Rainy Afternoons. BY JOHN TALBOT.

The sun is hid in clouds since noon, And the rain is falling, falling; Fast to the nest tire wild birds fly, The young ones sleep to the mother's

eroon, And the voices sad though the branches high Are wearily calling, calling.

Like birds to the nests old mem'ries throng, When the rain makes ceaseless patter On window-pane and pointed roof— A fairy host seems marching along, I hear the tread of each tiny hoof In the raindrops' pebbly clatter.

Old mem'ries make my heart a nest
When the rain is dripping, dripping,
And once again lov'd voices ring,
Sweet lips are kissed, and dear hands
pressed,
And Rose—her grave is biossoming—
Adown the lane comes tripping,

Happy for me that I am young,

When the rain brings lonely thinking— Time has on me no shadows cast, Pity the old, whose heart are wrung With thoughts which sorrows for the past To present ones are linking. Cohoes, August, 1879.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

CHAPTER IV. FOREBODINGS AFTER REJOICING. Go-Wail that ever ye were made so wise and rough Their own undoing, nor can have enough Of bitter trouble and entangling wee."

In trath, when the assembled company sallied forth into the grounds, they might well believe that the fairies who had given their name to the beautiful little valley, had been busy in effecting a most enchanting transformation. Chinese lanterns inmg transformation. Chinese fauterns in-numerable 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. The farm-houses along both sides of the valley had, every one, their own lights, and bonfires blazed on the most conspicuous enginences, while below in the value of the constant of ley, the factory and the beautiful village, constructed for the workmen, were one blaze of light, visible only from Fairy Dell, and the Manor House, by the luminous haze which floated overhead. Presently, up went the rockets from every part of the plantation, as well as from Fairview Vill, where Mr. Hutchinson had left his people a liberal supply of fireworks. Then, with the first great feu d'artifice got up by the farmers, and directed by Jamie McDuffie, a mighty cheer went up, repeated again and again by the enthusistic throng, and recchoed from the velley far beneath. It was the

voice of genuine gratitude and love.

Even then, sudden gushes of wind stirred the sultry atmosphere, and ominous sounds were borne on the stillness down the deep ravines that led up to the mountains. The last firework had scarcely east 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 storm-clouds around Mount Pisgah, and the thunder rolled over the valley of the Tselica, awakening the hundred echoes of the adjacent hills.

The sound fell upon Francis D'Arcy's ear as prophetiz of coming evil. Should he be ever given to celebrate another birthd y in the beautiful home he had created? Would the storms of civil war ever break over this peaceful vale, and desolate the land he and his son had sown with blessings? Such questions pressed on him, as he sent round to warn his people to hasten away to their homes, and as he and his guests re-entered the brilliantly illuminated mansion.

He profited by the privilege of his age to withdraw early, leaving his family to entertain their friends, and young spirits to find vent in music, song, and dance. But Mr. D'Arcy and his son, Louis, were soon joined in the library by Mr. Alexander and his associates, who were impatient to fulfil the purpose that had brought them to Fairy Dell. Major De Beaumont and Mr. Hutchinson were also

invited to be present.

So, when the gentlemen were all seated around the library table, on which re-freshments had been placed, Mr. D'Arcy again apologized for detaining his friends so long, begging them to speak out their minds without fear of reporters or eaves-

droppers.
"I had hoped," he said, "that this terrible question had been laid to rest forever in 1820. Surely, your friend from Illinois (Douglas), estimable though I be-lieve him, rendered our common country but a sorry service in 1854, when he pro-posed to unsettle what had been settled with so much difficulty by the most enlightened statesmen of the day."

"The difficulty was sure to return periodically, however," Mr. Hutchinson replied. "It can now only be settled by the arbitrament of the sword."
"I trust and pray it may never be drawn. The calamity of civil war would

drawn. The calamity of civil war would be to the South grievious a thousand fold, and in its results utterly irreparable, if she should happen to be the agg And, with the fierce tide of passion now sweeping over the slave-holding tates, the most sober-minded and sober-minded and patriotic will be hurried into aggressive neasures, as well as the hot-headed and the politician."

You have never been an admirer of politicians," said Mr. Alexander, smiling, and yet no man outside of active politihas been more consulted than yourself by leading statesmen, North and

'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 to one who was both impartial and unimpassioned."

