St. Mary's.

FATHER RYAN.

Back to where the roses rest Round a shrine of holy hame— (Yes—they knew me when I came)— More of peace and less of fame Suit my restless heart the best.

Back to where long quiets brood, Where the calm is never stirred by the harshness of a word— But instead the signing bird Sweetens all my solitude.

With the birds and with the flowers Songs and silences unite— From the morning unto night, And somehow a clearer light Shines along the quiet hours.

God comes closer to me here— Back of ev'ry rose leaf there He is hiding—and the air Thrilis and calls to holy prayer; Earth grows far—and heaven n

Every single flower is fraught With the very sweetest dreams, Under clouds or under gleams Changeful ever-yet me seems On each leaf I read God's thoughts

Still, at times, as place of death— Not a sound to vex the car— Yet withal it is not drear— Better for the heart to hear Far from men—God's gentle breath.

Where men clash, God always clings— When the human passes by, Like a cloud from Summer's sky God so gently draweth sigh. And the brightest blessings brings. List e'en now a wild bird sings And the roses seem to hear, Every note that thrills my ear Rising to the heavens clear And my soul soars on its wings.

Up into the silent skies
Where the sunbeams veil the star—
Up—beyond the clouds afar,
Where no discord ever mar,
Where rests peace that never dies.

So I live within the calm And the birds and roses know That the days that come and go Are as peaceful as the flow Of a prayer beneath a psalm.

THE TWO BRIDES.

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

"Say, rather, that a party in Congress, the party which had elected the Executive, was solely responsible for the unholy war. The majority of the nation condemned it. And to this day the great party to which both my son and myself have ever belonged denounce the spoliation."

"At least both of you, as good Catholies, must approve of an intervention that will preserve the Church in Mexico from

being utterly despoiled and ruined by radicals and revolutionists," replied the

"I look upon the measure that you propose, and upon the unholy alliance by which you hope to carry it out, as the most fatal that could be de ised to the

other.
"Then I must explain myself," the old

"Then I must explain myself," the old gentleman rejoined.
"You come over here, eminent churchmen and eminent laymen, to invoke the armed intervention of three great European powers against the legislation and spoliation of a powerful political party. Of these three powers, two at this moment are aiding, in everything save by their army and navy, an Itanian king to despoil the Holy Father of every vestige of his temporal sovereignty, while the third, Spain, is governed by avowed third, Spain, is governed by avowed Liberals, who have themselves despoiled the Church in their own country, and who

interrupted the Marquis de Lebrija, "how the armed interference of England or Spain in favor of the Mexican Conserva-tives, and for the sole security of order tives, and for the sole security of order and good government,—in which all have an interest,—can possibly redound to the injury of religion itself."
"It would be fatal to any party, in any

free country, and under a constitutional government, to invoke foreign and, even that of peaceful and friendly mediation, instead of armed interference, to secure its own triumphs or protect what it considers the most sacred interests. Woe to the citizen of a free State who calls in the armed stranger to support his own rights or to right his wrongs! But to do so in the name of the Church—no matter how iniquitous the laws which oppress her, or how grievous the measures of repression or spoliation under which she suffers—is to connect the cause of the Church, an the hallowed name of religion itself, with a policy which all modern statesmen re-prove. It is to enlist against Churchmen and the Church the public opinion of the whole world." "But is not this what the Sovereign

Pontiff himself has done, and is still doing, in order to protect his temporalities against the aggressive policy of Piedmont, abetted by France and England?" asked

the Marquis.

"You are confounding two things which are essentially different," replied Mr. D'Arey, "and drawing a parallel that cannot bear attentive examination."

"I should like to see where the difference or divergence lies," said Senor de Aguilar.

Aguilar.

