

ASSIST EACH OTHER.

Lead a hand to tug another, In the daily toils of life; When we need a weaker brother, And we left him in the strife, These are some rich but many, And the poor's man's turn to-day, May become our own to-morrow.

LA NEIGE.

A SKETCH, BY MRS. BEATRICE MCGOWAN.

Captain Aymer does not answer, he does not even look at her, but his hands clasp convulsively the little one resting upon his arm. "I know it is hard," she murmurs, her voice filled with tears; "so hard, Gerald, but oh, God be thanked that we are not without hope. They dare to let us think of it; to pray for it, and if they themselves had none, they would not do that."

"O, hush! hush!" she cries; "Why do you hush me so? Is it more than life! Is it more than what I suffered when I thought you lost! O, Gerald, Gerald, what you call a 'sacrifice' is something so grand and holy to me, that I dare not question the selfishness of my own happiness. You never needed me as you need me now, and I am almost sure," she adds, trying to speak cheerfully, that I have quite recovered from all my weakness for St. George's and the drawing-room, and that you will marry a very sensible woman indeed, Gerald."

"Poor, little Rose, my poor, faithful girl," he says, fondly; "how little I ever knew you till now. One look into your dear, brave face would repay me for all, but that I may not have. Heaven teach me resignation for my affliction is sore indeed."

"La Neige does not speak; she cannot, she only draws his head down to her shoulder and kisses the poor, closed eyes, and across her own thoughts there comes the memory of that day, nearly eight months ago now, when she had first come to him."

"To find him surrounded by kind and watchful hearts to whom his solitary helplessness had deepened the bond of sympathy. The very night that she had arrived in Canton-bury she had gone at once to the convent hospital, where they had listened kindly, and with moistened eyes, to her pitiful little story and taken her to him. Even now, Rose St. Arnold cannot recall except with a thrill of exquisite pain, the deep joy, the holy rapture, and alas! the bitter grief of that meeting so many months ago. They have all been so kind and tender to her for her unswerving devotion, and her gentle, patient face is beloved by all."

"She rises from her knees and stands leaning over him, resting against the back of the chair, her hands still keeping his head upon her shoulder. A bright, sudden burst of sunshine floods the room, its dazzling brilliancy falling direct upon them. La Neige puts up her hand to shield her face, but Gerald never heeds it. Once indeed the bonny, blue eyes—the laughing, sunny eyes of other days—are opened. The light fills them, rests full upon them, but alas! alas! they never flash, never a muscle of the blue-veined eyelids quiver. Poor Rose's haggard looks, and tender care, are sadly explained now—Gerald Aymer is blind."

they have decided finally, and to-morrow will witness the result. As poor La Neige sits beside his pillow for the one brief hour allowed her to-night, a strange, sweet calmness steals over her, so all unlike what she has known for the last few days. It seems as though all doubt and all fear were gradually slipping from her; as though only a softened, tender trust, and a surpassing peace were bidding her hope for all things.

May the sweet calm indeed prove prophetic, and the tender, tired face be lit up with such a gladness on the morrow, that can only come through the blessedness of an answered prayer. The next day rises clear and bright, Rose has been with Captain Aymer during the morning, but now the doctors have kindly but firmly told her that she must leave him until they send for her.

She rises to obey, but the look that is in her eyes as they rest upon Gerald's face. "Gerald," she says, with a wondrous calm, and so that they can hear her. "If God sends you your sight, will you promise that my face shall be the first upon which it rests? Will you promise that the bandage shall not be removed until I can come to you?"

"My darling, I would not have it otherwise. I promise, solemnly, that they shall send for you as soon as the operation is over." "Thank you," she says, simply, bending over him and speaking low; "and remember my own love that whatever our Father has willed for you, he has willed that your wife should share it with you."

As she leaves the room the convent bell is ringing for vespers. It is the day of the Annunciation, and La Neige at once turns her steps towards the little chapel. She does not go down into the body of the Church, but takes her place in a tiny gallery above one side of the altar. Here she is alone or nearly so, as it is reached only from an upper corridor of the convent.

When the deep, solemn tones of the organ swell out in rapturous praise in the magnificent, every note quivers to her heart like sweetest incense. How she prays, not even those watching her—and there are some who do—can ever have the slightest knowledge. The solemn moment of the benediction, when the choir are singing the O, Salutaris, and every knee is bent the same, strange peace of the night before steals over La Neige.

