no Beautiful Hand.

hree maidens by the wayside oruns an encient story— From idle chat and jest, Jegan at length, disputing Whose hands were loveliest.

e strife grew bot and bitter, atil, at last, each yielded hus much of stubborn pride, say the first one passing between them should decide.

Then one in crystal water,
Dipped all her pretty fingers,
A dazs'ing white to gain;
Another gathered strawberries
To give a rosy stain;

nother in the thicket, night violets white and purple, And plucked them for their scent agt then an aged woman Drew near, so wan, so bent.

Only a feeble beggar,
Faltering and thin and hungry,
Opening her withered paims
To each in turn, beseeching,
In quavering tones, for alms.

Close followed a girl, a peasant; The three, the beggar accraing, of her made quick demand. Holding their hands before her: "Whose is the loveliest hand?"

She gave them smiling answer:

tBut gently thrust a penny—
More than she well could sparePirst in the beggar's fingers)

'Oh, all are very fair."

Ab, then what change came over That bowed and shriveled figure! Full in their dazzled sight Her faded, tattered garments Grew into robes of light.

With soft white wings unfolded, They saw her lifted, rising, Brautiful as a bird, Up to the sky, while breathless With awe, these words they heard:

"The hands of the vain and selfish
Are never fair nor lovely;
The peasant's are more fair,
For she gave to the Lord's own needy,
More than she well could spare."

and then they knew that an angel
Mad crossed their path and spoken
In that poor beggar's guise.
And the hard hands of the peasant
Looked white even to their eyes.

FRA DIAVOLO AND HIS BANDITTI.

AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA IN 1806 The condition of the French in Calabria, from 1804 to 1808, may be shown by the following extracts from a corresdence in our possession :—
'Reggio, Calabria, April 15, 1805.

Reggio, Calabria, April 15, 1805.

'Here we are at the very toe of the boot, in the loveliest country that God ever made, with no drawbacks but the inslarial fever and the temper of the inhabitants. Bands of mere peasants have the aulacity to attack the conquerors of Europe. When they capture a prisoner they frequently roast him alive. Our men do not complain, for he who lets himself be captured is to blame for it. We all hope to come back with a baggage wagon a piece full of spoils, or at least a pair of sumpter mules well loaded with valuables; and one must take the chances of war as to the rest.

and one must take the chances of war as to the rest.

Dear Madame, would you like a sketch of our surroundings in Calabria? Imagine yourself watching a detachment of our troops—say about one hundred—slowly descending a hillside covered with rocks draped with the loveliest wild vines. Our men are marching carelessly, not expecting any attack. Precautions are of so little use that they have ceased to take them. Besides for more than a week past none of our people have been murdered in this vicinity. At the foot of the hill flows a rapid torrent which must be crossed before ascending the hill on the other side. Part of our soldiers are just crossing, part have crossed, part are waiting

Madame Clavel, in Calabria, presented her Colonel with an infant, it became the perfect idol of the soldiers.

Madame Snell was a woman who accommodated herself easily to circumstances, while her sister, gifted with more natural energy, endeavored to make circumstances accommodate themselves to

her.

They had many a long day's march.

Often they had no sooner reached a halting place than they received news of the approach of the enemy. It was safer to keep with the regiment at all hazards that to be left behind. As to privations, the historian of that campaign says of Calabria: 'Everything except those things' that are necessary to life were to be found!

your child will remain in my hauds.'
'And suppose Jacopo is dead?' said Julie calmly.

'Then—then—Come, set out at once. You have no time to lose.'
'We will all go or we will all stay. But that are necessary to life were to be found! historian of that campaign says of the bria: 'Everything except those things bria: 'Everything except those things that are necessary to life were to be found that are necessary to life were to be found that are necessary followers, perthere; pineapples, orange flowers, per-fumes, but neither bread nor water. Months and years passed, till at last, in

lend them sympathy and aid. But after leaving Bellinzona she had to deal with a class of men who were not easily convinced that it was right to permit women to expose themselves to peril. These were the French officers who commanded in every town and village. Here they had to wait for an escort, there they could hire no cart nor even a mule.

