## THE TWO BRIDES.

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

"But by no means a hopeless one," an-

swered Rose. "And certainly one that we can help forward, all of us." we can help forward, all of us."

"Teach me, my own darling mistress,"
Lucy said to her, in a tone half-coaxing,
half-earnest, "how I can help to de my
share in this most blessed work."

"You are doing it already, dear," replied her teacher. "You are first deepening and widening your own heart as a life."

ing and widening your own heart as a re-ceptacle for all most helpful graces and ceptage for an most neptral great saving virtues. By-and-by, when you are back at Fairwiew and Fairy Dell, you will be able to pour out all this overflowing fullness on all around you. Ah, we only have to set our souls on fire with the love

encroaching on the adjacent green pastures.
They planted the saplings by the hundred,
and often by the thousand. Those furthest from the the grassy plain often perished. But their lifeless stems formed a barrier the kindred growth behind protecting the kindred growth behind them; while those that survived covered the earth around them with a coating of the leaves they shed. And thus, by degrees, the patient labors of man aiding the slow but sure process of nature, the

gether several of their favorite American songs, to the great delight of the inmates of the hotel, as well as to that of their own dear ones. To see the two girls side by side, one could not help being struck with admiration at their beauty, so different in its style, and yet giving to their features and expression so wonderful a resemblance when they sang together or conversed with each other with animation, that one might have mistaken them for sisters. When they sat or stood apart in silence, the resemblance disappeared or ceased to be so remarkable. Are there not flowers, from one native soil, tended to compensate for the differences of kind and color by the superior influences of near neighborhood lesseveral of the most distinguished citizens of Cordova, to whom the D'Arcys were known, and who had heard the romantic story of Diego's love and untimely death, called on the travelers during the evening. They were anxious to detain them a little longer, and show them more of their city and society. But

grown to the same

happy to keep you alittle longer with us," Mr. D'Arcy said. "My little girl must not think that her father ever wearies of

not think that her father ever wearies of her presence by night or by day."

"Oh, yes, dear papa, call me your little girl still: let me be your little girl of long ago," she said, with a mighty effort to restrain her emotion. "Come, Gaston, dear," she continued, "you will sit on this low seat on one side of papa, and I'll sit at his knee on the other." And keeping one of her brother's hands in her own, and putting the other in her father's, she sat looking up at him with a contentment and a worshiping love most touching to behold.

ouching to behold.

"Papa, dear," she said, after a moment's ilence, "there is but one thing that fills silence, "there is but one uning that makes my heart with sadness, and almost makes my heart with sadness, that is, to

back at Fairwiew and Fairy Dell, you will back at Fairwiew and Fairy Dell, you will back at Fairwiew and Fairy Dell, you will be able to pour out all this overflowing fullness on all around you. Ah, we only have to set our souls on fire with the love of Him who is all charity, to kindle the flames around us everywhere!"

"Oh, Rose, my own precious darling," cried Lucy, as she impetuously threw her arms round her friend's neck, "I am only beginning to understand in you that higher and diviner self which spurs on to the new life-work you have set yourself to do!"

"You and Gaston may do far more, a thousand times, at Fairy Dell than ever I may be able to attempt or accomplish in the afflicted country to which I am going," the girl said, thoughtfully.

"That is true," put in Gaston. "Your field of labor over there will be, at best, and for many years to come, like those sandy wastes in Southern France which they are now beginning to reclaim from hopeless sterility. The first settlers on their confines planted young pines and spruce where the billows of sand were fast encroaching on the adjacent green pastures. They planted the saplings by the hundred, and of the housand. Those furthest where she by my side,—take you, the dearest of all my treasures, and give you

dearest of all my treasures, and give you up to Him who will know how to make you a joy and a blessing to a thousands of souls now unblessed and joyless."

"My only comfort is that Lucy will be to you what I could not have been, had Diego lived," she said, struggling with her tears. "My union with him meant lifelong separation from you, dearest papa. Lucy's union with Gaston means that the hency who, outside of my own family.

your own people."

Just then their parents arrived, and all were busy comparing notes—all agreeing that everything around them was marked.

