The Nihilist to the Czar.

FROM THE POEMS OF OSTROGOFF, NOW UNDER

You know me not Czar Alexander; Have neither name nor estate. My father was one of the people Who moodily bent to his fate.

My mother was pious and loving— She loved you, sire, next to her God; But she perished of hunger and wipter, And we laid her with joy 'neath the sod.

She is better there, Czar Alexander— We all of us better were there. For bare as our Russland of joy is, It yet shall of joy be more bare.

My brother, great Czar Alexander— The eldest, so gentle and good— Sent away with your chain-breaking arr Lies cold in Danubian mad.

My Zadki, my second, where is he? You know where he labors and dreams Ay, dreams of vengeance and freedom Alongside Siberian streams!

The best of our Russ and, and bravest, They all of them hither are sent; Wonder not if they come back and rend; As you and you' house have rent. My love* she is fair as the morning, Her tresses are golden and bright; But often—toc often—her eyelids Are wet with the dews of the night.

the weeps as she toils and labors, And comfort her as I will, the smiles at me only thro' teardrops, And says she must suffer still.

Do you know what it is to suffer And see your love suffer and w see your love suffer and weep? e watch and guard, Czar Alexander vengeace of lovers will keep! - His country-Russia.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

So, giving a rapid account of events at Fairy Dell, and of the incidents of his journey through South Carolina, Hiawas-see encouraged them all to complete their meal in comfort, while Fanny De Beaumont and Rose were placing before him-self the the materials of a mosst substantial repast. He did a hungry man's justiantial repast. He did a hungry man's justice to their fare, making the children laugh by relating several ludicrons scenes of which he had been witness by the way; told the ladies of a visit which he had paid Mr. Bingham immediately after the return of the latter from Frederic, and thus gave them additional courage to bear the shock the reading of the letter was to cause

Two of the letters, addressed to Mr. D'Arcy by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Bing-D'Arcy by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Bingham, were read at first by him only to Louisa and Fanny De Beaumont. This was the suggestion of the prudent Hiawassee. Mr. Bingham's letter—also at the Chief's suggestion—was read before that of Mr. Hutchinson. It was a most timely precaution. Mr. Bingham's description of the sick-room, the sufferer, and his devoted nurses convolved to the second. his devoted nurses, completely overcame the poor father, so tried of late by affliction and illness. He had to pause again and again while reading it,—now horror-struck by the cruel fate that had over-taken his idolized son, and now melted into deep gratitude towards the fatherly Providence that had preserved him, and towards the generous friends so miracul-ously sent to his aid in his desperate ex-

tremity.
"Crippled and blind for life!" he exclaimed, laying down the letters. "O give me strength to bear this! Prolong my life a little longer, for the sake of my dear ones."

dict that the young life thus spared to you will be more fruitful to you in noble deeds in the highest usefulness to others, and most precious consolation to yourself and your family, than if no suffering had befallen your boy's most brilliant youth. We both—you and I—know our dear Gaston well, and must feel assured that the innocent and generous soul that thrice chastened by the flame will only be renchastened by the flame will only be ren-dered ten times more docile to the divine purpose. If suffering chastens and attem-pers the guilty to heroic aims and endur-ance, how much more will it make the sinless an instrument of power in the hand of the most wise God?

I pray, my dear Louis, that you may live many years to see how the pruned tree in your garden—the favorite young tree so covered with bounteous blossoms in the last spring-tide—will now bear golden fruit for you and yours, and pour very crown of your earthly aspirations, the man according to God's heart and your own, blessed and revered by all who know him."

forced from eyes that had but seldom wept, and sweet also the consolation they gave to the two ladies, who drank in every word, and who, as they pictured to them-selves their young kindsman on the gory stray of the ambulance, could not but shudder at the perils to which the master of Mortlake was himself exposed, as the circle of fire closed around the Confed-

Mr. Hutchinson's letter was short, and full of manly sympathy and tenderness. Both reader and listener could now bare the frightful details, and, as Mr. D'Arcy paused, from time to time, to bless the writer, and his wife and daughter, he could not help thinking that, more than once, he had been hasty in judging the neighbor and friend, found so true and devoted in the day of need.