Sometimes there was fighting going on ahead, or fighting was expected. Everybody was, however, very kind to them, and at last they arrived at Terracina.

This town, which is only a day's journey from Naples, was by turns occupied by the French and insurgents, pillaged or relieved by either party. It was nearly empty when the ladies reached it at a late hour of the night, and made their way to the quarters of the Commissary, the sole representative of French authority. He broke out into assurances that it would be wholly impossible they should go on the next morning. There was not a man in the place whom they could have for escort. A convoy of provisions had been captured in the hills only a few hours before. The country all round Terracina ewarmed with banditti commanded by Fra Diavolo. They must wait forty-eight hours for a detachment that was expected.

Very much disheartened by these diffi-

wo months ago the Euglish won a battle from us at Santz Eutemia, and that we have lost Calabria. Calabria we may recover, but the battle is lost forever.

'In one month, in Calabria alone, there have been 1,200 murders. Salicetti says ao.

'It is harder to travel one hundred miles in Italy than a thousand in other parts of the world.'

The reader, after these extracts, will sacompanied their husbands through this terrible campaign, exposed to dangers and fatigues to which the boldest men too frequently succumbed.

Lieutenant Colonel Clavel and Captain Shell, of the First Swiss Regiment in the army of France (for there were several Swiss regiments in the service of the Republic and the Empire), had married two sisters, the Demoiselles Schwich. Their fathers lived at Berne, and was head of the Swiss Treasury; he had also a son in the same regiment as his sons-in-law. The two sisters were married the same day, and both left home together to accompany their husbands to Naples. They did not remain long in that city, and soon began to share the wandering life and perilous adventures of the troops employed in hunting bandits and breaking up bands of guerrillas.

Madame la Colonelle and her sister were the objects of almost superstitious veneration in the regiment, and when Madame Clavel, in Calabria, presented her the road to join their husbands, he had resolved to capture them as hostages for the was no sign of any intention to treat them rudely. But the march itself was very severe, especially when coupled with their apprehensions for the future. After proceeding for three hours over rocks and stones, along rough paths and steep ascents, a halt was called and food was offered them. Two of the band assured them that everything might turn out all right, but that their chief was very glomy; something had gone wrong with him.

That chief was the famous Fra Diavolo, who had very little in common with the hero of the opera. A circle was formed to her in very energetic words that his secretary had been captured—the obtaine resolved to capture them as hostages for the life of his secretary. He knew that Terracina was undefended by troops. His

sole object had been to get possession of the ladies.

'And now,' he said, 'you understand that I do not intend to harm you till I hear that harm has befallen that young man. Your lives depend on his. You, Madame Clavel, will leave at once for Naples, and if Jacopo is still alive you will negotiate his release. Your sister and your child will remain in my hands,

Marie,

Months and years passed, till at last, in 1805, the ritoariant the French troops became more than ever intolerable. The Julie repeated—'I will not go alone.'

were alive, she might trust to the promise of Fra Diavolo.

'But suppose he is dead?'
'I will induce them to kill you and your sister on the spot,' said the Padre, with emotion, 'and I will save the child.'

The weeping mother then begged him to reassure and comfort as much as possible her young sister, whom she would now send to him.

When Marie came back again, a little comforted, her sister said to her:
'Now we must sleep; we have need of all our strength.'