They had server in her noble enterprise. They had sent a message to the Sisters of Charity, to inform them of Rose's choice, and conthat everything around them was marked with decay or neglect, and hoping that the era of renovation might dawn ere the splendid remains of former civilization and prosperity should become a shapeless mass of ruins, undistinguishable from the rubbish of the plain.

To inform them of Rose's choice, and congratulating them on their being about to possess one so tried by suffering, so capsile of great things, and so high in the esteem of the world. So, with most affectionate farewells to her old friends, and loaded with their best wishes and blessings, are went to her old friends, and loaded with their best wishes and blessings,

bish of the plain.

As the morrow was to see Rose in the haven of her new life, she exerted herself to make them all happy on that their last evening together. She and Lucy sang together several of their favorite American gether several of their favorite favorite together several of their favorite together several of the several of the several together several of the several together several together several of the several together the resemblance disappeared or ceased to be so remarkable. Are there not flowers, naturally differing widely in color and for mation, which come to be like each other both in hue and shape, because they have grown up side by side—as if the breathing of the same air, the basking in the same sunlight, or the vital juices drawn from each size of the same are successful toyled to compensate of the same are successful to the same successful to the same are successful to the same successful to the same are successful to the same Sisterhood all the care which unbounded charity and a long experience in minister-

enarty and a long experience in minister-ing to the sick and infirm rendered so efficient and so welcome.

It was in vain that our old acquaint-ances, the Duke and Duchess, pressed Mr. D'Arcy to accept their own place as his re-sidence while in Seville. Dear as the grateful as he was to his noble friends, no place on earth could draw him away from

more of their city and society. But Mr. D'Arey was anxious not to propose the Mr. D'Arey was anxious not to propose the side of the child near whom he was privileged to stay for so short a while. Every imaginable mark of respect and sympathy was paid by the most distinguished citizens to their American visitors. Their connection with the lamented Lebraguished citizens to their American visitors. The could scarcely bear to have her dear parent out of her sight a moment, now that the separation was so near. As usual, Mr. D'Arey would have dismissed her with his blessing and \(\textit{\textit{e}}\) few words of fatheraly affection. But Rose would not, for this once, be satisfied with that.

"Do not send me away yet, my precious papa," she said as she clung to him features—now so strikingly like those of her grandfather—and the gray nair, fest becoming white under the wintry infuncce of long sorrow. "Oh, let me stay awhile with you and Gaston 1"

"Both Gaston and I will be but too

few lady friends who were admitted to see Rose in her religious retreat declared she was ten times more lovely,—softened and hallowed as her youthful beauty was by much suffering,—than when she formerly shone supreme among their fairest by the side of Don Diego Lebrija. How could they help admiring so much generacity in they help admiring so much generosity in one whom the great world round them was ready to worship as an idol? They were ready to worship as an Mor; They were equally just in praising Madame Barat and her associates for the magnauimity shown in sending away from their own doors one so desirable as Rose to a body of teachers and missionaries among the heathen, and one who, together with birth and rare

talents and uncommon accomplishments, brought the wealth so necessary to found and maintain great establishments. The Sisters of Charity, in accepting Rose entered cordially into her views. Not Rose entered cordially into her views. Not one dollar of the fortune she brought with her was to be applied to the need of the Spanish houses. They resolved that all should be devoted to the distant mission of which they approved. And, with Rose, a chosen band of Sisters, selected from among the noblest-born and the most advanced in virtue, was to accompany he. Without delay passage was secured for them all to Panama, and thence to their destination, while the period of first

probation for our novice was shortened at the suggestion of the Archbishop.

About two months after Rose's first entry into the Sisterhood, she was allowed to receive the habit of the order and the

white veil of novices.

Mr. D'Arcy went to Madrid to meet remaining in the capital till the ceremony was over. One of the ladies who were to accompany Rose to America was also to pronounce her last vows on the same oc

daughters, were allowed to be present, with Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy, when the latter visits their friend on the eve of the day appointed. The noble Spanish lady had been a great comfort to Rose during these two months of anxious preparation, just as she had been to her dear mother

hat morning more for the purpose of be-nolding the tall and soldierly form of her brother, and of looking on his scarred face and sightless eyes, than of seeing her for the last time on the threshold of her new

The infirm inmates of the hospital were The infirm inmates of the hospital were also there in goodly number, and so were many of Rose's old friends from the tobacco manufactory, and from the needitobacco manufactory, and from the needitobacco manufactory. The better way:

Is not a faithful spirit mine—mine still at close of day?