There was a letter from Lucy to Rose, inclosed in Mr. Hutchinson's. Mr. D'Arcy gave it to his sister, begging her to see if Rose could bear to learn all the details it Mrs. De Beaumont, after

contained. Mrs. De Beaumont, after glancing at it, thought they should read it first. Scarcely had she done so, when Rose herself suddenly appeared at the door.

"May I come in, papa?" she said, pale and nervous. "I cannot help thinking you are concealing some terrible news from me. Oh, Aunt Louisa," she continued kneeling health Mrs. De Beaumont. ed, kneeling beside Mrs. De Beaumont and throwing her arms round that lady's neck, "I can bear anything better than

There is nothing that need alarm you, dear," said her aunt.

"I only wanted to save you the description of Gaston's being carried from the battle-field," added her father. You could have guessed yourself, from what Hiawassee said, how dreadfully mangled your brother was."

"Here is a letter for you from Miss Hutchinson," said her aunt. She writes to you without any thought of concealment. Had she not better read it, dear Louis." who asked of M. Ditter in the batter of the control of

ment. Had she not better read it, dear Louis, ?" she asked of Mr. D'Arcy.
"I leave that to your judgment, my dear sister," he answered. "But, Rose darling, you need have no apprehensions about Gaston's life, or his being reduced by his wounds to utter helplessness. Here by his wounds to utter helplessness. Here is Mr. Bingham's letter. Read that first, then you can read your friend

"Thank you, papa!" said the now re-assured girl, as she kissed her father, and ran to her own room to read the pregnant letters. Thither she was soon followed by her aunt, whose motherly nature yearned to give to the motherless girl all the comfort she needed under these bitter tiels. trials. She found Rose just what she in-stinctively feared to find her—plunged in

an agony of grief.

"Oh, Aunt Leuisa," the poor girl sobbed out, "to think of our darling Gaston helpless, maimed and blind—unable to see or to speak, without one of his own near Oh, I must, I will go to nurse she said, starting up. "Hiawassee him!" she said, starting up. "Hiawassee can guide me safe to Cincinnati, and, once there, I shall have no difficulty in find

once there, I shar have no difficulty in that ing my way to Washington."

"My dear, you do not think how impossible a thing you propose. But, let me ask you, have you read Miss Hutchinson's letter?" said Mrs De Beaumont.

"I have only read Mr. Bingham's; is not that enough to tell us how much my presence is needed?"
"Well, read Lucy's letter—or, rather,

"Well, read Lucy's letter—or, rather, let me read it for you, and you shall see how well cared for Gaston is. I think it is a merey that you did not see him in the beginning. Come, sit here by me, darling, and let me find you ever the brave-hearted little girl I always loved in my own sweet Rose." And with a motherly kiss to the niece she loved so well, Mrs. De Bevumont began reading the following letter. ing letter.

NEAR FREDERIC CITY, MARYLAND, " August 8th, 1863.

ROSETTE, -My own dear Sister:

"How often did you not bid me call you by that dear name in the sweet and blessed days at Fairy Dell! And have I not always loved my Rosette as the dearest and best sister that God could have given me? And could you or I should have been trying to do for dear Gaston just what your mother and you would have done had you both been with him here. Indeed, I know that both papa and mamma felt as deeply for him, and cared for him as tenderly as if it was their own Frank who had been left dying on the battle-field.

"Mamma often says: 'I wonder if dear Mrs. D'Arcy sees from heaven what I am doing here? I try to do exactly what I think she would do.' And I often said to myself: 'What would Rosette do if she was sitting here by his bedside as I am?

And I have tried all along and am still trying to do for Gaston just what I think you

uld do. "Well, dear, thank God, the dear patient is improving every day. He begins to say Yes and No distinctly enough. But the doctors does not want him to be my life a little longer, for the sake of my dear ones."

Sweet to his wounded heart as the divine balm of hope to the soul, desparing of everything, was Mr. Bingham's words of priestly sympathy.

