# WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.—APRIL 7, 1871. THE TRUE

French toys and pictures."

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"Bring papa, and give my best love te him, she said, leaning back exhausted on the pillow. "Good-by, Cousin Donald; I am so tired."-And then again a portentous slumber stole over her senses.

"Do not come again, Douald More," said knelt sobhing near the bed. the agitated mother, going to the door with him. "There can be nothing in common bereceive no favors from you; nor should John rest." Halloran's children accept the slightest gift."

"Time, I hope, will soften your feelings," he said. "Farewell."

Inexpressibly relieved by his absence, Mrs. Halloran returned to the bedside of the little on the weary earth. one, who from that hour seemed to sink, or. rather, like some fair thing cradled on a wave to float gently away, without pain or suffering, toward cternity.

The next day Dennis brought a letter from Buttevant, which Mrs. Halloran tore open with than Parian marble, or when the white shrouded eager expectation; but her face flushed up, and, form was borne away and laid beneath the throwing the letter from her, she sat for a few mould. Nor did she know of those long, lovmoments bewildered, trembling, and undecided. The letter was from her kinsman, begging her once-from her husband and Nora, telling her acceptance of a fifty-pound bill on the Bank of of his safety and prosperity and of her happi-Ireland, which he inclosed. In a little while ness and hopes ; nor of how the boy Desmond, her determination was formed. She inclosed grown as gentle as a girl, had watched her day letter and bill together in an envelope, and, directing it to Donald More, Esq., of Glendariff, handed it to Dennis Byrne, who had been waiting in hopes that the letier contaized news from America.

"Dennis," she said, "if you wish to do me a service, go instantly with this to Buttevant and return it to the post office. My cousin Donald has had the audacity to write to me. Yesterday he was here. I wish to return his letter without loss of time."

"Here, my lady? Why, then, it's a wortal sin I wasn't to the fore to welcome him," said Bennis; "for I declare to my sowl it would have been the greatest pleasure I ever had, to put him at a brisker pace from Fada-Braethan he came to it."

"Be on the watch, then, Dennis; for he threatens to come again. But go now.

"Let him," said stout Dennis: "I declare to my sins I wouldn't desire better fun. But I'm going, my lady, after I hear how Miss Gracie is.'

" She is very weak,-oh, very weak, Dennis." "Thanks be to God, she'll go to heaven without much pain ; an' I pray His holy name that the angels will welcome her with their sweetest songs,-inagh! But it'll be a hard blow on Misther Halloran," murmured Dennis, while he lingered a moment to lock at the child, dashing off, as he did so, the tears that fell from his eyes.

That evening, Mrs. Gray, the Protestant rector's wife, who lived in the neighborhood, and who had been very kind in her attentions to Mrs. Halloran, drove up to Fada-Brae, and brought some beautiful clusters of grapes and flowers from her hothouse to the invalid. She was a gentle, kindly woman, and Mrs. Halloran was always glad to see her. Gracie was awake. and smiled when she saw the beautiful present. and, holding out her little, wasted hand, touched the fruit and flowers with the tips of her fingers, in the same dainty way she had always done when she saw anything beautiful which pleased her.

" Taste one, my darling," said her mother.

I come again, I shall bring some beautiful bosom, and place thee in the hands of Him who gave thec !"

The dove, startled perhaps by the light fluttered down and nestled close to the bosom of the child, within her arms, while faint and more low came up her breath. Dennis and

"She is passing away very sweetly, my friend," said Mrs. Gray. "Let us not disturb tween us. A wide gulf separates us. I will her. It would be sinful to break in ou such

At that moment the child stretched out her arms; a slight shiver passed over her frame; then truly she slept that sleep which shall know no waking until the Resurrection morn dawns

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For long weeks Mrs. Halloran lay unconscious and hovering on the verge of the grave. She knew not when the little coffin-lid was closed down on that clear face which was fairer ing letters which had come-all of them at after day, and how Ellen's tender care and Dennis Byrne's indefatigable efforts and unceasing attentions left nothing undone. Of all this, with the kind attentions of her friends around the neighborhood, she heard when, after long and weary months, she had been restored to life and increasing strength, and when, amid fast-falling tears, she used to talk unceasingly of the one that was gone, and loved to hear of the slightest thing connected or associated with her. She grieved much that the dove had flown away. Ellen told her that the last time she saw it it was nestled on the dead child's bosom; since then no one had seen it; and when at last, shrinking and with feeble steps, she visited the little grave, she found that some friendly heart had caused to be erected over it a costly and exqusitely-carved marble tomb, on which hung a garland of half-withered flowers. Over the tomb was a sculptured cross, from which a dove was rising toward heaven; but no one could tell who had paid this last touching tribute to the sorrows of the Halloran family.

