

and thus the grave had shut down over her last hope from this world; the deep black she had worn after this heavy stroke she had never removed, she wore it still for her deeper grief, her more than widowhood. Letters from Miss Greenwood during her novitiate, and the society of Sister Agnes, were her chief worldly solace; now and then a glimpse of Rosine rewarded her patient waiting, although her friend's lips were closed on the subject of deepest interest, both from a sense of delicacy and Captain Hartland's expressed wish.

There came a time when these visits were more frequent—after Rosine returned from Hawthorndean the betrothed of Harry Greenwood. He had from many interviews with his sister, imbibed her firm faith in Laura's innocence of the crime of which her husband held her guilty, and naturally he imparted this faith to his well-beloved, who accepted it gladly as the echo of her own heart, so without comment or question from the still faithless Ned, interviews between Rosine and Laura were multiplied. Years of such suffering as Mrs. Hartland's could not fail to tell on her whole nature; spiritually it had brought her to a life of constant penance, leading her by the way of the Cross to the sure refuge of the desolate; physically, she had lost her bounding pulse and hearty laugh, her bold, fearless manner and self-assured step, and a shamefaced pensive shadow was fixed upon her countenance.

A call was made at this time upon the religious houses of the north for the hospitals of one of the southern cities, where fever was raging. Miss Greenwood had just taken her final vows, and from henceforth we know her only as Sister Angela. She had been sent at once with a band of co-workers to New Orleans, and Laura wished to accompany the two sisters going from the House of the Infant Jesus to the same destination; she wished to help, to be of some service, if she could not be one of them. Sister Agnes placed no obstacle in the way; perhaps a change might benefit her young friend, and Laura entered on her new position with something of her former energy, and the help and comfort of Sister Angela were like sweet flowers in the bleak desert of her life. Months of such work as she had never before known invigorated her mind and body, she saw others more abandoned than herself, and helped to soothe the misery of many a poor soul whose life was darker than her own.

In time the yellow-fever increased to a pestilence, the panic-stricken inhabitants fleeing in many instances, and leaving the dying and dead uncared for. It was the mission of the Sisters to seek out these forsaken ones, as often in the houses of the wealthy as in the hovels of the poor; all alike shared their succor. The hospitals were crowded, enclosures were improvised, where hundreds in every stage of this dire disease were brought for the tender offices of the *religieuses*. The enemy spared neither age, sex, rank, nor profession; physicians were stricken down in their efforts for others, and were carried to the charnel house in a few hours. Requiem masses were chanted for priests and Sisters who had fallen in the midst of their arduous labours. Laura looked with envy upon these shrouded martyrs, and worked with new vigor; onerous duties had separated her from Sister Angela, who was called by her Superior to the care of some of the worst cases in the temporary hospital.

A gentleman, evidently a man of wealth and position, had been found at dead of night in one of the large hotels, locked into his room in an advanced stage of this fearful fever, his friends and destiny unknown. Sister Angela had received him; though every bed was filled, she found place for another amid the groans of the dying and the rattling of the death-cart. His appearance was melancholy in the extreme; his skin cold and clammy, presented the direful hue of the advanced patient, changing already from the bright orange to the dull brown; the pulse was feeble and intermittent, and the breathing irregular and labored. He was in the vigor of manhood, with a foreign air, and evidently had been a man of mark; now his words were few and incoherent, and his wandering eye singled out Sister Angela, and never left watching her as she smoothed his pillow, bathed his head and hands, and busied herself constantly in a subdued and quiet way for his comfort. The physician, as he looked at him, showed no hope in his face, and soon after whispered to his attendant, "He cannot last long; if he has any thing to say to his friends, it should be said at once," and passed on to the next patient.

Sister Angela bent over him to see if reason held her seat, that she might help, if possible, the soul in its death-struggle. Words came at length, and unexpectedly he spoke in English.

"Dying, did he say?" he enquired with a gasp.

"Very low," replied the voice at his side. "Have you any words you would say?"

"But I must not die!" he cried, grinding his teeth. "I'm young yet, and shall weather it."

"God calls whom he pleases," was the reply, "and we have only to prepare to meet Him."

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, with a sneer; "I did not believe in Him. Ah, yes, I threw all that away long ago; but I can't die," he groaned, writhing and twisting in his cot. The Sister prayed for the poor wretch; it was all there was left to do.

"Message for friends," he continued. "Message! did he say? I have none, all lost,—*perdu!*"

He turned to the wall for a moment and was quiet. Sister Angela thought he might sleep, and attempted to go to the next cot, when she heard a low stifled groan, and the sick man rose wildly, tearing away the curtains and sinking back. "Don't you leave me!" he cried frantically, clutching the Sister's dress as she returned. "He says I must speak; yes, I have something to say—pencil—paper." The articles were at hand. "You don't know me?" the Sister shook her head. "I know you," he muttered, fixing upon her his piercing black eyes, over which the film of death had not yet gathered. "Yes, there is one wrong I must right; it may help me there, if there be any hereafter." He grew feeble, faltered, and sank under the exertion. Stimulants were applied, and Sister Angela waited with her patient, prayerful spirit

till he should again speak. "Write," he said at length, "his name," he added, trying to raise himself on his elbow.

CARLYLE ON THE ATHEISTIC DARWINS.

CARLYLE is now very feeble, through age, but his memory is still marvellous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this for a sample:—"About thirty years ago a book was published here called the 'Vestiges of Creation.' It ran quietly through five editions; men read it with bated breath, in silence, and marvelled at its audacity. It was like a pinch of snuff, and now whole wagon-loads of it are thrown down in the public highways, and atheistic sneezing has become the fashion. So-called literary and scientific classes in England now proudly give themselves to protoplasm, origin of species, and the like, to prove that God did not build the Universe. I have known three generations of the Darwins; grandfather, father, and son: Atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend—'*Omnia ex conchis*,' everything from a clam-shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his 'Origin of Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys. A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to: All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—'What is the great end of man?' 'To glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from the frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside." It is really wonderful to hear the old man's talk, for he pours his whole soul into his conversation. Its key, as you know, is a Scotch monotone; but at times he rises to the height of fiery energy, and almost of overwhelming eloquence.—Reay's Letter to Hartford Courant.

A PHILOSOPHER IN BLACK.

AN elderly colored man with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the Western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and, it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned further. His philosophy was so peculiar that I give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me:—

"Were you in the fight?"

"I had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah; I runs."

"Run at first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah, an' would have run soona had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah; cookin's my professhun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin' to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other peoples'?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sah, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, sah; for what would that be wuth to a man wid the bref out of him? Self-preserbashun is the first law wid me."

"But why should you act on a different rule from other men?"

"Cause, sah, different men set different value upon darselves; my life is not in the market."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin' whatever, sah."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Union without resistance."

"Yes, sah; dere would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in the scales 'gainst any gubermant dat eber existed, for no gubermant could replace de loss to me. 'Spect dough de Gubermant safe if da all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sah. A dead white man ain't much wid the sojers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was the pint wid me."

THE January number of the 'Illustrated New Zealand Herald' maintains the reputation of the periodical. The chief interest of the illustrations is centred in a view of the s.s. Otago on shore at Chasland's Mistake.