'Sleep! how can we with those dreadful men on the watch and no lock to the door!'

to stir, nor voice to ask a question. But that view of the case. The great mass an exclamation of satisfaction reached of professing Christians are extremely

was not kind to them.'
At the bottom of a sharp descent was a little inn where they found a small car-riage. The bandit who escorted them riage. The bandit who escorted them with feverish eagerness put in the horse, and, lashing him with all his might, urged him to break-neck speed, looking behind him constantly. The moon shone down upon the dusty road over which they passed at full gallop. At last their Jehu paused, and turning round, said in German:—'I believe we are safe! Don't you remember me, Colonelle? I belonged to the First Swiss Regiment. I used to carry the little boy. like the rest of my comthe little boy, like the rest of my com-rades, when we were scouring Calabria.' 'Rascal! You deserted!'

'I could not do otherwise. I got tipsy once and beat my sergeant so that they thought I had killed him. I should have been court-martialled and shot, but I made my escape. Now you will get me my pardon, ma Colonelle. Had it not been for me—me, Ludwig, you would all

Because Jacopo had been hanged a few in before I reached Naples. I hurried it to the coveral with false a series of the top of the period of t makerial fever of Calabries, too, seized spon Jalle Clavel and her little August. The Colonel and the Captial became condition of the band of the control of

does not argue awant of proper apprecia-tion of one's guilt and of that genuine sorrow which is the soul of true repent-

Dear Maslame, would you like a sketch four surroundings in Calabria I magine bountly make the country all round Terrasina swamme. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They count of the country all round Terrasina swammes. They country all round the country all round Terrasina swammes. They country all round the country all round the country all round the country all round the country all round terrasina swammes. They country all round the country all round terrasina desconders and the country all round terrasina the country all round terrasina desconders and the country all round terrasina the country all round the country and country Fra Diavolo's scouts had been fired upon by the sharp shooters of a detachment commanded by Lieut. Schwich, who ostrangely enough, was in command of an expedition against the very band by which his sisters were held prisoners.

The band grew more and more uneasy. Murmurs and threats were heard. Not a word was lost on Madame Clavel, who spoke German and Italian as did the banditti, who were gathered out of all manner of nations.

About dusk a shout announced the return of the messenger. Some of his courades ran to meet him. At this crisis of their fate the sisters had neither strength to stir. nor voice to ask a constitute. confessional to control the penitent outside of it. There are seven to eight millions of Catholics in the United States. All over the age of seven are, we are informed, compelled to confess at least once a year, while the more devout approach the tribunal of penance as often as once a month. Yet, out of the tens of millions of confessions thus poured in the clerical ear annually in the United States, we have never heard of a single case of betrayal, nor even of a case where the penitent discovered outside the confessional that the priest knew he (the penitent) had ever been inside it. This is certainly a marvelous record, when one considers the great ous record, when one considers the greanumber of those who fall away from th that view of the case. The great mass of professing Christians are extremely imperfect. Some give serious scandal, others manifest peculiarities of habit and disposition that are so unattractive that we do not wonder at the child who asked his mother with great seriousness if his grandfather would go to heaven, and on being asked why he asked the question replied, "Because if he does I don't want to go there." Have we not all an instinctive feeling that such a man (and examples to abound in the experience of every one; an exclamation of satisfaction reached them, and they clasped each other's hands, for they knew they were saved. Fra Diavolo came up to them and proposed that they start at break of day.