(To be Continued.)

## LENTEN ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

On the occasion of the commencement of Lent the Sovereign Pontiff held the usual reception of all the Parish Priests of Rome, and of the Lenten Preachers. The Pope then addressed to them, in solemn and touching terms, an Allocution, which is

translated as follows by the Tablet :---It has pleased the Supreme Lord of all things to permit all that we now witness, all that afflicts us n these days; it has also pleased Him that His Vicar should be witness of the events that have so changed the aspect of the Capital of the Catholic world, that we may say of her to-day as it once was said of Sien, "All her ways mourn." And in truth this city, which is by her nature and by her title the centre of Catholicity, always has had an aspect full of gravity, E., that even when she gave herself up to some laudable recreation she still remained the City of the Saints. But at the present hour, alas how is the pure gold become dim! Violence, injustice, and brutal force have overthrown our walls, they have penetrated even within the sacred enclosure; a dark cloud went before them black and

loud of d igger men, assassins, imp and wicked persons ignorant of shame. Within a few short weeks how has all been changed ! The ministers of the Lord are no longer respected ; many it seemed to sicken her; and she said, "I would of them have been insulted and turned to derision; rather look at them." Then they laid them the churches have been profaned; some of them where she could see them, and her innate love have even been polluted and dishonoured by the omissaries of Satan. Worse still, they now threaten to take away from Rome those religious communities which form its richest treasure. To plunder into his face with one of her earnest expres- mighty God leave them sufficient time to carry out their designs. In the midst of such painful catastrophes and of so violent a tempest, what shall be the weapons children. Their angels see the face of His with which we must war against the assaults of

commencement of the Passion. Our Lord Jesus the Department of the Seine, strong in armed men of arisen in consequence of the siege, for which its Christ said then : Nunc clarificatus est Filius Hominis.

And yet He had already manifested Himself by His miracles, by His teaching, and by His fulfilment of the prophecies; but it was not until this moment that He said expressly, that now He was about to be glorified by His bonds, by His Cross, and by His Ellen, hearing the slight stir, came in, and death. Thus, then, before being glorified by His fied even by suffering and dying upon Golgotha

And We, too, shall have Our resurrection from the depth of corruption into which we have been cast. But who knows whether even greater trials may not be reserved for us? We shall certainly be glorified by a vengeance worthy of God, either by the admirable conversion or the terrible punishment of His enemies.

Mcanwhile let us continue instant in prayer; let us continue to ask in confidence of the Lord that he would hasten the day when, De manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati, serviemus illi in justitia et sanctitule corum ipso omnibus diebus vitæ nostra.

The triumph of Christ is certain, as the Church sings, and as the inscription at the base of the obelisk of the Vatican attests :- Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat, Christus ab omni malo nos defendit.

Let us pray, then; let us pray, and join with our prayers an exemplary life and resignation of soul. Jesus Christ commanded the storm, and immediately the winds and the waves are still. We, on our part, are travelling through this mortal life, and we must ask of the Saviour that He will add to His triumph our deliverance from all evil.

Once more, then, let us pray, for we are not as yet delivered from all cvil.

May the Lord bless your words, and may they bring forth the fruits of salvation in this people who are cager to hear them !

May He bless your actions and the good example which you shall give !

May He bless all the days of your exile here below upon the carth, and may He grant you strength to walk with firm steps along this road at the end of which we hope to see the mercy of God shine forth, so that we may one day be able with a good hope to commit our soul to the Lord. saying to Him : Pater, in manus tuas continendo spiritum meum l

Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, Sc.