You believe with me," answered D'Arcy, "that the Pope is the common father of Catholies, and that all Catholies have a right and a duty to see that their father enjoys absolute freedom and indefather enjoys absolute freedom and inde-pendence in the discharge of his spiritual office! That office, you and I believe, embraces as its object the entire human family in their dearest temporal and eternal interests; it confessedly embraces all Catholics. All have, therefore, a deep and vital concern in the mighty fact of the Pope's being free,—that is, independ-ent and sovereign within his own home

sphere, sovereign and independent of each other, and will not brook interference from abroad." "But is not this very right to interfere in the concerns or quarrels of nations, one which the Popes themselves have always claimed? Was it not the unwise and unjust exercise of this right that led to the Greek schism, and to the disruption of western christendom in the sixteenth cen-

western enristendom in the sixteend cen-tury? Are you not arguing against your own position, in dear Francis?" asked the Marquis.
"The Roman Pontiff," D'Arey replied, "as the common parent, as the supreme shepherd, teacher, and ruler of christians, shepherd, teacher, and ruler of christians, must surely have a right to raise his voice when wrong is done by nations as well as by individuals. You cannot refuse Christ's Vicar on earth—so long as you acknowledge him to be such—the privilege and the right to rebuke wrong-doers, be they nations or their rulers, mighty princes or the least of their subjects. This is one form of intervention."

form of intervention."
"We grant the common parent the right to remonstrate and reprove," said

right to remonstrate and reprove," said the Marquis.

"Say, also, the right to punish by spiritual pen lties the open and outrage-ous infractions of the dwine law," added Mr. D'Arcy. "But all christendom, be-fore the middle of the sixteenth century, conceded, moreover, to the Vicar of Christ the right to interfer as judge adding and the right to interfere as judge, arbiter, and lord paramount, in disputes between nation and nation, between prince and prince, and between sovereigns and their subjects. This consideration, however, leads us too far from my purpose. At least you will admit that the intervention of what was once both the supreme political and the supreme spiritual power of christendom, was a natural consequence of the growth of christendom itself, and that we must make a distinction, when-ever we talk of intervention, between that peaceful principality once guaranteed to the Holy Father by the love, the gratitude, the reverence, and the wisdom of our fathers, and any other state or government. God intended to have, as His own representative here below, one Supreme Shepherd and Fether; He did not intend that any one political state or potentate should be supreme in the temmost fatal that could be de ised to the best religious interests of Mexico," said Mr. D'Arcy.
"I do not understand you," said the other. their supreme teacher and ruler perfect freedom, and, therefore, a true sovereign independence. His cause stands alone, and can be compared to that of no other prince or people."

"But we are assurred," replied Senor de Aguilar, "that we shall have the sanc-tion of the Holy See for this interven-

"That you can never have in the sense "That you can never have in the sense that such sanction would be a doctrinal act, challenging the conscientious acquiescence of Catholics everywhere. You might misinform the Holy Father or his counselors, and obtain thereby his approbation of a policy that would be unwise, when the doctrine of the limit of the limit to the limit of the limi are utterly powerless to oppose a barrier to the flood of change that they have let loose, and which is sure to sweep themselves away within the next decade."
"I cannot conceive, my dear friend,"
"I cannot conceive, my dear friend," to obtain such approval, the Pope would be the first to condemn both the men who misinformed and counseled him, and the measures for which such approval had been surreptitiously obtained.

"You entirely condemn the steps about to be taken by the Mexican Catholics to save the last remnants of their church property and their religious rights?" said Senor de Aguilar.
"I do most emphatically," s.id Mr.

"I do most emphatically," sold Mr. D'Arcy, "if such steps mean the calling in of strangers to prevent an evil which Mexican Catholics can prevent or remedy themselves by a proper public spirit, unity of action, and a courageous and persistent use of constitutional methods. I denunce as most unwise, most pernicious. nounce as most unwise, most pernicious, and most inconsistent your invoking, under any form or in any way whatever, the aid, the armed aid particularly, of such political quacks as Palmerston and Napoleon III."

"I am sorry to see you so bitterly opposed to Napoleon," said the Marquis. "He is the only protector the Holy Father has at present."

has at present."
"Aye, -he keeps a French garrison in

Rome, while allowing and encouraging Piedmont and the Revolution to advance safely and steadily toward the walls of the Vatican. He will not permit Spain or Austria or the Catholic World to defend the patrimany of the common father. The comedy will soon be over, and the flag of Piedmont will float on Castle St. Angelo. Just so in Mexico; he will profess to protect the Church and the liberties of the Confederation, and end by delivering both Mexico and the Church, bound hand and foot, over to some worse form of despotism and religious oppres-

sion."
"I trust you are no true prophet," said Senor de Aguilar, rising.
"The near future will reveal the truth

"The near future will reveal the truth or the falsity of my predictions," replied D'Arcy. "Remember that God helps those who help themselves. Spain learned to her cost, eleven hundred years ago, whatlit was to call in the stranger to right or to avenge wrongs. Let her daughter, the Mexican Confederation, not forget the lesson!"

