THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Vision of Saint Teresa. BY C. M. O'HARA.

2

The midnight chimes have died away, the convent aisles are still: No more the songs of pray'r and praise Mount Carmel's cloisters fill; No sound breaks on the dream-like calm round Jesus'altar-throne, When, wrapt in wordless ecstasy, Teresa

tured he ;

heap of cinders !"

ing that her fears on his account

When, wrapt in kneels alone. The weird, dim shadows of the night flit o'er

 The world, and shadows of the high fill of r the bannered walls.
 And wreathe in gloom the niched saints, and sombre oaken stalls;
 The Tabernacle-star sheds forth its faint, unsteady beams,
 That tremble 'round the Mother-Queen in showers of pearly gleams; the ground.

had passed her life, where her beloved mother had breathed her last, but no thought of vengeance entered her head. Her father, however, swore, in his anger, to be the death of Jean Martin. Before

The moon-rays thro' the column'd aisles their spectral measures keep. And still Teresa bends in pray'r, for uttered words too deep. Her hands are classed; her glorious eyes, be-neath her vell's dark shroud. In pure, resplendent beauty beam, like star-lights thro' a cloud.

The smile that hovers 'round her lips is born of Heav'n and pray'r,The halo o'ter her pale young face, a Seraph's brow might wear.
The hours steal away unknown; for love recks not their flight.
And love, surpassing human thought, floods that great heart to night,The love that burned her life away, that wak'd her 'passioned cry.
While Carmel's thorny heights she scal'd, "To suffer or to diel"
But, loi a form breaks on the gloom; within the chancel stands.
His mien is soft and grave, His brow is white a mew-born snow.

His mien is soft and grave, His brow is white

as new-born snow. And wondrous gens of ruby sheen o'er all His raiment glow. "And who art thou?" Teresa asks. "And what thy name, fair child?" "My name!" He answered,—and His voice was sweet, and low, and mild,--

"Nay, tell Me first what thou art called?" Teresa's impid eyes Flash forth her soul's deep, rapturous love, as swift to Heaven they rise: "Teresa of Jesus, it is writ upon my longing

heart. In characters of light and flame, by Seraph's burning dart,— "For Him I live, for Him I die; my only

bove, my joy. But speak, and tell me who thou art, thou gentle, wondrous boy?" Again His volce talls on her ear, in melody divine: divine: "Teresa of Jesus is thy name; Jesus of Teresa Mine."

-Ave Maria.

From the Catholic World. THE REPUBLICAN'S DAUGH-

TER.

CONTINUED. "I refuse."

answered: "People have known and visited her, Vander pulled the bell, and several who were not worthy even to tie her shoes, who call her Louise Martin; but armed peasants appeared at the threshold of a side door. But at the same instant her true name was Mlle. de Rieux, Marchthe large door suddenly opened wide and Louise Martin rushed into the saloon. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled, and ioness d'Ouessant." Celestine heard with surprise the brilliant position of her former companion ; but she remembered the words of the her whole manner was haughty and im-perious. As she entered M. Vander, Jean Martin and the cure himself took off their

good priest, and desired no other role than that which he had traced out for her in hats respectfully, which she did not deign to acknowledge. "What signifies this, gentlemen?" she exclaimed in a stern Loving her friend still, and knowing her danger, she added her name in her daily prayers for the safety of Pierre and her "Since when has my father's

Yoice. "Since when has my latters daughter need to solicit shelter ?" "Dear lady—" humbly murmured the father. One day Celestine, who had not seen captain. "Peace ! I have already made known to

her father for weeks, returning from a lonely walk in the forest, heard the sudden noise of a shot behind her. She turned you my wishes. You know that I had decided to follow the royalist army and to fight among the faithful supporters of the throne and altar. Is it a conspiracy that you have formed against me, gentleher head and saw about fifty royalists men

her head and saw about hity royalists crossing the road and flying from their pursuers, the republicans. They passed rapidly near to her. "Here is a hostage," cried one of them. "Let us seize the daughter of the accursed doc-"Mademoiselle," said Vander, "if it is a crime to have wished to protect your precious person-" "Is she, then, the daughter of a king ?" But the fugitives were all men from