# AFTER THE STORM.

VERSAILLES, March 9 .- The "Gross" Head-Quarters gone! The Crown Prince gone, and only General von Blumenthal and Colonol von Gottberg, with a few officers, left at Les Ombrages to represent that great Staff 1 The Reservoirs deserted, not a gold or silver fish remaining! Last week the Crown Prince gave his Zweiter Staffel a hint that they might vanish as they pleased, for his Staff was broken, up.

Before his departure the Crown Prince sent Jeru salem rosaries to the Sisters of Charity who have been so good and constant in their attendance, and he also gave similar mementoes to some of the monks. These inexpensive and thoughtful acts make his Imperial Highness very popular, and his name h te is in good odour "quoique il est bien Allemand." He left Gonesse with his reduced Staff of personal attendants, Graf von und zu Eulenberg, Graf von Schleinitz, Dr Wegner, &c., Graf von Seckendorif having been sent on with letters for the Crown Princess, who must no doubt, long to see her husband after a separation of eight long and terrible months. The Princess, however, is a soldier's wife, and knows well how the duty is paramount which detains the Field Marshal now on a tour among the troops before he repairs to Rheims, where the Emperor will, some say, hold a sort of Court for a day or two before he repairs to Germany and makes his State entry into Berlin on the 19th of March. Count Bismarck wanted him to return at once. But the Emperor is loth to leave his soldiers. The Germans are, so far as one can judge in no violent hurry to get home. The Landwehr, o course, are the first to march, and they will naturally be much wanted; but even on the faces of the fine fellows of the Guard who have been in Versailles lately there was no great expression of rejoicing as they set out towards the Rhine, which they have watched " to such good purpose. The course taken by the troops is rather aggravating, but it was provided in the Convention that they should be at or for currying out any of those Utopian ideas, to liberty to pass between Valerin and the river, and so they struck out from the end of the Neuilly bridge to St. Gratien, by Courbevoie. They will leave behind them most bitter memories, and, judging of the future from the present, I would say it was not in the power of any Government to divert the mass of Northern Frenchmen from the study of revenge, and that it is worse than useless to reason to them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come while they are trembling with passion and the desire of vengeance. Perhaps they may expend their rage on each other. Count Bismarck does not like the Republic, and he has been so busy in the Warwick line that he would not be disinclined to try his hand at a restoration. The Kaiser would not be averse from seeing on the Throne of France one whom he had hurled from it, and there are many among the German Princes who would hail with pleasure the captive of Wilhelmshohe as Emperor of France-" the Sir and my good brother" of an Empire which should indeed perforce be peace. Paris was for four months and more bound by an iron hoop which France could not break. There were 500,000 inside it and 250,000 men outside. So 500,000 men were kept in by a band of 250,000 men. Iron will yield. It can be broken or bulged, melted or snapped. It can be filed asunder or rusted or cut. But the "iron circle" round Paris, tried by heat and by cold, by fire and by frost, by file and by point, never gave way. The minor contained the major to the end. Where is this iron circle? A circle is a well-defined idea. There ought to be no rift in its circumference. Thick or thin, it should be continuous. You may set out, however, from Versailles and journey round Paris, and you will be hard set to find any traces of a circle at all. There is not a wall of iron now, nor a fence of wood, nor lines of forts, nor continuous intrenchments, nor parapets; in fact, nothing one can call "lines" at all. No. The "iron circle" which was around Paris was made of "MES." For four months the Prussians stood on the defensive, Every sortie against them has failed. The reasons of the failure were that in getting over the natural difficulties of the ground the assailants were exposed to the fire of fixed batteries from the intrenched front, which swept the troops before they could debouch and form their columns of attack Often the heavy French field artillery, delayed by bad roads, by thaws and slippery ice, could not get into line, and they had to regret the infatuation for large calibres which had led to the abandonment of the pieces of 4, which could strike well at 3,000 metres, and which had the enormous advantage of being able to go anywhere.