See was a violation of that necessary independence and absolute liberty which no Catholic nation, no atholic christian, and no power having Catholic subjects, can rightfully allow to be diminished or imperiled."

"And, therefore, when the acts of one power imperil the existence of that independence—of that sovereignty—all the others are bound to interfere," said Diego.

"Just so," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Nations, on the contrary, hold themselves to be, in the temporal order and within their own sphere, sovereign and independent of each other, and will not brook interference.

in favor of one candidate or another. All were left absolutely free to follow, in the exercise of the suffrage, their own convic-tions or predilections. Mr. D'Arcy con-fined himself to warn all who looked up to him for advice against two things:-against allowing themselves to be bribed gainst allowing themselves to be bribed persuaded to vote against their conience; and against tasting any sort of alcoholic timulant on election day.

alcoholic timulant on election day.

He and Gaston went with their people to the poll,—the latter being entirely ignorant of their employer's determination. To the astonishment of everybody there the father deposited his vote for Lincoln, and the son for Bell, of Ten-nessee; their followers oting for whom they chose, but in perfect liberty and with the utmost order. Then all re-turned home as they had come, peacefully, quietly, and in a body. It was plain to every unprejudized beholder tha: Louis D'Arcy, who had abstained from influencing his own son, had also respected the political opinions of his farmers and factory hands. And yet, the very fact of his not having cast his vote for disunion, and prevailed on his people to do the same, inflamed against him the vindictive passions of the tipsy fanatics who terrorized over one portion of the community, and equally irritated many among the most extreme Republicans. Threats were factory hands. And yet, the very fact of most extreme Republicans. Threats were uttered then and there which were all too soon to have their fulfilment. Nor were the Hutchinsons more spared in these drunken denunciations.

After the election, however, the wildest

confusion and the utmost dismay pre-vailed, not only in the mountain districts contained between the parallel chains of the Alleghanies, but in the adjacent regions on either side. Menhad to choose either with those who pushed the car of secession forward with a united and everincreasing energy, or with the Union party. To be moderate, or to be neutr 1, was to draw down on one's self the bitter animosity of both extreme parties—for active parties in a civil conflict are always

was to draw animosity of both extreme parties in a civil conflict are always extreme, intolerant, and unmerciful.

Mr. Quincy Williams, though he had been dismissed by Mr. D'Arcy, did not leave the neighborhood of Fairy Dell till after the memorable 6th of November.

His intrigues, before that date, had made this intrigues, before that date, had made bination very difficult among a very difficult among a very the more difficult among a very limit of the wife of his youth should not be taken from him now, especially when the future was so big with forebodings of disaster to his fortunes, his people, and his country. He was startled from his revery, when just within a short distance of the chapel, by Lucy Hutchinson's familiar voice, by Lucy Hutchinson's familiar voice. after the election, subordination was at an end Both parties began to arm in earnest. Still, Mr. D'Arcy continued to ve employment to all who chose to work or him steadily; and Mrs. De Beaumont,

for him steadily; and Mrs. De Beaumont, with Mrs. Hutchinson, and Lucy and Mary, still continued to keep up their Sunday-schools,—the day-schools having been closed for some time,—and to visit as usual the sick and the poor, wherever their help was needed.

Lucy was growing rapidly both in height and in strength, and all the beautiful full features of her character ware hought.

their help was needed.

