

THE MORNING STAR

Catholic Messenger.

AND

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"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THEM THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS!"

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MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

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[From Keble's Christian Year.]
EASTER DAY.

And as they were afraid and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."—St. Luke, XXIV, 5, 6.

Oh! day of days! shall hearts not free
No "minstrel rapture" find for Thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Bathed in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shidst 't' thy light on all the year;
Sundays by Thee more glorious break,
And Easter Day in every week:

And week days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till, all both resting and employ,
To one Lord's day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The world some hours is on her way,
Nor think on thee, this blessed day.

Or, if she thinks, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

"Where is your Lord?" she scornful asks:
"Where is His hire?" we know His tasks:
Some of a king ye boast to be:
Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of truth reply,
(An angel brought them from the sky.)
"Our crown, our treasure is not here,
'Tis stored above the highest archway."

Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
To seek on earth a Christian's bliss:
We watch not now the lifeless stone,
Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him who late lay here:
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Enobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay—
The imprisoning stone is roll'd away:

'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
'Come, see the place where Jesus lay!'

'Tis now a face, where love can find
Christ evermore in calm and shrin'd;
Aye gathering up men's every woe,
Where'er she acts her devious feat.

Oh! joy to Mary first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er His shroud,
By his own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name as still His own.

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued:
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That He may meet them on their way!

So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours, when Christ appears:
In social hours, when Christ will see,
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

[From the Catholic World.]

NELLIE - NETTERVILLE;

OR,

ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER II.

The sun had by this time nearly penetrated through the heavy fog, which had hung since early dawn like a veil over the valley; and just as Nellie reached the foot of the path leading straight up to the castle, it fairly broke through every obstacle, and cast a gleam of wintry sunshine on her face. That face, once seen, was not one to be easily forgotten. The features were almost, and yet not quite classic in their beauty, gaining in expression what they lost in regularity; and the frequent mingling, by intermarriages, of Celtic blood with that of her old Norman race, had given Nellie that most especial characteristic of Irish beauty—hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, with eyes blue as the dark, double violet, and looking even bluer and darker than they were by nature through the abundance of the long, silken lashes, the same color as her hair, which framed her face. She carried her small, beautifully-formed head with the grace and spirit of a young antelope, and there was something of firmness even in the elastic lightness of her movements, which gave an idea of energy and decision not naturally to be looked for in one so young and girlish, both as to form and feature. Her tight-fitting robe of dark and strong material, though evidently merely adopted for the convenience of traveling, rather set off than detracted from the beauty of her form; and over it hung that long, loose mantle of blue cloth which seems time out of mind, to have been a favorite garment with the Irish. It was fastened at the throat by a broad band of gold, curious and valuable even then for its evident antiquity; and with its broad, graceful folds falling over her feet, and its hood drawn forward over her head, and throwing her sweet, sad face somewhat into shadow, gave her at that moment, as the sun shone down upon her, the very look and expression of a Mater Dolorosa.

Ten minutes' rapid walking up a path, which looked more like an irregular staircase cut through the rock and turf-mound than a way worn gradually by the pressure of men's feet, brought her to the platform upon which the castle stood.

journey were already almost completed. A couple of sorry-looking nags, (garrans, the Irish would have called them,) one with a pillion firmly fixed behind the saddle, were being led slowly up and down in readiness for the riders. Little sorrowful groups of the Irish dependents of the family stood here and there upon the terrace, waiting (faithful to the last as they ever were in those days) to give one parting glance and one sorrowful, long farewell to their deposed chieftain and his heiress; and a little further off, like hawks hovering around their prey, might be seen a band of those iron-handed, iron-hearted men in whose favor the soil had been decreed, and who had been set there, half to watch and half to enforce departure, should anything like evasion or resistance be attempted. Something very like an angry frown clouded Nellie's brow as she caught sight of these men for whose benefit she was being robbed of her inheritance; but, unwilling to indulge such evil feelings, she suffered her gaze to pass quietly beyond them until it rested once more on the streamlet and valley as they stretched eastward toward the sea. Just then some one tapped her on the shoulder, and turning sharply round, Nellie found herself confronted by a woman not many years older, probably, than herself, but with a face upon which, befitting as it was, the early indulgence of wild passions had stamped a look of premature decay.

"What would you with me?" said Nellie, surprised at the familiarity of the salutation, and not in the least recognizing the person who had been guilty of it. "I know you not. What do you want with me?" "Oh! little or nothing," said the other, in a harsh and taunting voice; "little or nothing, my fair young mistress—honest, that has been, of the house of Netterville—only I thought that may be, you could say if the old mistress will be after going with you into exile. They told me she was," she added, with a gesture toward the soldiers; "and yet, as far as I can see, only one of the garrans has a pillion to its back. But, may be she'll be for going later."

