

## THE FALLING LEAVES.

Tell me, papa, why those leaves are all falling  
Which a few days ago looked so pretty and green,  
No birds on the branches on each other calling—  
Have they left us for ever, no more to be seen?  
No, no, my dear child, for the spring time returning,  
The trees will bud forth and be verdant again;  
Nature will call to the birds on the mountain and plain.  
And glad then the "wells on mountain and plain."  
And those sweet little warblers, chirping and singing,  
Shall perch on those branches as they oft did before,  
Forgetting fatigue whilst over seas they were winging  
Their way here again to their loved native shore.  
Shall mother come also, you know what she told me,  
The day she departed, as she said, for a while—  
Whilst again and again to her bosom did fold me,  
And bade me adieu with a sweet loving smile.  
She said very soon we would all be united,  
And told those to care me till that time would come;  
And the bright lamp of hope then in my heart ignited,  
Shall never be extinguished till mother comes home.  
Yes, dearest daughter, your mother shall meet us,  
Not here below in this bleak world of woes,  
But in Heaven above, where she will greet us,  
And welcome us home to eternal repose.  
There where no death shall ever divide us,  
And where the waters of life ever shall flow,  
With all those we love ever beside us,  
In that heavenly home where we all hope to go.  
M. BENNETT, St. Antoine street.  
September 29th, 1886.

JEFF DAVIS' DAUGHTER  
ONORED BY CONFEDERATE VETERANS—GOV.  
FITZTHUM'S SPEECH.

RICHMOND, Sept. 27.—This evening Miss  
Winnie Davis, the youngest daughter of  
Jefferson Davis, was honored by a reception at  
the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near this  
city. Nearly 1,000 visitors were present.  
A salute was fired when she entered the  
grounds. Miss Davis is a brunette, finely  
formed, and has winsome manners. She is 22  
years of age, and is a brilliant young woman.  
She has recently completed an article for the  
North American Review, which has been  
accepted. The article treats of the Irish  
questions. It is said that she pleads  
eloquently for Ireland's constitutional free-  
dom. The veterans formed in line and shook  
hands with her. The old Confederate battle  
flag flew from the staff side by side with the  
United States emblem.

Miss Davis was unanimously elected a  
member of the camp, and then Gov. Fitzthum  
Lee advanced with the Confederate lodge and  
certificate of membership, and felicitated the  
camp that they had among them the daughter  
of the Confederacy. He said there had been  
two interpretations of the Constitution. The  
people of the South, led by their statesmen,  
held that the States had the right to self-  
government. The people of the north,  
led by the strong intellects of a Webster and  
a Story, thought they had not, and they  
fought it out. These old veterans had no  
cause to be ashamed of the part they had  
taken. They had borne the heritage of glory  
and fought bravely till, after a long series of  
splendid victories, in which they had illus-  
trated the brightest page of history, they had  
lain down their arms at Appomattox, not  
conquered, but wearied out by superior num-  
bers. They had since devoted themselves to  
promotion of the interests of the restored  
Union.

He then gracefully presented the badge and  
the certificate of membership to Miss Davis,  
who bowed low as she took them. The Gov-  
ernor said that if she was the daughter of the  
Confederacy, then she was the sister of these  
old Confederates, and they had the right to  
claim her as such. The Rev. Dr. J. William  
Jones, who was known during the war as the  
"Fighting Chaplain of the Army of Northern  
Virginia," responded in behalf of Miss Davis,  
who was his guest, and who told him what to  
say. He said she was rocked in the cradle of  
the Confederacy and reared in an atmosphere  
where it was not considered a crime to con-  
tend for constitutional freedom. She clung  
to the traditions of the Confederacy and hon-  
ored these brave defenders. She was deeply  
touched by their compliment to her.

Miss Davis will remain in the city for some  
weeks.

## NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days  
of the use of Dr. Dyke's Celebrated Voltaic  
Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances,  
for the speedy relief and permanent cure of  
Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Man-  
hood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for  
many other diseases. Complete restoration  
to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed.  
No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet,  
with full information, etc., mailed free by  
addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

## TWO CHINESE HORRORS.

ERRIBLE PUNISHMENT INFLICTED ON AN  
INNOCENT WOMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—Hong Kong ad-  
vices say a band of discharged Chinese soldiers  
made a descent on a leading pawn shop in Hu-  
gong on August 13. They murdered the prop-  
rietor and 46 of his employees. The robbers  
were all arrested.

At Canton on August 27th a Chinese girl,  
aged 18 years, underwent the Ling Chi execution,  
which is that one piece after another of the  
victim's body is cut away until the body is  
divided up in exactly one thousand pieces. The  
victim, as in this case, always dies from losing  
blood before the horror is completed. The woman  
here mentioned was charged with having  
poisoned her husband and three relatives. Al-  
though it was shown on examination that she  
was innocent of the crime, the people of the  
district insisted on her execution, which the  
Viceroy finally ordered.

## A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send  
their Celebrated Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances  
a thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous  
debility, loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated  
pamphlet, in sealed envelope with full particulars  
mailed free. Write them at once.

## THE EFFICACY OF OIL.

TO STILL THE TROUBLED WATERS DURING  
OCEAN STORMS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—The Hydrographic  
office has received during the last month  
about a dozen letters from officers of steam  
and sailing vessels narrating their experience  
in the use of oil in the time of storms at sea  
for the purpose of smoothing the water. There  
is a singular unanimity in the conclusions of  
the writers that almost at the instant the oil  
touched the water it spread over the surface,  
and reduced the billows to long and  
heavy, but harmless, swells. The writers  
describe a variety of plans for applying the  
oil. Several of them attribute the rescue of  
their ships and crews from destruction to the  
application. Of the hundreds of similar let-  
ters received in the past, no instance of fail-  
ure has been narrated, when the oil was  
vegetable or fish oil. Kerosene and the lighter  
oils have sometimes failed to produce the  
effect desired.

The Lord Mayor of London yesterday handed  
to the American legation \$10,000 as the first  
instalment of the earthquake fund for Charleston.

## THE TWO BRIDES.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Willingly, my love, said the old gentle-  
man, as he took the Count's arm, and Rose  
gladly escaped and clung to her mother's  
side.

"Let us hasten home, darling mamma,"  
the old gentleman said to Mrs. D'Arcy.  
"I should have thought you would be alone with  
me in your own room."

"I understand you, my own," the proud  
mother said, "we are going presently."  
"Father," she called to Mr. D'Arcy, "would  
you kindly lead us to the shop, test my  
home."

"You have only to follow me," he replied.  
"Do you feel unwell, Mary?"

"No, indeed," she said; "only we have  
been a long time here, and the dinner hour is  
not far off."

"Let us go, then," the old gentleman  
answered, and he led the way to the Alcazar,  
through the maze of beautiful walks. Once  
more they crossed the path, followed by the  
royal party, whose residence was in the ad-  
jacent palace of St. Elmo, and this time the  
Duke graciously led Mrs. D'Arcy and her  
daughters up to where the Duchess was seated.

After a few inquiries about Mrs. D'Arcy's  
health, her royal highness allowed the ladies  
to see the sweet infant as she slumbered in  
the nurse's arms. The two older princesses,  
beautiful girls of twelve and eight respec-  
tively, conversed with Genetivie and Maud.  
How little could the royal parents and their  
American visitors, as they gazed on the  
slumbering babe, foresee the day when the  
reigning Queen of Spain should be violently  
driven from the throne and kingdom, while  
that same infant, become a lovely maiden of  
seventeen, should be raised to the throne of  
Isabella the Catholic, to shine for a few  
months like a star of peace and love, and then  
to be lost to the heart of her husband and  
the hopes of her storm-tossed people!

Alas, how blessed is the Fatherly Hand that  
covers to us all with an impenetrable veil the  
dark mysteries and tragedies of life!

## CHAPTER XII.

## DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES.

It was a memorable day for Rose, that on  
which occurred the conversation related in  
the last chapter. She had—and she now was  
fully conscious of it—allowed Diego de Le-  
brija to believe that she loved him, and that  
she was ready to ratify by a solemn act their  
contract and betrothal.

