into thee." In our deepest moods—our noblest moods, when

CHRIST REVEALS HIMSELF

to our inmost hearts—we have the surest testimony of His divinity. The best testimony of this divinity is only revealed to one soul at a time. I may say, fearlessly and joyfully, that we know hundreds who have walked through the world without any of the comforts and fruitions of the world, yet carrying a secret worth more to them than the wealth of princes. Why should men want to cast off this belief? Do you cast off your clothes in winter? Do you throw away food when you are hungry? What do we need that Jesus does not give—walking with all the grandeur of a God and the tenderness of a mother; redeeming men from misfortune, keeping the heart strong while the outward body perishes? For me, I desire to stand under the branches of that tree, Christ Jesus. He is the joy of life, the strength of life. Whom have we in heaven but Him? and there is none on earth beside Him.

THIS IS A VERY JOYFUL DAY.

Let us fill our hearts with gladness and speak to our children of the joy of Christ. Let us keep the blossoming side next to us. Let us say "Our

CHRIST IS RISEN,"

and may He rise in our hearts never to depart.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.

Pontifical High Mass—Sermon by the Rev. Father Kiely.

The ceremonies pertaining to Easter Sunday were celebrated in St. James' Cathedral with more than ordinary splendor. The altar was decorated with a cross in gas jets and also with many colored flowers, while the statue of the Blessed Virgin was draped in a manner entirely suitable to the joyous festival. At half-past ten o'clock pontifical high mass was commenced by the Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Turner, Vicar General, Rev. Mr. Kiely and Rev. Mr. McSherry. It was an affecting and inspiring sight. The Bishop on his throne, and holding the crozier with its crook turned toward the congregation, as a proof that the shepherd was attending to his flock; the silken vestments of the priests, heavy with gold fringe and rich embroidery; the brilliant flowers on the altar; the lights; the lilies placed on the pedestal of the Virgin's statue; the overflowing congregation, giving God thanks that Christ was risen again, and hoping that their souls on the last day would receive from Him mercy and salvation—this constituted a scene in religious worship recalling the proudest days of Catholic faith, which teaches the ennobling belief of the immortality of the soul.

THE SERMON.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Kiely, who took his text from the Gospel of St. Mark, xvi., 1-7:—"And when the Sabbath was past Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joseph and Salome, brought sweet spices, that coming they might anoint Jesus. And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came to the sepulchre, the sun being now risen, and they said, one to another, who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre. And looking they saw the stone rolled back, for it was very great. And entering into the sepulchre they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed with a white robe, and they were astonished. And he said to them, be not affrighted, you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen; He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him. But go tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see Him as He told you." The reverend gentleman said, "You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen; He is not here." As in

THE LIFE OF THE NATURAL BODY

there are periods of more or less joy and grief, so also in the Holy Church there are times when the sacred ceremonies clearly show that she, too, is capable of gladness and sorrow. Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, is the seat and centre of all her feelings. She is mournful and joyous, according as we commemorate His sufferings or glory. She has been accompanying Him always in every stage of His birth and the ignominious death of her crucified spouse. She mourns especially the loss of her children who, by their sins, crucify Him again and make a mockery of His sacred name. Her music, like the harp of the heavenly Job, was turned into mourning—her voice into that of lamentation and weeping. She cried out then to all:—"You that pass by attend and see if there is any sorrow like mine," for I have seen Him nailed to an ignominious cross for the sins of an ungrateful and wicked world. But to-day she is all joy and jubilee. And why so to-day? What joy does she now experience? Why are your altars so richly adorned, when but two days before they were

TELLING A SILENT TALE OF MOURNING?

Why are our sacred ministers to-day vested in their costliest robes? Need I tell you it is because no less than Christ, the Son of the Most High God, the brightness of His Father's glory and the figure of His Father's substance, has triumphed over sin, over slavery, over hell, and has risen from the tomb bearing in His triumph a peerless boon to mankind, a victory over sin and death. Nations had never seen such a miracle as this. Hell had never received a blow so terrible, nor had the hand of God worked a miracle so wondrous. This is the joy of to-day. Instead of mourning and strains of lamentation

PEALS OF JUBILEE ARE HEARD.