advanced opinions, to constitute itself into an independent Republic, with its own system of governappreciate an excrescence of this sert in its midst, continually, so to speak, coming to a head and bursthither the wealth and wickedness of Europe would to those who have pawned their goods, without runbe so seriously diminished that great opportunity ning the risk of absolute insolvency. During the to improve their morals. Meantime M. Lockroy, one of the Paris Deputies, has written to the Rappel to explain why he and his colleagues, who had annonneed their intention of retiring from the Cham-ber, have changed their minds. They had a meeting on the subject, and it occurred to them that, as they were elected by Paris to represent it in the Chamber, it would to some extent be a dereliction of duty if they did not represent it there. M. Lockroy and his colleagues are evidently making progress in their political education. The Vengeur, under the inspiration of M. Pyat, is constantly striking out new and original political ideas. One of its most recent con-

"The sovereignty of the people is permanent. Consequently, the electors have, at any hour which may suit them, the right to convoke their committees, who shall exact or provoke the resignation of a Deputy who does not vote in the manner in which he ought to vote."

A most furious article in the same paper on the appointment of General D'Aurelle des Paladines is very significant of the commotion which his arrival and entry on his functions as Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard is sure to provoke A martinet of martinets, he is a man of iron will and unflinching severity. Not only did he shoot soldiers. but officers repeatedly for running away in the combats before Orleans, and it is quite certain that he will either crush the existing insubordination in the National Guard or it will crush him.

An hour ago a scene occurred in the street in which I live which illustrates the temper of the people, and unfortunately reveals a trait of national character which will certainly do much to alienate the sympathies of those who wish the French well and put an end to the delusion of the chivalry by which they were supposed to be distinguished. A French hatter happens to have a German wife, whose brother it was supposed had come to see her. Whether this was so or not it seems certain she denied it; but a howling canaille surrounded the shop and threatened to destroy it, and maltreated the poor woman, who stood at the door trembling and alone. Fortunately some gentlemen arrived just in time to rescue her, and the mob contented themselves with writing up abusive epithets on the shutters, which inform the public that a Prussian is waiting to be hung inside. A league has been formed of which the members bind themselves not to employ Germans, and even Frenchmen who are suspected of having commercial dealings with Ger-

mans are not safe from ill-treatment. The Paris Journal, the paper which originated the inti-Prussian League, and is especially devoted to the encouragement and propagation of feelings of hatred, vengeance, and petty retaliation, contains lists of denounced persons, all members of the League being bound to denounce every German who is found in Paris, or French persons having relations with them, and the organization goes even further, and suspects all persons who refuse to belong to the League. It is not at present permitted to a free Parisian not to hate. If, for instance, he does not hand over to popular vengeance any unhappy German who may have left a French wife and family in Paris and be tempted to come and look for them, he is himself liable to the wrath of the mob. The members of the Democratic International Association find themselves placed in consequence in a most unexpected dilemma. The cardinal idea of this as-sociation, from which it derives its strength, and which alone recommended it to the world, was the great humanitarian principle that all men, no matter to what nationalities they may belong, are brothers; that there is a tie of fraternity stronger than that of nationality. These are the very gentlemen who are now proving by the violence of the passions their incapacity for living in harmony with any one propagate which, in another way, they are now orzamzing their National Guards. They have held a meeting of this International Society of the Universal Republic to consider what should be done if an international German brother demands of them the fulfilment of the solemn obligations by which they bound themselves to love one another in the face of the League which as solemnly forbids it .---They have determined to abandon love as a principle, and adopt hatred as a far sounder base of operations. It is perhaps, under the influence of this inspiration that the chateaux and villas in the neighborhood of which have been spared by the Germans are threatened with destruction as soon as the latter shall have disappeared. It is not fair in the eyes of the Association for the Propagation of Hate and the Wreaking of Vengeance that any invidious distincfionl should be made. It is evident that persons whose houses have not been pillaged by the Germans must have been on good terms with them, and they therefore deserve to be pillaged by all good patriots. These are the arguments promulgated by a class of low journals which are daily cropping up, and are one of the most unhealthy signs of the times. They are full of the coarsest language and of the most extravagant ideas-often unfit for publication. M. Veuillot, in an article in the Universe of to-day, exposes the state of affairs with a courage which will render him an object of popular wrath, unless the power of the Government becomes more firmly established than it is at present. "The mob," he says, "do what they like, drown a policeman, flog a woman, demolish a house at their pleasure, and no one dares interfere. In reality, at this moment the lowest canaille reign in the capital of civilization? There is a fourth plague, worse even than war, famine, or pestilence-terror; and this, unless the manhood of Paris drives the canaille with sticks into its sewers, will be upon us, according to the editor of the Univers, while M. Thiers is still considering how he shall pay the Germans their money. EFFECTS OF A TORPEDO .--- A dreadful accident is reported as having occurred at Creuzot, France, on the morning of Sunday, by which eight men were instantly killed-literally blown to pieces-and seven others seriously injured. It appears that between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning, some of the Red Republicans broke into the church and rang the alarm bell, and ran through the town calling the inhabitants to arms. The military officials, believing the enemy was about to enter the town, made preparations for blowing up the railway line at the junction of Montchenin. A torpedo had been placed between the points of the rails for this purpose, and a soldier who was about to place a bolt in the same spot struck it a blow with a hammer he held in his hand, the effect of which was the explosion of the torpedo and the instant death of eight persons, including the staff major of the engineers.