When Mrs. D'Arcy, on her arrival at the  
Medina Palace, wished to question her  
daughter on the result of the latter's inter-  
view with the Count, Rose besought her not  
to press her interrogatory at that moment.

"Not now, dear mamma," the girl pleaded.  
"Indeed I could not give you a rational or  
correct account of anything. My head  
aches, and my brain is in a whirl."

"I shall not press you, darling," the fond  
mother replied, as she sat down on an ottoman,  
and took the fair hand and laid it on  
her bosom. "I can guess pretty well with-  
out your telling. Diego looked at me with  
eyes in which shone the light of happy love.  
And you have made your sick mother also  
very happy, my own sweet Rose. For, indeed,  
my child, I do feel this evening much  
worse than I ever felt before."

"Oh, do not say you are worse, my  
precious little mother!" said the alarmed girl,  
as she knelt and threw her arms round  
her parent's neck, looking into her face as if  
she would read in it her idolized mother's fate.

"You have been exerting yourself too  
much, mamma," she continued; "and you  
have been worrying about me and my future.  
Oh, mamma, why are you so anxious to  
part with me?" and she buried her face in  
her mother's shoulder.

"Part with you, my own darling!" Mrs.  
D'Arcy said; "it is like tearing my heart  
asunder to think of parting with you. But I  
have a sacred duty to perform toward you.  
And I wish to fulfil it while God still leaves  
me with you."

"But, dear mamma, this is only momentary  
fatigue or depression. Papa's last letter has  
saddened and troubled you as well as grand-  
father. You need not and must not go to  
dinner. I shall tell the Duchess to excuse  
you, and beg to be allowed to remain with  
you during the evening."

"No, dear; I must not be absent this eve-  
ning above all evenings, if I can at all help it.  
The Lebrijas are invited, and it might seem  
to them as if I regretted what has occurred  
to-day."

Mrs. D'Arcy was still speaking when the  
servant announced the Duchess. She had  
remarked her guest's extreme paleness, and  
had also had an inkling of the love-scene  
between Rose and her betrothed. She was  
very much interested in the gentle, lovely  
woman, whose children were making such a  
favorable impression in Seville.

"I thought you looked a little fatigued,  
dear Mrs. D'Arcy, and feared lest you could  
not leave your room this evening," she said,  
"as she took her friend's hand, and seated  
herself by her side. "We Spaniards are not  
as stiff in our etiquette as English folks gen-  
erally are. So, let me advise you not to come  
to dinner. Rest here till 8 o'clock, when our  
evening company will begin to assemble, and  
then you can sit near me, and I shall spare  
you all unnecessary trouble. What say you,  
Miss Rose?"

"That is precisely what I was suggesting  
to mamma when you came in, Señora," said  
the latter.

"You treat me, a more stranger, like a sis-  
ter, dear Duchess," said Mrs. D'Arcy. "But  
I do not think I am unwell enough to be  
away from your company, particularly—"

"I understand, my dear friend," said the  
other, smiling and looking at Rose, who did  
not dare to meet the eyes fixed on her blush-  
ing countenance. "Shall I congratulate you,  
my love?" she continued, addressing the con-  
fused girl. "Nay, surely you need not con-  
ceal your blushes from me. You have ac-  
cepted the hand of one who is the most ad-  
mired of all the youth of Andalusia."

"I know you mean most kindly," said  
Rose, looking up and smiling; "but, indeed,  
there is no misapprehension."

"Well, my dear, I shall not distress you  
by further questioning. American maidens  
are proud and hard to win. Remember,  
however, that a son of the oldest Spanish  
nobility is a husband worthy of a queen. Ah!  
here are our girls!" she exclaimed, as Gene-  
vieve and Maud rushed into the room with  
Blanche and Isabel, the Duchess's daughters.

"And now, I shall leave you. But, Rose,  
my dear, you must not allow your mother to  
be disturbed by these prattlers. Send them  
into the patio after a minute or two."

