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

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NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1868.

THE NEW PATH.

BY "SPERANZA"—LADY WILDE.

We stand in the light of a dawning day,
With its glory creation flushing;
And the life-currents up from the pris'ning clay
Through the world's great heart are rushing.
While from peak to peak of the spirit land
A voice unto voice is calling:
The night is over, the day is at hand,
And the fetters of earth are falling.

Yet, faces are pale with a mystic fear,
Of the strife and the trouble looming;
And we feel that mighty changes are near,
Tho' the Lord delayeth his coming.
For the rent flags hang from each broken mast;
And down in the ocean surges,
The shattered wreck of a foundering past,
Sinks 'mid the night wind's dirges

But the world goes thundering on to the light,
Unheeding our vain presages;
And nations are cleaving a path to Right
Through the mouldering dust of ages.
Shall we then rest in vain despair,
Unmoved by those new elations;
Nor carry the flag of our Island fair
In the onward march of nations?

Shall our hands be folded in slumber, when
The bonds and the chains are shattered;
Stony and still like enchanted men,
In a cave of darkness fettered?
The cave may be dead, but we'll flash bright gleams,
Of the morning's radiance on it,
And tread the new path, tho' the noontide beams
As yet fall but faintly upon it.

For souls are around us, with gifts divine,
Unknown and neglected dying;
Like the precious ore in a hidden mine,
Unworked and useless lying.
We summon them forth to the banded war,
The sword of the Spirit using,
To come with their forces from near and far,
New strength with our strength infusing.

Let each bear a torch with the foremost bands,
Through the future's dark outgoing:
Or stand by the helm, 'mid the shoals and sands
Of the river of life fast flowing.
Or as guides on the hills, with a bugle note
Let us warn the mountain ranger
Of the chasms that cross and the mists that float
O'er his upward path of danger.

For the chasms are deep and the river is strong,
And the tempest is widely waking;
We have need of brave hands to guide us along
The path which the Age is taking.
With our gold and pearls let us build the State;
Faith, courage, and tender pity
Are the gems that shine on the golden gate
Of the Angel's Heavenly City.

O People! so richly endowed with all
The splendors of spirit power,
The poet's gift and the minstrel-soul
And the orator's glorious dower;
Are hearts not among us, or lips to vow,
With patriot fervor breathing,
To crown with their lustre no alien brow
While the thorn our own is wreathing?

Even lovelier gifts on our lowly poor,
Kind Nature lavishly showers,
As the golden rain falls on the cottage door,
Of the glowing laburnum flowers:
The deathless love for their country and God
Undimmed for ages keeping,
Tho' the fairest harvests that grew on our sod
Were left for the stranger's reaping.

The gentle grace that to commonest words
Gives a rare and tender beauty;
With the zeal that would face a thousand swords
For their country, home, and duty.
Still breathing the prayer for their Mother land,
Her wrongs and her sorrows taught them;
Tho' the scaffold's doom, or the felon's brand
Were the only gifts she brought them.

But we—let us bring her, as Eastern kings,
At the foot of Christ low kneeling—
The gold that symbols our costliest things,
And myrrh for the spirit's healing.
Oh, Brothers! be with us, our aim is high,
The highest of man's vocation:
With these priceless jewels, that round us lie,
To build up a noble Nation.

A VISIT TO PASS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

Editor Morning Star and Catholic Messenger:

SIR—Having had the pleasure of spending a couple of days this week at this now famous establishment, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, I think an account of my visit may interest your readers, many of whose sons are studying there, and it may also be acceptable to the general public to know the real merits of a college in their immediate vicinity which justly claims their patronage.

Having no further interest in the matter than that of any visitor, feeling deeply sensible of the benefits of a complete, thorough, and practical education, and, also, the fruitful results of the same in private as well as public life, I will not be suspected of giving a partial coloring to any facts I may record, which, therefore, may be taken as a simple statement of unvarnished truth.