rules had not provided, has given a certain color to these complaints. At the same time, as the Mont ment by communes. How the rest of France would de Piete is conducted entirely on capital borrowed from other State institutions, and as the financial embarrassment under which Paris is suffering exing, M. Valles does not attempt to describe; but of tends everywhere, there are pecuniary reasons why one thing he may rest assured, that the temptations it is very difficult now for the Government to relax to luxury and riotous living which have attracted its rules, and afford special privileges and facilities would be afforded to the inhabitants of his Republic siege no one was allowed to borrow more than 50f. on any article no matter what it value might be-In spite of this, the pressure for money was so great that the store-rooms of the Mont de Piete became encumbered with articles, which 152,000 persons of all classes brought and pledged. I made a most interesting inspection of these immense storehouses of private property a few days ago, and walked through labrinths of stored jewelry, each little hox colored and numbered according to its year, all the even numbers indicating one year, all the odd numbers another. Here were no fewer than 100,000 watches and 25,000 clocks. There were diamond necklaces and bracelets of fabulous values, which had lain for many years, and which were pledged anew every year, that had glittered, nevertheless, on the arms and necks of their owners at every Imperial ball and on every State occasion, when they were hired from the Imperial pawabroker for the night, Here, too, were evidences of the more real distress to which persons of rank had been reduced-one piece of lace after the other, the last cashmere shawl, or a pocket handkerchief embroidered with a coronet, of such fine material that it was still possible to raise 3L, the lowest figure allowed, upon it; gentlemen's gold-headed canes, even ordinary riding whips, and no fewer than 2,000 opera-glasses. Here was an umbrella, the pawn-ticket of which had been renewed every year since 1812, and a silk dress, the owner of which for the last 28 years had been unable to redeem it, but had regularly raised the portion of her annual income which it represented. Here were unwritten romances staring at one from the eyes of pawned pictures, and dreadful family secrets locked up in jewel boxes. This quarter of the establishment was what might be called the Faubourg St. Germain of the Mont de Piete. When we went into the Belleville quarter the objects were very different. No fewer than 2,300 poor wretches had pawned their mattresses, and starving scamstresses had pawned 1.500 pairs of scissors. Spades, shovels, teapots, without

### THE ASSEMBLY AT BOURDEAUX.

end.

During the discussion of the Treaty of Peace, one of the first to mount the tribune was M. Victor Hugo; but before he had spoken twenty sentences, he had the good taste to make an offensive allusion to the Pope, which called up a score of members on the Right, who denounced the speaker as wishing to infuse discord into the meeting. What made the attack all the worse was, that in the diplomatic box, between Lord Lyons and Prince Metternieh, was Monsignor Chigi, the Papal Nuncio, who, by his dress, and tall person, must have been perfectly visible to M. Hugo. The Nuncio at once took his hat and left the Assembly; whilst from the Right of the House the cries against Victor Huge's unprovoked rudeness were redoubled, and were only silenced after a considerable time by the President whose right hand hardly ever left off touching his deep-sounding bell, to call the Deputies to order.