Lucy was growing rapidly both in height and in strength, and all the beautiful features of her character were hourly developed by her contact with the old clients of Rose and Mrs. D'Arcy. Mrs. De Beaumont, moreover, took special pains in cultivating the girl's many noble pains in cultivating the girl's many noble qualities, in directing her education, and in encouraging her to cast off the last remnants of the habits begotten by her long years of illness and suffering. Ofher brother Frank, very gratifying tidings were brought to Fairview. He had not once been known to yield to his old enemy—intemperance—since he had turned his back on his native valley; and was said to be exemplary and laborious in mastering the difficulties of his new pro

But Mrs. De Beaumont, who had been, since the departure of Mrs. D'Arcy and since the departure of Mrs. D'Arcy and Rose, the good genius of Fairy Dell, was herself called away to her own home at Mortlake before the end of November. Major—now Colonel—De Beaumont, her son, had been summoned to Washington by the Secretary of War, and offered a most important command in the North But, as he had conscientiously made up But, as he had conscientiously made up his mind not to separate his fortunes from those of South Carolina, his native State, he declined the proposed honor, and formally declared that he should stand by the South in every extremity. His wife resolved to be by her husband's side, and forsook Mortlake to reside in Charleston, and so their mother had to out the charge at Fairy. Bell and severe quit her charge at Fairy Dell and return home. She did so with a heavy heart. The beautiful home of her venerable father, around which so many sweet memories and dear associations clustered, seemed, in its solitude, like the home of

the dead.

Let us become acquainted with that other home, destined to occupy a considerable space in our narrative,—her own Mortlake. This beautiful place was Mortlake. This beautiful place was situated near one of the principal affluents of the Congaree, where the valley broadened out between high hills, sheltering the cotton crops from the early frosts that did so much mischief on the neighboring plantations. The practiced eye of Francis D'Arcy had selected the spot for the homestead of his eldest daughter, and his liberal purse had chiefly helped to stock the farm, as well as to build and embellish his son-in-law's mansion. Under his skillful direction the waters of the rapid stream had been diverted to form an stream had been diverted to form an artificial lake, and this became the center

And yet, within his own household, he ever wore the same calm, cheerful countenance, had always pleasant or kind words to say to every one of his servants was ever the same watchful and energetic master, keeping each person steadily to his own task, and rewarding the diligent and painstaking with the same wise liberality. Gaston was the delight of his heart, as was his little Mary, who now be-came her father's inseparable companion. Mr. D'Arcy knew by fexperience how

owerful a means is found in strict atten-on to certain familiar devotional exercises, to maintain among a population both peace of soul and outward tranquil-ity. His father had, from the beginning, stablished the custom of calling such of the servants and factory hands as belonged to his own faith, to meet weekly, each to his own faith, to meet weekly, each Friday afternoon, in the chapel, and there perform the old and beautiful devotion known as "The Way of the Cross." Louis D'Arey had punctually kept up this custom since his father's departure. Indeed, he found that, as the political horizon grew darker and more stormy his people seemed drawn more. stormy, his people seemed drawn more powerfully by these weekly exercises,— all the more so, as Mr. D'Arcy allowed them to cease work an hour before the time on that day, without curtailing their

It had been always Rose's privilege to decorate the chapel and its exquisite altar for these favorite devotions. During her absence Lucy, with Mrs. Hutchinson's approval, had taken this task on herself, though Mrs. De Beaumont never encouraged the devoted girl to remain during the exercises themselves. The letters from Seville announcing the probable necessity of a surgical operation had filled the soul of the good husband with the saddest forebodings, and "the shadow of the cross," as he expressed it, was deepen-ing on his path. The sudden departure of Mrs. De Beaumont had also depressed

by Lucy Hutchinson's familiar voice. "Oh, Mr. D'Arcy," she cried, as she ran towards him with the affectionate eagerness of a child meeting her own parent, "I'm afraid you will blame me for what

among the poor. I have written to Rose that you are nobly filling her place."
"Oh! no, no, no!" Lucy exclaimed.
"That can never be. I am but an ignorant shall have be.

ant child. And Rose is so wise, and seems ever so much older and cleverer than I

"You are wise, my dear," the old gentleman said, "and clever too, and I think," he continued, "that you are fast growing up to be a good, practical, brave-hearted young lady."

They had now come to the chapel door.

