

Rahy Afternoons.

The sun is hid in clouds since noon, And the rain is falling, falling; Past to the nest the wild birds fly, The young ones sleep to the mother's croon, And the voices and the branches high Are wearily calling, calling.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER IV. FOREBODINGS AFTER RECEIVING.

"Oh—well that ever we were made as wise As men are made who chase through smooth and rough Their own wrongs, nor can have enough Of bitter trouble and entangling woe."

In truth, when the assembled company sallied forth into the grounds, they might believe that the fairies who had given their name to the beautiful little valley, had been busy in effecting a magical transformation. Chinese lanterns innumerable were hung to the lofty trees, lit up the deep recesses of the woods, gave a thousand varied hues to the shrubbery and flower-beds, and made the one fountain before the Manor House seem to cast up in the night showers of gems and gold.

Even then, sudden gusts of wind stirred the gay and colorful and certain ones sounds were borne on the stillness down the deep ravines that led up to the mountains. The last firework had scarcely cast up its showers of many-colored sparks, and illuminated with its fitful flashes the overhanging darkness, when the lightning broke in a livid sheet from the storm clouds around Mount Pisgah, and the thunder rolled over the valley of the Tescia, awakening the hundred echoes of the adjacent hills.

"I do not know," replied Mr. D'Arcy, "that they have practised much of what I preached to them. Perhaps they only sought to know my opinion, because, being unfettered by party ties, I might be looked up to as one who was both impartial and unprejudiced."

"Yes, yes—such prophesying required no preternatural insight into the working of institutions, and the necessary consequences of religious fanaticism and political passion, working to the same end, though from different directions. There was and is but the one infallible remedy for the evil of slavery implanted in our midst: gradual emancipation, harmoniously agreed to by Congress and the States, the masters, and proper guarantees against ill-effects, disorder, or injury to agriculture and industry. This had been the method employed by Christianity in the Old World. It had commended itself to the Fathers of our Republic—to Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, and others."

"And intolerant fanaticism on the one hand, the lust for political ascendancy and greed of gain on the other, have combined to prevent harmonious action, and to hasten the fatal conflict," said Mr. Alexander.

"I am coming to it," said Mr. D'Arcy, smiling. "You acknowledge that just as slavery is a sin, and a deep soil receive and hold the rains of winter and spring, thereby preventing a sudden inundation of the valleys and lowlands, even so a spontaneous and gradual emancipation will prevent sudden outbursts of anti-slavery feeling, or the unbusiness and disorder begotten by anti-slavery agitation. The slavholding States 'cut down the trees' and annihilated the only natural bulwark that stood between themselves and revolution, the day they proclaimed slavery to be a permanent and necessary institution."

"I see and acknowledge the appositeness of your illustration," replied Alexander. "There will, however, be no fear of anti-slavery agitation in the confederation of States contemplated in the present movement toward secession. Permanent slavery, founded on the natural inferiority of the African race, will be made the cornerstone of the national edifice these men wish to rear. Any act tending to emancipate the subjugated race from this its natural condition, will be considered high treason, and dealt with accordingly."

"A revolution aiming at establishing as an indisputable doctrine, and a permanent fact, the enslavement of one race by another, and that in virtue of such natural inferiority, would be an outrage on our common humanity, and should be surely avenged by God, the Eternal Author of nature. A Christian nation that, after nineteen centuries of christian truth and life, would be mad enough, or wicked enough, to make slavery the cornerstone of its constitution, and thus to inaugurate a new era of wrath and a destruction as certain and as speedy as that which befell the builder of Babel. But you do not tell me seriously that such is the impious design of our Southern leaders?" asked Mr. D'Arcy.

"You will prove me a true prophet, I hope," remarked the Major.

"I did not believe it this morning. Mary," he answered, "or, rather, I tried to reason myself into believing it impossible, that a nation so blessed, so prosperous, and so rapidly increasing in population, power, and credit abroad, should be insane enough to lay suicidal hands on itself. This gets beyond me, and I thought I must needs at all doubt aside."

"Then God pity us mothers!" said Mrs. D'Arcy, as she glanced round to find her absent sisters and children.

"What, then, is your position in the coming conflict?" Mr. Alexander asked.

"Then you are not in favor of agitating this question of slavery at all?" asked Mr. Hutchinson.

"I think you will have the ladies against you," said Alexander, turning to Mrs. D'Arcy, who had entered the room a few moments before, and was following the conversation with evident concern.

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CHAPTER V.

YOUNG HEARTS AMONG THE HILLS.

"Lo, in enshrive their journey was begun, And so began short love and long decay. Sorrow that bides and joy that fleets away."

The next morning the family breakfasted early, after Mass, with Mr. Bingham, who, in view of Mr. D'Arcy's approaching departure for Spain, with his daughters-in-law and the three oldest girls, was induced to remain at Fairy Dell for another day. The two old friends clung to each other with so strong and so tender an attachment, that this meeting and this near separation had for both something unusually solemn, as if they feared—though they did not say so—that they should never meet again on earth.

"Dear Mary," she said, "Gertrude and I were not all to ourselves to-day. Won't you let our young folks go off somewhere to amuse themselves?"

"I am more than willing, dear aunt," he replied, "if you do not give me too much of a short time that you have spent at Fairy Dell."