"Though I am no prophet," the writer "Though I am no prophet," the writer said "I will nevertheless venture to present a little say. But the doctors does not want him to be in too great a hurry to use his tongue. They have removed two pieces of bone from the left side of his face; and now white cord, bearing, full in view, the jewelled miniature of a lady, surrounded with rays of light. He was stooping to lift up the mangled form of her brother. But as she came near, the shining armor removed from the right eye you can see that the eye-ball has not been injured seriously. Only it is still all red and sightless Dr. Ambrose, however, thinks he will recover the use of that eye. What a bless-

"He can move the fingers of his right hand pretty well. They think his arm must have been shattered by horsemen or artillery carriages passing over him while he was lying wounded, for the whole right side was all terribly bruised.

"Of course, darling, he won't be again the handsome Gaston of whom we used to be so proud. But he will be better than handsome. A soldier's wounds are also handsome. A soldier's wounds are glori-ous. And he received his in doing what he thought to be his duty, although you and your father, as well as papa, may think that the Confederates are all in the wrong. Yet I do not think so. Yester-day I was taking my turn watching him golden fruit for you and yours, and pour them in abundance into your lap for autumn fruition. Let me, too, live a little longer, to see Fairy Dell restored to all its splendor, and you, the happiest of fathers, enjoying, in your eldest son, the tears. I thought how Gaston would be tears. I thought how Gaston would be, when he had recovered, and was once more in Fairy Dell. I asked myself if everybody would not admire love him more than ever. And Rose, dear, Sweet were the tears which were thus forgive me-I knelt down and kissed again and again the poor maimed

left hand with its two remaining fingers.
"When he had wakened from his sleet I told him what I had heard Dr. Ambro say to my mamma and Mrs. Lancaster, that he had every hope of saving the right eye. Do you know I think I saw something like a tear stealing down on his cheek beneath the bandage? A tear

of gratitude you may be sure.

"As Mrs. Lancaster and her two daughters now take their turns in the sick-room, mamma will only allow me to be there an hour in the forenoon and early in the night. But I manage to steal in as often as I can. I believe my attendance at the as I can. I believe my attendance at the hospitals in Washington, and my watching by Gaston's sick-bed, have done me good. I know I am not half so fretful and fidgety as I used to be at Fairview.
"By the way, do you know that our Frank is doing extremely well? He has been promoted to the rank of Colonel for hyper at Gattaburgers, is never it. bravery at Gettysburg, and is now with his regiment on the Rappahannock. He wanted to come up here and see Gaston. But as his cavalry are much needed to watch the Confederates, they would not give him leave. He writes every week—sometimes oftener—and sends always the most affectionate messages to Gaston. I know that poor Frank hopes, by obtain-ing a glorious record during the war, to make himself more worthy of a dear friend of mine now in South Carolina.

Maud, and a dozen kisses to darling Mary. Pray tell Mrs. De Beaumont that I am carrying out to the letter the rules of conduct she gave me. Indeed, I often pray God to bless her for her patience with me. And tell your dear father, too, how proud I am to be useful to Gaston, and that his 'little wild gazelle,' as he used to call me, is just as tame and as quiet as a lamb! "Oh, if you were only here, Rosette. That is the only thing wanting to the present happiness of

"Your own "Lucy."

"What a change in that little girl!" exclaimed Mrs. De Beaumont, as she laid down the letter.
"Is she not a noble girl?" asked Rose,

"She will make a splendid woman, if her parents will only give her a year or two to finish her education at a good

chool," replied her aunt.
"She has always had an excellent governess," Rose said. "Besides, Aunt Louisa, I believe Lucy is so wonderfully gifted that she would educate berself anywhere. Just teach her the first principles of any-thing, and she will go faster in learning than any master or mistress could follow

"Is she fond of Gaston?" asked the aunt.
"She has always worshiped him. But I

"She has always worshiped him. But I suppose there is now no further danger," Rose ventured to say.

"More danger than ever, my dear."

"You mean on Gaston's part?"

"Not so much on his, as on Lucy's.