'No-no, at once,' they cried.
'As you will. I will give you a guide.' Julie, who had money left, gave several gold pieces to those who had carried her little boy. The messenger who had just got back from Naples, was appointed to accompany them. Fra Diavolo's last words were, 'I expect Jacopo, and as long as you live you must bear testimony to the respect with which I have treated you.' Indeed, when he was taken and tried the following year, he frequently alluded to this circumstance, saying:—'Ask Madame Clavel and Madame sould be supported to the support of the supported to them.' Roman Church and who would quickly expose betrayals if they took place. There was one specific objection raised, viz.: that regular confessions made elastic consciences by the ease with which the burden of sin could be alternately assumed and thrown off: while it also promoted the sacrilege of lying and concealment. We are not arguing for the confessional, either in the Episcopal or Roman Church, but for a clear understanding by our readers of what it really is in the latter organization. Our understanding of Roman Church and who would quickly ter organization. Our understanding of its canonical conditions seems a complete refutation of these two arguments. retuation of these two arguments.
First, the penitent must prepare for it by
prayer and self-examination; second, he
must tell all equivocation or extenuation;
third, he must make complete reparation
to those whom his sins have injured in ficulty, but also as a most consoling thought that there is such an admirable any way in person, reputation, property or feeling; fourth, he must feel sincere contrition; and fifth, he must firmly and thought that there is such an admirable arrangement for purging away the dross of human imperfection and defilement which clings to us all, except the great saints, even to the day of our death, and preparing us for the vision of God and the glories of His immediate presence? Another thought which ought to weigh greatly in favor of purgatory is that our natural sense of justice seems to demand some reparation even of faults and sins which contrition; and fifth, he must firmly and devortly resolve never to repeat his offenses; and to avoid the cocasion of them. If any of these essential conditions are absent the penitent is taught and knows that the absolution given by the deceived priest is null and void, and that he (the penitent) has only added to his former load of sin the enormity of sacrilage. sense of justice seems to demand some reparation even of faults and sins which may have been forgiven. It does not seem quite fair that a culprit should go scot free even though the one he has injured should be disposed freely to forgive him. In fact, it

rilege.

This, as we understand it, is substantially the ordeal of the Catholic confessional; and it is hard to understand how any one, however frivolous, can deliberately subject himself to it except under the most profound sense of conviction.

the most profound sense of conviction.

The most ingenious objection advanced in the congress to its adoption by the punishment, an idea which seems to have dropped entirely out of all systems of Protestant theology, or rather, perhaps, was never introduced into them. The

man-from domestic and family and social ties and from the passions, affections, and intimacies which spring therefrom, that inspires the confidence of the penitent, who sees in his ghostly father a being of another world having no confidences which are not spiritual and no sympathies which might traverse his spiritual relations.

ANOTHER ABOUT "FATHER TOM."

From the Cincinnati Appeal.

What a noble, generous soul was our good Bishop Toebbe, of Covington. He, too, had a streak of the humorous in him, and could tell a funny story to perfection. In July, 1680, I had the honor of his company in a journey to New York. Our conversation turned on Father Tom Burke, of whom the Bishop was a great admirer. He knew Father Tom very well, and thought him the most talented man of the century, but, said the Bishop, "he is full of fun and thoroughly enjoys a good joke. Some time ago," he continued, "I went on business to S——, P.a., and, although I was in a hurry to get back, Bishop ——, of that diocese, prevailed on me to remain over to hear Father Tom Burke, who was advertised to be in town the next day. The city was all excitement, and many of the houses were beautifully decorated in honor of the event. The next day a grand procession was formed to go to the depot and escort the great preacher to the Bishop's residence. Bishop —— and myself formed ourselves into a committee to receive Father Tom properly when he would arrive. It was late in the afternoon when the immense procession hove in sight, and at last we got a hearty squeeze of the famous Dominican's hand. All present seemed to be struck with the resemblance I bore to Father Tom, which I cannot help thinking existed only in their imagination; nevertheless, Burke noticed it, and his great, big, fine eyes twinkled with humor as he heard the remarks as to the similarity of our appearance. The largest hall in the city was secured for the lecture in the evening, and thither we all repaired at the appointed time. I never saw such a crowd in all my life, and the enthusiasm was immense. The Bishop, Father Burke and myself wedged our way through the throng and with orest difficured to the content of the conten lecture in the evening, and thither we all repaired at the appointed time. I never as we such a crowd in all my life, and the enthusiasm was immense. The Bishop, Father Burke and myself wedged our way through the throng and with great difficulty we finally reached the stage. Father Tom whispered: 'I want you, Bishop Toebbe, to lead me on the stage when Bishop — has finished his introductory remarks.' The time came for speaking. Bishop — made a neat speech of introduction which was very enthusiastically received, and when the applause subsided, Father Tom took me by the arm and led me over on the stage. The demonstration was indescribable at our appearance, and as we reached the centre of the stage, Burke drew back and left me standing behind the Bishop, who concluded with these words: 'And now, my dear friends, I have the honor to introduce to you your own peerless Soggarth, Father Tom Burke.' The Bishop walked to the side of the stage without looking at me, and there I remained standing face to face with that immense audience, who went fairly wild, and cheer upon cheer rent the vast building; I was mistaken for Father Tom, and got all the applause. Much embarra-sed, I endeavored to explain, but all to no purpose, a ringing cheer drowned every word I uttered, and it was impossible for me to be heard. The situation was becoming rather unpleasant and I was preparing to leave the stage when Father Tom came to the rescue. He ratsed his long, bony finger and looked at the people with an intense gase for just about a half a minute, when that vast and boisterous crowd became as still as death. He addressed them in his rich, mellow voice, with that touch of the broque which made it so pleasant to hear. 'I see, my dear friends, that you are good judges of a Galway man by his appearance.' This brought out a roar of laughter, and after some very complimentary remarks to me he proceeded and made one of the grandest orations I ever listened to. He was indeed a wonderful man."