I had seen a picture of this establishment, but though in itself handsome and giving a very fair outline of the general appearance, does not come up to the beautiful standard of the reality.

The day was bright and sunny, as the steamer Laura, after a delightful run of six or seven hours, reached the pass. The most conspicuous object to attract the eye was the cupola, surmounted by the cross, over the front building of the college.

A wharf of nearly one thousand feet, with bathing-house at the end, stretching far out into the bay, firmly and neatly built, runs up in front of the college. This bathing-house is divided off into some fifty or sixty compartments, for the use of the pupils and professors. The whole affair was built regardless of expense, for the comfort, health, and benefit of the students.

The appearance of the college, taken as a whole, from the road, is most beautiful; the light and elegant front, with its useful and ornamental clock, immediately under the graceful cupola, runs one hundred and fifty feet to meet the flanking wings, one of which is allotted for class rooms; the other, for the special use of the Brothers. Between the wings the grounds are cut off into grass plots, where the flowery lilac shrubs and evergreens in full bloom lend a delightful charm to the scene.

Brother Isaiah, director and visitor, to whose wise forethought and sound judgment the Order owes the selection of this beautiful spot for science and religion, received your correspondent with his usual well known urbanity. I was ushered into a grand, spacious parlor, of unusual size and of very imposing style, sufficient in every way for the holding of an exhibition. From this you enter into the chapel, large enough to accommodate the entire household.

The dormitories are apart from the house, across grounds entirely sheltered by densely planted shade trees, offering a delightful retreat for the students to exercise in, untouched by a single ray from the summer's scorching sun.

The house containing the dormitories is three hundred feet long and two stories high; one dormitory runs the whole length, containing one hundred beds, and giving ample space between each bed. The room on the ground floor is divided, giving one half to beds; the other is arranged as a wash-room, all necessaries for the same being amply provided.

The garden is well worthy of a visit, and none should ever leave without seeing it. It is under the constant and skillful care of a French Brother, who graduated in France in an agricultural college. This garden consists of several acres, running to a depth of forty, and contains, besides all our Southern fruits reared by the most skillful hands, several rare exotics brought from Europe. I was there regaled with luscious peaches and grapes, and saw most wonderful sights in the art of grafting. They had a sufficient supply of strawberries for the house from early March. Altogether, the garden is a wonder in itself, and is well worth a visit from the Crescent City to all lovers of botany. A hot-house is just finished and will soon be in operation.

My tour of inspection for the day being closed, I sauntered out, with the Brothers, to enjoy the evening breezes that blew so refreshingly over the bay, and took my course to the bathing-house, fully satisfied that a more delightful spot, considering all the surroundings, for the location of a college, could not be found in the country.

Having satisfied myself of the beauty and salubrity of the place, I next turned my attention to the mental adaptabilities of the college and its claims to patronage and distinction as an educational establishment. The following was the result of my inquiry: I found the studies divided between the collegiate, commercial, and preparatory departments, comprising six classes; the professors of the same numbering eighteen Brothers and about ten gentlemen unconnected with the Order. I commenced to examine each class, from the lowest upward, and in justice to all concerned, I must candidly confess that I was most agreeably disappointed, much as I had previously known and heard of the successful system of teaching adopted by the Christian Brothers.

The small boys were at their writing when I entered their class room, seated on elegantly finished fixed chairs and at desks of the latest improved pattern, imported specially for combining elegance with utility. The writing of this class, in all essential and accidental qualities of uniformity, style, and neatness, I hesitate not to say, cannot be surpassed by pupils of their age in any part of the country. As a proof of this, as well as of anything else advanced here in favor of the house or students, I would beg to refer the visitors and parents themselves who will visit the college during the examination and exhibition, to be held this month, to an investigation for themselves.

I examined all the classes in order, embracing the following: arithmetic, algebra, English grammar, and book-keeping by double entry; in every branch of which there was a thorough knowledge manifested, which could only follow from a perfect system of teaching on principles, not by rote or from mere memory. In Latin, from grammer to Ovid, Virgil, Sallust, etc.; in Greek, from grammar up to Homer, with the same happy results. In French, too, there was no falling off.

