THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

will scarcely permit me to leave her a moment, and calls piteously for you and

forth the most touching expressions of sorrow. She was buried yesterday in the Duke's family vault, all Seville seeming

to be present at the funeral service in the Cathedral, as well as the most dis-tinguished personages from Malaga and Ronda.

"It was impossible to look on her face,

ath, and now reposes there forever. "The last word she spoke in my

"Do not fear, with your dear one

need. The extremity has now come, and

the Helper will not fail us.'

The Voice of the Poor.

BY SPERANEA; (LADY WILDE.)

9

Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow? O! God above! Will our night never change into a morrow Of or and love? A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping, Like the darkness at noontide That fell upon the pailld mother, weeping? By the Crucified.

Before us die our brother of starvation Around us are cries of famine and dis

Around us are cries of namine and dis-pair! Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salva-tion-Where-O! where? If the angels ever harken, downward bend-ing,

thg, They are weeping we are sure, At the litanies of human groans ascending From the crushed hearts of the poor.

When the human rests in love upon the

human All grief is light: But who bends one kind glance to illumine Our life-long night? The air around is ringing with their laugh-

ter-God has only made the rich to smile; But we-in our rags and want and woe-w follow after, Weeping the while.

And the laughter seems but uttered to deride

When, O! when, Will fail the frozen barriers that divide us From other men ? Will ignorance forever thus enslave us ? Will misery forever lay us low ? All are eager with their insults; but to save us None, none, we know.

We never knew a childhood's mirth and

gladness Nor the proud heart of youth free and brave O, a death-like dream of wretchedness and sadness

sadness Is life's weary journey to the grave. Day by day we lower, sink and lower, "Till the God-like soul within Falls crushed beneath the fearful demon

of poverty and sin.

So we toll on, on with fever burning In heart and brain, So we toll on, on through bitter scorning, Want, woe and pain. We dare not raise our eyes to the blue Heaven Or the toil must cease— We dare not breath the fresh alr God has given

given One hour in peace.

We must toil though the light of life is burn-O, how dim!

O, how dim! We must toil on our sick-bed feebly turning Our eyes to Him, Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly say-

With scarce moved breath, With scarce moved breath, While the paler hands uplified and the

praying, "Lord grant us death !"

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

Her eyes turned to the picture of the Assumption, and a faint flush as of a heavenly joy suffused her features. Mr. D'Arcy left the room with the Duke, after having communicated to Dr. Shore

cliffe his daughter-in-law's request. The Duke would not intrust to any one else the task of driving his friend to the villa. The fleetest horses in his stables were harnessed to a light carriage, and were soon flying across the country on their errand. Rose was in the drawing-room with the Marchioness when the carriage drove up to the door, the younger being out in the magnificent s. This unexpected arrival was in gardens. This unexpected arrival was in itself sufficient to startle the two ladies. But Rose, whose soul had been clouded all day with a sadness and foreboding she flew through the intervening rooms to base not her bedside. the hall door, and met her grandfather, as he came up the steps, with a face as white as marble, a fixed stare, and a still. She would have fallen if Mr. D'Arcy had not hastened to clasp her to his heart. "What is it, grandpapa ?" she gasped. "What is happened?" "Nothing to be frightened at the start of the sister, whose the start of the sister whose the start of th

with him in his carriage. Dona Catalina accompanie.¹ Mr. D'Arey and his grand-daughters. On the way he explained to Rose that an operation had been judged to be indispensable, and that she and her sisters were heat in increase of it her sisters were kept in ignorance of it, les som in a state of extreme nervous prostra-tion, suffering from a slight brain fever, and, perhaps happily, only half conscious of her loss. The physicians, however, entertain no apprehension of any serious sisters were kept in ignorance of it, lest their emotion might prove a new source of danger to their mother. By degrees he made the girl understand, without destroying all hope in her heart, that it was only a question of time; that, from the present day and hour, she, Rose, must act the part of second mother to her sisters, and be to her father and brothers consequences. "The younger girls had not shared "The younger gins had not shared their sitter's previous fatigue and anxiety. Nor had they been, like Rose, their mother's inseparable companion for so many years,—like you, dear Louis, al-most her second self. As it is, Rose, in her short intervals of full consciousness, will conceler neurity me to leave her a the angel her mother had ever been. Poor Rose wept bitterly, with her head on the strong shoulder that had hitherto sup-