Surther tugnives were all men from $X \longrightarrow$; they passed, and several even raised their hats, saying, "May God bless you !" But some who were strangers stopped; at their head was Jean Martin attired as captain. "Seize her !" they "Is she, then, the daughter of a king ' demanded Chambert. And, indeed, to see the imperious ges-tures and majestic self-possession of this child of fourteen, before whom the three men bowed themselves, such a question was very natural. If Louise was not of royal race, at least she must be of new illustricus birth the ar carries

was very natural. If Louise was not of royal race, at least she must be of very illustrious birth that her caprices should be received with such respect. The priest, however, felt that his sacred other direction. Jean Martin was struck with two balls office rendered him independent of all social distinctions. "My child," said he in a firm tone, "you oiselle. and fell near the feet of Celestine. "Jesus ! Mary !" said he. "This is my forget how young you are." "Pray what matters that ?" death. wound." death-wound." The Blues ran off in pursuit of the fugi-tives. When they had disappeared the captain tried to rise; but he staggered and would have fallen if Celestine had not rushed forward and supported him. He "It matters much ; besides, even if you were a grown-up woman, your place would not be in the midst of the camp. Are there not sufficient men to shed their "our faithful foster-father. Welcome Martin ! We feared we should see you no blood in this deplorable contest." Louise, as she listened, raised her eyes looked at her in amazement. "Mademoiselle," murmured he, "did you know that I set fire to your father's more," holding out her hand in an affected manner, which the captain raised to his with a satirical smile. "Father," she replied, "I am a girl-I ips. "Lady," he said, "behold Mademoiselle know it to my sorrow. But my cousin De Rieux died in exile, and I am the last ouse?? "Yes I know it," replied Celestine "Yes I know it," replied Celestine. "Lean upon me." "And yet," said the wounded man, "you have allowed the Blues to pass without saying, "Here he is, kill him,' and placed yourself before me to conceal me; and now you are supporting me as if I were your friend." Celestine ; she has saved my life, and in representative of one of the most illustrireturn wishes for tidings of her father." "Celestine !" cried the haughty child, ous houses in Brittany, and, by the Blessed Virgin, my holy patroness, I say, Away with my sox! for I will carry the sword. Do you not see that I cannot let the heri-tage of the Rieux fail merely because I with a mocking laugh. "She also is welcome. But is it among us that she seeks for news of the republican doctor ?" "Our men may know." "Come," interrupted Celestine, "your blood is flowing; I must dress your "Very well," interrupted Louise ; ques-tion them as much as you like, and leave am a woman ?" "Bravo !" exclaimed Captain Martin with enthusiasm. wounds. "And only a few minutes since," con-Martin bowed and retired. The two young girls had not met since they passed each other in the forest sevtinued Jean Martin, "I ordered my men to seize you. Did you hear me?" "Yes I heard. But let us make haste;

tor to the door with an angry scowl. "He is going to denounce us," mutwhen he returns may he find his home a

patient was weeping. "Mademoiselle," said he, "if God hears my prayer I will certainly repay you some "Cele A month later the war was raging furiously in Brittany with all the bitterness of civil strife. The doctor had carried out his threat,

day." "You owe me nothing," she replied ; "but if you would kindly make me a promise I should be overpaid." "What promise?" cried the captain and went with Celestine to Redon on the very day of his visit to the castle, and wheo he returned he found his house burnt tn Celestine wept over the home where she

eagerly. "If by chance you some day come face to face in battle with my father, will you spare him in remembrance of me?" "I swear to do so."