Having taken all these pupils by surprise, and with the determination to sift them thoroughly, I left off, at the close of the day, with the conviction that a more able, practical, and accomplished corps of teachers than the present faculty of the College of Pass Christian could scarcely be found.

My visit being entirely unexpected, I took all by surprise, and examined just as I liked, without any view to please anybody but myself; and thus, no collusion between the examined and teacher could take place.

I would call the special attention of business men to the sets of books prepared, not for show, but for their daily work, in the commercial department. In neatness, commercial writing, and general appearance they cannot be excelled in this city.

Natural and experimental philosophy is a branch which is supplied with an able teacher and a fine apparatus for all experimental purposes. This class constitutes the pride of the teacher who, naturally, takes credit to himself, for the success of his labors.

The crowning glory of all the students is the college brass band, made up of twenty of the pupils. The music discoursed by these amateurs for musical honors is heard with delightful effect when the band, from beneath the cupola, on the top of the college, sends the swelling notes reverberating through the pine groves, and wafted over the bay, wakes up the delighted denizens of Pass Christian to the sweet reveries of music's soothing charms.

Those who have heard the juvenile band of St. Mary's in the city can form some idea of the proficiency of the Pass Christian band when I inform them that the latter are older practitioners, and consist of the senior students.

The clock is of French make, and has already cost $1200, sending the time on eighteen different faces to the most remote parts of the college. It is calculated, when finished, to cost fully $2000.

The library is a large, spacious apartment, furnished with elegantly finished bookcases running round the room. It does not contain at present a very large number of volumes, but what there is are select and standard.

In this room is held the "Irving Debating Society," which gives, annually, several public debates. It is, I understand, in a flourishing condition.

The students for the year have numbered over one hundred and forty, notwithstanding the stringency of the times. The students are from many States, and of all religious beliefs. They are gentlemanly and refined in their manners, and though full of life and fun in time of recreation, I saw not a single evidence of rowdyism among them.

The refectory is large and spacious, capable of dining over two hundred, and room for still further enlargement when necessary. The boarding is considered quite satisfactory to those most interested, and, by many, as unsurpassed in any college both in quality and quantity. This I have from disinterested parties as well as from my own observations.

The kitchen is fully large enough to cook for an army. It is neat, scrupulously clean, lofty, and well ventilated. There is a large infirmary, well kept, but of very little use, as no sickness troubles the healthy current of young life there.

The water is in abundance, both cistern and well, the latter as clear and pure as crystal. The play-grounds are varied—sometimes the shady enclosures of the cottage, at other times the green sward and the cool glades of the piney woods in the rear.

Thus concludes my sight-seeing and experience of a short visit to Pass Christian College, and illustrates a well-known fact, that we are often acquainted with the merits of far off institutions, while we are at the same time ignorant of those of superior merit at our own door.

Those who wish to see for themselves, let them visit the college examination on the 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th of this month, when the writer of this can assure all that they will be convinced of the truth of the foregoing.

In conclusion, we can promise them a courteous greeting and welcome from the ever-hospitable Brother Isaiah, visitor and president, to whose administrative ability the present success of the college is chiefly due.

J. M. E.

Don't forget the Grand Pic-Nic at Oakland Riding Park to-day.

Died in Paris on Sunday May 31st, Mr. Joseph O'Toole, formerly President of the Board of Trade, in Reunion Island (Bourbon.) Mr O'Toole was a descendant of the old Irish family of that name. His ancestors left Ireland after the siege of Limerick, and served France faithfully. Mr. O'Toole was highly respected in Paris, where he had resided for the last six years. He leaves two sons, and a daughter married to Count O'Kelly, captain in the French army. He was proud of his Irish origin, and assisted every year at the "Dinner de St. Patrice," or "Dinner des Anciens Irlandais."