With unfeigned joy to-day we celebrate the second birth of Christ. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." It was thus that He comforted the spirits of the holy women (as the text of this day's gospel relates) who came to the tomb to embalm the body of their Lord. No less than an angel bids them not to be frightened—that Jesus of Nazareth, whom they sought, had risen. He completely foiled all

THE STRATAGEMS OF HIS ENEMIES

Well might the Father exclaim on to-day—"This is my beloved Son; this day have I begotten thee—begotten thee from all eternity. This day you have cast off the garb of humanity and clothed yourself in the bright splendor of my glory." Let us rejoice and be glad. To-day Christ, our loving and just Lord, with the broad stamp of the heavenly kingdom on His entire life, has risen again, and this is a pledge to us that we, too, one day will arise to participate in His glory. As this resurrection implies freedom from every stain, so we must first effect

A SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION

from the grave of sin. To-day reminds the children of Christ of a twofold resurrection. This topic the reverend gentleman made the subject of some reflections, in which he showed that, in order to become children of heaven, there must be a resurrection from the tomb of sin, and this could be accomplished through amendment of life and penitence for those transgressions which were offensive to God and an insult to His divine majesty. At the close of the sermon the high mass was proceeded with to the end, after which the congregation withdrew from the church deeply impressed and edified by the solemn services of the day.

CHRIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, L. I.

Beautiful Floral Decorations—Fine Music—Sermon by Rev. Mr. Partridge.

This Episcopal church, situated on Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, was crowded yesterday morning by attentive worshippers at an early hour. The font and portions of the chancel were tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers, which spread around a grateful perfume and excited the admiration of all beholders. The services began with the Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," and at the proper periods the following selections were admirably rendered by the accomplished choir:—Easter anthem, "Christ, our Passover," arranged from Haydn's Grand Imperial Mass; Gloria, in F, arranged from Spohr; Gloria, in E, from Mosenthal; Gloria, in D, from Chappel's Easter Anthem; Te Deum Laudimus, in G, Warrin, arranged for double choir; Jubilate Deo, in C, Mosenthal; Psalm, Mendon; Kyrie Eleison, in G (church choir), Gloria Tibi, in B flat, Cantus Ecclesiæ; Hymn, Hamburg; Gloria from Farmer's Mass, in B flat. The choir on this occasion consisted of Miss Sweetser, soprano; Miss Latham, contralto; Mr. David Drewry, tenor; Mr. James Bates, basso, assisted by a select chorus of ten voices, under the direction of Messrs. Bartlett and Godwin. The sermon, by the rector, Rev. A. H. Partridge, was preached from the text, "He is risen." He alluded appropriately to the penitential season just ended, and dwelt with earnestness upon the incidents of the resurrection of the Saviour from the grave and the impressive lessons and assurances derived therefrom.

ST. PETER'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Herald as a Prophet—"I Told You So"—Sermon by Father Fransioli.

The attendance at St. Peter's church, as at all the Catholic churches of Brooklyn, was very large. The altar was beautifully decorated with floral offerings and illuminated by hundreds of wax candles and gas jets. The choir was composed of a special corps of Catholic artists, to which latter fact the pastor, Rev. Father Fransioli, called the attention of the congregation upon the conclusion of the services. Among the more prominent singers were Signor Brignoli and lady.

In the course of an admirable sermon on the resurrection the reverend gentleman named said that the resurrection of the God-Man from the dead had been predicted long before it transpired. When it was announced that Christ had truly risen and that the prediction had been fulfilled, there were many wise men who exclaimed to their sceptical neighbors, saying,

"I TOLD YOU SO!"

So it is in the present day. When men are told of some great occurrence they say, as though it were not at all surprising to them, "I told you so!" Thus we find it, the good priest remarked, with that great and popular paper of the American people,

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

When anything remarkable occurs in the world that enterprising journal will be found foremost in saying, "I told you so!" Further on in his discourse the speaker said that the Jews who crucified Christ did not believe that He ever would rise from the dead. But when He did burst asunder the chains of death and rise triumphant into heaven on the third day they were dumbfounded for the time being, and then went about offering money to purchase a contradiction of the fact. In other words, like the politicians of this day, they went to work to

"FIX THINGS."

This was all unavailing, however. Truth and the light shone in the darkness, and the world to-day celebrates His resurrection and the joy with which the glad tidings of salvation to man is replete.

In referring to the choir being composed entirely of Catholics, Father Fransioli said Protestants might possibly do as well as they had done. If such was the case he was glad of it, as this was an age of progress, and he, for one, was in favor of progress.

ST. PAUL'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Decorations—Music—Sermon by Father Mullane.

The services in this church, which is situated on the corner of Court street and Congress, Brooklyn, were of the most imposing character, and were witnessed by an immense congregation. The grand altar was splendidly decorated with flowers and the front covered with cloth of gold, which presented a dazzling effect from the hundreds of lights which shone over it.

