth, belie our belief and professions by

the scandal and inconsistencies of our conduct. Hence it is that so many are prevented from knowing and embracing Christianity by the e-il life of Christians."

"I can understand hat," she said.

"But that is not my difficulty. I cannot blame the heathen for not following the light which is not given them. But hat excuse can I find for the man who falls

excuse can I find for the man who falls away from the truth in which he has been nurtured from infancy? who tears out the eyes of his soul that he may walk in willful blindness?"

"Ah, were the extinguishing of the divine light within him his own willful, deliberate act, committed against all the instincts and warnings of reason and of conscience,—your last words would need no answer. They describe admirably the nature of the act and its enormity. It so happens, however, my child, that, just as the evil life of professing Christians around us prevents the truth of religion from coming home to the mind and heart around us prevents the truth of religion from coming home to the mind and heart of the unbeliever, even so is faith weakened by the sad examples of its professors,—of those, especially, who are or ought to be the apostles of the truth. There are multitudes of men in what were once Catholic lands, who grow up from childhood amid such practical unbelief or skepticism, in such an atmosphere of hatred of Christianity and of contempt for its practices and its ministers, that the for its practices and its ministers, that the thought of its being divine never occurs

Do you consider them to be criminal.

"Do you consider them to be criminal, grandpapa?"

"There are many excuses for their want of faith, my dearchild. God alone knows how far their ignorance of the truth, or their rejection of the known truth, is consciously willful, and therefore deserving of punishment. I have only a profound of the their rejections."

pity for their misfortune."
"And such is exactly the case of Mr. De Lebrija, grandpapa. And would it not be a divine work to enlighten one so noble, so generous, so capable of influence

ing others?" Ah, my little darling," the old gentleman replied, as he pressed the head she had lain against his breast closer to him, "this is the heart-cry of anxious love. Nay, my child, you have nothing to be ashamed of. Only let me think for you in this matter, and let us both pray to Him who is both father and God, to be directed aright. You are in His keeping.

Bien garde est celui que Dieu garde."

"Then I shall leave all to Him and to yau, dear grandpapa," she said, as she kneh by his side. "Bless your little Rose, as you have ever done before sending her to her nightly repose. Oh, darling grandpapa, have we not all reason to think that you.

ling grandpapa, have we not all reason to think that you are God's angel, ever with us to guide and protect us?

"I am your parent, my child, and He who is the Eternal Father and the fountain-head of all authority, gives me, as He gives to every earthly parent, light to counsel my dear ones in the hour of doubt and darkness. May He bless you, dearest, and keep from all soil that pure mind and sinless heart of yours. And now, est, and keep from all soil that pure mind and sinless heart of yours. And now, have no fear for your mother; have no anxiety about yourself. Thank Him fer-vently; take all the rest you can; and let me find my little Rose, as usual, fresh, joyous, and devoted to others to-morrow

orning."
Rose had also written to her father. Her letter will best explain what were the feelings of her maidenly heart:

"MY EVER DEAR PAPA," she wrote, was asking me a question about our country, dear grandpapa," she said; "will you be pleased to satisfy him?"

"Willingly, my love," said the old gentleman, as he took the Count's arm, and Rose gladly escaped and clung to her mother's side.

"My Ever Dear Papa," she wrote, "you affectionate and interesting letter was welcomed by our hungry hearts. We all read it eagerly, for we were expecting and fev Romans or Italians, like her own claimed, as Genevieve and Maud rushed into the room with Blanch and Isabel, in the st. Monica so wed a maintenancy with the Isabend, will be said. Monica so wed a maintenancy with a second the was redomed by our hungry hearts. We all read it eagerly, for we were expecting illumin

these exciting times!

"We try to conceal from dear mamma the worst of the conflicting rumors that come to us from the United States, while we cannot put away from ourselves the sad and anxious forebodings that will come, do what we may. You must, in-

mamma that she would not leave you, come what might; and the others promised me, of their own accord, that they would not leave the house or cease to keep everything within it in order till we re-

"Oh, dear papa, how I wish I could be with you! I can't bear to think of you alone and in danger. Even if the war did come to our very door, I should not be afraid of an army. Surely no true sol-dier would harm defenseless women. And, in case of a battle, I could attend to wounded and the dying. But I am writing like a silly little girl.