The Bishop of Galway has suggested a Sunday closing movement in that town. After divine service, Sunday should be a day of general enjoyment and amusement; and it is to be hoped the effect of closing the public houses will induce the people to inhale the fresh breezes of the country, which will contribute much to the public health. The public is indebted to the leading firms who so readily acceded to the suggestion of the good Lord Bishop.

You should not fail to see the real Irish game of Foot-Ball, to take place this day, at the Oakland Riding Park.

MRS. DEL BAL.

We make the following extracts from the work noticed in another column under the head of "New Publications." It shows how early and efficiently this young woman,—who died, as we would say in our short-sightedness, prematurely—began her Christian career:

During her leisure hours, "to instruct the ignorant" was one of the acts of mercy of which she was very fond. More than one of the servants were taught to read and write by her. One of her pupils, whose history is a romantic one, will remember with lifelong gratitude the valuable instructions she received. Madame Va Bien's (as we shall call her) dress-making establishment was one patronized by the most fashionable and recklessly extravagant of New York ladies. Among her sewing-girls was one who worked faithfully and uncomplainingly, early and late, till Saturday night; but the clock had struck twelve, and she rose to leave. Madame Va Bien expostulated. It was not possible to disappoint her customers, and the girls must finish the dresses. No inducement could persuade Kate to work on Sunday morning; but, with her departure she received her dismissal from her employer. She was very poor, and this was a severe trial.

In vain she sought another place as dress-maker, so she offered herself as nurse in Mrs. White's family until one could be procured. Her beauty and ladylike manners attracted the attention of a gentleman, very much her superior, who had seen her come and go to her work during her stay with Madame Va Bien, and from this person he learned that her goodness and piety exceeded her personal charms.

At first, she would not receive his attentions, feeling her inferiority; but, after a year's probation to test his love, he was accepted. Being a foreigner, and not understanding English well, he had not discovered the young wife's deficiencies in education until several months after their marriage, when, to his great sorrow, he learned that she could neither read nor write!

To Jenny she opened this painful secret of her heart, and craved advice what to do to remedy this evil. Without delay, Jenny commenced a course of instruction, and encouraged her to be faithful in the performance of every duty that could make his home happy.

He gave up all society to hide her ignorance and spare her feelings,—a sacrifice and devotedness appreciated by Kate, which strengthened her will and quickened her intellect. Her progress was, therefore, remarkable.

A year only elapsed after their marriage before her husband fell a victim to fever; and the young widow received a letter in due time, from Europe, from her father-in-law, urging her to go to his home, and become the loved daughter of their sorrowing hearts.

Here was a new motive to pursue her studies with Jenny with redoubled exertion. She remained two months longer, daily going to Jenny's studio, where she sat two or three hours by her side, day after day, docile as a child, looking up to her young teacher with mingled veneration and admiration, her own loveliness heightened by the shade of sorrow that had fallen upon her beautiful face.

With sad forebodings and a sinking heart Kate parted from her little benefactress, to go to her husband's home.

Ever striving to conceal from her new friends the weary weight that lay upon her heart,—her want of education,—her health began to decline. But steamer after steamer brought her hundreds of written pages of instruction, which she eagerly devoured, like one in extreme hunger.

Thrown into society to which she had been unaccustomed, it was difficult at first to her to conform with ease to its etiquette and requirements; but even on these points she had received lessons from Jenny. And who will be surprised to learn that, after two or three years, these instructions were so blessed that the young widow no longer blushed for ignorance, for which she had at one time nearly died broken-hearted?

Now, so pleasing were her manners and conversation that she was obliged to entertain foreign visitors at her father-in-law's house. On account of her knowledge of both English and French (the latter language she had learned since her arrival in Europe) they found her a delightful companion.