strong shoulder that had hitherto sup-ported it in unclouded joy and happiness only. The old gentleman said nothing of 'Oh, darling grandpapa," she exclaimed, sobbing and looking up at him through the mist of her tears, "and am I not to be

"Yes, my love," he replied, "every-thing that your mother is and has always been,-the very pearl of my heart." "Oh, I will, I will ! indeed you know I

Gaston. "Our dear Mary had been looked upon as an angel from her first appearance, both in Malaga and in Seville, as well as at Ronda. In truth, the be autiful soul did seem, as the end approached, known to Heaven alone, to shed an uncarthly beauty on her features. And even I, who knew every depth in that innocent and most generous spirit, could see how much of spiritual perfection every day added to a life that she had ever studied to make God-like. will, my own darling grandpapa. And in such sad speeches, mixing con-solation with their forebodings, the party added to a life that she had ever studied to make God-like. "So, when Seville heard of the opera-tion to be performed, the most intense and heartfelt sympathy was shown by clergy and laity,—by all classes of citizens, indeed. Her sudden death has called forth the most touching expressions of

were borne back in the gloaming to the beautiful city, oh,—so beautiful in the soft twilight of that December day! While their horses sped along the banks of the broad Gaudalquivir, the Angelus bell from the Giralda broke upon the stillness, calling on men to lift their souls in adoracalling on men to lift their souls in adora-tion and praise to Heaven. And soon from every steeple in city and country the call to pray was echoed. Both car-riages stood still at the sound, and gen-tlemen and ladies alighted and knelt to worship the God of Bethlehem. Oh, with what fervor did Francis D'Arcy and his grandchildren pray in that solemn hour of their deep distress ! Onward through the lamp-lit streets

and squares the carriages swept. As they approached Mr. D'Arcy's residence the numerous passers-by saluted in respectful silence both the Duke and his friend, as if shence both the Duke and his Hend, as it they heartily sympathized with the afflic-tion that weighed on both. And, surely, they did sympathize. Mr. D'Arcy's car-riage was the first to reach the gate. rage was the first to reach the gate, which was instantly thrown open, and the party, struck by the death-like silence that reigned in the house, began to cross the *patio* in order to reach Mrs. D'Arcy's ante-room. They had not gone far, however, before Mr. D'Arcy's piercing eye caught sight of a figure leaning near an open window,—the tall figure of a young man giving way to his grief. It was poor Charles weeping for his dead

mother.

CHAPTER XIX. HIAWASSEE'S ERRAND TO MORTLAKE.

HAWASSEE'S ERRAND TO MORTLA "Howbeit all is not lost; The warm noon ends in frost, The worldly tongue of promise, Like sheep-bells, die off from us On the desert hills cloud crossed ? Yet, through the silence, shall Pierce the death angel's call, And Come uphither, recover all. Heart, wilt thou go? -Igo?

-I go! Broken hearts triumph so."