"May I go in again," Lucy asked him, timidly, "and stay till the devotions are over

"Your father would not approve of that, my dear," he replied; "and I don't think you would do right to earn his dis-pleasure in this. Besides, it is getting late. By the way, who has come over with you?"

with you?"
"No one but Hank, and he is just down at the gate-house with my pony"
"I must not allow you to go home alone, Lucy," he said. "Go over to the house till prayers are ended, and I shall

"Good evening, Sally," he said; "good evening to you all, dear friedds. Well, I have no worse news from Mr. D'Arcy. My father and my daughters are in excellent health. And, of course, they all send you kindest remembrances. Sally, as usual," he continued, smiling on the bent form of the old negro woman, "Sally comes in for the lion's share in Rose's remembrances. Oh, John Patter-son," said he, turning to a stalwart Irishman, who stood, hat in hand, at a respectful distance, "how is your wife and the baby? What am I to say to Miss D'Arcy

and my wife about them?"
"Bedad, then, they're doing beautifully, "Bedad, then, they're doing beautifully, thank your honor and the ladies," replied Patterson. "And sure 'tis every night we are all praying together for Mrs. D'Arcy,—God keep her long to your honor and for Miss Rose,—blessings on her sweet, purty face! and for old Mr. D'Arcy too,—the Lord preserve him to be as old as Moses! For sure he's our pride and our joy, the noble old Irish gintleman!"

man! "I am sure you don't forget the absent,

"I am sure you don't lorget the absent, dear friends," said Mr. D'Arcy. "No, nor the present either," put in Jim Rockwood, a gigantic Innberer, who was devoted to Mr. Francis D'Arcy, by was devoted to whom he had been saved from drunken-ness and debt, and placed at the head of a comfortable homestead. "We are keepcomfortable homestead. "We are ing a sharp look out for you sir," continued; "and it will go hard with every one of us before they harm you."
"Thank you, Rockwood." replied Mr. D'Arey. "I know I can rely on you all, in case of need."

in case of need."

"That you can, sir," said the other.

"I hope there is no danger either for me or for any of you. Let us all stand together and attend to our work. The logether and attend to our work. The logether and attend to our work will not some properties of the polytope of th give much time to politics, nor pry into his neighbors' affairs. So, let us all be true to ourselves, to our conscience, and to God. The rest is of little account. Good night, dear friends. Say everything that is kind to your families and neighbors from my father, my wife, Miss Rose

fully warm, without ever being sultry or oppressive, and the night cool without ever being cold. The vast corn-fields were as green as the emerald, and in the gardens and orchards the trees bore at

once both blossom and fruit.

Mr. D'Arcy, with the aid of his devoted friends, the Duke and Don Ramon, had of doing things that displease me."

"I know that Rose used to get lilies from the greenhouse for your beautiful little altar each Friday afternoon, and I thought I would do so for her to-day, almost the eve of her own birthday."

"And you have done it, dear child?" asked Mr. D'Arcy.

"Yes, indeed. And oh, I wish I could do something to comfort you for Rose's absence," said the warm-heatted girl.

"Everything you do, dear child reminds me of Rose," said Mr. D'Arcy, with made desirable. Don Diego had accompanied Senor de Aguilar to Madrid, Panis, and Vienna, where the young ount, seduced by noble and patriotic dreams, became more and more wedded to the idea of restoring the union between Spain and Mexico, or of establishing in the city of the Montezumas a Latin Empire to be the great ally of Spain, and an received where some the normal sank on his where the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's here the great ally of Spain, and an received where the sound of the city of the Montezumas a Latin Empire to be the great ally of Spain, and an received where the sound of the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor. I have written to Rose's lold clients among the poor in the rion to me friends the great and bon Ramon, had on the amost convenient and comfort would be defined a most convenient and confort to me in such a way that your sould stands undefined a most convenient and confort the ment of the city, and there Mrs. D'Arcy, with he ald bon Ramon, had to be a way that your s