The excellent lady was gone. The girls  
were too considerate to remain long in the  
sick-room, and were soon in the garden  
taking a pleasant lesson in botany under Gen-  
evieve's guidance. Rose remained with her  
mother, soothing her by all the sweet acts  
which filial affection teaches so easily. At  
length Mrs. D'Arcy fell into a sweet sleep,  
which lasted for more than an hour.

The dinner was extremely quiet, no stran-  
ger being present but Don Ramon and Diego.  
The conversation turned on the probable  
fate of the African race in the United States  
in case of an armed conflict between the  
two sections of the Union. Mr. D'Arcy  
did not think that secession was likely to triumph, while a conflict would

only hasten the abolition of slavery or serve  
greatly to mitigate its hardships. The Mar-  
quis, who was a staunch conservative,  
would admit no position or principle that  
might compromise slavery in Cuba and  
Porto Rico. But the Duke and Diego were  
for freedom. Then they discussed the con-  
sequences of abolition, and considered the  
possibility of transferring to Africa the  
millions of freedmen from America.  
But Mr. D'Arcy drew so powerful a parallel  
between the actual effects of the expulsion of  
the Moriscos from Spain and the utter ruin  
which the loss of the colored laborers would  
bring to the Southern States that no one said  
a word in favor of African colonization.

Mrs. D'Arcy was able to present at re-  
ception, which in Spain is so different from  
what it is with us. The distinguished com-  
pany, abbed and flowed through the spacious  
rooms, chatting pleasantly with whom they  
pleased, arriving without formal announce-  
ment, and leaving as they had come. All  
presented their respects to the Duchess and  
Mrs. D'Arcy, and our young folks were left  
free to saunter about the rooms and enjoy  
themselves as they pleased. It was thorough  
recreation, without fatigue or restraint. And  
so the evening passed delightfully.

Mr. D'Arcy had just begun to perform his  
night devotions, and was about to invoke the  
divine guidance in an especial manner for his  
cherished Rose, when three gentle taps at his  
chamber door told him that the child herself  
was come to seek his advice. He rose in-  
stantly from his knees, and admitted Rose,  
whose pale face bore evident traces of grief  
and trouble.

"Have I done wrong to interrupt you, dear  
grandpapa?" she asked.

"I have never known you to do wrong  
wilfully, my darling," he answered, kissing  
the sweet, tearful face lifted to his own.  
"And in this instance you have done quite  
right. Am I to be your confessor to-night?"

He continued, as he led the girl to a low seat  
near his own arm-chair.

"As ever, dear grandpapa, you must be  
my guide and my stay."

"You are troubled about your mother, my  
love," he said, as she laid her wet cheek on  
the hand she held with so loving and trustful  
a grasp. "There is no danger; at least,  
certainly none at present."

"Oh, grandpapa, how you relieve my  
heart!" she said, fervently, and looking up  
at him.

"The news from home has excited her.  
Then her efforts to respond to the courtesy of  
our noble hosts and the journey from Ron-  
da hither, together with the strange climate and  
the changes of diet, all this has heated her  
blood a good deal. But I must find some  
quiet mansion near the city or in the suburbs,  
where she can have as much repose as she  
likes and the daily attendance of the best  
physicians."

"You say nothing of her feverish anxiety  
about me, dear grandpapa."

"I was coming to that, my child. It is  
hard, indeed it is impossible, to reason with  
a mother on such matters."

"But, grandpapa, dearest," Rose said,  
looking up at him earnestly, "why are you  
all in such haste about me? I am but a child  
yet, and feel like a child, and am quite unfit  
for the present to take the steps mamma is  
urging upon me."

"Then your mother has been using per-  
suasion with you?" he asked.

"Yes. She fancies or fears that she is not  
to live long, and says it would make her very  
happy to see me—so she wishes me settled to  
her liking."

"And you, my child?" she replied, again  
laying on his hand the cheek which was  
now burning with the sudden rush of  
young blood. "If there is one thing in all this  
that would give me happiness, everything  
else makes me utterly wretched."

"Señor de Lebrija and his father seem to  
think that you have given, or promised to  
give, an assent to their proposals. They  
were both very radiant to-night. Indeed,  
the Duke and Duchess appear to look upon  
the matter as concluded."