Louisa de Beaumont's journey from Fairy Dell to Mortlake had nearly cost her her life. The lateness of the season, the agitated condition of the country, and her own advanced age, made traveling both irksome and dangerous. Soon after

from his grandfather to his father, and, a

he was aware of the nature of his mother'

disease, he could not rest till he ascer-

tained what message these letters bore

with them from Seville. So, leaving

Frank Montgomery, who had come on a New Year's visit to Fairy Dell, in charge

of the estate and the factory, Gaston had hastened with the letters to his father.

said of her condition and hopes. The other, bearing the date of December the

25th, gave a detailed account of the opera-

a time to slumber sweetly under the in-

She looked round as if seeking for

the writer went

n and of its tragic termination: "After I had left her," the write

and

to her frame. During this tedious, nervous fever, the girl had also grown mother, so deadly and protacted were the swoons th t followad each other without intermission. As I write to you she is still in a state of extreme nervous prostraconsiderably, so that the ensuing summer beheld her in the full perfection of her

> and devoted friend of the dear departed. Indeed, though widely separated by their religious faith, the two families were in all else most united, each admiring in the other the high and delicate sense of honor, the unbending integrity, the pure and disinterested patriotism, and the chivalrous devotion to principle, so characteristic of the first age of our Republi

me of the most arduous diplomatic missions, besides having served for many years his native State in various public

passionate love of liberty he had admired from his youth, Mr. Ashton was a devoted lover of the Union,—in politics an "old line Whig." His two sons, Willis and Henry, were much like their father in ability and character, educated with ex-treme care, and both brought up to the profession of law: Two daughters, Susan and Marion premetizely ared twenty and Marion, respectively aged twenty and eighteen, had been educated at home and eighteen, had been educated at home by a governess, under their mother's direction, and had just added the last finish to their education, by spending a year at one of the most celebrated female

ing for some years, had been glad to escape from the angry political debates of 1858-59, to find rest in Europe, spending the summer months in Switzerland, and the autumn and winter at Pau and Vintimiglia. No sooner had Mrs. Ashton heard of the arrival at Malaga of Mrs. D'Arcy and her daughters than she conceived the project of joining them with her husband. But this would have taken her too far away from her daughters; and, besides, Mr. Ashton found his residence at Ventimiglia most salutary and most de Nor could they well dispose of lightful. the beautiful villa which they had rented at Latte, a land well named a flowing with the richest milk and most delicious honey. without speaking of the glories of mountain, sea, and sky. And, if the truth must be told, Mr. Ashton found endiess enjoyment, in exploring, by easy walks and leisurely excursions, the white villages perched high up among the rocks, the orange and lemon groves, under whose shade he imbibed health with every breath of perfumed air, and the

world of quaint mediaval art, and modern and ancient ruins, that spoke so elo-quently of so many ages of pagan and Christian civilization.

by the death of his daughter-in-law, he resolved to lose not one moment in join-ing his friend. In this he yielded to the pressing solicitations of Mrs. Ashron, whose motherly heart yearned to be near Rose D'Arcy and her sisters. As they had resolved to take their daughters with them to Spain, and thence to New

pany." "Oh, if the D'Arcy's and ourselves could only go together !" said Mrs. Ashton. "I fear I shall have to forfeit such hap-

piness as that of being one of your de-lightful party," said the Count. "I must leave Liverpool for New York within ten days. Governments do not always allow their servants to make out an itinerary that may suit their own pleasure or convenience

"Then your visit to Ronda can only I a brief one ?" Mrs. Ashton inquired. "I must be in London in six days from

"I must be in London in six days Holn now," he answered. "Consequently, my visit to my family is only a fiying visit." "Then I fear we shall only see you at New Orleans after you return from Mex-ies." M. Achter sid ico ?" Mr. Ashton said.

"I certainly intend to go there on my return, at least, that is, if the war between the Free and the Slave States does not prevent my doing so," was the answer. "Oh, there will be no war," Mr. Ashton

"On, there will be no war, "In Asmon said, a little piqued at hearing a foreigner so speak of his country. "But there is war," replied the Count. "Have you not heard this morning's

"What news?" inquired Mr. Ashton. "What news?" inquired Mr. Ashton. "Why, that on the twelfth of this month the Confederates opened fire on Fort Sumter, and that on the fourteenth Fort Sumter, and that on the fourteenth the garrison was forced to capitulate. The whole North is up in arms to sup-port the government !" Diego said. "Great God ! this is news indeed, and the worst possible news," Mr. Ashton said, with deep emotion. "Thank God, the victory is for the South !" said Miss Susan Ashton. "There could not be much of a victory

"There could not be much of a victory to boast of," replied her father, "unless the garrison had been reinforced and supported by a fleet."