"Thank you." Celestine, having finished the dressing eated herself near the bed with her head long the neighborhood of X became a most desolate spot. The little town was almost abandoned, and only a few women seated herein hear the oct with the hear between her hands. The captain was then struck with the profound sadness of her countenance. Her noble conduct had deeply touched his heart. He had done her injury, she had returned it with good. He watched, therefore, anxiously the mel-ancholy abstraction of the young girl who had just saved his life. "Oh! yes," he whispered, "if he wishes to kill me he may; for my part I will protect him as if

were my brother." When at last Celestine raised her eyes When at he saw that they were filled with tears. "Why do you weep i'' he asked. "Alas ! I believe you sincere in your promise, but may it not be too late? I have not heard of my father for some

time." "But we will get news," cried Martin.

could not diminish the hatred they how felt towards her father. He had chosen one of the deserted cot-tages for his dwelling—the one, in fact which had belonged to Jean Martin, his bitterest enemy; but he was seldom at home, being constantly engaged in track-ing the insurgents. Celestine often re-"I will undertake to get news, even if I have to take you to our retreat which we have to take you to our retreat which we keep so secret. You shall have news of your father; be comforted. And I now feel so strong, could we not start at once?" He tried to rise, but, enfeebled by the loss of blood, he fell back exhausted. "Thank you," said Celestine. "You must not move now but when you are ing the insurgents. Celestine often re-mained alone for weeks without any news of her father. Whenever she saw him coming she ran out to meet him, rejoic-

allayed for the time, and hoping to hear that at last there was an end to the un must not move now, but when you are

natural war. But the doctor was usually so preoccupied that he received his daughwell again we will go together." Eight days passed, and still the young girl heard nothing of her father; but, thanks to her skilful nursing, the captain with indifference and soon left her ter with indufference and soon left her again. The royalists were far from gain-ing the upper hand, but after a defeat they would disappear, to return again, before many days, more resolute than ever. The

was cured. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I must return to my companions. The secret of our retreat has hitherto been our security, women that remained at X — seemed to hear of all that went on, and gave strange accounts of the Chourans being led by a beautiful girl as courageous as the bravest soldier. When Celestine, in her kind ?" but I confide in you as if you were my daughter. Will you come with me?" "Shall I have news of my father?" simple curiosity, asked her name they

asked Celestine. "I hope so ; we shall enquire of all our our men from the first to the last. I will

"Let us go, then," cfied Celestine. "But "Let us go, then," cfied Celestine. "But I suppose it is a long way ?" "Not so long as you think. Come !" After about half an hour's walk her

companion stopped and said he had arrived. He then pushed back carefully the gigantic branches of furze, and knocked three times on a large stone on

the ground. "Death !" cried a voice from below. "Blue!" answered Martin, giving back the password. assword. or Celestine started back in alarm.

out, yielding to the persuasions of her com-panion, suffered herself to be led down

to the cavern. "The beadle !" cried the guards, recognizing him. "The beadle come back !" And from all sides of the cave resounded

a joyful shout. Celestine cast a hurried glance around her, and saw dimly that the cave was very large; on one side were a heap of arms and a small cannon, while other parts were crowded with men, some lying on straw, others sitting or standing about. But the fierce expression of the men frightened her, and she lowered her veil over her face

and clung to her companion. "Friend Martin !" cried an officer, advancing, whom Celestine recognized at Vander, "we thought that your precious

As to Jean Martin, he watched the doc-or to the door with an angry scowl. "He is going to denounce us," mut-ured he; "but we shall be far away, and then he returns may he find his home a leap of cinders !" A month later the war was raging furi-A month later the war was raging furime." "Then you have saved them both. What can I do, Jean, to prove my gratialoud. "Celestine ! dear, good Celestine !" she cried, "how I wish I could be in your

tude ?" "Do you really wish to please me ? The republican's daughter returned the