"You must allow us to think that your

advice, in one instance at least, did provmost acceptable to our politicians, and was highly prized by our statesmen. It was your calm wisdom that persuaded the

leaders to adopt the Compromise of 1821. You thereby helped to save the Union."
"And I have forgotten," Mr. Hutchinson added, "that in 1854, when the Kansas Nebraska Act became law you prelieted the dissolution of the Union."

"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 significance. It is the mission on which I am against you, said Alexander, turning to the same land made desolate by the mighty waters: "
"You will prove no true prophet, I bope," remarked the Major.
"God grant that I may not be!" was the old gentleman's reply.
"I think you will have the ladies bent," said the statesman, solemnly.
"Then I should advise you as I should not be the mighty waters: "
"You will prove no true prophet, I may not be!" was the old gentleman's reply.
"Then I should advise you as I should not be the mighty waters: "
"You will prove no true prophet, I may not be!" was the old gentleman's reply.
"Then I should advise you as I should not be the mighty waters: "
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"You will prove no true prophet, I was a going among your constituents to urge them to stand by the Union, and to save it at any price?"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"You will prove no true prophet, I was a going among your constituents to urge them to stand by the Union, and the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the mighty waters!"
"The province of the desolate by the for the evil of slavery implanted in our midst: gradual emancipation, harmoni-ously agreed to by Congress and the States interested, with a proper indemnity to the masters, and proper guarantees interested, with a proper indemnity to the masters, and proper guarantees against idleness, 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 Wash-inton, Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, and

"And intolerant fanaticism on the one nand, 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. Alex-

ander. "it is idle to reason upon causes just at present, my friend," said D'Arcy. "Traveling in Central France a few years ago, in that picturesque mountain region where the mighty Loire has its source, I witnessed a most fearful inundation spreading its ravages along the entire river course, from Le Puy to Nantes. All the great men and wise men of France, emperor, ministers, legislators and local magistrates, together with a large force of learned engineers, rushed about in express trains from point to point, discussing the causes of the inundation as well as the causes of the mundation as well as the proper remedy. Meanwhile the mighty waters reigned supreme and uncon-trollable. There was but one cause and one remedy. The forests in the mountainous country along the river courses, as well as in the hilly lowlands, had been ruthlessly cut down during the great French Revolution, leaving the once wooded slopes denuded, while the rains of each year washed down the earth of each year washed down the earth formerly retained by the roots of the trees. Thus the descending rain, instead of falling on deep soil into which it sank, fell on the naked rock and poured headlong down into the valley, swelling, with the rapidity of lightning, each puny stream into a full and rapid torrent, and sending the united force of these rushing waters to devastate the whole of the low-lying country. The remedy—the only complete, efficacious, and lasting—would be to plete, efficacious, and lasting—would be to cover once more the denuded slopes with shrub and tree. This can only be the joint work of the government, the people, and the slow, all-healing hand of time."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Alexander, "but I cannot see how this applies to our past social condition and our present perils."

Permit me, then, to show you how it does. Wherever slavery exists, especially in a free country and among a population influenced by a multiplicity of sects, the ost active of which hold fast to the fierce liberty-loving doctrines of Calvin and the Puritans, there is sure to be a periodical outburst of religious and popular feeling against the anti-Christian injustice of against the aut-claimstan injustee of man's holding his fellow-man as personal chattels. This periodical excitement and agitation resembles, you will confess, the annual or periodical floods that waste our frient relies to the same of the same of

fairest valleys. "And the preventive?" asked Mr. Hutchinson.

"The preventive could and can only lie in the gradual but sure abatement of the evil—by emancipation undertaken by the slaveholders themselves, regulated by wise laws enacted by their own reprerentatives: the slow and sure process of nature in curing every great disorder. This proved efficacious in all of the original States which we now call Free States. The serious and steady work of emancipation in these communities satisfied the religious onscience of men, and effectually closed he gates against agitation or excitement This same process was contemplated at the very founding of our Republic by the best and most patiotic men of the South as well as of the North."

"But I don't see," interrupted Mr. Alexander, "where the cutting down of the trees finds its exact parallel in your

"I am coming to it," said Mr. D'Arey, smiling. "You acknowledge that just as wooded slopes 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 spontan eous and gradual emancipation will pre vent sudden outbursts of anti-slavery fee ing, or the uneasiness and disorders gotten by anti-slavery agitation. The slaveholding States cut down the trees' and annihilated the only natural bulwark that stood between themselves and revolu-tion, the day they proclaimed slavery to be a per nament and necessary institution."