'Neither the one nor the other, according to the telegrams from Queenstown,

"It must now be war in earnest," Mr. Ashton said, gloomily; "and war that can only end by the utter exhaustion of one side or the other." "The South is ready for them, papa,"

said the rebellious Susan. "Because the leaders of the South are

like you, my child,-more full of hot passion and overweening confidence than passion and overweening confidence than of sagacity, prudence, and forethought," was the father's gentle rebuke. "It is not unlikely," Diego ventured to say, "that France and England may in-teriors."

"Not in favor of the Federal Government," said Mr. Ashton; "both powers are too jealous of the United States for that.

" No, but in favor of the South, who "Can you, Count, whou betraying diplomatic secrets, say that either of these governments has held out promises or en-couragements to the new Confederacy?" asked Ashton.

" Promises-formal promises of efficient aid-I date say they have made none. Encouragements they most certainly have given. That is no secret," answered the Spaniard.

"Encouragements solicited by the Con-federates ?" again asked Mr. Ashton. "Courted by them, rather," was the

Then the Confederacy is doomed to be short-lived, even though every able-bodied man within its borders should fight for its duration," said Mr. Ashton. "But way so?" inquired the Spaniard. "France and England have interfered in

favor of the independence of Italy, and that is rather a guarantee of the stability of the new kingdom of Italy," said the Count. "The war in Italy is a revolution

which is led by one Italian

hundred frances a year. Numerous in-stances have occurred of nuns dying of starvation, and many more would die if it were not for the help they receive from their friends.—*Tablet*.

THE NUPTIAL MASS.

It is greatly to be regretted that in this country so few marriages are con-tracted with the accompaniment of a Nuptial Mass. This must be attributed to a want of practical faith and of a proper spirit of obedience to the wishes of the Church, which desires all marriages to be celebrated, as much as possible, with a Nuptial Mass. This is clear from the in-structions contained in the Roman Ritual on the Sacrament of Matrimony. It says that it is becoming that marriage should be celebrated chiefly in the church, but that if it have taken place in a private that if it have taken place in a private house, the bridgeroom and bride should come to the church to receive the nuptial come to the church to receive the nuptial blessing. It admonishes the priest, in this case, to be careful not to again have the consent renewed by the parties, but merely to impart the nuptial blessing, *Mass being celebrated*. The Father of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in the Pastoral Letter addressed by them at the close of the Council to the clergy and laity of their charge, speak in the followthe close of the Council to the clergy and laity of their charge, speak in the follow-ing urgent manner of this matter: "Bear-ing in mind the sanctity of marriage, and the time-honored usages of the Church in the administration of the Sacrament, we cannot too strongly urge upon you the the administration of the Sacrament, we cannot too strongly urge upon you the importance of contracting it before the altar of God, and with the Marriage Mass, so as to receive that especial blessing which carries with it so many graces, to enable those who enter upon this holy atta to fulfil its most important duties." enable those who enter upon this holy state to fulfil its most important duties." Nor is the Nuptial Mass of recent origin. Tertullian, who flourished in the latter part of the second, and the earlier period of the third century, speaks of it as follows: "How can we express the horizone of the magning con-

period of the third century, speaks of ht as follows: "How can we express the happiness of the marriage union con-tracted under the auspices of the 'hurch, consecrated by the oblation of the Holy Sacrifice, and sealed by the benediction which the angels have witnessed, and which the Eternal Father has ratified ?"