THE MUSIC

consisted of a new mass, by Lejeal, which was sung for the first time in this country, with full orchestral accompaniment. It is a very brilliant composition, and was creditably rendered by the choir of the church, consisting of Mme. Clark, soprano; Miss Estelle A. Murtagh, contralto; Mr. Charles John, tenor, and Herr Kramer, basso; under the direction of Mr. Wolf, organist. The most noticeable features of the mass were a duet for soprano and tenor in the *Credo* and one for contralto and tenor in the *Benedictus*. At the offertory Mme. Clark sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with orchestral accompaniment.

THE SERMON

was preached by the Rev. Father Mullane, of Williamsburg. He commenced by giving a vivid description of the gloomy and mournful appearance which the churches presented during the past six weeks—the altars clad in mourning, the joyful *Gloria in Excelsis* silenced, the ministers officiating in sombre hued vestments and everything betokening sorrow and tears. Why was this? Because the Church during the past forty days commemorated the forty days' agony and passion of the God man.

WHAT A SUBLIME SPECTACLE!

The second person of the Holy Trinity, suffering such agony and death that his unworthy creatures might be redeemed and enjoy happiness eternal. To-day all was changed, and the Church put on her wedding garments. Her beloved spouse had triumphed over death and hell, and she covered her altars with the most beautiful flowers, with gold and silver and precious stones, and her priests with the most gorgeous vestments to celebrate the event. The speaker enlarged on this theme at some length, and concluded with an invocation to all present to accept the lesson and to lift up their souls from the grave of sin into which they might have been cast, and let the angels in heaven sing hosannas over their reformation, as they did over the resurrection of the Saviour.

EASTER IN WASHINGTON.

Dr. Newman on the Resurrection—The Body of Man to Arise in Judgment as It was in Life—Services in the Catholic Churches—Floral Decorations and Magnificent Music.

METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH.

Dr. Newman on the Resurrection—The Theory of an Actual Resurrection of the Flesh as I Appears in the Present Life Advocated.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1871.

The Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church was densely crowded this morning. The pulpit and altar were decorated with flowers. The sum of

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

for the church was subscribed within fifteen minutes, President Grant and Chief Justice Chase setting a commendable example of liberality. Dr. Newman spoke upon the subject of

THE RESURRECTION.

He took for his text First Corinthians, xv., 35—"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" This text is from one of the most important chapters in the inspired volume. It is a clear statement of the doctrine of the resurrection. The argument is divided into two branches. The first relates to the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, the second to the resurrection of mankind. Paul first states the fact, then illustrates the possibility, and concludes with the description of the resurrection. He does not attempt to describe the process. Let us this Easter morning turn our attention to this question. What is the Bible doctrine relating to the resurrection of the dead? The translation of Enoch and Elijah and the resurrection of Lazarus, the widow's son, and of Christ give presumptive evidence of the fact. Christianity stands pledged for the

FULL RECOVERY OF MAN

from the evils of the fall. The union of soul and body is essential to complete manhood in this life; therefore a reunion of the two is essential to that higher manhood defined in the Gospel. Clearly and boldly Paul proclaims, "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain." Isaiah, Daniel and Job all speak confidently of the resurrection of the body; but it is Christ who says, "Marvel not that I say unto you the hour is coming in which all that are in their graves shall come forth." There are three theories touching the resurrection of mankind—the germ theory, the theory of common elements and that of a literal resurrection. Those who advocate the germ theory say there is in man

A MINUTE GERM;

not subject to the laws of matter, retaining its integrity through all changes, and that after death it is capable of expansion into a new being or of becoming a nucleus around which new material may gather to form a new structure. This theory is founded on that passage in Corinthians referring to the germination of seed. Those who advocate it should be reminded that if God can so stamp in a single germ in matter, He can also stamp every particle of our bodies in the same manner, but in no sense can this be called a theory of resurrection. It is vegetation. The advocates of the theory of the common elements maintain that the identity of a man's body does not consist in identity of particles, but of substance. They affirm that the oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus and lime that enter into the composition of human bodies, whether gathered from China or the islands of the sea, combine in certain proportions. The result is the body, and that the resurrection body, will be identical with the present in substance but not in particles. But this is creation, not resurrection. It is substitution, and does not agree with the teachings of scripture.

THE SCRIPTURAL THEORY

is that of a literal resurrection of the body as it was at the hour of death. It may be improved. The deformities from sin may be removed. It may be larger or smaller, but essentially it will be the same. Some objections are urged against this theory, as that the particles now making up the body may be not only scattered over the earth, but through vegetation and digestion become incorporated with other bodies. Dr. Newman replied to this objection by showing that God knows where each particle is to be found and has power to collect them, and lest any one should doubt whether there be dust enough on earth to reconstruct men computed that if all the men between Adam and the present time were to occupy one square yard each of earth, they could all stand in

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

and leave thirty thousand square miles to spare. Again, it is objected that one human body becomes part of another by cannabilism. I take it for granted this is

A BUGBEAR.