You are surprised! We love, naturally, those to whom we devote ourselves in their great need. If Lucy Hutchinson is

their great need. If Lucy Hutchinson is the superior woman I trink she is, her sympathy for poor crippled Gaston will soon become devoted affection."
"Oh, Aunt Louisa!" cried Rose. "Then, if what you say is true, there is all the more reason why I should not lose a mo-ment in gaing to Gaston. Surely page ment in going to Gasten. Surely papa will be well taken care of by you and Fanny, as well as by Viva and Maud. Even little Mary is now quite an expert little nurse, and papa dearly loves to have her always near him. I am so glad the child was not at home when Hiawassee came with this dreadful news."

"Well, my love," said her aunt, "it is now late. Let us pray to be enlightened from above as to what you had better do. A night's rest will also enable us all to judge more calmly on the matter. By the way, has Fanny seen to Hiawasse's com-

'Yes, dear aunt. He is in the guestroom, and I dare say papa is there with

"Then, darling," said Mrs. De Beaumont, "as little Mary won't need your care to-night, I shall claim you. And I think my dear Rose will not be sorry to nestle near Aunt Louisa, while this new grief is on us both.'

"Indeed, you know how much I prize your motherly care of us all—of me, in particular," Rose said, as she fondly clung to the strong woman, who was now in reality, the head of the family. "What should i do, if I had not you to lean upon and to love me as you do dearest aunt?

"Ah, there is one dearer still, on whom "Ah, there is one dearer still, on whom you may soon lean, my darling," she said, kissing the face, all rosy-red, that hid itself on her boson. "And, unless I am much mistaken, he is one who loves you

truly, and will ever love you nobly."

And that night, with the dream of her But, as she came near, the shining armor had vanished, and in the upturned face of the wounded man, Rose beheld the pale and death-like features of Diego de Lebrija.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PILGRIM KNIGHT COMES TO MORTLAKE. "She sent him a sharp sword, whose belt About his body there As sweet as her own arms he felt, He kissed its blade, all bare, Instead of her.

"She sent him a green banner wrought
With one white illy stem,
To bind his lance with when he fought.
He writ upon the same
And kissed her name."

On the morrow, Mr. D'Arcy, who had never quite recovered his former vigor, found himself ailing and feverish after a night of wakefulness and great mental suffering. It was in vain that he had re-signed himself and the fortunes of his family, even more fervently than was his daily wont, to the will of the Father in heaven. The image of his son reduced to the wreck which he must now be through life, haunted him, and banished sleep from his eyes. He rose, however, at his usual early hour, asked for a cup of fragrant coffee, drank it with a great sense of re-relief, and then went to perform his mor-ning devotions in the little chapel attach, ed to the Mortlake mansion. Like the house itself, the little oratory—which could seat about two hundred persons -was built on the designs made by Mr.

Francis D'Arcy.

Mrs. De Beaumont had always taken especial delight in making this chapel a gem of neatness and beauty. Fanny, whenever she and her husband were per-Fanny, mitted to spend any length of time in their beautiful home, vied with her mother-in-law in decorating this favored spet. She painted admirably, and the walls bore evidence of her taste and skill. The place was thus made a great attraction to the colored people on the plantation-their masters encouraging them to come there, morning and evening, before beginning and after ending their daily labor, to say such prayers as they preferred

Mr. D'Arcy was much touched as he stole into the chapel that morning while the servants and laborers were reciting morning prayers, to hear Joe Porter, who led the devotions, say: "Let us pray for Massa Gaston D'Arcy." And with unmis-takable fervor all responded to the suppli-cations put up for the young officer by Gaston's favorite servant and companion,

The father was almost moved to tears by the affectionate picty of these simple souls, and felt that he and his were well protected when such prayers went up for Of course, I do not encourage him. But them morning and evening. So, through-you will pity him, dearest Rose. you will pity him, dearest Rose.

"Give my fondest love to Viva and conversing at table with Hiawassee and

the family with a tone of joyous thank-fulness, that his boy was preserved to them. But with night came a sense of utter prostration; and before morning there were unmistakable symptoms of

brain-rever.
During the next six weeks Mr. D'Arcy's condition was such that Rose could have condition was such that Rose could have no thought of leaving him. Indeed, her constant presence by his bedside became to him indispensible. It was most pitiful, during his long ravings, to hear the sick man speak unceasingly to his lost Mary, as if she were still conversing with him, or with his father, or with some one or other of his children. But, occasionally, the sense of their loss would be uppermost in the disordersd brain. Once or twice he called aloud on Gaston to "come back, come back," with an accent of desolation

that almost broke poor Rose's heart.