TO BE CONTINUED

A TOUCHING SCENE IN A STREET CAR.

The Utica Tribune says. A lady en tered a car on the Oakwood road one day last week leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a piece of cake or sugar, now and then turning her face, full of childish love, up to her mother and

murmuring some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another Opposite to mother and child sat another younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindliness of the sympathetic woman heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke:

"Baby went the near?"

"Baby want the posy?"
But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward tempt-

"Baby may have the posy." The mother heard, for she looked to-ward the other lady and smiled—and oh! such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of misfortune not to share our faith in Such a look of heartiest gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is pagans," her grandfather said, quietly. Seldom seen. And still the lady of the

ester a percise of a communication

rose pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower.

"Bady take the rose," holding it almost to the child's hands. And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon the would-be patron, and then in a moment she strangely drew back and in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered just a word:

ward and whispered just a word:

"My darling is blind!"

Then the whole sunless, darkened life of the fair tattle being—fair as the flower which had been offered to her—came up before the mind. All beauty shut out from her forever! For her no foliage-strewn, flower-studded scene to follow the bleakness of winter. No looking with awe into the mysterious depths of the night sky, sparkling, with elittering twinknight sky, sparkling, with glittering, twinknight sky, sparkling, with glittering, twinkling star-gems, for over those blue eyes
the Creator, in the mystery of His designs,
had hung the impenetrable veil. No expectant gaze towards the mother's face for
the gentlest smile that ever soothes a
childish trouble; only the blind passage
of the little hand over and over those
features, for one moment of which that
growing little one will often and often
willingly offer years of existence. For her willingly offer years of existance. For her the birds will sing, the loveliness of form and feather are not. For her, while the babbling stream may make mysterious music, its dimpled waves and wind-ing reaches and verdant banks do not ex-

How bitterly vivid all this as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals!

And there were often swimming eyes in

SAVED BY A SCAPULAR.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Chronicle, writing from Fort Assinaboine, Montana, under date of the 18th of August, relates the following edifying

incident:

"I have always been convinced from my childhood that every form of devotion which the Church institutes ought never be, and in fact never is, thought little of by any practical Catholic. I am inclined to think I know my religion, and I am well aware that there are many devotions in the Church was a second to the control of in the Church by no means necessary or essential. But I know that there are none that are not most useful for the end the Church proposes by them, elevating men's thoughts to God and eternity at men's thoughts to God and eternity at times when otherwise they would never think of doing so. Even on the mind and heart of the savage they produce the most wonderful effects, as an incident which I am going to relate will clearly show. About one week ago to-day, not having much to do, I went a fishing in a river about six willse from same. The river about six miles from camp. The day being oppressively hot, I resolved to Scarcely had I got into the have a bath. water, when I saw about two thirty young Indian warriors of the Sioux tribe on the bank of the river where my clothes lay. Terror immediately seized my soul, and my terror grew the greater as the thought flashed across my mind as the thought flashed across my mind that on the previous day three wood-choppers were scalped by these very same choppers were scalped by these very same Indians. I gave myself up for lost. About one year ago I was a patient in the St. Joseph Hospital, St. Paul. While there, Sister Baptist gave me a Scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, I was invested with it, and ever since have worn it. Whether sleeping or waking, or whatever else I did, I never left it off. Seeing that I