It is certainly an exception and no rule, and it must address itself to every mind whether the Almighty could permit the frustration of a great purpose he designed to accomplish by such an assimilation of particles belonging to two bodies as would prevent that accomplishment. Swedenborg, a man of great thought, taught that the resurrection body is to be spiritual, evolved at the moment of death; but let me ask him if Christ's resurrection body was evolved at the time of His death? This Earth may be transformed by the fires of the last day; but the relations of mind and matter are to continue forever. It is enough for us to know that when we come down to the grave we shall say, "My flesh shall rest in hope." Dr. Newman closed by exhorting his hearers so to live that in that great day of the resurrection they should be of the number who shall "come forth to everlasting life."

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

The Easter Decorations—Exquisite Music.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1871.

The services at St. John's church were conducted by the rector, Rev. John Vaughn Lewis, assisted by Rev. Mr. Keany. The floral decorations were of an unusually beautiful character.

TWO HANGING BASKETS

of rare exotics and a floral crown formed the dressing of the newly completed niche back of the altar. On the altar stood two vases of exquisite flowers, with a centre altar cross covered also with flowers. Garlands around the bishop's chair and a large cross over the rector's study door completed the background decorations. A growing lily stood in each chancel window, and the font and chancel rails bore their burden of rich perfume and colors. The book marks were of beautiful design, and arranged newly for this festival.

THE MUSIC

was exquisite, beginning with a Christmas anthem, *Gloria*, Humphries; *Te Deum*, Dykes, in F, full anthem, Psalm 118; *Alla Trinita Beata*, ancient choral, *Glor a Tibi*, Unison, Hymn 69, "Christ, the Lord," Fairlamb; anthem, "Lord, thy Glory," Fairlamb; *Sanctus*, Monk, Hymn 54, Rockingham, and the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The rector selected his text from Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, ii., 9 and 10—"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth."

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.

Imposing Easter Services—The Oldest Priest in the United States Assisting—The Decorations and Music.

WASHINGTON, April 9, 1871.

St. Matthew's church was thronged to its utmost capacity this morning by

A SELECT AND FASHIONABLE

congregation. The altar was brilliantly lighted and exquisitely decorated with the choicest floral ornaments. Branching candelabra and tall, tapering candlesticks bearing luminous wax tapers shone in one broad golden flame across the chancel.

THE MASS

sung was Haydn's Sixteenth. Father F. McDevitt officiated as celebrant, Father White as deacon, and Father Young,

THE OLDEST PRIEST IN THE UNITED STATES,

as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Father White on the resurrection and the lessons it conveyed. To the thoughtful Christian there was no subject of meditation which conveyed so solemn and yet so hopeful and assuring suggestion as this. Christ, the Saviour, dying for the sins of men and rising in immortal glory above his prison bondage, is a picture of sublime sacredness. He captive led captivity and robbed the grave of victory and plucked the sting from death.

THE MUSIC

was of superior excellence, an orchestra with the organ supporting the choir in its rendition of the mass.

JERSEY CITY CHURCHES.

ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Pastor's Farewell to His Congregation—The Jesuits to Take Charge of St. Peter's—A Catholic College to Be Erected.

The introduction of the Jesuit Order into New Jersey is an event which may be regarded as the most important to the Catholic population since the publication of the decree establishing the See of Newark. It is pregnant with momentous results to the Catholic Church, not merely in a religious, but also in an educational point of view. The highest standard of Catholic education is to be found in the Jesuit colleges. Wherever a branch of the Order is found there also is found a school; for the education of youth is their highest mission. It is their unrivalled ability and success in this field of labor to which the members of the Order devote their lives with such zeal and unflagging perseverance as very often to destroy their health that has earned for them the

CONCENTRATED OPPOSITION OF ALL OTHER SECTS

and creeds. Whenever an opponent of the Catholic Church proclaims a candid opinion on the subject he states in brief that the Jesuits are the most dangerous body of men in the Catholic Church. The Catholic interpretation of this sentiment is that the Jesuits are dangerous to all the enemies of the Church, because they have such an alluring, persuasive and persevering method of finding their way to the heart and laying hold of the affections; that the depraved heart is subdued, the evil habit melts by the application of the fire of saving grace, and the unbeliever is brought from the darkness and shadow of death to the light of salvation. It is this attractive influence going hand in hand with an aggressive policy which makes all opposition nugatory, and which explains

THE SUCCESS OF THE JESUITS,

and entitles them to rank as the first of the religious orders in the Catholic Church.