"I see and acknowledge the apposite ness of your illustration," replied Alex-ander. "There will, however, be no fear of anti-slavery agitation in the confedera on of States contemplated in the presen movement toward secession. Permanent slavery, founded on the natural inferiority of the African race, will be made the orner-stone of the national edifice these men wish to rear. And any act tending to emancipate the subjugated race from this its natural condition, will be considered high treason, and dealt with ac cordingly.

"A revolution aiming at establishing as an indisputable doctrine, and a permanent social 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 ion, would draw down on itself a 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.

"I assure you, in all seriousness and sadness, that they literally purpose doing

what I say," was the answer.

"Then before the structure they are planning has risen above, it foundations, you will see irremediable confusion and trife seize upon the builders," rej. Mr. D'Arcy. "Their fate is defeat. Mr. D'Arey. "Their fate is defeat. Ah, you are, indeed, going to cut down the sacred trees of God—to destory the only barrier that stands between you and the

"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.

"If I know my own thoughts and interreplied, looking tenderly at his daughterin-law's grave face, "I'm sure that every one of my daughters think as I do on the

'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 prospersible, that a nation so blessed, so prospersible, that a nation so blessed, so prospersible mansion. ous, so rapidly increasing in population, power, and credit abroad, should be insane enough to lay suicidal hands on itself. These gentlemen have brought me such proofs of that insanity, that I must cast all doubt aside.

"Then God pity us mothers!" said Mrs.

D'Arey, as she glanced round to find her absent sisters and children.

"There is no immediate danger of hos-tilities, I apprehend," said her husband.
"Should war come, which Heaven forbid, both mother and children will be true to their conscience and their countre."
"My dear Mr. D'Arcy," put in Mr.

Montgomery, "there is one way way of prehave done their best, or their worst, to set us by the ears; and that is, to make our women league together to counsel peaceful means, and, at the same time, "Ah!" answered Louis D'Arcv, "you

would have the women of America save the Union just as the women of Rome saved their native city and its liberties in the time of Coriolanus."

"Precisely," answered the other. "The

heart of man, no matter how bitterly in-flamed by political passion, can never be deaf to the voice of mother, wife, or From what I have learned," said

Louis D'Arcy again, "the Southern women, whom it would be most desirable to enlist as peace-makers, are already the ardent advocates of war. They are made to believe that a servile insurrection is contemplated; and, though few sensible women in the South can think their colored servants disposed to rise against their masters, still they are filled with a just hatred of the enemies—real or imainary-who thus threaten the existence and sanctity of their firesides.'

"If Southern women are widely possessed of such a conviction as this," said his father, "the cause of Secession has for its support a mightier force than an army of two hundred thousand men. I do not think that such anti-slavery leaders as Seward and Chase and Lincoln could be mad enough or guilty enough to counten-ance such a rising. But the act of John Brown, and the violent utterances of the extreme Abolitionists who abbetted him, we furnished the apostles of Secession with ready and most persausive argu-

"And so you do not believe that the "And so you do not believe that the majority of the people in the Free States would favor a war for the abolition of slavery?" asked Mr. Alexander.
"No! not even a majority in any one single State in New England," replied Francis D'Arcy.

"Not even a majority of the people of Massachusetts?" persisted the Georgian.
"Decidedly not," said Mr. D'Arcy. New Englanders into war. And, were war begun to-morrow, nothing but the dire necessity of saving the Union could make the people of the North consent to any measure aiming at an immediate and wholesale abolition of slavery. But in wholesale abolition of slavery. But in no one Northern State—no! not even in Boston, the capital of Massachusetts—could you find a majority that would not resist, to the utmost, any project tending to encourage a servile insurrection throughout the South. This is my firm throughout the South. This is my firm conviction, and it is based on the exper-ience of a lifetime, and a thorough know-ledge of the people of whom I speak."