"Do you really wish to please me r said he in some confusion. "Certainly! Speak, what can I do?" Martin opened his arms. "Embrace me, child, as a good daughter embraces her old father." Celestine instantly threw her arms round his neck and kissed him heartily. The good man smiled and wept at the same time. The republican's daughter returned the embrace warmly, and with their arms round each other they sat side by side. "And so," said Celestine, "you are not happy, dear ?" "I do not exactly know. Sometimes ideas of glory cross my mind; then it seems as if I had the heart of a man, and I carees my little every with plasare I caress my little sword with pleasure, while my heart beats with the courage of same time. the Rieux running through my veins, and I could rush to meet death as readily as a fete ; but at other times, when I see my-self a feeble girl, alone, and in the midst self a feeble girl, alone, and in the midst of these rough men-must I confess it ?--I am afraid. Oh," continued she after a moment's silence, "it is not death that I fear; my arm is weak, certainly, but my heart is strong. What troubles me is doubt. Oftentimes I fancy I see a smile doubt. of the faces of my men : some already got too far to hear her voice. doubt. Offentimes I hancy I see a sime-times I detect in their replies the tone with which a faithful domestic humors the sick or spoilt child of the house, and I ask myself : Do they admire my energetic courage, or do they mock at my useless exploits ? Am I great or am I ridicul-

In saying the last word she glanced anxiously at Celestine, as though she could read the truth from her countenance.

read the truth from her countenance. The latter paused a moment before she spoke, and then replied in a grave voice : "and is that all you fear, Louise?" "Is it not enough. What do you mean?"

mean?" "One day our cure, whom you used to

"And I respect him yet," interrupted Louise. exclaimed.

"1 hope so. Well, one day, he said to me these words, which are engraven on my heart: 'In these times of unholy strife, a loyal servant. As the race of Rieux must be extinguished with me, it shall be extinguished nobly and on the field of battle." my child, the path of a woman ought to be a work of peace, conciliation and pity.' Had he never said anything to you of this

"Perhaps so ; yes; I think he did. But I find these instructions cruel and unjust which make out that a woman is merely a

passive being—a mere cipher." "A cipher for evil, dear Louise, but all powerful for good. Do you really think powerful for good. Do you really think ours such a hard lot then ?" "I do not know," replied the little en-thusiast, sighing deeply. "Perhaps you are right; but, at any rate, I have gone too far to turn back." "It is nearer too late to acheovledge back ?"

"It is never too late to acknowledge one's self in the wrong," urged Celes-

tine. "For you, for any one else, no ; but I am a Rieux and am alone to sustain the

glory of my race. Adieu, Celestine This kind of talk melts my heart, and need a heart of bronze. Adieu !" Louise kissed her hand and dismissed her friend with a sigh. When left alone

she fell into a reverie, and exclaimed me-chanically: "'Peace, conciliation, and pity'—that is the task of an angel, and not of a mortal creature; and yet it is that of dear Calastine". that of dear Celestine.' you will be shot."

Meanwhile, the latter returned to the large cave, looking about for Martin, who came forward to meet her with a sad "I have asked every one," he said, "and

"I nave asked every one," he said, "and no one can tell me anything." "Is there no hope then ?" murmured Celestine in almost heart-broken tones. "Ours is not the only band," said the captain. "I will go and enquire of others."

"Oh thanks! thanks!" replied Celestine.

"May God reward you." "You think, then," continued her com-panion striking his breast, "that those whom you call brigands have no heart here wherewith to love and remember ?

two services I claim one thing in return." "What is it ? Speak !" The voice of the wounded man had be-come so weak that it was difficult to hear "Doctor Chambert, the war is ended.

SEPT. 22, 1882.

There are no more Chouans left at X_____; I am the last, and in five min-utes I shall have entered another world. Embrace your son, doctor ; that will give pleasure to dear Mademoiselle Chambert nd I shall die content.

and I shall die content." The doctor hesitated an instant. "Make haste!" whispered the dying man; "if you wish me to see your recon-ciliation, make haste!" "Well! it shall not be said that I refused

the last request of the man who has saved my life," cried Chambert; and he held out arms to his son, who threw himself into them with tears.