Yet will my foolish heart repine For that bright morning dream of mine." est districts of the Triana suburbs. Mr D'Arcy and Gaston had been careful t prepare themselves to kneel together that morning at the Table of the Lamb, and to partake with Rose of the bread which is the foretaste of the eternal banquet. There was in the thronged church a deep silence when the organ and choir from the cloister within broke forth in joyous triumphal strains, and from the depths of the monastery a bridal procession came forth,—a troop of noble maidens in virgin

tege of ladies dividing on each side to let her pass and Rose herself pausing a mo-ment to take her father's arm, while with And thus she stood before the altar-steps But to the interior sense she seemed standing before the Altar of the Lamb or standing before the Adar of the Earns of high, amid the splendors of the Heavenly Jerusalem,—and to Him alone, who appeared to be sensibly present to the eye of faith, she had come to betroth herself for

And then that doating and widowed father surrendered the hand of his child to the Lady Superior. She was to be his no longer to have in his home and near his heart in its sore need. And while he and Gaston withdrew to where the Duke was studied the heidel procession formed. was standing, the bridal procession formed anew, while the organ and choir sang a more triumphant anthem, and they led the lovely bride in her radiant robes back

to the cloister.

Presently they returned, this time a train of nuns preceding the Superior, with Rose at her right hand, habited no longer m her wedding robes, but wearing the poor and modest dress of her new profession.

Again she knelt, while the Lady Superior cut off the long rich auburn locks, and bound on her head the white veil, the symbol of that innocence and purity of all which is the indispensable toward a life of persevering self-sacrifice. For the pure heart is ever the strong And now, in her changed bridal robes

together with her companion, Rose fall prostrate before the altar-steps, the Superior and her assistants spreading over the prostrate forms a funeral pall. Thence-forth they are dead to the old life, and the new life begins.

A thrill of irresistible emotion passe

A thrill of Irresistible emotion passes through the vast audience; and amid the unrepressed sobs of the women, and the silent tears of more than one man, the choir intone the *De Profundis*. Aye, "from the depths" of sin and misery the Almighty hand can lift up the sinner and sufferer to freedom from quilt and to sufferer to freedom from guilt, and to the realities of blissful enjoynment. But, oh, to what heights of heroism and holiness of moral grandeur and glorious usefulness to others does not that same All-Powerful Goodness lift up the willing in-

Powerful Goodness lift up the willing in-nocent soul from the depths of its own native weakness and helplessness! And then, when the sublime psalm of David—the cry of his heart in his utter David—the cry of his heart in his utter need to his Divine Helper—had ceased, Rose was lifted from her prostrate posi-tion. Her new mother opened her arms to her, and folded her in a loving embrace,

A few days afterward, Mr. D'Arcy and Gaston, together with Mrs. and Miss Hutchinson, accompanied Sister Rose and her companions to Cadiz, where the steamer awaited the devoted missionaries.

Rose appeared to be supremely happy in her yearsign. In truth the presence of a mutterable tenderous and register to the words, nor the look her yearsign. In truth the presence of a mutterable tenderous and grain and again "will not our good God bless you for this?"

He never forgot the words, nor the look his former weakness by his love for Rose formutterable tenderous and grained on his soul.

Not one word could Mr. D'Arcy say, as he strained his darling to his heart. "Oh, my own, own precious darling," she said, as best man to his brother, stood Colonel Frank Hutchinson, bronzed by exposure in many a campaign, and raised above all his former weakness by his love for Rose formutterable tenderous and grained. Rose appeared to be supremely happy in her vocation. In truth, the prospect of the good she hoped to acheive, and the unhesitating resolve to accomplish it, with the Divme aid, did lift her soul above every depressing thought and care. Nor did her father and brother, in their conwhite, and crowned with flowers, followed by Rose in her full and magnificent bridal robes, supported by the Duchess and her oldest daughter, and followed by Mr. D'Arcy between the Duke and Gaston. There was on the girl's angelic feature a glow that was more than the healthful color of pure young blood,—there was a light which was not of earth, and which moved the heart of every beholder to the love of better things.

did her father and brother, in their conversation with her on their way, allow one word to escape them that might damp the versation with her on their way, allow one word to escape them that might damp the versation with her on their way, allow one versation with her on their conversation with her on their way, allow one versation with end of the west of the way and one versation with her on their moved the heart of every beholder to the love of better things.