THE BISHOP'S CONSCIENCE.

M. R., in Cincinnati Appeal.

Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the predecessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good, holy man and dearly beloved by his people. He had a most amiable disposition, and carried sunshine and gladness wherever he went. The Bishop was a fine conversationalist, and told many good stories full of wit and humor. When a young man, he was very thin and delicate-looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious M. R., in Cincinnati Appeal. forty he fell into ffesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits. In his early days in Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, rawboned Yankee, who was in the lumber business, Sam. Jenkins by name. Sam. got broke up and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after an absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to his old friend with the salutation: "Wby, Sam., my old friend, how do you do?" Sam. shied a little and muttered: "Stranger, you seem to have the advantage of me," "Good gracious, Sam., don't you know your old acquaintance, Bishop Lefevre?" "You Bishop Lefevre?" "You Bishop Lefevre?" asked Sam. in astonishment. "Why, Bishop, how in the name of sense did you get so fat? I would surely never know you." "All the effects of a good conscience," said the Bishop, laughing heartily. "Wal, you must excuse me, Bishop," retorted Sam., "but you must have had a confounded bad conscience when I knowed you fust."

Rule of Life.

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best. Horsford's Acid Phosphate

S. S. PARKER, Wellington, O., says:
While crossing Jake Erie, I gave it to
some passengers who were seasick, and it
gave immediate relief."

IN SEASICKNESS.

On Sunday, Oct. 25th, the Most Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, vi Malahide and Swords. In the fo place his Grace blessed the new scl which have been erected by the reve pastor, Father Mulcahy, and at Sword address was presented to him on beha the priests and people of the district which his Grace delivered a most impant and interesting reply dealing with speech of the Earl of Meath at the ming of the Wicklow loyalists held on Fr in the Molesworth Hall.

His Grace, who was received with the

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLI

Important Speech by His Grac

in the Molesworth Hall.

His Grace, who was received with chagain and again renewed, said—Fa Mulcahy and rev. and dear friend thank you most sincerely for your laddress, and for the warmth of the come with which you have received among you to-day (cheevs, and crie "You are welcome"). It is my first to your parish and to this district of diocess—a district which as your addiocess—a district which are the properties of diocese—a district which, as your add so felicitously sets forth, is famous o many grounds, both in the ecclesias and in the civil history of Dublin an

reland (cheers).