"Thank you. Now I must say adieu "Well done !" whispered Martin in so faint a tone that he could hardly be heard. "Thank you. A we again. I struck for I shall never see you again. I struck my officer, and we also have discipline." Celestine did not at first realize his meaning, but suddenly it flashed upon Good ! Mademoiselle Celestine will be very happy now. Thank God ! I have been permitted to pay my debt to her, principal and interest." Towards seven o'clock that evening Cel-

"They are going to shoot him !" she cried, running after him. "Martin, Jean Martin, remain with me." But he had estine who sat watching auxiously for tid-ings, heard the cottage door open. In-stinctively she closed her eyes, lest she should see some sad confirmation of her The Chourans were at their last gasp

another struggle would destroy or dis-perse them. Monsieur Vander, the only officer left, prepared his men for a last worst fears. But two well-known voices pronounced her name at the same time, and she found herself in the arms of her father and fight, not concealing from them their great danger, though they were ready to

brother. Behind him stood the Abbe Gozon. great danger, though they were ready to die in the cause. Vander then entered Louise's cell. "Mademoiselle," said he, "two horses are saddled. One of my men will accompany you to Vannes, where I have taken your passage in a small vessel sailing to Ports-mouth, for we must now separate." At these words Louise roused herself. "Doctor Chambert," said he, "thank God for giving you this angel. Throughout this miserable strife she has practised the law of Christ, and he has rewarded her in

those she loves." "You, my child," said he; taking her hand, "must persevere. The work to which you gave yourself has called down At these words Louise roused herself, shaking off the despair into which the suc-cessive defeats of her friends had plunged upon those who surround you heavenly blessings. Adieu! Whatever happens in future in the midst of political struggles be always the angel of peace, "You are, then, sure to conquer," she "Alas! mademoiselle, we are sure to conciliation and pity."

"Will you not stay with us?" cried "And you wish to send me away in the hour of peril, Vander? That is not being "No,

"No, my son," replied the good old riest. "They are fighting in other parts priest. of Brittany: I am going to succor and con-sole them. When peace shall be restored sole them. I will return. He then turned towards the door, but

Vander tried in vain to overcome her Celestine, running up to him cried "And Louise—what of her ?" Tears filled the eyes of the cure. resolution. "I will do it," interrupted Louise with decision, "so say no more." The old steward bowed and left her. In

going out he met Martin. "Well, friend, why have you come "She was," replied he slowly, "the daughter of the Rieux--the knights of iron souls. She had the heart of her forefathers ; she died like them." "Dead !" exclaimed Celestine, bursting "Why? I had given my parole to re-

turn, you know." "A parole is something, Martin, but life is more. You struck me; therefore into tears. "Yes, poor child ! She died crying out. you deserve death. But it is not the time to shoot in cold blood so brave a man on the God and the king !'

THE END.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

We do not mean the work that women nay or can de, or the extent and scope of their natural powers; but we mean the work that women are actually performing. Of all the hard-working people in stay. To-morrow at break of day, if you are still here and there is time to spare, the world, women take the lead, and among them the hardest worked are the you will be shot." Having said this, Vander, overcome with forigue, rolled himself in his cloak and

wives and daughters of the toiling farmers. Some women do not work and the same is true of some men; but they are all "Can the excess of danger and defeat slapt." "Can the excess of danger and defeat slay in advance," muttered Jean Martin, "that this man's heart is turned to stone ? drones, of no value anywhere and are a real injury to the world, so we do not include them here. The great majority of women as of men are workers, and in every grade of life the women do the "that this man's heart is turned to stone I He no longer feels either hope, fear, or tenderness." Then, profiting by the permission given, he went slowly on, re-solved to share next morning the fate of most work. Of course it is a different kind and generally lighter, but to them, with their weaker and more nervous or his companions-in-arms. Celestine had returned to her cottage ;

ganizations, it is harder. Take the case of farmers on small home Celestine had returned to her cottage; the thought of the fate awaiting Martin spoiled all her joy. This joy itself was by no means complete. Her father and Pierre both lived; they had both escaped by a miracle the frightful dangers of this no for termination, but they were going

SEPT. 22.