Ah, poor Rose in very deed! To the brilliant springtide of happiness in which we first found her, how bitter and long a winter has succeeded without any intervening season of preparation! To see her sitting, pale and colorless, day after day, and often night after night, by the day, and often night after night, by the side of her sick parent, one would scarce recognize the bright and sunny girl who flitted like a sunbeam across the lawn of Fairy Dell, and brought joy with her wherever she shone, whether in her father's factories, or among her devoted school-children, or in the dwelling of the sick or the laboring poor. It was the same sweet girl, nevertheless, to whom everybody at Mortlake looked up to as to a superior being—so gentle was she, as to a superior being—so gentle was she, so helpful, so ready with words of com-fort or thrilling persuasions, so full of useful knowledge and cunning industries! The ruddy cheeks had lost their glow during these long months of watching in the sick-room, and the grief that had fallen so rudely, wave after wave, on the young heart, unacquainted with sorrow or care, had set a stamp of seriousness on the girl ish countenance, till then wreated with

Suffering and sorrow had imparted to her features an air of majesty which seemed the very consecration of her uncom mon loveliness. The natural firmness and decision of her character had been strengthened by her many trials. It seemed to her, after all she had undergone, and after having twice, within the space of few months, seen her dear father at death's door, that she could endure any-

thing.
No! there was still one whose trials and dangers-for she had been made acquainted with Diego's peril—occupied a great place in her thoughts. To no one did she ever willingly speak of her absent lover. Nordid she refuse to speak of him when her father, or her aunt, or Fanny De Beaumont mentioned his name. Then she gave up her whole soul, in its perfect innocence and perfect love, to the pleasure of conversing with them of his excellence and virtues. To her sisters to make him a topic of conversation.

Diego had expressed the hope that ircumstances might permit or compel him to travel across the continent from Sonora to South Carolina. The chances that might thus oblige him to take refuge in might thus oblige him to take refuge in the United States, and bring him at length to Mortlake, occupied her mind continually, and formed a lightsome background of hope to the dark and sad realities of her present life of anxiety and suffering. "Oh! if he would only come!" she would sometimes find herself saying andibly.

And so, as golden autumn, so incom parably beautiful among the Carolinian hills, increased daily in splendor and love-liness, Rose was gladdened by seeing her dear father once more restored to her been entering. There was in his eyes, in his words, in his innermost soul a wonderful increase of tenderness for the angelic attainments that likens him unto God. child whose figure had ever been half visible to him through all his delirious fever-

One of her father's first requests, in the early stage of his convalescence, was that she should sing to him some of his favorite melodies. And so, she would pour forth strains of divinest music, like the lark, thankful that night and its dangers are past, and that the sun is necessary to the lark, and that the sun is necessary to the lark of the manufacture, though not done save by divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I kneeled to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to have past, and that the sun is peeping over the eastern hills, pouring forth its whole soul in song, as it sores higher and higher into the morning sky.

hopefulness

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass. I could attend Masses for ever, and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth. It is, not the invocation merely, but, if I dare use the word, the evocation of the Eternal. He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the scope, and the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work to great to delay upon a work to great the great they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon, as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass, for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another; quickly they pass, because the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so it is the the heaven unto the other, so it is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass, for as they are the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud,

own intentions, with his own prayers, separate but concordant, watching what is going on, watching its progress, uniting in its consummation; not painfully and hopelessly, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end, but, like a concert of musical instruments, each different but concurring in a sweet harmony, we take our part with God's priest, supporting m, yet guided by hin children there, and old men, and simple laborers and students in seminaries, priests preparing for Mass, priests making their thanksgiving, there are innocent maidens, and there are penitent sinners but out of these many minds rises one Eucharist hymn, and the great action is the measure and the scope of it .-CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MOTIVES OF FORGIVENESS.