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find myself some day converted by the charm of his dictation as well as by the logic of his reasoning." Leopold one day said to him at Leeken, "I am sorry I cannot suffer myself to be a theologian that you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a cardinal's hat. "Ah," replied the nuncio "a hundred times more grateful than the hat would be to me to make some impression on your heart." "Oh, I have no heart," exclaimed the king laughing. "Then, better still, on your Majesty's mind."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

"A church without schools," says Newman "is like a bird without wings."

Bishop Raess, of Strasburg, has just completed a work of fifteen volumes on all the conversions from Protestantism to Catholicity.

The fashionable style of hearing Mass on Sundays during the "hottest season" is, for the ladies to use a Japanese fan; and for the gents, a frequent handling of a blue-bordered silk handkerchief. The colors lend so beautifully that the observer would think he was at some fashionable gathering did he not here and there see some one on benediction reading his prayer-book or telling his beads.

Artemus Ward's portrait hangs conspicuously at the London Savage Club. "They always speak of him with singular tenderness," Joaquin Miller says, "and you see groups of men often looking up at his picture, hung with curious implements of Indian manufacture, which he brought with him from the West, and gave to the club when he died." He became a Catholic before his death.

A colored priest was ordained recently in Rome. He was formerly a slave, and having suffered every indignity, was finally purchased by an Italian lady, who gave him his freedom, and sent him to the Propaganda, from whence he now goes with the divine commission to preach the gospel. He has been sent to Abyssinia to labor among his own race.

The San Francisco Monitor objects to the new California Constitution on behalf of Catholics, claiming that it will have a demoralizing effect through the number of oaths it exacts, and that it will debar Catholics from the right of consecrating their countrymen, by declaring that the Legislature shall not authorize the opening of graveyards unless they belong to the State.

It is an ugly thing to see a Catholic enter or leave the church of God without crossing himself with the holy water; to notice a Catholic pass the church door without raising his hat to Jesus in the tabernacle; to hear him utter the name of the Saviour with erect, covered head, or to remain that way when others use it in his presence; or to observe a Catholic who, when the Angelus rings, gives no thought or prayer to the great mystery which the God of our redemption, the Incarnation, first act in the Redemption.

"I never performed a more reasonable, a more manly act, or one in more accordance with the rights and dignity of human nature, though not done save by Divine grace moving and assisting thereto, than when I knelt to the Bishop of Boston, and asked him to hear my confession, and reconcile me to the Church, or when I read my abjuration, and publicly confessed the Catholic faith; for the basis of all true nobility of soul is Christian humility, and nothing is more manly than submission to God, or more reasonable than to believe God's words on His own authority."—Dr. Bowen.

A very interesting feature of the great Bazaar, which the Ladies' Archbishop's Aid Society, of Cincinnati, is organizing for the benefit of Archbishop Purcell, will be the daily paper, to be issued during the twelve days that the Bazaar is to last. It is expected that each number of the paper will contain original articles contributed for the purpose by distinguished writers, both of this country and Europe. On the last day of the Bazaar, the manuscripts of these contributions will be put up for auction, and they will most likely be readily bid for by people of literary tastes, and especially by the many who are so fond of the noble attractions of the Bazaar.

WHAT IS FAITH.

Cardinal Newman gives the following definition or rather description of the first of the theological virtues: "Faith is not a mere conviction in reason; it is a firm assent, it is a clear certainty; and this is wrought in the mind by the grace of God, and by its alone. As, then, men may be convinced, and not act according to their conviction, so may they be convinced, and not believe according to their conviction. They may confess that the argument is against them, they have nothing to say for themselves, and that to believe is to be happy; and yet, after all, they avow they cannot believe, they do not know why, but they cannot, they acquiesce in unbelief, and they turn away from God and His Church." Their reason is convinced, and their doubts are moral ones, arising in their root from a fault of the will.

"In a word, the arguments for religion do not compel any one to believe, just as arguments for good conduct do not compel any one to obey. Obedience is the consequence of willing to obey, and faith is the consequence of willing to believe; we may see what is right, whether in matters of faith or obedience, of ourselves, but we cannot will what is right without the grace of God. Here is the difference between other exercises of religion. It requires not an act of faith to assent to the truth that two and two make four; we cannot help assenting to it; and hence there is no merit in assenting to it; but there is merit in believing that the Church is from God; for though there are abundant arguments to prove it to us, yet we can, without any assent, quarrel with the conclusion; we may comprehend our assent, we may doubt that it, if we will, and grace alone can turn a bad will into a good one."

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT THE POPE.

When Charles Lever, the novelist, resided at Brussels, the Rev. Samuel Hayman writes, his house was the Rev. Ambassador's, Sir Hamilton Seymour. Receptions at the Embassy closed for the public at 8 p.m., and none remained later, save on special invitations, which constituted them private guests. Lever always opened his house on the reception evening at 8 p.m., when all who could not remain at the envoy's poured in on him. Strangest meetings were the consequence. Doctor Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no one near him for the evening but the Papal Nuncio. Strange as still, this nuncio was no other than the present Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., better known, perhaps, as the genial Cardinal Pecci, whose relations with a Protestant were so cordial and conciliatory. He sat beside Queen Victoria one day at dinner and afterwards attended her drawing-room, presented by Lord Palmerston—the only Pope of whom such things can be told.

Some of these conversions have been recorded, from which it is clear that Cardinal Pecci added the grace of the courtier to the culture of the ecclesiastic. Leopold said: "I often forget Pecci is an Italian, and his French is so fluent that, if I were not a German, I should certainly