"Oh, no, no, grandpapa!" she exclaimed,  
excitedly. "You know I could not and  
would not give a decisive answer without first  
opening my heart to you. This is what I  
promised you."

"I have not forgotten, dear," he said.  
"But where there is a strong feeling of allec-  
tion between two young people, one may be  
hastened unguardedly into an expression of  
such feeling, and into a promise that binds  
the conscience."

"I believe I have a sincere esteem for Mr.  
de Lebrija," Rose answered. "Indeed,  
grandpapa, I am bound to tell you, from  
what I never had any secrets, that the thought  
of him haunts me day and night. But there is  
one dreadful fear that is also in-  
separable from that thought. Oh, grand-  
papa," she exclaimed, in a voice broken by  
sobs, "he has lost the faith!"

He allowed her grief to spend itself in un-  
controlled weeping, saying no word, and car-  
rying the bent head with its wealth of brown  
curls. When she was calm enough to speak,  
she told him, as well as she could recall it,  
everything that had passed in the garden of  
the Alcazar.

"Should I be justified in pledging my  
troth to a man who declares that he does not  
share my religious belief and hopes, and on the  
sole ground of my love for him and with the  
purpose of winning his soul to God? Did  
not St. Monica so wed a pagan husband,  
grandpapa?" she asked.

"Monica was born in a country where  
there were comparatively few Christians, and  
few Romans or Italians, like her own  
parents," he answered. "It is not likely  
that her inclinations were at all consulted by  
her family, when, in the arbitrary manner of  
the time, she was affianced and married to  
the heathen Patricius, a Roman, like herself.  
Her wedded life was a perpetual struggle  
suffering and almost hopeless struggle against  
the drunkenness, the brutality, and licen-  
tiousness of her unbelieving husband. She suc-  
ceeded in making some sort of a Christian of  
him a year or two before his death, when  
he spoke as if to himself.

"But for a Catholic maiden, in a Catholic  
land, to unite her fate to an avowed un-  
believer, on the very uncertain hope of chang-  
ing his mind and his heart," she replied, as if  
she were talking to herself, and uttering  
every word slowly.

"It is not the fate to which I should be  
willing to consign my little girl," he said.

"And were I so far to forget my convictions  
and betray my love for you, I know that your  
father would never consent to such a course."

"Nor will I, grandpapa," she said. "Is  
not this the meaning of that instinctive and  
unaccountable dread that fell like a dark  
cloud on my soul the first time I saw Diego  
de Lebrija?"

"It may be the warning given to your  
spirit by the good angel," he replied.

"Oh, grandpapa, why did I not remain  
behind at Fairly Dell?" again exclaimed the  
poor girl, as she burst into an agony of tears.

"That your soul should be here tried in  
the furnace, my own precious one," the old  
gentleman said, as he took the drooping head  
between his hands, and kissed it.

"That, like the virgin gold thrice  
purified, you may be made more accept-  
able to the God of your soul. It is your  
over-fond old grandfather who erred long ago

in seeking or consenting to this noble alliance.  
But he is not the man to sacrifice this; hap-  
piness of a child of his house for the possession  
of a royal or imperial crown."

"And yet—Oh! if I were only back  
again among our poor people, I might forget  
all this," she moaned out pitifully.

"No delay that is not absolutely necessary  
for your mother's health shall delay us long  
in Europe. But I do not expect you to for-  
get so easily as I have," he replied.

"Grandpapa," she asked, raising her eyes  
wistfully to his, "cannot a man, a gentleman  
especially, be upright, honorable, and de-  
voted to his family, when, without any fault  
of his own, he has the misfortune not to share  
our faith in Christianity?"

"There are and have been excep-  
tional pagans," the grandfather said, quietly.  
"There are men, men in the  
world perfectly true to the light which is in  
them. We, who glory in possessing the  
whole truth, believe our belief and professions  
by the scandals and inconsistencies of our  
conduct. Hence it is, that so many are pre-  
vented from knowing and embracing Chris-  
tianity by the evil life of Christians."