"Ad uxorem lib. ii., cap. ult.) The excuses which are given for not complying with the earnestly-expressed desire of the Church in reference to the Nuptial Mass, are, as a rule, of the flimsiest character, and such as a Catholic should blush to bring forward. Generally speaking, they simply amount to an in-direct acknowledgment of the absence of a truly Catholic spirit, and of a want of a ready compliance with the expressed desires of Hely Mother Church. We greatly fear that constant intercourse with such as are not of the household of faith has caused the majority of our young people to imbibe false notions, if not theoretically, at least practically, in young people to imbibe false notions, if not theoretically, at least practically, in regard to the manner of celebrating marriage. Persons about to get married should take a pride in carrying out to the letter not only the really positive commands, but also the *wrgently* expressed wishes of the Church in the matter. This should be done more reattinglarly are so should be done more particularly now-adays, when, in the eyes of those who are outside of the pale of the Church, mar-riage has lost its sacred character of a Sacrament, and is hardly considered to be as sacred and binding a contract as one that is made on occasion of a mere business and monetary transaction. Catholics should take well to heart those words of that great Father and Doctor of the Church, St. John Chrysostom: "Christians should banish from their weddings all devilish pomps and the like, and introduce the servants of God and His priests, to have Jesus Christ in person amongst them, as He was at the marriage of Cana."

(Serm. xviii.)-Baltimore Mirror.

should be so delighted to have your com-

restored the color to her cheeks and vigor "For several hours even Dr. Shorecliffe feared that the daughter would follow the

beheld her in the full perfection of her lovely maidenhood. The middle of April brought to Ronda, together with Don Ramon and Diego, the family of Frederick Ashton, of New Orleans, old and valued friends of the D'Arcys. Mrs. Ashton had been a school-mate of Mrs. D'Arcy, and had, though a steadfast Episcopalian, been the life-long and devoted friend of the dear departed. Indeed though widely separated by their

and still so highly cherished in the old families of North and South alike. Frederick Ashton had filled, with no little honor to his country and himself,

offices. His own princely fortune had placed him above the reach of the sordid motives that governed the lower classes of politicisms. And his ardent patriotism rendered him, at any moment, ready to

make the most generous sacrifices for the public good. Like Francis D'Arcy, whose junior he was by nearly twenty years, and whose passionate love of liberty he had admired

"It was impossible to look on her face, as it lay so beautiful in the calm skeep which is the symbol of the eternal rest, without feeling that the happy soul, in parting from the body, had left somewhat of its new glory on her features. I do not believe that any person could have looked, even for an instant, on that face, clorified by death without feeling cademies in Germany. Mr. Ashton, whose health h d been failglorified by death, without feeling prompted to higher aims and deeds. "On the eve of the fatal day she seemed to seek every opportunity to speak to me about you and Gaston, and little Mary. Your photograph was always near her during the few days she was confined to her room, and your miniature, which she never parted with, was on her heart in before the surgeons began their perilous work, was a message of undying love to you, and, as I have said, her last look sought you, and rested on her boy's face, because he has your blue eyes. because he has your blue eyes. "I am but a weak old man to support and comfort you in this great trial, my dear Louis. But you know your father's heart, --that it has ever been devotedly your's. All its love and tenderest sym-

clinging to me here for support, that I shall allow my grief to overcome me. We both have long learned, as we traveled the road of life together, where to find com-fort and strongth in the extremity of our the Helper will not fail us." Let us draw a veil over the manly grief of Louis D'Arcy and his son. They found their sole consolation where such as they ever seek and find it,—in their Faith. It

When, however, he had learned of the cruel loss that Mr. D'Arcy had sustained them to Spain, and thence to New Orleans, many delays occurred. So that it was not before April that they could

"What is it, grandpapa?" she gasped. "What is it, grandpapa?" she gasped. "What has happened ?" "Nothing to be frightened at, my love," he said. "Your mother has had some

fainting fits, and will not be easy in mind till she sees you and your sisters.