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

That which I have occupied since I first cast a vote sixty years ago. I am for freedom in the Union and with the Union. I, like my father and grandfather before me, wish to see slavery restrained and abolished by such wise legislation and constitutional methods as the framers of the Union contemplated and counseled. I am for the Union as it now stands, even with the evil of slavery existing in our midst as a cancer we cannot cut out without attacking the vitals of the nation. With the Union and the methods guaranteed by the Constitution and by the practical wisdom of the American people, I could hope to see a more tolerant spirit created by the very extremity to which we have now come, and slavery slowly and surely giving way to free labor. Without the Union there can be no safe guard for slavery, as there could be no ope for true freedom.

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

No more than I should be for awakening the earthquake that would swallow up my home and family, or setting up un-scientific and unsafe lightning rods that would only help to draw down the fire from heaven on the roof that covers me," replied the old man, while a sheet of dazzling white flame seemed to fill the room, and was instantaneously followed by a crash so loud and so terrific that all present started to their feet, and Mrs. D'Arcy. with a shriek, flew into her husband's arms. The gentlemen hastened to close both windows and window-shutters, while the wild elemental uproar continued outside, as if contending armies of demons were battling over the great mountain

plateau.
"For what candidate and what party should you vote, therefore, in the coming presidential election?" inquired the Major. "I presume to put the question for my own guidance, and for that of others who may ask the same of me.

"You say, my friend," replied Mr.

my own grandson here present, to vote, if the crisis comes for the life of this nation, for the party which, in his conscience and before his Maker, he will think the party solely or most likely to stand by the Union and to save it at all hazards. And

with this declaration, gentlemen, I must bid you all a very good-night."

It was neither curiosity nor chance that had induced Mrs. D'Arcy to break in upon one of my daughters think as I do on the wickedness of provoking such a fatal strife, and that they will feel as I do toward their affiicted country."

"But you surely do not believe, dear father," said Mrs. D'Arcy, "that there is to be war in earnest between North and South?"

"But you surely do not believe, dear father," said Mrs. D'Arcy, "that there is to be war in earnest between North and South?" was the first to detect in the new-cor So, at the stranger's earnest request, Eben took him to Mr. Louis D'Arcy's room, set before him such refreshments as he could find, and sought out Mrs. D'Arcy to whis-per discreetly the tidings of this unex-

> Let us introduce the reader to this mysterious personage. Mr. Bingham had first made the acquaintance of Francis D'Arcy some forty years before, during a visit the latter was making to Italy. Bingham, at that time a very young man, was returning to America, after finishing his university education, his mind and heart filled with plans for the religious welfare of the people among whom he was destined to labor. The travelers met by accident at Cologne, and became inseparable companions during their stay in Ger many, France, Belgium, and the British Islands. Mr. D'Arcy, who was much the older, could not help admiring and encouraging in his young companion the ardent spirit of patrictism, bred by the most enlightened piety, which to open up before the young clergyman's vision such glorious prospects of labor and achieve-

The unselfish and lofty motives which animated Mr. Binghaw at the opening of his career, continued to guide and uphold him ever afterward. He more than fulfilled, in his chosen sphere of devotedness, Mr. D'Arcy's hopes and predictions: he became the teacher, the spiritu-I parent of an immense flock, the revered benefactor

an immense flock, the revered benefactor and friend of a mighty community. Just as Mr. D'Arcy's birthday was ap-proaching, his friend chanced to be on his way homeward, after a journey to Europe, undertaken in the interest of his flock. He was much concerned at the prospect of a violent rupture between North and South, and anxious to learn from the lips of one so widely renowne for political sagacity as Francis D'Are what were the solid hopes of peace sti

should not coincide with the birthday celebration. He was delayed, however, and could not cross the Blue Ridge till the night before. He therefore kept quiet at Asheville till the evening, stole into Fairy Bell among the crowd gathered to witness the illumination, and was waiting for his friend when the conference in the library radad and the state of th

amiable and endearing qualities of mind and heart that make up the true man and gentleman. Mrs. D'Arcy and Rose were especially delighted. For in Mr. Bingn they both found not only a most en htened guide in all religious matters, but a most experienced counselor in all the admirable industries they had set on foot for the moral improvement of the eople who looked so much up to them. The dancing was not kept up to a late hour by the young people. Rose and Lucy had been up before daylight, and hour by the young people. Rose and Lucy had been up before daylight, and they had exerted themselves greatly throughout the day. And as there was no young gendeman present besides Robert Hutchinson, who was not a mem-ber of her own family, Rose felt no scruple in declining to dance with many

partners. No sooner, however, did Rose feel herself free to retire, than she flew with Gaston to her father's room, to welcome Mr. Bingham and ascertain his wishes for the Yes, he must celebrate Mass be morrow. fore daylight, for he had to set out early on his journey toward the Ohio, and so she might have her little chapel ready. But there must be no unnecessary decora-tions for the altar, Mr. Bingham added. It was already very late, and young people must retire betimes to be up so