"I can understand that," she said. "But  
that is not my difficulty. I cannot blame  
the heathen for not following the light  
which is not given them. But what excuse  
can I find for the man who falls away from  
the truth in which he has been nurtured  
from infancy? who tears out the eyes of his  
soul that he may walk in willful blindness?"

"Ah, were the extinguishing of the divine  
light within him his own willful, deliberate  
act, committed against all the instincts and  
warnings of reason and of conscience,—your  
last question would need no answer. They  
describe admirably the nature of the act and  
its enormity. It so happens, however, my  
child, that, just as the evil life of professing  
Christians around us prevents the truth of  
religion from coming home to the mind and  
heart of the unbeliever, even so is faith  
weakened by the sad examples of its  
professors,—of those, especially, who  
are or ought to be the apostles of the  
truth. There are multitudes of men in what  
were once Catholic lands, who grow up from  
childhood amid such practical unbelief or  
skepticism, in such an atmosphere of hatred  
of Christianity and of contempt for its  
practices and its ministers, that the thought  
of its being divine never occurs to them."

"Do you consider them to be criminal,  
grandpapa?"

"There are many excuses for their want  
of faith, my dear child. God alone knows how  
far their ignorance of the truth, or their re-  
sistance of the known truth, is consciously  
willful, and therefore deserving of punish-  
ment. I have only a profound pity for their  
misfortune."

"And such is exactly the case of Mr.  
de Lebrija, grandpapa. And would it not  
be a divine work to enlighten one so noble,  
so generous, so capable of influencing others?"

"Ah, my little darling," the old gentle-  
man replied, as he pressed the head she had  
laid against his breast closer to him, "this  
is the heart-cry of anxious love. Nay, my  
child, you have nothing to be ashamed of.  
Only let me think for you in this matter,  
and let us both pray to Him who is both  
father and God, to be directed aright. You  
are in His keeping. *Bien garde est celui que  
Dieu garde.*"

"Then I shall leave all to Him and to you,  
dear grandpapa," she said, as she knelt by his  
side. "Bless your life, Rose, as you have  
ever done before, leading her to her nightly  
repose. Oh, darling grandpapa, have we not  
all reason to think that you are God's angel,  
ever with us to guide and protect us?"

"I am your parent, my child, and He who  
is the Eternal Father and the fountain-head  
of all authority, gives me, as He gives to  
every earthly parent, light to counsel my  
dear ones in the hour of doubt and darkness.  
May He bless you, dearest, and keep from  
all soil that pure mind and sinless heart of  
yours. And now, have no fear for  
your mother; have no anxiety about your-  
self. Thank him fervently; take all the rest  
you can; and let me find my little Rose, as  
usual, fresh, joyous, and devoted to others to-  
morrow morning."

Rose had also written to her father. Her  
letter will best explain what were the feel-  
ings of her maidenly heart.

"MY EVER DEAR PAPA," she wrote, "your  
affectionate and interesting letter was wel-  
comed by our hungry hearts. We all read it  
eagerly, for we were expecting ill news from  
home. Thank God, all is well yet at Fairly  
Dell! But what fearful suspense must hang  
over the valley in these exciting times!"

"We try to conceal from dear mamma the  
worst of the conflicting rumors that come to  
us from the United States, while we cannot  
put away from ourselves the sad and anxious  
forebodings that will come, do what we may.  
You must, indeed, feel desolate in our beau-  
tiful home. For you say with us departed all  
its light and warmth."

"It does not surprise me to hear that the  
servants are faithful to you, and that, more  
than ever, they are quiet and attentive to  
their duties. Old Sally promised mamma  
that she would not leave you, come what  
might; and the others promised me, of their  
own accord, that they would not leave the  
house or cease to keep everything within it  
in order till we returned."

"Oh, dear papa, how I wish I could be  
with you! I can't bear to think of you alone  
and in danger. Even if the war did come to  
our very door, I should not be afraid of an  
army. Surely no true soldier would harm  
defenseless women. And, in case of a battle,  
I could attend to the wounded and the dying.  
But I am writing like a silly little girl."