Yesterday was the last Sunday of St. Peter's church under the control of the secular clergy. Solemn high mass was celebrated at half-past ten o'clock, the celebrant being the Rev. P. Connolly; deacon, Rev. P. Corrigan; subdeacon, Rev. Thomas Tuomey; master of ceremonies, Mr. Walter Fleaning. As usual on Christmas day and Easter Sunday in St. Peter's,

A SPECIAL CHOIR WAS ENGAGED

for the occasion. Professor Neuendorf, a great admirer of Mozart, brought the No. 12 Mass into requisition. The sopranos were Misses Schmitz and Krauser; basso, Mr. Fielinck; tenor, Mr. Steincecher. The *Quoniam Tu Solus Sanctus*, which may be said to embody all the grandeur and majesty of this work, was rendered in a hurried manner, and accordingly it lost much of its effectiveness. Where a saving of time is the object several composers will be found to be accommodating, but Mozart's No. 12 Mass cannot be mutilated or hurried through without destroying the effect intended by the immortal composer. The excellent manner in which *Et Incarnatus* was rendered redeemed many minor defects. The blending of the tenor and treble in the passages portraying the struggle between life in the flesh and the immortality of the soul was a truthful interpretation, and could not fail to awake in the soul a lively recollection of

THE GREAT MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

Then came the *Et Resurrexit*, an outburst of the whole choir proclaiming the triumph of the God-man over the power of death and the dominion of the grave.

After the first gospel the pastor, Father Corrigan, ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon on the resurrection of Christ, taking his text from the gospel of the day. The Church, he said, called on all her children to arise on that day from the grave of sin to a life of grace. It is only those who obey this mandate that can rejoice in the resurrection of Christ according to the scriptural injunction, "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad therein." At the close of the sermon

FATHER CORRIGAN BADE FAREWELL

to his congregation in a few feeling remarks, during the delivery of which many of his hearers were evidently much affected. He stated that during the past twelve months he had been anxiously considering the most effectual method of promoting the spiritual interests of his flock, and he finally concluded to ask the Jesuit Fathers to come and take possession of the parish. He did this because he was convinced that there was no order in the Church greater than that of the Jesuits, nor was there any equal to it. These good and zealous men would

PLACE CATHOLICITY ON A FIRM BASIS

and exercise such an influence in the education of youth as would be productive of most salutary results not only in Jersey City, but throughout the State. He was glad to be able to state that the Bishop not only approved of this course, but expressed his gratification that

THE JESUIT ORDER WOULD OBTAIN A FOOTHOLD

in his diocese. He had no doubt that in due course of time this noble body of men would gain access to other parts of the diocese. Father Corrigan concluded by stating that he would make a tour of a few months in Europe to recruit his health, and on his return would assume pastoral charge of St. Bridget's church, in Jersey City; so that he would not be altogether removed from the society of his old parishioners.

Father Beaudevin, now pastor of St. Francis Xavier's church in West Sixteenth street, New York, will be the new pastor of St. Peter's. He with other members of the Order will

ASSUME POSSESSION NEXT THURSDAY.

The pastor's residence and two houses adjoining, with a front on Grand street, have been purchased for a site on which to erect a college. The church property extends the entire block from Grand to York streets and includes the parochial school, a spacious building capable of accommodating several hundred pupils. The old Catholic church, now known as Grand Street Hall, also belongs to the church, so that the Jesuits have a very fair prospect before them. It is not yet five years since the erection of the church was completed. The fresco paintings, by Miller, in the sanctuary are nearly completed, and surpass anything of the kind to be seen in the State.

Father Corrigan has made a great sacrifice in thus voluntarily surrendering a position which is generally considered a home for life. His assistants, Fathers McGahan and Connolly, have been much esteemed, especially the former, who was becoming quite popular.

SAD CASE OF POISONING.

Taking Oxalic Acid in Mistake for Epsom Salts—A Young Woman the Victim.

Yesterday morning a sad case of poisoning, with fatal result, was brought to the attention of Coroner Schirmer at his office in the City Hall. Catharine Rogers, a worthy young woman, twenty-four years of age, who has kept house for her brother in the upper part of the city, on Saturday morning called on another brother, living at 23 Macdougal street, intending to spend the Easter there. Not feeling well Catharine said she thought best to take a dose of epsom salts, whereupon her sister-in-law told her where to find the medicine she required. Catharine accordingly went to a shelf in a closet, took down a paper of medicine, a portion of which she mixed in a tumbler and swallowed it, believing that she was taking salts. The draught burned her mouth, throat and stomach, and she remarked to her brother and sister that she felt badly, and expressed the belief that she had taken some very strange medicine. This caused an inspection of the paper, when it was found to be labelled

"POISON—OXALIC ACID,"

written in a legible hand.