"I have already said," Nellie coldly answered, for she neither liked the matter nor the manner of the woman's speech; "I have already said that I know you not, and, in all likelihood, neither does my mother. Why, therefore, do you ask the question?" "Because I hope it," said the woman, with such a look of hatred on her face that Nellie involuntarily recoiled a step—"because I hope it; and then, perhaps, when she is houseless and hungry herself, she will remember that cold December night when she drove me from her door, to sleep, for all that she cared, under the shelter of the whin-bushes in the valley."

"If my mother, good and gentle as she is to all, ever acted as you say she did, undoubtedly, she had wise and sufficient reasons for it," Nellie coldly answered. "Undoubtedly—good and sufficient reasons had she, and so, for that matter, had I too, when I put my heavy curse upon her and all her breed," retorted the girl, with a coarse and taunting laugh. "And see how it has come to work!" she added wildly—"see how it has come to work! Ay, ay—she'll mind it when it is too late, I doubt not; and will think twice before she lets loose her Saxon pride to flout a poor body for only asking a night's shelter under her roof. Roof! she'll soon have no roof for herself, I guess; but if ever has one again, she'll think better of it, I doubt not."

conversation, and, gazing after them with a fearful mingling of hatred and wounded pride on her coarse, handsome features, exclaimed aloud: "The second time you have flouted me, good madam! Well, well, the third is the charm, and then it will be my turn. See if I do not make you rue it!" Shaking her fist, as she spoke, savagely in the air, she turned her back upon Netterville towers, and rushed down a path leading directly to the river.

As Mrs. Netterville and her daughter approached the castle-gates, a young man came out to meet them, and, with a look and bearing trusted servant and a petted follower, said hurriedly: "My lord grows impatient, madam. He says he is ready to depart at once, and that the sooner it is done the better. And, in truth, I am much of the same way of thinking myself, which some men seem almost naturally to assume the moment they feel themselves in danger of giving way to grief, in the womanly fashion of tears."

Hamish was of the same age as Nellie, though he looked and felt at least eight years older. He was her foster-brother, as we have already said; and had been her companion in the nursery; but as war and poverty thinned the ranks of followers attached to the house of Netterville, he had been gradually advanced from one post of confidence to another, until, young as he was, he united the various duties of "bailiff" or "steward," as it would be called in Ireland—major-domo or butler, valet, and footman, all in his own proper person.

"True," said Mrs. Netterville, in answer to his communication—"too true. Every moment that he lingers now will be a fresh barb of the arrow. Come, my Nellie, let us hasten to your grandfather. Would that I could persuade him to take Hamish with him instead of Mat, who has little strength and less wit to help you in such a journey. I should be far more at ease, both on his account and yours, my daughter."

"Oh! do not let them—do not let them; bid them stop if they would not break our hearts!" cried Nellie, rushing on to overtake her mother, while Hamish, in obedience to her wishes, struck right across the terrace toward a distant group of women, among whom, judging by their excited looks and gestures, he knew that he should reach the keepers. Long, however, ere he could reach them, a wild cry of lamentation, and child within ear-shot had lent their voices to swell the chorus, made him feel that he was too late; and turning to ascertain the cause of this sudden outbreak, he saw that Lord Netterville had come forth from the castle, and was standing at the open gates. A fine, soldierly-looking man he was, counting over seventy years, yet in appearance not much more than sixty; and as he stood there, pale and bare-headed, in the presence of his people, a shout of such mingled love and sympathy, grief and execration rent the air, that some of the Cromwellian soldiers made an involuntary step forward, and handled their muskets in expectation of an attack.

"Tell them to stop!" cried the old man, throwing up his arms like one who could bear his agony no longer. "For God's sake, tell them to stop! Let them wait, at least," he added, half bitterly, half sorrowfully, "until, like the dead, I am out of hearing."

There was no need for Hamish to become the interpreter of his wishes. The sudden cry of a man's irrepressible anguish had reached the hearts of all who heard it, and a silence fell upon the crowd—a silence more expressive of real sympathy than their wildest lamentations could have been.

The old lord bowed, and tried to speak his thanks, but the words died upon his lips, and he turned abruptly to take leave of his daughter-in-law. She knelt to receive his blessing. He laid his hand upon her head, and his making an effort to command his voice, said tenderly: "Fare thee well, my best and dearest! It is the way of these coming times to be forever quoting Scripture, and for once I will follow fashion. May Heaven bless and keep thee, daughter; for a very Ruth must thou be to me in my old age; yea, and better than seven sons in this day of my poverty and sorrow!" He stooped to kiss her brow and to help her to rise, and as he did so, he added in a whisper, "Forgive me, Mary, if I once more allude to that subject we have so much discussed already. Are you still in the mind to send Nellie with me? Think better of it, I entreat you. The daughter's place should ever, to my poor thinking, be beside her mother?" "I have thought," she answered, "and I have decided. If Nellie is my child, she is your grandchild as well; and the duty which her father is no longer here to tender, it must be her pride and joy to offer you in his stead. Moreover, my good lord," she added, in a still softer tone, "the matter hath another aspect. Nellie will be safer with you! This place and all it contains is even now at the mercy of a her. Too well I feel that even I, her mother, am powerless to protect her."