"Dear mamma needs me here, and grand-  
papa, am sorry to say, is by no means as  
well as he was at home. Being as young in  
heart as the youngest of us, and always think-  
ing of some new means of procuring us amuse-  
ment or delightful instruction, he makes us  
forget his great age. He is so devoted to dear  
mamma and every one of us, so careful of our  
needs and comfort, that he will not allow us  
to spare him any fatigue he can take on him-  
self."

"If you could only see, dearest papa, how  
much he is respected and looked up to by the  
noblest gentlemen in the land. Not a day passes  
without his receiving visits from some of those  
who formerly knew him—high officers of the  
army and navy, or statesmen whose names  
are well known. You would think that long  
separated brothers could not meet again with  
more joy and cordiality. Then he makes a  
constant companion of me in his early devo-  
tions of every day. He takes me with him  
to his favorite churches and chapels, and  
everybody seems to be much edified by his  
frank and simple piety. Oh, if I could only  
be like him and you, dearest papa! For you  
are both so like each other in your manner  
of thinking, your way of acting towards  
others, and your beautiful devotion to our  
holy faith, that you appear to me like elder  
and younger brother."

"I cannot send much comfort, dear papa,  
or any good news concerning dear mamma's  
health. I see that she is not gaining  
strength, as we all hoped she would. In the  
lovely climate of Andalusia, although I  
think that in summer the climate of  
Fairly Dell is healthier, in many respects.  
Here no rain ever seems to fall, and I miss  
our frequent thunderstorms, our refreshing  
showers, our beautiful woods, and our lovely  
rivers. So does mamma. Perhaps it is too

dry for her here. Still the doctor says a dry  
climate is more favorable to her, in her pre-  
sent condition, and that the autumn and win-  
ter months, especially, will prove of great  
benefit to her."

"I hope and pray fervently it may be so.  
Still my heart is oppressed with gloomy fore-  
bodings. My mamma is dependent, how-  
ever, on the doctor's advice. Physicians  
have no not at all a fair share of infirmary  
visitors. They differ respecting their cases, and  
most. But of this I do not know much, and  
I am sure grandpapa keeps you informed of  
everything. Do not," said, in my presence  
that she hoped to see her perfectly restored  
and able to return to America before this  
time next year. Oh, papa, I do not feel re-  
assured by his hopefulness."

"I have made a special pleading on my  
own behalf to our dear Lord in  
order to obtain dear mamma's com-  
plete restoration to health, and so you may  
worship me as, dearest papa. In his hands  
I leave the result. We—grandpapa, a girl  
and myself—pray daily for Mass for your  
father, and several communities, and many poor  
people are uniting their supplications to ours.  
Dear grandpapa gives most liberal alms in  
mamma's name, and encourages me to find  
out every case of real distress I can that he  
may relieve it secretly. Surely our dear Lord  
will listen to the prayers of His poor."

"It seems to me that I could not  
live if mamma were taken from me. She  
has made me her inseparable  
companion, since I was a little  
child. My soul seems to live by her soul.  
I cannot tell you, papa, how the fear of losing  
her darkens everything to me even in this  
land of beauty. Mamma thinks my depression  
of spirits comes from reaction after the  
excitement of society life in Spain, so new  
and strange to me. I let her think so."

"You ask me, dear papa, how I like Spain?  
It is a most beautiful country. But coming  
ourselves from the South, and from amid the  
grand mountain scenery of North Carolina,  
we were not so much struck by the aspect of  
nature as by the character and manners of  
the people, and the monuments left by for-  
mer ages. It is the history of Chris-  
tian Spain that is so glorious and  
so fascinating. This alone explains the  
splendid monuments we find on every side.  
Grandpapa taught me much about Spain, its  
heroes, saints, and literature since I was a  
little girl. Now he is our most delightful  
instructor and guide in explaining all the  
wonders that abound in this most wonderful  
city. Oh, if we only had you, dear papa,  
and dear brothers Gaston and Charles, and  
darling little Mary, to make mamma's con-  
tentment perfect! After you she misses her  
"baby-girl" most. And I miss her, too, more  
than I dare to tell."