From the English point of view, however, there can be no doubt there was, indeed, yesterday in the Chamber a most remarkable row -- the word is scarcely Parliamentary, but there is really no other that so well describes the scene. As usual, it arose suddenly and quite unexpectedly, having no connexion whatever with the general course of the debate, which had been, on the whole unusually prosaie and tame. The question before the House was whether the Algerian elections, among them that of Garibaldi, were valid, and it might have been settled and apparently was about to be settled on purcly legal or constitutional grounds, when unluckily it seems to have occurred to M. Vieto Hugo that the occasion was a fitting one for a general eulogy of his illustrious friend. Victor Hugo is unpopular with the great majority of the House, and he was about to deal with a most unpopular subject, but still his great reputation at once procured him a ready hearor th Assembly rapidly settling down into hushed attention as he approached the tribune, and the eulogy, well-managed-as, for instance, a practised orator like M. Louis Blanc would have managed it -might have been allowed to pass without censure if without applause. But M. Victor Hugo can have had little practice as an orator, and, indeed, if he has any oratorical gifts, as his admirers protest, he must have yesterday somehow completely lost command of them. Nobody who heard him, as I did, for the first time could possibly have discovered a trace or them, or could have failed to be painfully impressed with the pitcous spectacle of a great man made to look very little by being in the wrong place. His fine face and noble bearing-which would make the fortune of many a public speaker-only increase one's disappointment by raising false hopes, and his delivery is so slow and hesitating that it would be barely tolerable if the speaker, embarrassed by his own wealth of words-as might easily be supposed to be Victor Hugo's case-were struggling to choose the best, and it becomes unbearable when, at the end of the sentence, all this labor produces something so trite and commonplace that, if it was worth saying at all, it should at least have been said at once and got over with as little notice as possible, -Victor Hugo's manner, too, is-or, at least, yesterday was-terribly against him. He put one hand in his pocket, and with the other kept up a series of violent spasmodic jerks at the audience, much as if he were throwing his words at them, and hoped by throwing very hard to give even the little words weight and force. One could scarcely be surprised at the growing impatience and irritation with which the Right heard bim, and when at last he showed so much want of tact, to use no stronger word, as to say to a French Assembly, in the presence of several distinguished French generals, that Garibaldi was the only general on the French side who had not been beaten, deafening shouts fairly drowned his voice, and there followed, for several minutes, one of those extraordinary scenes of tumult and confusion which baffle all description, and which must be seen to be properly appreciated. I doubt whether they are to be seen anywhere but in a French political assembly. There must at one moment have been at least 20 speakers all on their legs together, shouting something either at Victor Hugo or at each other, and shaking their fists, while the wretched President, purple in the face from helpless indignation and the exertion of ringing his bell, endeavours, of course in vain, to shout silence louder than them all. Naturally one does not hear one in a hundred of the things said, but now and then a pause occurs from general loss of breath, and then a speaker who has warily reserved himself gets a chance of quickly slipping in half-a-dozen audible words. General Ducrot got such a chance yesterday, and called on Victor Hugo to withdraw words which were an "outrage" to the Assembly. The Right took up the cry and cheered General Ducrot again and again to the echo. At last the President, taking advantage of another pause, who had been all this time resolutely confronting, with both hands in his pocket, the "outraged" House, was about to explain himself. Silence was obtained, but the great poet, not accustomed to this

"No, dear-but yes,--to please you, mainша."

They pressed a grape between her lips; but for the beautiful found a quiet joy in the sight.

Father Hanlon came in, and brought her a picture of our Lord blessing little children .--sions, and held out her hand.

"You see, my dear, how Jesus loved little Father in heaven ; and He is always glad when | hell ? they are gathered into His bosom.

"I love Him," she said, folding her attenu-ated hands then, Birdie, her dove, flew into the room, and perched on the cornice of the bedstead, where he sat, arching his white, graceful neck, and, while he looked down with his soft gray eyes on her, began a low cooing. She lifted her eyes, and a bright smile flitted over her face; and, while they gazed with looks of love at each other, a deep slumber stole over her.