> bis first pure and deep love for Rose in the intoxication of his first pure and deep love for Rose D'Arcy, to achieve something worthy of her esteem and admiration, allowed himself to be fascinated by the half-mystery with which Napoleon veiled his designs on America, as well as by the enthusiastic confidences of his immulsee Spanish Fundamental Confidence of the saw that confidence of this immulsee Spanish Fundamental Rose Properties of the saw that the protective way in the morning, the death-bell day, early in the morning, the day, early on America, as well as by the enthusiastic confidences of his impulsive Spanish Em-press. And so, two of the most powerful forces that move the soul of man to heroic enterprise, love, and patriotism, bound Diego fast in the meshes of the shellow Diego fast in the meshes of the shallow French ruler, and of the no less shallow intriguer, Senor de Aguilar. As to the mightiest force of all, religion, Diego, without feeling its influence over his heart, wished, nevertheless, to have the appearance of acting under it, the better to please his lady-love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

at Catholics. All have, therefore, a deep and vital concern in the mighty fact of the Pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the Pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the Pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the Pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the Pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the plane and escape-flowered magnetic of the pope's being free—that is, independent of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the plane and escape and without the part is and explaint throw in that is an event of a lordly park, covered with the oak, the plane and escape and with the case, and the large-flowered magnetic of the friend and father than of the instrument, looked in silence for the father. It was the instrument, looked in silence for the father than of the instrument looked in silence for the father. It was the carry day after the death of the following with the oak, the plane and even of some kindling and even of some

A STRANGE STORY.

HOW VENERATION OF THE BLESSED

One Saturday night, before the hour of midnight, a priest in a certain city was requested to convey the Holy Viati-cim to a Frenchman at the earliest possible moment. The person, who gave a close description of the street and house to which the priest was to go, was an old woman, who then went on before, as if to act as guide. The priest followed her till she suddenly vanished from his sight. He then became aware that he was standing directly in front of the house indicated by the old ways of the suddenly was a standing directly in front of the house indicated by the old woman. He rang the bell; nobody the old woman. He rang the ben; nessed, opened the door. After ringing a log g time in vain, an old gentleman from the upper story put out his head and asked: "Who is it that wants to come in at this late hour?"

The priest answered: "I am come to a

The priest answered: "I am come to a person dangerously ill, to whom I have been summoned to administer the consolations of religion."

"There is no one ill at all in the whole house," replied the old gendeman. "But it storms fearfully, and the rain is pouring down in torrents; if on this account you wish to step up to my room, and wait for better weather, you are most heartily welcome; the more so, that I am suffering from sleeplessness." from sleeplessness.

from sleeplessness."

The priest, completely wet through from the cold shower of rain, w s glad enough to find a sheltering place. At his entrance his eye fell on a large image of our Lady, before which a little lamp was

little to do with images; but, for the love of my departed mother, who (being a pious Catholic soul) held this particular image in high veneration, I have kept it by me, and every Saturday do as she used to do, light a little lamp before it." During this conversation they had passed

bors from my father, my wife, Miss Rose and the girls."

And with a chorus of "Good night, sir; thank you, sir; God bless them and you, sir!" Mr. D'Arcy and Gaston hastened to the Manor House.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"To find maught real except ourselves, and find All care for all things scattered to the wind, Scarce in our hearts the very pain alive. Compelled to breathe, compelled to strive, Comelled to fear, yet not allowed to nope."

Winter had come in Andalusia, for the snow glittered on every summit of the distant Sierras to the north and to the south. But the beautiful city itself, and the fertile lowlands that stretched far away around it, know nothing of what even our Southern States call Winter. The day, in mid-December, was delightfully warm, without ever being cold. The vast corn-fields in the south and manhood, without apparently seeking to contain the fertile lowlands that stretched far away around it, know nothing of what even our Southern States call Winter. The day, in mid-December, was delightfully warm, without ever being cold. The vast corn-fields through into an inner apartment. In this

ing the prevarications of youth and manhood, without apparently seeking to con-ceal or excuse his faults.

"You are so averse to confession." observed the clergyman, after awhile, vet you have laid open your interior to me

the city of the Montezumas a Latin Empire to be the great ally of Spain, and an effective barrier against the further spread southward of the great Anglo-Saxon Republic.

The now contine man sank on ms knees, made his confession, and received with holy fervor the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. And what a happy event did this not prove for him! On the next Diego, anxious, in the intoxication of day, early in the morning, the death-bell mother of the old man; this the priest could confidently assert; for he saw that the portrait was just like the person who had summoned him to the sick man. In this manner was it that a pious votary of Mary obtained the grace of conversion for her custom of honoring the Blessed Virgin and her image every Saturday. — Ave Maria.

