

The Voice of the Poor.

BY MRS. ANNA; (LADY WILDE.)

Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow?
Of God above, will our night never change into a morning
Of joy and love?
A deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,
Like the darkness at midnight,
That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping,
By the Crucified.

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. Shorecliffe his daughter-in-law's request.
The Duke would not intrude to any one else the task of driving his friend to the villa.

with him in his carriage. Dona Catalina accompanied Mr. D'Arcy and his granddaughters. On the way he explained to Rose that an operation had been judged to be indispensable, and that she and her 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 the angel her mother had ever been.

CHAPTER XIX.

HAWASSEE'S ERRAND TO MORTLAKE.

"How tall is not lost;
The warm moon sinks in frost,
The worldly tongue of promise,
Like sheep-bells, die off from us
In the desert hills of frost;
Yet, through the silence, shall
Pierce the death angel's call,
And come up higher, recover all,
Heart, with thou go?"
Broken hearts triumph so."

CHAPTER XX.

MEETING IN GRIEF.

"Dear friends, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal,
There is a lower and a higher;
Known and unknown, human, divine,
Sweet human hand and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not
Mine, mine, forever; ever mine."

"For several hours even Dr. Shorecliffe feared that the daughter would follow the mother, so deadly and protracted were the swoons that followed each other without intermission. As I write to you she is still in a state of extreme nervous prostration, suffering from a slight brain fever, and, perhaps happily, only half conscious of her loss.
The physicians, however, entertain no apprehension of any serious consequences.
The younger girls had not shared their sister's previous fatigue and anxiety. Nor had they been, like Rose, their mother's inseparable companion for so many years—like you, dear Louis, almost her second self. As it is, Rose, in her short intervals of full consciousness, will scarcely permit me to leave her a moment, and calls piteously for you and Gaston.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFEDERATE'S VISIT.

Like Francis D'Arcy, whose junior he was by nearly twenty years, Susan and Marion, besides having served for many years his native State in various public offices, his own princely fortune had placed him above the reach of the sordid motives that governed the lower classes of politicians. And his ardent patriotism rendered him, at any moment, ready to make the most generous sacrifices for the public good.

CHAPTER XXII.

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When, however, he had learned of the cruel loss that Mr. D'Arcy had sustained by the death of his daughter-in-law, he resolved to lose not one moment in joining his friend. In this he yielded to the pressing solicitations of Mrs. Ashton, 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, a natural curiosity in studying the character of the man who was to be the life-companion of their friend Rose.

restored the color to her cheeks and vigor to her frame. During this tedious, nervous fever, the girl had also grown considerably, so that the ensuing summer 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-mistress, and had, through a chance acquaintance, been the life-long 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, the practical asceticism of the first age of our Republic, and still so highly cherished in the old families of North and South alike.

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Mr. Ashton, whose health had been failing for some years, had been glad to escape from the angry political debates of 1855-59, to find rest in Europe, spending the summer months in Switzerland, and the autumn and winter at Pau and Ventimiglia. 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 by her husband. But this would have taken her too far away from her daughters; and Mrs. Ashton found his residence at Ventimiglia most salutary and most delightful. Nor could they well dispose of the beautiful villa which they had rented at Lette, 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 endless enjoyment in exploring, by 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 mediæval art, and modern and ancient ruins, that spoke so eloquently of so many ages of pagan and Christian civilization.

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should be so delighted to have your company."
"O, if the D'Arcy's and ourselves could only go together!" said Mrs. Ashton.
"I fear I shall have to forfeit such happiness as that of being one of your delightful 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 be a brief one?" Mrs. Ashton inquired.
"I must be in London in six days from now," he answered. "Consequently, my visit to your family is only a flying visit."
"Then I fear we shall only see you at New Orleans after you return from Mexico?" 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.
"O, there will be no war," Mr. Ashton said, a little piqued at hearing a foreigner speak of his country.
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stances have occurred of the Church of starvation, and many more would die if it were not for the help they receive from their friends.—Tribd.

THE NUPTIAL MASS.

It is greatly to be regretted that in this country so few marriages are contracted 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 as possible, with a Nuptial Mass. This is clear from the instructions 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 house, the bridegroom and bride should 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 following urgent manner of this matter: "Bearing in mind the sanctity of marriage, and the time-honored usage of the Church in 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 special blessing which carries with it so many graces, to enable those who enter upon this holy state to fulfill its most important duties."
Nor is the Nuptial Mass of recent origin. Tertullian, who flourished in the latter part of the third century, and the earlier part of the fourth century, speaks of it as follows: "How can we express the happiness of the marriage union contracted under the auspices of the Church, consecrated by the *Solation of the Holy Sacrament*, and sealed by the benediction which the angels have witnessed, and which the Eternal Father has ratified?" (*Advocatus lib. de corp. etc.*)
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 indirect acknowledgment of the absence of a truly Catholic spirit, and of a want of the letter not only the really positive commands, but also the *implicitly* expressed wishes of the Church in the matter. This should be done more particularly nowadays, when, in the eyes of those who are outside of the pale of the Church, marriage 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.*)

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 concludes:
"O deeper these grand lessons, we are pleased to note that the Catholic Church in the United States is lending her best powers and her best energies. She reached out her benighted hands and takes hold of all her children. If her prayers and labors can avail, she suffers none to wander away from her fold. She brings all the potency of her ecclesiastical light and all the gentle persuasions of her mother-voice to the field of her good works. She inculcates the doctrines of peace and good will, of submission to the powers that be, of love for the home where her 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 unfettered by the odious of German imperialism. She has curbed the restless Irish spirit and by the stringency and vigor 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 beatitudes of a higher life, to lead him from the life that perishes to the life that is immortal. She has taught and is teaching him the beauty of holiness, the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the wealth that springs from home life and culture. She has provided and is providing schools, seminaries and colleges, homes for orphans, asylums for the unfortunate, and munificent charities and endowments for every form of distress and want. She is everywhere, 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 ignorance. 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 Saxon—that have met and conmingled on this new hemisphere like two mighty rivers, move on together, serene, harmonious and tranquil, to higher compact and grander civilization."

TO BE CONTINUED.