Mrs. Gray offered to sit up and relieve Mrs. Halloran; but she thanked her, saying she could not leave the child. Father Hanlon sprinkled the dying one with holy water and benediction together, and, laying his hand on Mrs. Halloran's head, lifted his eyes to heaven and besought God to strengthen and comfort her when the dark hour came—that hour so must tell it throughout Rome that the Pope is undark and bitter to a loving mother's heart,and went away to visit a poor woman of the approve and encourage them to persevere in their neighborhood who was dying.

The child's dreams, or visions, were pleasant and peaceful: angel arms pillowed her sinking head, and ever and anon far-off music stole around her; but she alone, led by bright-winged are forbidden to Christian families; they cannot be ones through the shadowy vale, heard it .--They thought-these who watched her-that it was so, from the radiant smiles that flitted at times over her countenance and the few whispered words that fell from her lips. Her hand, folded in her mothers, began to grow cold." Mrs. Gray braught the candle to the bedside, and it was clear that death was erceping apace through her frame; but her breath was still low and soft.

" Is this death ?" asked Mrs. Halloran, with trembling lips. "I fear so," was the reply.

"Then, my merciful God," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees, "spare her the different griefs still. wild agony and bitter struggle. O angels ! bear her gently away and shield her from wild af-

In the days of Pagan Rome it was said : Agere et pati fortia Romanum est ! A Father of the Church, in the Apology which he presented to the persecutors of Christianity, also said : Agere et pati fortia Christianorum est.

Now then, if we observe the present attitude of the people of Rome, it also deserves to have this said of it. I speak of the Roman people, not of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Mercury, but of the Roman people who adore Jesus Christ, and who venerate the Holy Virgin and the Saints. Are not we ourselves witnesses of all that it has

done to stem the tide of evil; of the admirable associations established to assert and defend the truth, and to succour the afflicted? The churches are very much thronged, the Word of God is engerly listened to, the Sacraments are received with great fervour. I do not go abroad, but you well knowyou yourselves-all that Rome has done to resist the

able to bless this people of whom I speak, and to conduct.

Then tell them that fathers of families should not allow their children to go to theatres where plays are acted which insult religion and morality, and where vice and immorality triumph. Such places present at performances intended to dishonour God and the Church, to overthrow the faith, and to break her most sacred laws.

Tell them also that I thank the Romans for the sufferings they have undergone, and particularly all those Civil Service employes who, in such large num-bers, have remained faithful to honour, loyalty, and conscience, and have chosen rather to undergo all sorts of privations than to become accomplices in treason and felony.

Tell them that I know all this, and that I bless them as I do all those who can do and suffer like true Romans.

dawn is certain; but it it will be soon, I know not. It may be that we shall have to endure more and

#### WITHIN THE CITY.

Whatever people may say to the contrary, if Paris, as looks now imminent, becomes the arena of a fierce and bloody conflict, her fate is sealed; her palaces will become abandoned, her population paupers, and her ruin complete as a centre of fushion and of plea-But will so many prayers cause the morning of sure. In the words of one of old, "The rejoicing city peace to dawn? Will it dawn soon? That it will that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me, will become a desolation : every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his hand." The first step towards this consummation is I remember Judas, who, when he had eaten of indicated in the Cri du Peuple of to-day, edited by a that bread which is more make, vita bonis, went forth certain Jules Valles, a theorist, who may be consider-

The Mont de Piete is the title given to the great pawn-broking establishment of Paris, in which, during the siege, the poorer classes were by press of famine compelled to pawn their tools, their cooking | made the Assembly understand that Victor Hugo, utensils, and domestic furniture. The correspondent of the Times describes the aspect of the place :-

The fact that the State is the universal pawnher gently away and shield her from wild ai-fright. Oh, my child ! would that I might it had become so, by the presence and the work of Admitting that the party to which he belongs cannot is incidental to an establishment of such gigantic and after declaring that the House which had rebear thee through the dark waters on my the Saviour. The traitor went to hasten on the | conquer France from the reactionaries, he calls upon | proportions, and that unforescen exigencies have | fused to hear Garibaldi, now refused to hear him,