At first it may seem a hard saying, the command of our Lord to love those who hate us, and to pray for those who perse-cute and calumniate us. To obey this command through the fear of eternal torrements or the hope of an eternal reward is perhaps the more general way, but it is not the easiest or the best. Look in the face of your neighbor, and beneath the shades cast upon it by passion behold a fellow-creature, one, like yourself, made to the image and likeness of God. Behold within him a soul to be lost or saved, like in your own, and beholding that soul a slave to the world, the flesh, or the devil, is not that neighbor more deserving of your pity than your hatred? Notwithstanding the many sins that disfigure his soul in the sight of God—each and every soul in the sight of God—each and every one of which sins, as also your own, was present to our Lord when He endured cold in the manger, and when He sweated blood in the Garden of Olives—yet our Divine Saviour loved that soul so much that He offered Himself a voluntary sacrifice to redeem it; naked, bruised and bleeding, His limbs dislocated, His head wned with thorns, parched with a burnthirst, His sacred body given over to the most intense suffering, our Divine
Lord lays down His life to redeem the
soul of that neighbor, of that enemy
whom you fancy you cannot forgive!
Looking away from the hope of reward or the fear of punishment—looking away from the callous, or darkened, or passion-suffused face of him or her who has wronged you in your character, your property, or your affections—turning from all these to the thorr-crowned head and blood hermografication. holding every pore sweating blood for all mankind in the garden—beholding Him bound, naked, to a pillar, and cruelly scourged for our sakes-beholding hi buffeted, spat upon, insulted and blas-phemed—beholding His sacred shoulder red with the heavy weight of the cross the painful journey to Calvary—and, on the painful journey to Calvary—and, lastly, beholding Him die a shameful and ignominious death on the Cross, between two thieves—forgiving His enemies (your self and your neighbor among them) with His last breath—seeing all this, can you still find it in your heart to hate your enemy, to wish him evil, to refuse to palitate his conduct, or to return him good liste his conduct, or to return him good. liate his conduct, or to return him good for evil, in word or in act, when occasion presents? Should you, not rather, take opportunities to return good for evil?

RELIGION.

Religion exalts the nature of man; it tames his rebellious passions; it gives proper direction to his aspirations, controls his actions, and animates his hopes. Without it he would be, like a rudderless vessel amidst storms and tempests, the sport of every gale of passion and at the of his prerogatives, and the chief of those attainments that likens him unto God. He possesses nothing that he can comwith it; ancient descent, proud dreams. And with his return to consciousness and strength, Rose gained a no less wonderful accession of youthful joy and pared with dignity which religion imparts to him.

"I never performed a more reasonable, when I Kneeled to the Bisnop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my adjuration, and publicly con-fessed the Catholic faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God on hown authority."—Dr. Brownson.

THE NUN.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere has been called, and with good reason, "the Catholic poet of the nineteenth century." His "Legends of the Catholic Saints" ab und with true poetry and true piety. From the old Saxon chronicles he recasts a legend, and Saxon chronicles he recasts a legend, and gives to it a freshness without novelty. St. Cutibert being asked, when at Carlisle, what life was best for a woman, he answered that there were three, "each best," the maiden, the wife, the widow. But there was also a fourth—the nun: The nun thus lives! What maid is maid like her,
Who, free to choose, has vowed a maiden-

hood
Secure 'gainst chance or choice? What
bride like her
Whose Bridegroom is the spouse of vestal
souls?
What widow lives in such austere retreat,
Such hourly thoughts of him she ne'er can

Save through the gate of death? If those In separation lived are fair and sweet, How show they blent in one.

A REMINISCENCE OF IMARQUETTE.

A very interesting and instructive paper on "Early Illinois," by E. G. Mason, Esq., was read at the annual meeting of the Chicago Historical Society held in that city on Dec. 17. Mr. Mason related that "when Father Marquette returned from when the Lord came down in the cloud, calling on the Name of the Lord as he passed by, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore." So we, all around, each in his place, look for the great Advent, "waiting for the moving of the water," each in his place, with his own heart, with his own wants, with his own thoughts, with his own the tord on the Mississippi in the tity on the Mississippi in the tity on the Mississippi in 1678, by the way of the Illinois, he found in that region an Illinois town that region an Illinois town called Kaskaskia, composed of seventy-four cables the menture returned from his adventurous voyage on the Mississippi in 1678, by the way of the Illinois, he found in that region an Illinois town the little where the mississippi in 1678, by the way of the Illinois, he found in that reg

by the Chicago River, reached the Illinois town again, April 8, 1679. Its site has since been identified with the great meadow south of the modern village of Utica, and nearly opposite the tall cliff soon after known as Fort St. Louis of the Illinois, and in later times as Starved Rock. He instructed the chiefs and the people, established a mission there, and gave it the name of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENG-LAND.