THE BOROUGH SCHOOL OF SWORDS. But deeply interesting as are those m historical recollections which must cr historical recollections which must or upon the memory of every visitor to parish of Swords and Malahide, or to district of Fingal, this visit has for me Archbishop of Dublin, an interest scar less deep, for it brings me for the time upon the scene of a struggle whic venture to predict, will ever be recon as a memorable one in the history of educational contest in this country educational contest in this country struggle which began almost with present century, and which, though cannot yet be regarded as fully ended, now, at all events, reached a stage in whits ending cannot be far off, and which, without any effort of mine, it which, without any effort of mine, it have no other ending but one—a umphant victory for you, the good per of Swords, who have so faithfully an patiently borne your part in this land, at times it might seem, hope struggle for justice (cheers). You kn of course, that I refer to your prolon and eminently practical protest against standing monument of intolers and injustice which still exists amony you—the borough school of Swo (groaning and hissing). Speaking bei another audience I could indeed sa good deal upon this interesting point; good deal upon this interesting point; you are as fully familiar with it—perh I should say far more familiar with than I am; and so I prefer to direct attention to another topic which is a gested to me by a passage in your addr and to which I feel bound to day to m and to which I feel bound to day to ma very special reference. Speaking of of my venerated predecessors—of kindness of whose noble relative I glad to find that you are to-day enal to make cordial recognition (cheers speaking to me of Dr. Talbot, an Ar bishop of Dublin, who ended his day prisoner in one of our city jails—you c gratulate me that my career has fallen happier times (applause). Thauk Goohas (renewed cheering). But, while cordially endorse your estimate of happier times in which we thus live—may I not add of the still happier d that are before us (great applause) must take care that I am not misrer sented or misunderstood. sented or misunderstood.

the efforts of a band of unscrupulous n our country and our people are at a moment being made the victims of a s tem of calumnious slander, under wh the character of no man is safe, no ma the character of no man is safe, no may what his station or his dignity, who 'the courage to throw in his lot with poor and the oppressed—to plead for the their poverty—to stand between the and their oppressors. And as my of as Catholic bishop has put upon me necessity of thus endeavoring to guard interests of the poor among my flock duty from the faithful discharge of whe God grant that I may never flinch (che and cries of "You never will"). I can and cries of "You never will"), I can common danger. But if the discharge the duties of my office expose me to danger, I owe it to that office to le unused no means that may come fai within my reach to protect it at all ever from the shafts of insult and of slan (cheers). Now, why do I speak to thus? I will tell you as briefly as I do In the Dublin newspapers of yesterda was not merely pained, but ind shocked, to read a speech delivered on previous day by one of high stand amongst the nobles of the land, in w the speaker thought fit to assail wit torrent—I must say it—of most sland ously untruthful vituperation the p ously untruthed vituperation the proceedings of a deliberative assembly an a public meeting held in a portion of diocese—an assembly and a meeting which, with my full approval, a num of the priests subject to my spiri jurisdiction were present, and in the reedings of which they took a promin part—the Convention of the county Wicklow (cheers). The speaker, who do not care to name—it is indeed unner the county was the county with the work of the county was the county of the co sary for me to do so—you know wel whom I refer (hear, hear)—this speak say, had the indiscretion to refer to the proceedings in proof of a detailed stement which he most deliberately more than the process of the that such terms as "communists," "ana ists," and "unscrupulous revolutionis are not out of place in describing the g popular movement into which the pe of this country have thrown themse with such ardour (cheers) and of the plic men under whose leadership they n to continue their efforts in that moven until it is crowned, as it will be, triumphant success (cheers). MR. PARNELL.

"LOYALIST" LIES.
You no doubt are aware as I am that

But shameful as this language is, it is from being the worst of what I hav complain of, for with an elaboratene statement which seems to bring h beyond all possibility of escape the cha of wilful and deliberate untruth, nobleman went on to speak in the following ing words of the great leader of movement-Mr. Parnell (loud and longed cheering). There can be no do of the accuracy of the report from w shall quote. I find the speech repo in almost identically the same word three leading daily journals of Dubli the Freeman's Journal (cheers); the