The struggle to improve, and the effort to conceal her trouble, rendered Kate's delicacy a cause of alarm. The doctor finding it difficult to overcome the debility, for which he could find no apparent cause, advised her to go to Baden-Baden, for change of air and scene. Here, veiled in deep mourning, she sought the seclusion of her room; but she was forced to mingle in the crowd, and soon became an unwilling belle! Of this she wrote to Jenny, to whom she confided every change of circumstance, and from whom she still obtained letters filled with instruction and advice.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS BURGER.

As Burger, the well known author and philologist, was walking in the Champs Elysees, some two years ago, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming: "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir—twenty for a penny!" He looked up and recognized his old barber. "What, are you selling nuts?" said he. "Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate." "But this is no business for a man like you." "Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the old barber, with a sigh. Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then, tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man, saying: "Take this to a printing office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the prefecture of police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God printed in so many different ways!" The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following hand-bill:

The Name of God in Forty-Eight Languages.—Hebrew—Elohim or Eloah. Chaldaic—Elah. Malay—Alla. Assyrian—Allah. Cretan—Thios. Syriac and Turkish—Alah. Greek—Theos. Language of Magi—Orsi. Latin—Deus. Old Egyptian—Teut. Runic—As. Armenian—Teuti. Persian—Sire. Modern Egyptian—Tenn. Arabic—Allah. Æolian and Doric—Ilos. Polacca—Bung. Low Latin—Diex. Lapp—Jubinal. Celtic and Old Gallic—Diu. Italian—Dio. Portuguese—Deos. Irish—Die. Old German—Diet. Flemish—Goed. German and Swiss—Gott. Dutch—Godt. English and Old Saxon—God. Danish and Swedish—Gut. Polish—Bog. Peruvian—Puchocamac. French—Dieu. Spanish—Dios. Slavic—Buch. Zemblian—Fetizo. Provencal—Diou. Hindostanee—Baiu. Low Breton—Doue. Coromandel—Brama. Olala tongue—Deu. Chinese—Prussa. Teutonic—Goth. Japanese—Goezur. Norwegian—Gud. Tartar—Magatal. Finnish—Jumala. Madagascar—Zannar. Pannonian—Istu.

A few days after, Burger met the barber. "Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?" "Yes, indeed, sir; I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous: some give me ten cents, and others, twenty. I have received half a dollar for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day." "Five dollars a day!" "Yes, sir, thanks to your kindness." "Well," thought Burger, as he walked away, "if I were not a literary man, I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

A fine band of music will be in attendance at the Oakland Park, to-day.

ONWARD.—The *Church News*, an English paper of great denominational influence, is very explicit in its advocacy of retracing its steps from the false course of the Church of England, and adopting more enlightened views and practices. In a late number it says:

Nothing can be more repugnant to our feelings than the idea entertained by some that the Church of England is to regain her lost faith and practice and then to "sit a queen and see no sorrow" in proud isolation. What mere national Churches come to, past history tells us. We have no sympathy with such a notion, for we wish to see Christendom once again under one visible head, as our Lord's words, "One fold and one shepherd." While then we rejoice to see the great ritual movement around us, as, so far tending to aid this one great object and desire, we must be especially careful in our zeal for the outward beauty of holiness not to neglect those safeguards with which the Church in all ages has hedged round her sacraments. While we multiply communions we must be more than ever careful as to the preparation for, and thanksgiving after communion; nothing, we think, can be more hurtful than indiscriminate communion; and it is, we think, too much encouraged and allowed (unintentionally) in various otherwise well-ordered Churches in the metropolis and elsewhere. The two great safeguards in this matter are confession and the rule of fasting communion. Confession, thank God! is more and more practiced daily. Of fasting communion we now propose to say a few words. That this has been the custom of the universal Church from the earliest ages no one can doubt; that this rule has fallen into disuse among ourselves—though by no canon law, or even implied permission—is a self-evident fact; that our efforts to restore the rule and to get it practised have been, as yet, unsuccessful, few will deny.

All the great races published in the programme—foot, sack, horse, and mule—not forgetting the one between the boys and the greased pigs—will take place to-day, at Oakland Course. Don't fail to attend.