With a firm step she advanced to the altar, where the Archbishop and the Lady Superior awaited her,—the brilliant cor-

They arrived at Cadiz late in the even-They arrived at Cadiz late in the evening, and were to embark at an early hour the next morning. Before dawn, however Rose had the consolation of kneeling for the last time at the communiontable with her dear father and brother and Dona Teresa. As Mr. D'Arey was about to leave the chuych has was net at the door

presence?' he asked.

"Oh; I do not want to distress her by even the sight of me," he answered. "And one word, while down his cheeks, at within the last half-century. Here are painting for him. But he answered not one word, while down his cheeks, at bound together by stronger ties of love,

renew your suit now. She knows that. So you must come and take breakfast with

your mother and sister.' "Pray do not ask me to do so," pleaded the poor fellow. "And yet, I suppose, both the Duke and Duchess will find it natural enough to see me here."

"Of course they will," answered Mr. D'Arcy. "By the way, here is the Duchess beyond: So, now there is no escape for

D'Arcy. "By the way, here is the Duchess herselt. So now there is no escape for ou."

Frank was introduced to Dona Teresa

before he could either reply or go away. She received him most kindly; and they all together went to the hotel. The little band of nuns breakfasted at the convent in which they had spent the night. To Mr. Hutchinson and Lucy Frank's ar-

the neck of the Duchess, herself utterly overcome. "Lucy, my sweet sister," she said to the weeping girl, whose agony alternately, and with heartfelt devotion, choir and congregation,—he would leave his child to the Providence that had so wonderfully guided her, nor mourn for the blessed years and ther mother, nor cease to hope for better times in Fairy Dell. His was the faith that could enable him to say, in his heart of hearts:

"With thankful true content, I know this is the better way:
Is not a faithful spirit mine—mine still at close of day?
Yet will my foolish heart repline For that bright morning dream of mine."

the neck of the Duchess, herself utterly overcome. "Lucy, my sweet sister," she said, to the weeping girl, whose agony touched the hearts of all, "Lucy, will you not be strong to take care of Gaston and then the warm tears fell down her cheeks. She knew and felt that to every man, woman, and child there, Gaston, blind and maimed, was greater, dearer than the Gaston of old, walt ing over these grounds in his godlike beauty.

Most lovely was Lucy in her bridal dress. As she stood presently beside Gaston at the altar-steps, with his three cold hand between both of his, and look long and intensely into the sweet face, as features a glow of conscious pride; of the wished it to be photographed on his soul.

figures, draped in gray, as they stood motionless on the quarter-deck, one, taller than the others, waving a white handker-chief unceasingly, till all faded in the distance. The fatherly heart found not one word to utter to those around. It only prayed, silently and fervently, for the precious one, going on her divine errand of mercy. Gaston, seated by his father and holding his hand, while Lucy covered the other with her kisses and her tears.—Gaston kept his face steadily fixed tears,—Gaston kept his face steadily fixed same altars, at the same festive board, and in the direction the steamship had why conceal your the interior sense endeavoring to follow we have so often met to be happy together

length, tears trickled, and fell into the salt sea,—more bitter even than the in-tense bitterness of its waters, but most acceptable to Heaven, as coming from the hidden fount of purest brotherly love and undounded resignation to the will of the

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIAGE BELLS IN FAIRY DELL. "A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing, Around us was the morning breath of May; Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing, Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way:

Can'st thou forget? "Can'st thou forget the childlike heart-out pouring
Other whose fond faith knew no faltering
fears?
The lashes drooped to yeil her heart adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears—
Can'st thou forget?

It was once more spring-time at Fairy stration of delight. Yet they both doubted the propriety of his again speaking to Rose.

This difficulty was soon but to Rose. Mr. D'Arcy, as soon as he had breakfasted hastened to the convent to inform his daughter of what had happened. She manifested neither suprise nor displeasure.