Dr. Finnell was immediately called in and administered the proper antidotes, but his patient continued to sink and died twelve hours after taking the poison from excessive inflammation of the stomach.

The oxalic acid had been in the house for a long time, and the fact of its being poison seemed to have been forgotten by the sister of deceased. Dr. Finnell made a post-mortem examination on the body of Miss Rogers in order to be more fully satisfied as to the cause of death.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A mo lest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A real friend among the few;
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they are all born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

EDDY'S SEARCH;

OR,

A Brave Boy's Battle.

Dr. Bullet's "Private Retreat."

It was early in June, 1851. In one of the small, neatly furnished rooms of good Mrs. Brierly's boarding house, at Poughkeepsie, was seated our hero, Eddy Burns.

He was a fair and handsome lad, fifteen years of age, with bright blue eyes, a noble forehead, fair hair and resolute mouth. He was a brave boy, first in his class at school, and distinguished for his generosity and kindness of heart.

His home was at Riverton, some miles further up the river, but he was a student at Poughkeepsie, and it was now several weeks since he had seen his home and his mother.

His geography lay unheeded on his knee as he wove his boyish plans; how he would achieve wealth and fame and make his mother proud of him.

He was only aroused from his reverie by the entrance of Mrs. Brierly. She held up two letters.

"From home, I guess, Eddy," she said.

Eddy's face glowed as he sprang up, receiving the letters.

"It's about time I had a letter from mother," he exclaimed. "One is from her. Who can have written the other? I'll read mother's first anyhow."

"I'll just stay to hear if Mrs. Burns is well," remarked Mrs. Brierly. "How is she?"

The boy tore open the smaller of the two envelopes and hurriedly perused his mother's letter.

As he read the glow faded from his face, the smile from his lips. He read the letter to its close and looked up at Mrs. Brierly with an expression of unutterable grief.

"What is it, Eddy?" she questioned anxiously.

The lad replied only by a moan.

"Dead?" cried Mrs. Brierly.

Eddy shook his head.

"Not dead," he sobbed, "but it's almost the same. You can read the letter, Mrs. Brierly. O, my mother! my mother!"

He sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Brierly caught up the letter from the floor to which it had fallen.

It ran as follows:—

"RIVERTON on Hudson, June 10, 1851.

"My Darling Son—You must have wondered that I have not permitted your usual weekly visits home for the past month, and that I have written to you less frequently than usual. I am about to write you an explanation.

"Three years ago your father and I were the happiest couple in Riverton. We lived in our own house, a pretty little villa overlooking the river, and your father owned his factory, which was near. The failure of an extensive firm with which my poor husband was connected hurled us down to poverty.

"About the time of my husband's failure the California gold excitement became a fever in our vicinity. A successful miner returned to Riverton from the land of gold, and for days a portion of his wealth was displayed in our banker's window in the shape of a huge gold brick. Your father, smarting under his reverses, conceived the idea of going to California, and two years ago he went.

"Hart Burgoyne furnished him money for his venture. It was to the care of Hart Burgoyne my husband and your father commended us in the hour of his departure. It was Hart Burgoyne who attended him to New York, who paid his passage, and whose friendly face he last saw before setting out upon that ill-fated voyage.

"You know, Eddy, that your father died of fever in California, within a week of his landing at San Francisco.

"Hart Burgoyne was my lover, that I rejected for your father; but he was your father's truest friend, and has never borne me malice because I preferred another to him. He has lately renewed his suit to me, and urges me to become his wife. He has offered to make you his heir.

"You know how poor I am, Eddy. I have not the strength to work as I used. I am anxious that you should obtain an education. In short, Eddy, I have consented to marry Mr. Burgoyne. It is for your sake, my boy. Do not believe that any one can come between us—you and me. I respect Mr. Burgoyne—I honor and esteem him, but I have told him that I have no love to give him. My heart is with you, dear Eddy, and with my lost Richard. That first love was the great love of my life.

"We are to be married this morning—within an hour. I would have sent for you, but Mr. Burgoyne thought I had better not. We are to be married quietly in my little cottage parlor, and we will then walk up together to the villa to which your father took me as his bride.

"Come home to us on Saturday. Come with a light heart and smiling face. Always your loving mother, though now for the last time I write my name

JULIA BURNS."

Mrs. Brierly read this letter through. At its conclusion, she exclaimed:

"I don't see anything to fret at, Eddy. One would think your mother was dead. What is the matter? Don't you like Mr. Burgoyne?"

"No—no!" cried Eddy, with a shudder, "and he don't like me."