"Is it nothing worse, grandpapa?" the girl inquired, as she tried to read his countenance. "Tell me all—I can bear it," she continued, bursting into hysteri-

it," she continued, bursting into hyster-cal weeping. By this time Senora d'Azara, or Dona Catalina, as her family called her, had joined the group at the door, and was scarcely less moved than Rose by the story she could read too plainly in the eyes of both gentlemen. She, however, mastered herself and helped Rose into a little re-ception-room, near the entrance, where the afflicted child soon found relief. "You are needlessly alarmed, my

"You are needlessly alarmed, my child," Mr. D'Arcy hastened to say, when Rose was sufficiently composed to listen to him. "Your dear mother is not dead, to him. "Your dear mother is not dead, though she is in danger, and wishes to have you with her immediately. Her little Rose is so necessary to her at all times, but more especially when she is ailing more than is her wont."

"Oh, I know I can relieve and soothe her, grandpapa," Rose exclaimed. "Let us go at once !"

"You will not help or calm her if are yourself overcome, my dear," said her grandfather. "And then I want you to break this news to your sisters. Your mother's life may depend on your being, all three of you, calm and quiet."

"I understand, dearest grandpapa," said the brave-hearted girl, throwing her-self into his arms. "Yes, I will be calm and strong." "Yes, dear," he replied, "you must

now be your mother's angel guardian, and a model to your sisters. And now let us call them and prepare at once to return to

'Come, Rosita," said Dona Catalina. "we must go for the girls, and not alarm them

So the ladies went off, composed themselves as best they could, found the four bright, happy children disporting like butterflies among the flower-beds, and hand. the girls and me, and then, with her eyes broke to them as gently as they could the intelligence of Mrs. D'Arcy's sudden illness. Not so gently, however, but Genevieve divined that matters were more our ear. serious than they would acknowledge. The Duke urged in vain Mr. D'Arcy to partake of some substantial refreshment before setting out for Seville. The old gentleman could only be persuaded to take a little bread with a glass of milk and The Duke took his daughters back not taste

blow. He did not dare to communicate them to his sister, whose situation was still very critical, nor to his son, to whom they would only cause cruel and needless

your silence. Is Mary worse ?" "She is; there has been a most dangeranxiety. He was only waiting to see Mrs

ous operation performed." "How has she borne it ?" she inquired,

fixing her eyes on her brother's counten-

anxiety. He was only waiting to see Mrs. De Beaumont fairly out of danger, to set sail for Europe and be with his wife in her sore need. But Mrs. De Beaumont lingered on, hovering between life and death for weary week after week, till January was far advanced, and then, one Sunday morning, about the middle of the month, Mr. D'Arey was startled by his son Gaston's arrival from Fairy Dell. Gaston was the bearer of two letters ance. "Not so well as the physician hoped." "Then she is dead !" she said, with a gasp. "Oh poor Louis !" And she stretched out her arms to him, and took her now utterly unmanned brother to her sisterly embrace. Gaston was the bearer of two letters

CHAPTER XX.

into great favor at the Court of the Tuilleries, soon found himself a principal personage in the political intrigue set on foot against Mexico. On the very day when Mrs. D'Arcy breathed her last, he was on his way to Vienna, bearing letters accrediting him as the confidential envoy of both the French and Spanish courts. It would be presuming too much on the most richly-gifted souls to affirm that the young man of twenty-five did not feel somewhat intoxicated by this sudden elevation, and by the brilliant prospects which were thus opened out before his ambition. Not before his arrival in ambition. Not before his arrival in Vienna did Diego learn of the dreadful blow that had fallen on Rose.