The High BY THO

In vain all the kni woo'd her, Though brightest o was she; Brave chieftains th minstrels they But none was tho born Ladye.

Whomsoever I wed celling, "That knight mus querors be; He must place me in to dwell in— None else shall be born Ladye."

Thus spoke the pro-looking round On knights and on Who humbly and found her, And sigh'd at a dis Ladye.

At length came a kn With plumes on h the sea; His vizor was dow thrill'd through He whisper'd his gr Ladye,

"Proud maiden, I o to grace thee; In me the great see; Enthron'd in a ha place thee, And mine thou'rt Ladye!"

The maiden she smi her, Of thrones and that And proud was the convey'd her In pomp to his Ladye.

"But whither," sl "have you led Here's nought b cypress tree; Is this the bright wouldst wed n With scorn in he born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he est cratures' Then lifted his he But she sunk on th ton's features, And death was th born Ladye!

GERMANY'S RE Its Relations wit -Cardinal M

Sketch. A German chur

in Union street, His Eminence Car the sermon on the of which he said: BONDS BETWEEN have great coming here to-ni a joy to many of y To-day we see thi enlarged, and, as more fit for the Master. Many k have been helpi they will be glad night met togeth God thanks for t on which you set face is a saint and ishmen love. your martyr, but and we love his n all manner of bor tude to Germa Germans. We our blood is Ger German. We ar race together. Y life and our nat for Germany English lishmen. But we return-somethin by the bonds of c was an Englishm

"May God have pity on you, poor de-luded child !" replied the cure, "for your heart is full of pride;" saying which he

ravely retired. De Chambert, having been born on the gravely Bienx estate, was involuntarily touched by the remembrance of all the benefits which this noble race had for ages conferred upon the country, and took off his hat in the target of the state of the sta

his turn. "Citizeness," stammered he with con fusion, "I refused a home to Louise Martin, but Louise de Rieux-"

"That is enough," interrupted the haughty girl scornfully. "I do not wish to say what I think of you, for Celestine, to say what I think of you, for Cereating, your daughter, was my friend, and Pierre, your son, is a worthy soldier of the king; but if you had accepted the offer that these men have had the weakness to make you I should have refused it myself. sir! Go, continue your noble part. is not far from here to Redon—and y

are free." "Free!" repeated the doctor with amaze ment.

"Our demoiselle has said it," muttered

Captain Martin with resignation. "Let it be according to her wish," added M. Vander. The doctor bowed pro-foundly to Louise and slightly to Vander, but in passing the Abbe he again gave him

"She is a noble child," he said in a low

voice. "Dr. Chambert," replied the cure. "Dr. Chambert," replicat to you a "thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true thank God for having given to you a daughter who has all the virtues of a true the virtue of a true the virtues of a true the virtue of the virtues of a true the virtues of a true the virtue of the virtues of a true the virtues of a true the virtues of a true the virtue of the virtues of a true the virtue the virtues of a true the virtue woman, and those only.

"Before I answer so many questions," said the captain, "I must see Madem-"She is in her boudoir."

Louise alone. "Ah !" cried she in a dignified tone.

eral months before. Celestine was surprised and grieved to perceive the great change that had taken I fear they will be coming back.

"Mlle. Celestine, I thought it was only in heaven that there were angels !" Again in the distance was heard the perceive the great change that had taken place in the appearance of her friend. She was still beautiful, but instead of the once blooming checks she beheld a sickly pallor, and her sunken eyes were encircled by dark lines, while the disdainful irony of faint sound of guns. "Come! come quickly, if you can,"

cried the girl, dragging him on. Jean Martin could not resist her. As her smile but ill-concealed the deep sadhey went on he gazed at his young beneness of her expression. They regarded factress with gratitude and admiration. each other for a moment in silence : then.