Rose understood; and, with Gaston and Hose understood; and, with Gaston and Duncan, hurried away to the little chapel, several of the servants gladiy joining them, and in less than half an hour the practical little lady had all in readiness for the morrow, old Eben promising to sit up the family and Mr. Bingham in good time. So, while Mr. D'Arrey's numerous guests were still enjoying the sweets of a slumber untroubled by the shrieks of a locomotive whisle or the the shrieks of a locomotive whistle or the unwelcome roar of a city fast awakening into its feverish life, and before the first faint streaks of dawn had appeared on the eastern skies, the beautiful little sanctuary attached to the Manor House was all ablaze with light.

Mrs. D'Arcy and her daughter, after a very short rest, had been busy decking the altar; old Mr. D'Arey and his son had sought, on awakening, good Mr. Bingham's room, and then ministered to him at the altar, partaking with him of the bread from which they drew the gre-test strength and sweetest consolation of their lives. Mrs. D'Arey presided at the organ, mixing the tones of her rich soprano voice with those of her three oldest voice with those of her three oldest daughters, her sister-in-law, her son and nephews. And thus, while the stars still lingered above the giant mountain masses around, and mist and darkness wrapt the beautiful interlying valleys, the sounds of music, that seemed scarcely less than angelic, arose above the overhanging foliage of oak and chestnut and maple, floating down the valley like heaven-sent CHAPTER V.

YOUNG HEARTS AMONG THE HILLS. "Lo, in suchwise 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 break-fasted early, after Mass, with Mr. Bing-ham, who, in view of Mr. D'Arcy's ap-proaching depature for Spain, with his daughter-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 meering and this near separation had for both something unusually solemn, as if they feared— though they did not avow it to them--that they should never meet again

on earth. The other guests rose when they pleased. and breakfasted whenever they ch table being laid till afternoon in the

As Mrs. D'Arcy and her two sisters-in

law walked out into the shrubbery with the young people, while the gentlemen went with Mr. Bingham to the library, Mrs. De Beaumont began to plan some pleasant recreation for her nieces and

mephews.

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

"Of course, Louisa, you can just order them off yourself. As you take all my cares on yourself during my absence, I want you to be sole mistress here from this moment. Duncan," she said, addressing the young Canadian, "you must not go back home without seeing all you can of our mountains."

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

spend at Fairy Dell."

"Do not be concerned about that," Mrs.
D'Arcy said, looking lovingly into the open, manly face of her handsome nephew and godson. "The boys will go with you,—they know the mountain-p-ths well, and so do our girls, for that matter.

Person your stable your Coupin Dun-Rose, you must show your Cousin Dun-can some of the most beautiful views around Fairy Dell. Get the boys to accompany you, with Hiawasse, consent to go. Rodrigo will get you up a nice collation, and take two or three servants with the horses and ponies." In less than thirty minutes the party as formed and on its way down the val-

When the merry band of young people State. When the merry band of young people started about eleven o'clock, they were joined by Mr. Montgomery, the old Cherokee, besides young Mr. Hutchinson and his sister Lucy, who had received peremptory orders to return home that day, without raising his hat to Jesus in the tabernacle; to hear him utter the name of the Saviour with erect, covered head, or emptory orders to return home that day, prevailed on her brother to make one of the "mountaineers," and he found too many attractions in the company of Rose D'Arey, not to yield easily to his sister's what were the solid hopes of peace still entertained by Southern statesmen.