Then, as moved by one common impulse, every man, woman, and child in presence there, fell down upon their knees, mingling prayers, and blessings, and howls and imprecations, as only an Irish or an Italian crowd can do; and yet obedient to the last to the wisdom of their departing chief, it was not until he was well-nigh out of sight that they broke out into that wild, wailing keening, with which they were known to accompany their loved ones to the grave. But the wind was less considerate, and as it unobtrusively set that way, it bore one or two of the long, sad notes to him in whose honor they were chanted. As they fell upon the old exile's ears, the stoical calmness which he had hitherto maintained forsook him utterly; the reins fell from his hands, he bowed his head till his white locks mingled with his horse's mane, and, "lifting up his voice," he wept as sadly and unrestrainedly as a woman.

[To be Continued.]

A FATHER CONVERTED BY HIS CHILD.

God often makes children little apostles for the conversion of others. A person in Paris gave the following account of his conversion: "I had been brought up," he said, "in ignorance of the truth, with no respect for religion, and hating the Catholic Church. I had a little child which was wild, passionate, and stupid. Sometimes my wife used to say to me: 'Wait a little; the child will be better when it makes its first communion.' I did not believe it. However, the child began to go to catechism, and from that time it became obedient, respectful, and affectionate. I thought I would go myself, to hear the instructions on the catechism, which had made such a wonderful change in the child. I went, and I heard truths which I had never heard before. My feelings toward the child were changed. It was not so much love as respect I began to feel for the child. I was inferior to it; it was better and wiser than I was. The week for first communion had come; there were but five or six days remaining. One morning the child returned from mass, and came into the room where I was alone. 'Father,' said the child, 'the day of my first communion is coming, and I cannot go to the altar without asking your blessing, and forgiveness for all the faults I have committed, and the pain I have often given you. Think well of my faults, and scold me for them all, that I may commit them no more.' 'My child,' I answered, 'a father forgives everything.' The child looked at me with tears in its eyes, and threw its arms around my neck. 'Father,' said the child again, 'I have something else to ask you.' I knew well, my conscience told me, what the child was going to ask. 'I was afraid, and said: 'Go away now, you can ask me to-morrow.' The poor child did not know what to say, so it left me, and went sorrowfully into its own little room, where it had an altar with the image of the Blessed Virgin upon it. I felt sorry for what I had said, so I got up, and walked softly on the tips of my feet to the room door of my child. The door was a little open, I looked at the child. It was on its knees before the Blessed Virgin, praying with all its heart for its father. Truly, at that moment I knew what one must feel at the sight of an angel. I went back to my room, and leaned my head on my hands. I was ready to cry. I heard a slight sound, and raised my eyes. My child was standing before me; on its face there was fear, with firmness and love. 'Father,' said the child, 'I cannot put off till to-morrow what I have to ask you. I ask you, on the day of my first communion, to come to the holy communion along with mamma and me.' I burst into tears, and threw my arms round the child's neck, and said: 'Yes, my child, yes. This very day, you shall take me by the hand, and lead me to your confessor and say, 'Here is father.'"

So this child, who had parents who do not lead a good life, God looks to you for their conversion. But what can you do? The good example of a child always speaks to the heart of a parent. Then, there is prayer. Will God turn a deaf ear to the prayer of a child, praying for the conversion of its father and mother? No; the hall Mary which you say every day for their conversion, the prayers you say for them each time you hear mass, the holy communions you offer for them, the signs of your heart, all rise up before God, and are not forgotten by Him; and the day will come, when God will send down from heaven the grace of conversion into the hearts of your parents.—Furness's Tracts.

An eminent scholar, divine and author of South America has lately died—the Peruvian Bishop of Serano, Dr. Justo Donoso, author of several works of very high reputation among lawyers and clergymen in the Spanish American States, among them the "Derecho Canonico Americano," and the "Diccionario Juridico Teologico," are the most celebrated. The first is a treatise on canon law, very important in countries where marriage and divorce, and matters of succession, etc., are all under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. It is said that the successor of this learned and distinguished prelate will probably be Monsenor Elzaguire.—Picaque.

Lord Fitzgerald is about to retire from the Irish bench.