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Some interesting details relative to the Catholic Church in this country may be gathered from the edition of the "Catholic Directory." It will be seen that during the past twelvemenths the former diocese of Beverley has been suppressed, being now divided into those of Leeds and Middlesborough. Three new pages are also devoted to a list of those saints connected with England and Wales who have been formally recognized as such by the Holy See, whether by actual canonization, or by the concession of offices in their honor, or by the insertion of their names in the approved martyrologies. The list of the members of the Sacred College Cardinal on pages 38-9 showes that eir are 6 Cardinals - archbishops, 50 Cardinals-priests, and 12 Cardinal-deacons, the latter including the name of John Henry Newman; and also that there still survive two Cardinals who received their scarlet hats from Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pope Pius IX. There are three vacancies in the college, and already nine Cardinals have died during already nine Cardinals have died during the present Pontificate. In the three king-doms and our colonial dependencies there are 14 archiepiscopal and 77 episcopal sees, besides 34 vicariates (that is, sees held by Vicars-Apostolic) and eight episcopal pre-fectures; and no less than 27 of the above fectures; and no less than 27 of the above vicariates are held at present by Bishops and Archbishops who take their respective titles de partibus infidelium. Including 11 coadjutor or auxiliary Bishops, the total number of Archbishops and Bishops now holding office within the limits of the British Empire in the four quarters of the Richard 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and there are also a few resided in 127; and 1 globe is 127; and there are also a few re-tired Bishops, of whom four reside per-manently in England. To the list of Catholic peers are added the names of Lord Bury, Lord Bray and the Earl of Ashburnham, bringing up their number to 38. The Catholic baronets are 48 in all. The The Catholic baronets are 48 in all. The Catholic priests in England and Wales are 1,929, serving 1,158 churches and public chapels; including Scotland, there are 2,211, serving 1,436; and this total does not include domestic and private chapels in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen to which the public have not asset. The in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen to which the public have not access. The directory ends with a tolerably full, but not quite complete, list of the Catholic colleges, schools and educational convents in the three kingdoms.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

God converses familiarly with man in prayer and often reveals to him many things between an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary."—Father Orvant, S. J.

What can be more pleasing than a family picture? But yet one disagreeable feature casts a shade over happiness of all! Every member of a family has, in his keeping, the happiness of all.

He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest and he defraude mankind of their just dues.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world and that so very few are offended

of character, and it would be well if the pages of our life-volume were brightened by golden utterances and beautiful deeds of charity.

The lofty snow-capped mountains whos peaks soar into the ethereal sky, seem to remind us of age, with its whitened brow-crowned crest of years over which the storms of fourscore winters have swept; what is highest, purest and whitest in this world is nearest the heavens.

There ought to be in every Catholic house a picture of the Blessed Virgin, an image of a saint, or some other symbol of Catholic faith, and such symbols will always be found where Catholic faith has taken deep root, or has been partially smothered.—Dr. Mahar. The God of the Christians is a God vio

makes the soul feel that He is its ongood; that it can only rest in Him; that
it can have no gladness but in loving Him;
and who, at the same time, makes it hate
the hindrances which keep it back and
weaken its love. The self-love and lusts
which close its navyed flight are betefat which clog its upward flight are hateful to it. God Himself makes it feel that it is clogged by this self-love, and that He only can cure it.—Pascal.

It has been truly said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor in his difficulty is hi mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instils the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that the labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

He who can choke the sweet flowers of social love and taint them with disease, or in the paradise of earthly bliss, where the plants of virtue fiourish, spread the blight of mildew of desolation, hatred, and distrust; who can crush his neighbor's fame to dust and build on its ruins; who can write infamy upon the brow of others to