To his father and to Mr. D'Arcy he wrote letters full of heartfelt sorrow; the the good Sisters were praying fervently the good Sisters were praying terrently and in silence. "About a quarter of an hour before sunset a fearful hemorrhage declared it-self, followed by another death-like swoon, from which our angelic sufferer messages of sincere brotherly sympathy for Rose were sent to the latter, and by him conveyed to his granddaughter. At that moment, however, Rose was in such a critical condition that she could scarcely only rallied for a moment, to see Charles kneeling before her and holding her left understand their import. And for several weeks both mind and body lay benumbed and almost prostrated by the force of her sudden bereavement. It was only by slow stages, by the most

fixed on her boy with a gaze of unutter-able tenderness, she passed away, just as the first tones of the Angelus bell struck watchful care on the part of Dr. Shore-cliffe, and the most tender nursing of that "The dear boy was watching for us at of her family, that her system recovered from the shock. Her grandfather's presence and voice were to the drooping the open window of his mother's ante-room when we arrived. Rose, who could not be kept back after we had alighted girl what sunlight and a warm, moist atmosphere are to the sickly flower. The genial influence of the Andalusian clirenal induces of the Andalusian ch-mate did the rest. Toward the end of February, Mr. D'Arcy removed with his grandchildren to Ronda, where the brac-ing mountain-air, so natural to Rose, soon

et out from Ventimiglia.

On the steamer from Marseilles to Barcelona they formed the acquaintance of Diego de Lebrija, by the merest accident, that he was then on his way Of his connection with the and learned that he to Ronda. D'Arcys they had no need of being told; their intimacy with the family had made them acquainted, from the beginning, sels

with the plan formed for Rose's future. It was, therefore, with no ordinary feel-ings of satisfaction that both Mr. and Mrs. Ashton found themselves thus thrown into the company of one whom they looked upon as destined soon to become the happy husband of their favorite. Rose happy husband of their favorite, Rose D'Arcy. Susan and Marion, besides the pleasure of having for their traveling companion the young and brilliant Spanish nobleman, felt a natural curiosity in studying the character of the man who was to be the life-companion of their friend Rose.

"Senor de Lebrija tells me," said Mr. Ashton to his wife, as they were nearing the Spanish coast, "that he is going to Mexice in a few weeks, and intends pay-ing a short visit to the United States on his way thither."

"I hope you will visit New Orleans," the lady said. "It once belonged to Spain, as you know, and you will find there more than one distinguished family who keep a warm corner in their hearts for the country of their forefathers." "It was my purpose, madam," he re-

plied, "to stay for some time in your beautiful city, and the great pleasure derived from forming the acquaintance of such as you, will only increase my desire to

"And to enjoy its hospitalities, Senor Count," she said. "Such as you are privileged to have opened to them the doors of our ald familie doors of our old families, into whose circle but few strangers find admittance." "I know what a privilege it is," he said, with a bow, "to be received into the intimacy of such families as your own and that of Mr. D'Arcy."

"And you must give me the opportun-ity of proving to you that Mr. D'Arey's New Orlean's friends can welcome you as "By the way," asked Mr. Ashton, "have you any idea of the time fixed for Mr. D'Arcy's return !"

"That, I believe, must depend on the state of Miss D'Arcy's health," replied the Count, with a little embarrassment. 44 T do not know of anything else which may

the others, and abetted by the govern ments of the two great western nations," replied the statesman. "The war which opens at Fort Sumter is a civil war be tween two sections of a free people, and woe to the section that calls in to its aid foreign bayonets or even foreign coun-

Of course you are not aware that th Confederates are most anxious for the sympathy and the support of the Eng-lish and French Governments," Diego said

"I am perfectly aware of it," was the reply. "As a Southerner, I deeply re-gret it, both as impolitic and unpatroitic." "Ah, but you are against the South," Diego ventured to say. "Now that the die is cast, and war has

begun, I, and every true Southern man with me, must be with the people of our own States in their struggle," Mr. Ashton answered.

"But that is not Mr. Francis D'Arcy's view or sentiment," said Diego. " Pardon me. I know Francis D'Arcy

well, and cannot be mistaken as to hi opinion on this matter, or as to the course which he and his will be likely to pursue. The part of North Carolina in which he lives has always been opposed to slave-holding and in favor of free labor. He has been himself a life-long advocate of free labor and gradual emancipation. Therefore, so long as his State, or a real majority of its electors, has not cast its lot with the Confederacy, he is only consistent with himself in opposing secession and maintaining the Union at every risk." "You would have me believe, then,"

Diego went on, "that were Mr. D'Arcy a planter of South Carolina or of Louisiana, that he would support the Confederacy "He would, assuredly," rejoined t

Louisianian. "I confess I do not see wherein would be consistent in so doing," said the young man.