Celestine hastened on, carefully support-ing him as well as she could. With much Louise began thus : "The daughter of the republican doctor remembers at last her former friend." "Indeed, she had never forgotten her," difficulty they reached her cottage, and enlied Celestine sweetly.

Jean Martin, at her request, laid himself on his own bed, now the doctor's. Celestine had often helped her father "Wonderful kindness on her part, certainly. And did you not tremble, Celes in dressing wounds. Tenderly and skil-fully she attended to the wounded man, tine, at the idea of trusting your life to who no sooner felt relieved than he began to close his eyes. Hardly was he asleep brigands such as we ?" Louise laid such stress on the last word

that it was evident she seriously considwhen the Blues arrived.

If the captain had awakened during the following hour he would have beheld a strange vision. The republicans seated themselves without ceremony and feasted themselves on the doctor's wine; and when they had satisfied themselves they went away, leaving poor Celestine over.

"You are very powerful, it would seem, Louise. Are you happy also ?

I have contracted a debt towards mademoiselle, and, so help me God, I will repay it before I die."

"A glass of cider, mademoiselle, as an

other proof of your kindness," said he, and fell back exhausted upon a seat. Celestine hastened to give it to him. Having swallowed a deep draught, he drew a long breath of relief, and said : "Now morsel of bread and bacon, mademoiselle, if it is not too much to ask."

Celestine laid the food upon the table and was surprised at the rapidity with which he devoured it. "Ah !" said he which he devoured it. "Ah !" said he when he had swallowed the last mouthful "I had not eaten anything for three days;

pray excuse me. "Is it possible ?" exclaimed Celestine. "Lock !" he said, rising up and showing his clothes all in rags and blackened with

powder. "Why, what has happened ?" inquired

Celestine. "Sad news for the friends of the king. Three days ago we were defeated, for we were but one against four. O! madem-oiselle ! there are many dead bodies lying on the marsh.

"And my father," cried the young girl

"And my father," cried the young girl in agony—"what of him ?" "I am going to tell you mademoiselle. I beg pardon for having spoken to you of our fate. I have news for you, first of your father, and then of your brother." "My poor brother !—what of him." "Listen. In the marsh I saw your poor brother lying utterly exhausted, dying of thirst. I gave him some water and lifted him on my back, and was carrying him

him on my back, and was carrying him along when the republicans came up. Holy Jesus! what a narrow escape we ad. Happily the water had refreshed Pierre, who got away from me and hid himself while I stood still to conceal his

ight "Exce'lent man!" cried Celestine, taking is hand in hers. Wait! it was only the affair of a few

minutes. The Blues had no more shot, and so I got free after a few blows. Next

day it was our turn. We left the cave at break of day, and came upon the Blues asleep. Your father was there, madem-oiselle."

"Oh! what are you going to tell me ?" "Wait! He woke up, seized his arms, and, running forward, found himself face to face with Monsieur Vander, his old

by a miracle the frightful dangers of the war of extermination, but they were going to find themselves together. Did her father know that his son was returned ? "She is in her boudder." Martin then conducted Celestine through the crowd of men to the end of the cave, where he pushed open a little door and entered a small cell where sat
Celestine returned sadly to her cottage and passed another week of terrible anxiety. One day Martin arrived all out of breath.
The terrible sature of the s as an average, and see how the account stands. The woman rises as early as the man does, she works as continously through the day until the day's work for him is done, and then she works from one to

gether in battle ? Celestine trembled at these thoughts. She could not sleep that night, and the hours passed slowly on. At length early three hours more while he is resting. She is as earnest and intense in her disin the morning, worn out by fatigue and anxiety, she closed her eyes, but her slum-ber was disturbed by frightful dreams. position to perform a great deal of labor without expense as her husband is, and she never loses sight of the common aim She saw before her in the forest of Rieux to earn and make a good home. Besides two combatants face to face, one young, her regular daily routine work she has a the other old. "Long live the republic !" cried the old

thousand little petty annoyances which never reaches the limits of her husband's man. "God and the king !" replied the

field. These she must of her husband s field. These she performs, as it often seems, without using up any time, for when night comes, she has done a good day's work and these little things are not counted, still they must be done. And when night comes, she is more which is intermediate for the theorem. vounger. The two swords were drawn and a furi-