"What's done can't be undone," continued Mrs. Brierly. "I'd make the best of the matter."

"I will make the best of it, Mrs. Brierly," returned Eddy. "Poor mother! She married Mr. Burgoyne for my sake, and she shall never know that her marriage has cost me a pang."

Eddy took up the second letter, opened and read it aloud, while upon his countenance slowly gathered an expression of horror.

The second letter was from Hart Burgoyne:

"RIVERTON, June 12, 1851.

"MASTER EDWARD BURNS—As you will understand by the letter written by your mother the other day Mrs. Julia Burns is now my wife. We were married on the morning of the 10th.

"During the evening of the day on which we were married I was called from home for an hour on business. On my return I was met by my bride, who was in a state of frightful excitement. That excitement increased at sight of me, and a terrible scene ensued, in which the poor creature made an attack upon my life.

"I summoned Dr. Bullet, and he, with other physicians, pronounced her dangerously insane. No one was with her in my absence. The cause of the attack is supposed to be excitement, brought on by finding herself in the same rooms where she had spent the first years of her first marriage. By medical advice I caused poor Julia to be removed to Dr. Bullet's private retreat for the insane, where she now is, under the Doctor's wise and skilful treatment. Her recovery is more than doubtful.

"I advise you to remain at Poughkeepsie until your school vacation, when you will come to my house, which is to be your future home. You have my sympathy in this affliction. Truly yours,

"HART BURGOYNE."

The letter fell from Eddy's nerveless hands. There were no tears now, but instead a look of stern resolve. Mrs. Brierly was startled as she encountered his burning glance.

"Insane on her bridal day!" exclaimed the good woman. "What an awful blow for you, my poor boy!"

"Insane!" cried Eddy. "I don't believe it!"

"Not believe it! Why, here it is in black and white!"

A spasm of pain passed over Eddy's features, but he uttered no moan and shed no tear.

"There is a mystery here I can't understand," he said. "All I know is that my mother is in trouble, and I am going to her! I must see her. I shall have just time to catch the three o'clock boat!"

He set about his preparations for departure at once, bade Mrs. Brierly goodby and hurried to the steamboat landing, arriving just in time to catch the up river boat.

About an hour later he disembarked at Riverton, and swiftly took his way up the steep street to the bluff upon which the Burgoyne villa was situated.

The house stood back from the street. Eddy opened the small iron gate and passed into the shaded recesses of the lawn, hurrying to the house. He ascended the steps, when he discerned a man seated upon the veranda.

Eddy recognized Hart Burgoyne, and made his way to him without causing himself to be announced.

Mr. Burgoyne was smoking a cigar, but at Eddy's approach, started, and arose, his face changing color.

"You here?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, I am here," responded Eddy, coolly.

The man and the boy faced each other in a mute antagonism.

Hart Burgoyne was a tall, well proportioned, portly man, forty years of age, with a florid complexion, and a prominent Roman nose, who bore the reputation of an honest, upright gentleman of great wealth.

"I told you to remain at Poughkeepsie till your school term closed," began Mr. Burgoyne irritably.

"I know you did, sir," returned Eddy, respectfully. "But my mother is in trouble."

"Sit down, boy. I can see that the news has been a shock to you," said Mr. Burgoyne, in a more affable tone. "You cannot imagine how I have suffered!"

Eddy's heart softened toward him.

"Is mother really so bad off, sir, as you stated in your letter?" he asked in a faltering voice.

"Bad off, my poor Eddy! She is raving mad."

Eddy shivered.

"Don't you know what made her crazy?" he asked.

"No. I wish I did. We were married in the morning, and she came home with me. We talked together, spending the day very pleasantly on the veranda. In the evening I was called out on business. Julia went into the library. The housekeeper says that no one called during my absence, and that Julia saw no one. Yet when I came in, an hour later, my wife flew at me like a wildcat. She tried to kill me. The truth is she did not know me—"

"Not know you, sir?"

"No. And she flew at Dr. Bullet also."

"Then there was no positive cause for this sudden attack, sir?"

"None, unless the sight of the house to which she came as a bride sixteen years ago. Everything is as Burns arranged it. The sight of her old home, where she had been so happy, was no doubt too much for her sensitive soul."

"Mother is at the private mad house?" asked Eddy, after a pause.

"Yes, I had to send her there."

"I suppose I can see her?" asked Eddy.

"You must ask Dr. Bullet, my boy. He can judge best of the effect your presence would have on his patient."

"Then I will walk out to the asylum," declared Eddy. "I can neither eat nor sleep till I have seen my mother."

"Well, come back after you have seen her," said Mr. Burgoyne. "But be sure to be back by six, our supper time."