"It is but natural, dear papa," she said, bis daughter of what had happened. She manifested neither suprise nor displeasure. "It is but natural, dear papa," she said, that the poor fellow should desire to see us off. He will make our little party more complete. And—if I may express one hope to you, papa while I am yet with you—it will be, help to keep Colonel. Hutchinson firm to nis good purpose, if you trust him like a son, and make him and holibrious use-same All-willing infits own is!

"I understand you, my love," he said, "and shall do as you desire. He is a noble fellow, and deserves all the friendship Gaston and I can show him."

"I understand you, my love," he said, "and shall do as you desire. He is a noble fellow, and deserves all the friendship Gaston and I can show him."

"Thank you, dearest papa, for that. It will be a great comfort to me to know that lacy's brother will be thus held dear by you especially. And now we must be going."

At the convent gate their friends met them. Rose and her companions were travelling in the well-known and popular dress of their Order. So Frank, as his eyes rested on the group, was startled at seeing the second his pared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared, for the site, being out of the lines of travel, could not be a sullable as a strategic position. And the ravaged flower-beds and shrubbery had been stock-danew under Genevieve's direction, and Mary, promised to be as lovely as they were on the memorable May morning also, the neighboring population were to be seen flocking from every direction toward the bell.

The chime of travel, could not

the daw but sure process of native, the long separation from yan, denoted parts of the neighboring doset. Life, revolune, beauty, furnity, lengthoring doset, Life, revolune, for the long of the date of the long of the date of the long of the date of the long of

He never forgot the words, nor the look of unutterable tenderness and gratitude with which they were accompanied.

"Rose, darling," said Gaston as he passed his hands over the quaint headdress and the face he could not see, "Rose, the dearest sister ever given to brother," he went on, "will you not ask for me patience under my affliction and grace to do all the good I can to those around me?"

"Bis former weakness by his love for Rose D'Arcy,—a love now become hopeless. Many who were there, and looked upon the soldierly form, and forgot the sins of youth in the solid glories of heroic manhood, coupled Frank Hutchinson's name with that of Genevieve D'Arcy, and wished that a sister of Rose D'Arcy's could become mistress of Fairview, and console Mrs. Hutchinson for the lost of Lucy.

Most touching were the words of ex-

do all the good I can to those around me?"

"I will, indeed," she answered. "Oh, Gaston, our own good God will make up to you in a thousand ways this dreadful privation. Lucy!" she added, "I give him to you. You will be to him far more than I could ever be."

Lucy took the hand placed within her own, and led Gaston away. The last bell was sounding, warning strangers to depart. was sounding, warning strangers to depart.
And, sorrowfully, one by one, Rose's friends went over to the great ship side.
She was already in motion. Her dark hull rose above the dancing waves of the Love." Well I know," he continued, "that hall rose above the dancing waves of the continued to the hame of adorming the love within her heart by contemplating love within her heart by contemplating the distinguish of the love within her heart by contemplating the distinguish of the love within her heart by contemplating the distinguish of the love within her heart by contemplating the distinguish of the love within her heart by contemplating the love with her heart by contemplating the love within her heart by contemplating the love with her heart by contemplating the love within her heart by contemplating the love with her heart by contemplating the love within her heart by contemplating the love with her heart by contemplating the love with her heart by contem Atlantic, and her spars and rigging were projected against the intense blue sky,rendered still more blue by the contrast of the black volumes of smoke that she sent up into the morning air.

The dear and noble husband of your own choosing. More beautiful in your eyes than all the comeliness and grace of the fairest youth are the scars won by devotion Dona Teresa. As Mr. D'Arcy was about to leave the church, he was met at the door by a tall figure half-concealed in the wide folds of a Spanish cloak. What was his astonishment to recognize in the stranger Colonel Hutchinson!

The black Volumes of shoke that she sent up into the morning air. For nearly an hour Mr. D'Arcy remained motionless, gazing at the receding to one's country in the foremost ranks of battle. And more honored and beloved will you both be to this people, who have figures, draped in gray, as they stood more figures, draped in gray, as they stood more diddended, will you both be to this people, who have known you both from childhood,—you, when the control of the country in the foremost ranks of battle. And more honored and beloved will you both be to this people, who have known you both from childhood,—you, when the country in the foremost ranks of battle.

taken, on this beauteous and peaceful spot where