TO BE CONTINUED

People in England imagine that the Church property in Italy has been taken possession of by the State for the benefit of the nation, for re-establishing institu-tions beneficial to the poor, but this is a which the spoils of the Church and the religious orders by delusion. Can one instance be cited which the spoils of the Church and the religious orders have been put to any such purpose I Great ignorance seems to exist in this country, even among Catho-lics, as to the real state of Rome and Italy. People are not aware that in some parts of Italy, nuns who have been dis-possessed of everything receive a pension of seven or eight centines a day to live upon. The largest amount given to any priest or "And when, may I ask, do you pro-pose to leave Europe for your journey to Mexico?" asked Mr. Ashton. "Pardon me for putting such a question; but we

THE CHURCH AND IMMIGRATION.

From an address delivered by Hon. Richard Reid, September 18, 1879, at the picnic given by the St. Thomas Benevolent Society, for the benefit of the Mt. Sterling Catholic church.]

After reviewing the history of the Irish Catholic immigrants and their labors in the progress of the Church and the development of the country, Judge Reid con clude

To deepen these grand lessons, we are pleased to note that the Catholic Church in the United States is lending her best in the United States is remarked. She powers and sturdiest energies. She hold of all her children. If her prayers and labors can avail, she suffers none to wander away from her fold. She brings ich

all the potency of her ecclesiastical wigh and all the gentle persuasions of mother-voice to the field of her goo works. She inculcates the doctrimes of peace and good will, of submission to the owers that be, of love for the home er children have found a place of refuge like "the shelter of a great rock in a weary land," and where she herself can unfold her powers for usefulness, unfettered by hostile legislation and unterrified by the edicts of German imperialism. She has curbed the restless Irish spirit, and by the stringency and viger of her moral forces and spiritual functions transformed him into a law-loving, law-keeping citizen. She has ministered to the needs of the soul and body; has visited him through her ministers, in his hovel, in prison, in the hospital, on the battle-field, on the sick bed, in all the walks of life, and striven to teach him the fear of God and the beati-tudes of a higher life, to lead him from the life that perishes to the life that is im-mortal. She has taught and is teaching him the beauty of holiness, the sancity of the marriage tic, and the wealth that springs from home life and culture. She has provided and is providing schools, seminarics and colleges, homes for orphans, asylums for the unfortunate, and munificent charities and endowments for every form of distress and want. She is every where, as far as her long and merciful arms can reach, nursing the dying back into the light of life and day, and lifting up her people from the bondage of igno-rance. May these social and religious forces continue to work out their destined end; may the Irish love America, and America cherish the Irish more and more; may the two currents-the Celt and the

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MEETING IN GRIEF. Menrico IX Galler. 'Dear friends, far off, my lost desire, So far, so near in woe and weal, O loved the most, when most I feel There is a lower and a higher; Known and unknown, human, divine; Sweet human hand and lips and eye; Dear heavenly friend that can'st noi dle, Mine, mine, forever; ever mine. Disco Do Lokaii who had hoon taken

The first, dated only two days later than Mrs. D'Arcy's letter to her husband, added but little to what the lady herself Diego De Lebrija, who had been taker on to say, "to bring back the girls from the Duke's country-house, she seemed for a time to slumber sweetly under the in-fluence of the anodynes administered to her by the Sisters of Charity. The Arch-bishop and Don Ramon would not leave the room till the physicians had pronounced her out of mumediate danger, and Charley and Dr. Shoreeliffe were by the dear patient's side—the latter with his finger on her pulse, watching anxiously for the slightest variation. The Duchess and