THE LAST REQUIEM.

There is something strikingly bountiful and touching in the circumstances of Mozart's death. His sweetest song was the last he sung, "Requiem." He had been employed upon this exquisite piece WOMEN EYEING WOMEN.

The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive menifestations of superciliousness now to be met with a society. Few observant persons can have women by women is one of the house till prayers are ended, and I shall then accompany you myself."

"Oh, do let me stay for prayers," she pleaded. "It will do my heart good."

"No, my dear child," Mr. D'Arcy said firmly. "That would be giving your parents a just ground for saying that we are tampering with your belief."

"Well," she replied, "I can't believe as thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done every people are watching you. So, go to the house and get a cup of tea, and I shall be with you presently."

Lucy did not persist in her intention to be present at the beautiful devotions. Mr. D'Arcy read them with a fervor that warmed every heart in the audience. He had then his own agony to endure and his may cross to carry. Not one of those present but knew it and symp thized deeply with one who was to their much marker or employer. And they, too, had their heavy the art than of the master or employer. And they, too, had they thought and then in such geodesing, and even of some kindli
"South the most offensive menifectations of superciliousness row to be met with in such clean of the most offensive menifectations of superciliousness row to be met with in the time in society and above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she hereself is in. It is done every where—at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions in life. The servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that warmed every heart in the audience. He had then his own a

Call Me

He who died this to comfor This to comfor Faithful friends! He and white and And ye say, "Abdul Weeping at the feet I can see your failin I can hear your sigh Yet I smi e, and whi "I am not the thins Cease your tears, as It was mine, it is no

Sweet friends! what For its last bed of it Is a hat which I am Is a garment not me Is a cage, from whie Like a hawk, my so Love the inmate, no The wearer, not the Or the falcon not th Which kept him fro Loving friends! Be raightway every that ye lift upon the not worth a wistf is an empty sea-si

Is not worth a wistr 'Tis an empty sea-st Out of which the per The shell is broken-The pearl, the all, it 'Tis an earthen jar v Allah sealed, the wi That treasure of his A mind that loved I Let the shard be ear Since the go.d shine Allah glorious! Alla Now the world is us Now the long word Yet ye weep, my er Wnile the man who In unspoken bliss. n unspoken bliss lives and loves you by such light as s But in the light y of unfulfil ed fell

Farewell friends! Ye Where I am, ye too I am gone before yo A moment's time, a When ye come who When ye come whe Ye will wonder why Ye will know, by w That here is al, and Weep awhile, if ye Sunsaine still must Life, which is of all

Be ye certain all sec Viewed from Allah Viewed from Aliah Be ye stout of heart Bravely onword to La Allah illa Allah Thou Love divine! He that died at Azar This to those who me

CURIOSITIES O A distinguished lished Church, Bis

is reported to hav

and of thinking w nearly a century was given to the course of events correctness. The ism in religion h lengths. Thus in ment we have the tical organisation to say how many received with authority, if we merely the priv dividval teacher, fancy, taste, or pr hearer. Quot hon doctrinal rule of and hence it is th represents more f ody the principl he "Reformers" of the essence of philosophically co gious movement was not merely th authority in relig of all authority; character of tru theology as a scie of it, as the phras witeness, to me opinions." For rather for both go ed Church in this loyal to the Prote religious commun from Luther's re century one of its ministers affirmed shall speak a greathe Church of Protestantism co The Church of Protestant now t spoke these w. Judge," has brou Gradually the doctrine which it

dogmatic princip ment in almost a vision for its ex within the nati organ and a prop some time ago en the Anglican cl even by the limit be allowable to existence of a (answer the arg adduced to supp we must avow ever good and I made out for a d Church who taug opinion, which is ecclesiastical tril Nickleby, that the where, and would ever that may be present moment the Church of variety of religio Rousseau, to a d been taken bodil Catechism. At Professor Jowett

was unable to a

away from it, and

as the great

catalogue the shamediate theorists As half fledged in Unfinished thing call, Their generation's Looking at A however, it is co weighty of its n whose position, ar cultivation deter

and tone-the rather to its r