Eddy took his leave.

"There is some mystery in all this," he whispered. "Some dreadful mystery. And I must know what it is! Now for Dr. Bullet's."

About a mile from the village of Riverton, upon a lonely country road, stood Dr. Bullet's private asylum for the insane.

The grounds were separated from the road by a high stone wall. The house—square, three stories in height, built of red brick and lighted within by narrow, grated windows—was some distance from the road, in the midst of a small pine grove, which screened the asylum from the curious glances of casual passers-by.

The double iron gates were open upon this bright June afternoon, and Eddy passed unchallenged into the grounds, and, with a sinking heart, he ascended the steps of the high porch and rang the door bell loudly.

Presently the bolts securing the door upon the inner side were withdrawn, and a coarse looking fellow, one of the keepers of the institution evidently, presented himself.

"Well, what's wanted?" demanded this person roughly.

"I wish to see Dr. Bullet," replied Eddy.

"To see Dr. Bullet? The Doctor's busy. He's got no time to waste on boys."

The keeper made a movement to shut the door in Eddy's face. As quick as a flash the boy slipped across the threshold and into the hall.

"Tell Dr. Bullet I desire to see him," he said coolly. "I shall stay here until I do see him. You can give him my name—Edward Burns."

"Burns!" repeated the discomfited keeper. "Burns, eh? Well, I'll tell the Doctor. Seeing you're inside, you can step into the reception room."

He closed, bolted and barred the outer door and sullenly ushered Eddy into a small, dreary waiting room at one side of the hall. He then hurried away in quest of the Doctor.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before any one appeared. Now and then a muffled shriek or long-drawn moan reached his ears.

Unable to bear longer the suspense of waiting, he touched a bell-pull and rang a loud peal, the jangle of which reached even his own ears.

The noise had scarcely died away when a pompous, portly personage entered the waiting room.

Eddy recognized him at first glance as Dr. Bullet.

He was a hard-faced man, past middle age, with keen eyes, low forehead, a cleanly-shaven face, rendered peculiarly unpleasant by a sanctimonious expression which contrasted strangely with his sinister features. The doctor had formerly kept a private insane asylum in New Jersey, but he had fallen into an ill repute, and it having been proved against him that sane people had been incarcerated in his gloomy cells, he had been obliged to abandon that field of operations, and had re-established his asylum at Riverton, on the Hudson. He had now been at Riverton some years, and was regarded in the village as an upright and honorable man, having, it seemed left his former reputation behind him when he changed his residence.

"Ah, Eddy Burns!" exclaimed the Doctor, in his mild, bland voice, extending his hand. "How do you do, Eddy? How you grow! Glad to see you, my fine fellow."

But Eddy did not seem to see the outstretched hand. He certainly did not offer to take it. There was a frown on his brows, and his lips were set together in an expression which would have rendered the smiling Doctor uneasy had he seen it upon an older face.

"I have heard from Mr. Burgoyne that my mother is here," the boy said calmly. "I have come to see her, Dr. Bullet."

The expression on the Doctor's face changed to one of uneasiness, which, swiftly as it passed, was not unnoticed by Eddy.

"Yes, ah, yes," said the Doctor, smoothly. "You have come to see your mother? Very laudable—very. I am sorry though, Master Burns, that I must refuse your request. Mrs. Burgoyne is in a critical state. The least excitement, such as the sight of you might occasion her, might prove fatal."

"Would she know me?" asked Eddy.

"I think not. She is a raving maniac—knows no one—has attempted to commit suicide. But the sight of you might strike a chord of memory, and I should not dare to risk it. Ah, this is a terrible affliction to Mrs. Burgoyne's friends, my lad."

"You think, then, Doctor," he asked, "that it would excite my mother if she were to see me?"

"Think? I know it. She might tear you to pieces."

"I cannot think so, Doctor," declared Eddy. "Even in her madness she would not harm me."

"My judgment must decide the matter, Master Burns," said the Doctor, stiffly.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," said Eddy, humbly enough; "but I beg you to let me look in upon her through the grating at her door. I won't speak a word. Only let me see her once more?"

"It is impossible, Master Burns—"

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Eddy. "I am all she has in the wide world, Doctor—"

"She has her husband!"

Eddy made a gesture of despair.

"She don't love him as she loves me," he said. "You don't know how she loves me, sir. She has worked hard to keep me at school since father died—she married Mr. Burgoyne because she thought he would be a father to me. My heart is breaking to see her!"

"I regret, Master Burns—"

"You refuse then?" cried the boy. "I tell you I *must* see her! My father left her in my care. I am her protector—"

"Mr. Burgoyne," said the Doctor,