The two swords were drawn and a furi-ous combat began. The younger man was her brother, the elder her father. "My father My brother!" she tried to cry out, but could not utter a word. In vain she tried to throw herself between them; herlimbs seemed paralyzed. While poor Celestine was oppressed by this horrible dream the battle was being combine founds. Monsieur Vander and

And when high contest, such is more subject to interruptions of rest than any other member of the family. Restlessness of children, sickness, or other trouble in the house affects her more than anybody else. All this is work, and in a life-time its story is decrepit age. And when Sun-day comes, while others rest there is little actually fought. Monsieur Vander and many others lay dead. They fought in the forest of Rieux. The father and son met, day comes, while others rest nere is nere leisure for her. She cooks, and cleans up, and washes, and dresses up the little folks and big folks, gets everything for everybody, and when Monday morning comes she is rarely rested. But not recognizing each other. The doctor. ardent and passionate, fought with frenzy; Pierre, without hope of victory, resolved

at least to die avenged. Suddenly a man threw himself between the same old round begins again; and week after week, year after year, the same them, and cried with a broken voice : faithful hands are found in the same old "Down with your arms, in God's name !" At that moment father and son knew each other instantly. Pierre fell on his time-worn channels of hard, hard work. We write this for the purpose of asking all our male readers to do anything they

knees. So at last you are where you ought can to make the lives and labor of the women as pleasant and light as possible. Our mother and wives and sisters and daughters are our best friends. They "Stop a moment, Doctor Chambert cried the man who had just put an end never desert us. Let us help them where ever and whenever we can. We have many opportunities. Let us improve them, exclaimed both fathe ----

For diarrhœa, dysentry (bloody-flux,)

cholera morbus, cramps in stomach, colic, and other painful dangerous affections, Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-"Worse than that ; and all your reme "Worse than that; and all your reme-dies, doctor, would be in vain. I am dy-ing; but listen to me, I beg you. Yester-day I saved your life." "Yes, I know it." Weed-compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed or

water pepper, anodyne, soothing and heal-ing gums and balsams, is a most potent specific. By druggists. "Pray do not interrupt me ! Besides that, doctor, I have just prevented you from killing your son, which would not have been a pleasant deed to think of even mer The wonders of modern chemistry are apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of Inks can be made from them. friend, whe would certainly have pierced | for a Blue-excuse me ! Well ! for these

hever neard the holy Mother untikeys which Pet opened to you thife. BRIEF ACCOL

you the light of th

ever heard the

Therefore we we to you by the us by the supern love. And there ing of this church you, my flock, a face. You reme in the west, at I then called, wa youth, when he the Holy Spiri Gospel to your went into Hesse land and Bava preaching the h ever he was abo and knelt at the Christ, the succ received the came back with of our Lord and history-how th his name from sent him back afterwards beca know the Sees Ratisbon, Ment that Saturday e day, having gon among the pag to the faith, and the Sacrament morrow, the pa rushed into th surrounded by them to defend were all mart there for the fa bedewed with Germany, and faith of Bonif vigorous, and the end. Well

> His Eminen force the mora Boniface and in Germany. Peter resides Papal chair, a the Church is with its bead-Where men, are faithful to ose the faith schismatics-v anity itself. as briefly as first great chur usalem, over v

makes us joyfu

PUNISHMENT OF

the combat. "Do you not know me?" "Jean Martin !" exclaimed both fa "Yes, it is I; but come nearer, for I feel that my end is at hand." "Are you wounded, then?" interrupted hambert.