ever else I did, I never left it off. Seeing that I was completely in the power of these Indians, and that there was no posproached them. As I came near, they gathered around me, gave a terrific yell, threw down their guns, and fell on their knees. After kneeling for a few moments, thay arose, took hold of the scapular on my breast, and showed it to one another, making signs. Each one kissed it most reverently; and then all sat down and smoked their long pipes. They gave me one to smoke: I took it, and smoked it. When we had sat for about one hour, they got up to go away. But before doing so, they unbuttoned my blue flannel shirt, they unbuttoned my blue flannel snm and again each of them kissed the scapu lar, this time making signs to me to give it to them. But this I refused to do. Rather would I part with my life at that moment. However, as a compromise, I took a little medal that was attached to the scapular, gave it to them, and all kneeled down again, kissed the scapular for the third time, and went their way, seemingly well pleased and satisfied with seemingly wen pleased and sausned values me; but not more so than I was grate. I to God, and to His Blessed Mother, by whose intercession, I am sure, I was saved from a sudden death and the deprival of

a Christian burial." THE HOLY FATHER.

Pope Leo is said to look taller than he really is, because of his extreme slenderness; his figure, however, is elegant, in spite of his leanness. He has a splendidly spite of his learness. He has a splendidly shaped head, fringed with silver hair, and a kindly face, healthy in coloring. His mouth, chin and jaw express strength and firmness, and there is said to be in his expression a beautiful "light of inward joy." He wears a soutane, or close redingote, of soft, white woolen cloth, taking the form of the figure at the waist, and held there with a band of embroidered silk, and buttoned quite down in front, showing slippers of red silk, embroidered with a gold cross. A cape of the same color and material falls from the shoulders to the elbows, similarly buttoned to the coat in front, with some soft substance, like down or ermine, edging the cap around the neck, but not closely, and down the front; a golden cord hangs around the neck, rest-ing on the shoulders, and depending in white hands are narrow, and the fingers long and beautifully rounded, and the nails are perfectly almond-shaped and pink-tinted. On his head he wears a white skull cap.

Says the Catholic Columbian: "The very class of people who try to swindle news-papers out of subscription money, by insultingly refusr to take the paper postoffice after being several years in arrears, are the first to grumble and growl if [FRIDAY, C

A hawk shot down So quick was ne'er Nor clinched by cr The sparrow cried, The hawk replied: For I am big and th

The eagle came wit He wanted but his And caught the h dread, Cried out: "Oh, stor The eagle screamtd For I am big and the The hunter fired wi And tumbling dow With bleeding brea The eagle cried, "w The hunter said: "S For I am big and th

RELIGION AN IR The devotion of

out in any way sic tions of idolatry which Protestantis the Catholic popul is nevertheless The man who cepts of the pries upon as somethin ness altogether p thought and emot pressed on each or Irish man or of their God or th

olic. I know not a that of hearing th having scarcely wi selves, and meagre eloquent expressi towards them; to made them to be and to compare they derive from Mother of God, an have watched ov the cold worship

ters.
Blessed nation derstands the my God in denying precious of this w

In front of all th on the heads of planted the cross world that it alo console for all. whatever has bee fortune, Ireland this sign of her red deaf to the voice herself, and subsis the contrary, the greater the tempts the afflicted Irish the true God: a of the true faith ample. A few ye desolated the cour failed, and these even in the time

dance have scarcel England came by means of a s rose to millions: 1 had taken place, of populated. Amo of a large parish, most retired coun deprived of food degree of inanitio death to put an The Catholic prihis flock, and was them. When he that there was no from hut to hut s us not forget or ment, the Lord o and takes it." A themselves to the prostrate. The p and stretching his the heads of the co of the agonizing a

I have nev∈r

cries, those period lar exaltation so i of Ireland. I ha

daily piety, and midst of their tri

Very often on en

Sunday have I s bered in all direct ers, but all eyes t door, or obscure a olic chapel, whic secution, when C treason, was built the immense c into this narro only one-third o mained kneeling the priest of the have I mingled the astonishmen at a stranger, poor like them and bent before t of a gallery whi have contempla ous scenes imagin olic chapel durin entirely occup were no seats; against the altar to be able to mo but a moving mas and so near to eac without danger the mass was see itself, deep groan heard, some wiped their breasts, each the priest was inst the impression it I trolled. A cry of

his every prayer or was a father that and that those chil The religious ha seemed to me still