He wished to come and to go unobsered, lest ungrounded suspicions of political plots and conspiracies should be based on his unexpected visit. He had traveled by forced stages in order that it should not coincide with the birthday celebration. He was delayed, however, and could not cross the Blue Ridge till the night before. He therefore kept quiet at hood; and now that she was just budding cerely disliked her brother Frank. This arrival crowned the happiness of the family, of the entire household, indeed. For all revered in Mr. Bingham the man of God, and all loved in him the

something akin to resentment, young Hutchinson's demonstrations of regard for Rose. To his sister he had never ventured to speak on the subject, for, manifestly, se did everything to discourage the attentions of her suitor. Now, however, that she was on the eve of her departure for Europe, Hutchinson was evidently bent on pressing his suit. He had made himself conspicuous in his attempts to monopolize Rose's company on the birth-day; he had even been rude to Duncan, whom Rose had chosen for her companion The excursion to the surrounding mountains offered him an opportunity for re-newing his attentions to the distressed girl, and, without a word of invitation, he had joined the party, and proffered his services to Rose as they were setting out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN ANCOPOTE ABOUT THE POPE.

When Charles Lever, the novelist, resided at Brussels, the Rev. Samuel Hayman writes, his house was near the Ambassador's, Sir Hamilton Seymour. Receptions at the Embassy closed for the public at 8 p.m., and none remained later, save on pecial invitations, which constituted them rivate guests. Lever always opened his ouse on the reception evening at 8 p.m., hen all who could not remain at the when all who could not remain at the envoy's poured in on him. Strangest meetings were the consequence. Doctor Whatley, Archbishop of Dublin, when his guest, would have no one near him for the evening but the Papal Nuncio. Strang-er 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 king 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 convers tions
have been recorded, from which it is clear

have been recorded, non-marked the grace of the courtier to the culture of the ecclesiastic.

Leopld said: "I often forget Pecci is an Italian, and his French is so fluent that, if I were not a German, I should certainly

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 Leaken, "I am sorry I cannot suffer myself to be converted by you, but you are so winning a theologian that the leaken the logic rough a garding the latter than the logic rough a cardinate of the logic rough and the logic rough as the logic rough and 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 it 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 New-" 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 Cath-

The fashionable style of hearing Mass on Sundays during the "heated terms" is, for the ladies to use a Japanese fan; and for the gents, a frequent handling of a blue-bordered silk hardkerchief. The colors blend so beautifully that the obable gathering did he not here and there see some one on bended knees 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," Joacquin Miller says, "and you see groups of men often looking up at his picture, lung with curions implements of Indian pages for the light of the light ments 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 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

The San Francisco Monitor objects to he new Califernia 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 their cemeteries, by decreeing that the Legislature shall not authorize the opening of graveyards unless they belong to the

the Saviour with erect, covered head, or to remain that way when others use it in his presence; or to observe a Catholic who,

friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, they rejoiced that Frank found no favor with their own children.

Even Gaston took little pains to conceal from his old playmate that he did not consider him a desirable companion. Their education, their deposition that deposition and this diverse is the daily paper, to be issued during the twelve days that the Bazaar is to last. It sider him a desirable companion. Their education, their disposition, and their habits were so unlike, that very few, if any, points of sympathy existed between the young men. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, who looked upon Gaston and his brother as noble boys, were very desirous that they should contract a friendship for son, who looked upon Gaston and his brother as noble boys, were very desirous that they should contract a friendship for Frank. Still, though the three boys hunted and fished together during their vacation, they did not grow up to be fast friends.

Still, though the three boys and especially by collectors of that sort of treasures. We understand that a page or two of the papers will be given to first-class advertisements, and that, before the class advertisements, and that, before the end of this month, books will be opened for subscriptions to the series of twelve numbers. The enterprise is in the of a party of energetic literary ladies, and promises to be one of the notable attrac-tions of the Bazaar.

WHAT IS FAITH.

Cardinal Newman gives the following definition or rather description of the affrst 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 it alone. As, then, men may be and by it 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 connot, they acquiese in unbelief, and they turn away Their reason from God and His Church. s 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 wanted lieve; we may see what is right, whether in matters of faith or obedience, of our-selves, but we cannot will what is right without the grace of God. Here is the difference between other exercises of reason and arguments for the truth 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 reasons to prove it to us, yet we can, without an absurdity, quarrel with the conclusion; we may complain that it is not clearer, we may suspend our assent, we may doubt the ut it, if we will, and grace alone can turn a bad will into a good one."

Mak Туре Bles Mak

Hail O Virgin re Earth S

Make 1

Mary, a
his
And fo
th
'Tis thi
h
And th

Full of d Hear

Look

Cloth

All th

And t

In th A sto

That

Plen