Once more—here in God's sanctuary—all of fear and doubt fall from her. She trusts his mercy implicitly. After the last vibrating note of the organ has ceased, after the priests have left the altar and the people the church, she is still on her knees; till at length the door of the gallery opens softly, and some one is standing beside her. A hand is placed upon her shoulder, and looking up she sees the gentle face of one of the sisters.

The latter does not speak, but waits until she has finished her prayers, and then motions that she is to follow her. O, she knows what it means, that they have sent for her, but in her terrible anxiety her trembling lips refuse to utter a word. "You are to go now," the sister says, when they are outside in the hall. "My dear child do not ask me anything. Beyond the fact that they have sent for you, I know nothing."

When Rose gains the darkened room, one of the doctors is waiting for her upon the threshold. He speaks a few kind words, closes the door behind them, and then she finds herself seated within a short distance of Gerald's chair. Her heart is beating wildly, and the thin, white hands are clasped convulsively in her effort to keep back the cry which is rising to her lips. O, kind Heaven how slow they are! How calm, and untroubled when she is suffering such torture!

Gerald and Rose stand in one of the large windows of the hotel, looking thoughtfully out over the river; over the beautiful river and little town which they have learned to love so dearly. There are sails of all shapes and sizes. Dark, brig and schooners, many little tugs dart here and there between the vessels which they have safely brought to their anchorage, and then go puffing away to pastures new.

The little steam ferry that looks so clean and white at a distance—as all steam ferries invariably do, but whose purity is so sadly diminished upon a nearer inspection—is just leaving the opposite side, where nestles a pretty village close to the water's edge; the white houses and green sloping fields, making more than a charming contrast, by the golden shadows lying across them.

A whistle is heard, and the Castleton boat, a gay little steamer, occasionally freighted with the youth and beauty of the river, comes in sight and is presently lashed to her moorings. The water is deliciously clear; the sky, a lovely, pale amber after the sunset, the evening perfect. Dressed in a pretty summer dress of pure white, a look of unutterable content upon her lovely face, La Neige is once more the La Neige of other days, and almost as easy—save for a deeper gravity of manner—is it to recognize in Captain Aymer, the undaunted hero of the ill-fated Aler.

During the last four weeks they have often stood as they are standing now, but never with the same feelings as to-night, for it is their last night in Canton-bury. To-morrow they sail for England, and Rose's heart—for all there is so much to hold her here—is yearning sadly for dear, kind Lady Boardman, for in the last letters from the countess, the old lady was in need of her—as she was ill. She and Gerald have but just returned from bidding them all a last farewell at the convent.

Just one month to-day they were married in the little chapel by the beloved bishop, to whose good, unassuming courtesy they owed so much. And kneeling together before him at the altar, where she also had once knelt alone, La Neige received his final benediction as the crowning grace of that which had come to her so wondrously; passing grief and tribulation; through great doubting and still greater inspiration; the mighty marvellous and indissoluble truth!

"Gerald," she says, speaking low, and slipping her hand through his arm: "How can I say good-bye to all? The dear, quiet, old town, where God gave you back to me." "By promising always to think of it with tenderness, and remembering now that there is some one at home who needs us more."

"Poor aunt Sarah, and dear, old Boardman, O, Gerald," she cries, with sparkling eyes; "how you will love it, the old court, and the people who have heard me about you, and were all so kind to me in my troubles, when they thought that you were gone from among us, to them you will be like—like another Enoch Arden come back again."

"But bringing my Annie with me," he says, putting his arm about her, as they turn away from the window. "My darling, faithful wife, my own La Neige. THE END."

New York, June 18.—A serious stabbing affair occurred about 1 A.M. to-day on the steamer State of New York, while she was passing through the Narrows. The combatants were from Hartford. The combatants were from Hartford. The combatants were from Hartford.

BENNETT-MAY.

THE LATEST AUTHENTIC STATEMENT OF THE IMPORTANT AFFAIR BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

New York, June 5.—Efforts were made last night to obtain some statement from interested parties regarding J. G. Bennett's cabin letter in relation to his duel with Fred May. The latter is in this city, but had not seen Bennett's publication. Howland Robbins, Bennett's second, refused to say anything, as did also Fred May's second, Dr. Fred May, who is in Baltimore, and declined to be interviewed by a reporter of a New York paper. Mr. Jerome, an intimate friend of Bennett's, who has learned all details of the affair from both principals and both seconds, says: After settling preliminaries, May proposed for weapons, but Bennett declined to fight with them on account of inexperience. Lots were drawn for position, weapon and ward. May won, and selected a brace of old and rusty pistols belonging to a friend, and it was decided to begin at twelve paces. After reaching the ground the distance was measured off and the principals placed in position. It was Mr. Frederick May's second's lot to give the order, which was:

FIRE, ONE TWO THREE. The principals, it was understood, were to discharge their pistols between the words one and two. At the word two, Mr. Bennett tried to discharge toward Mr. Bennett, but he stopped and stepped up to Mr. Bennett, said, "Mr. Bennett, did your pistol snap? I thought it did. No, sir; I did not fire." Mr. Bennett answered that it returned to his principal, Dr. May asked him if he had fired, and he replied that he had not, but that he had snapped his cap and fired at now." Mr. Bennett then said, "Certainly," Dr. May answered; "you are entitled to your shot," and turning to Frederick May, he said: "You stand up and be free at now." May folded his hands and stood firm.

He retreated no signs of fear. Mr. Bennett was authorized to fire, and his pistol discharged it in the air. Dr. May snatched toward Mr. Bennett, and inquired, "Are you satisfied?" To which Howland Robbins answered, "We are." The principals and seconds then left the ground. In regard to the various and conflicting accounts which have appeared about the duel, Mr. Jerome said that they must be from persons who had it wrongly reported. The doctor's coachman and attendants were not allowed to remain, and he did not believe that any other persons except the principals and their seconds. In regard to the imputations about the coachman of the contrary, Mr. Jerome said they were trying to observe the rules of the code and behave like gentlemen. And they did behave like brave gentlemen too, and anything but the contrary is absurd. No braver men ever took up their positions on a duelling ground than Fred May and James Gordon Bennett and

It is a NASTY THING for any one to take up any suggestions as to any possibility of cowardice on the part of either of them. They don't know what cowardice is. Either of them would have been ready to fight a hundred times without flinching, if necessary. Of course they were entirely in the hands of their seconds, and if the seconds made any mistakes they cannot be held responsible for them. But did they make any mistakes? The reporter asked, "Well," Mr. Jerome said, "Dr. May should not have submitted to his second's claim for a shot after Fred May had snapped his pistol. If Bennett had chosen he would have killed May, and Fred May would have killed Bennett. But he did not do that. He did not speak a word."

Struck by a Swordfish.

A Gloucester FISHERMAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.—THE MONSTER PIERCES HIS ASSAULTANT'S BOAT.—The lookout of the Bounden Billow, a Gloucester mackerel schooner, lying to about twenty miles off the lights, early on Sunday morning sighted two black objects, seemingly drift-logs, close upon the weather bow. These objects drifted nearer, and then the look out saw that they were monster swordfish, far out of their latitude. They were working, motionless, in the sun. A boat was lowered, and was soon within a few lengths of the swordfish. The harpooner hurled his harpoon with unerring aim at the smaller swordfish. The keen steel sank deep into its body. With one snap of its tail, which is much like a three-bladed propeller, the swordfish darted away, leaving a wake of foam. The harpoon's line whizzed out from the boat until thirty-five fathoms had gone. Then came a sudden stop. Some of the crew began to congratulate themselves on the death of the swordfish, but the harpooner cried out: "Look out! he's come back!" The swordfish darted toward the boat, and the crew backed the water, but unavailingly. The swordfish pierced the thick oak planking of the boat, and the crew backed the water, but unavailingly. The swordfish pierced the thick oak planking of the boat, and the crew backed the water, but unavailingly.

The boat arrived at her pier and the crew were notified. Thompson and Powell were taken to the hospital, where their wounds were dressed. Mulligan and O'Neil were taken before Judge Morgan at the Tombs, but refused to make any statement. O'Neil was held in \$2000 without bail to await the result of Thompson's injuries.

The Notre Dame *Scolastic* supplies us with the following interesting intelligence: "Thomas Ewing Sherman, chief son of General Sherman, General of the United States Army, sailed from New York on Wednesday, June 27th, for England, where he intends to enter the Novitate of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Sherman attended the class here in 1865, while still very young, and after the removal of his parents to Washington entered Georgetown College, where he graduated. He afterwards in obedience to his father's wish, pursued a two-years' course of law at Yale university after entering the same. Much as his father disliked the separation from his son, he was not to be deterred by the request, particularly as he had ever shown himself an affectionate and dutiful child. Mr. Sherman is now in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, and Judge. We wish him success in the noble and self-sacrificing career upon which he is about to enter." Catholic generation can wish nothing better and nothing less to young cadet of Christ, than his perseverance in the service of that one of the "two standards" which he has chosen, and under it win as great distinction as his father has under the flag of his country.

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