

The Old Canoe.

Republished by request.

Long before the war the appended simple but charming paper, "A Little Rock, Ark., without signature or address," As they have a tone and sentiment in it, we publish it. In the same locality, their present revival is at least seasonable; and it is possible that their restoration to the church will bring some consolation from the unknown hand who had never felt ashamed to own himself a sinner.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is stony,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Lands itself heavily over the water,
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the trees grow thick on the winding
bank; where the shadow is heavy the whole day,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day,
There lies the moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped;
And the oars on the railing, one over one,
Lie lazily hand in hand when the work is done;
While the sturdy back and forth with even
The spirit's strength, the heart, the nerve,
And the hand, come out, with his full "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay.
Hiding its mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a stone,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily lies and goes again,
It bears the burden of the dusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noon tide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning
By the dripping bough of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly shore,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quiet,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And doffed below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

THE MARTYR CHILD.

BY C. M. BRAME.

CHAPTER I.

You all know that many years ago there reigned in England a king called Henry VIII. When he was young he was good and handsome, and all the people loved him very much. He married a princess called Katharine of Aragon. But when he grew older he became very wicked; he sent his kind and gentle queen away.

There was a new religion which had just invaded England; and the king did not like it. He gave up by degrees all the doctrines of the Catholic faith, and not only became a Protestant himself, but tried to make all his people do the same. I could never tell you all the sorrow and wrong he caused, when he found that the people would not give up their faith to please him. One of the most cruel and unjust things this bad king did was to destroy all the convents and monasteries. He spent a great deal of money and found he must have a great deal more. When he thought any convent or monastery was rich, and had money or altar vessels, he would send a band of rough soldiers, who took possession of all the valuables in the convent to satisfy the covetous king. They were hard, bitter times, and no one was happy.

In the south of England, in the fertile county of Kent, stood Vere Court, the seat of a nobleman whom we shall call Lord de Vere. He was a young Catholic nobleman, exceeding good, and beloved alike by rich and poor, and his wife, Lady de Vere, was no less so.

Lord and Lady de Vere were as good and happy as it was possible to be.

Lady de Vere had been one of Queen Katherine's maids of honor, and she was much attached to her royal mistress. She loved her so much for her goodness and her sorrows, and she would have given her life for her. The queen was very sorry to lose her favorite attendant, but she told Lord de Vere he must often bring his lady to see her.

They had one little girl, and a Lady de Vere loved the queen so much, she gave her little baby the same name—Katherine, or, as every one called her, Katrine de Vere.

They were very happy in their beautiful home, no shadow of trouble had ever darkened their lives. They had everything to make them contented and satisfied.

There was a beautiful chapel at Vere Court, of which Father Cuthbert was the chaplain. The good Queen Katherine was driven from her place; and the king, now that his pious wife was away, set no bounds to his evil deeds. All the convents round London had been pillaged, and, most of them destroyed. The soldiers were ravaging the north, and the nuns of St. Mary's began to fear. They had many costly things in their chapel, among others, the tabernacle, which had been given to the chapel many years before by a lady who died in their house. It was a thank offering she had made on account of her only son who had escaped great dangers, and at last became a Jesuit priest. The sacred vessels, too, were all of gold, and studded with precious stones.

While all was peaceful and calm in the quiet convent, dreadful things were happening in England. The good Queen Katherine was driven from her place; and the king, now that his pious wife was away, set no bounds to his evil deeds. All the convents round London had been pillaged, and, most of them destroyed. The soldiers were ravaging the north, and the nuns of St. Mary's began to fear.

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When the soldiers robbed the churches and convents, they treated these holy things with such dreadful irreverence that any good Catholic would sooner die than defend them than lay yielded them into such wicked hands.

"My dear Mother," said little Katrine one day, "what makes you look so sad? You never smile now; and all the Sisters look sad too."

"Because he has been wicked and good men will not take his side; he has taken a great hatred to nuns and monks, and is turning them out of their homes."

"Will he hurt us, Rev. Mother?"

life, his estates were forfeited, and King Henry took all his money and lands, while his poor wife and child were left without a shilling.

Little they thought, on the bright morning they left their beautiful home, that none of them would ever see it again.

The sun shone, the birds sang, the trees and flowers gave forth a thousand perfumes. There was no shadow of the dark prior, or the red scaffold; but both were gone. Lady de Vere went daily to that gloomy tower. Katrine went with her mother; she was too young to know why her poor father lived in that dark narrow room, and would not come back to Vere Court. "I am sure the chestnuts are all in bloom, papa," she would say; "when shall we go home?" She would clasp her arms round his neck, little thinking, poor child, that her father would never see chestnuts bloom or sunrise again.

The day dawned that was the last Lord de Vere was to see on earth. His poor wife came to bid him farewell. Even angels bow their heads before grief such as hers. Katrine wondered why her papa held her in his arms, and kissed her with streaming eyes and burning lips. She saw her mother carried white and senseless out of the room; she held up the heavy booming of the bell; and then they told her that her father was dead.

Poor Katrine was so deeply orphaned, for Lady de Vere did not many days survive the tragic scene. She soon rejoined her beloved husband. Katrine, still a happy, blooming child, heiress to great wealth, and the petted darling of her parents, was now alone in the world, penniless and almost friendless. Then came to her aid one of those friends who seem always at hand to succor and console. The good Father Cuthbert, who had hurried up to London when he first heard of the imprisonment of Lord de Vere, took the child under his protection. It might have been, if he had not removed her quickly to notice, the vengeance of the ruthless king might have fallen upon her father's head. But Father Cuthbert sheltered with her day and night and never left her until he had placed her safely under the charge of the Rev. Mother of St. Mary's Convent, at Hills-gate, in Yorkshire, England.

CHAPTER II.

A new life began now for little Katrine. The memory of her beautiful, gentle mother, and her dear father, never left her; but she gradually forgot Vere Court and the golden hours she had spent there. She was the only little one in the convent. The Sisters thought it better to keep her name a secret until she was old enough to hear all the sad story; so she was known by the name of "the Convent Child." She had a little room to herself, and one of the Sisters had the charge of her. She was very happy after a time, and was much loved by the good nuns. Father Cuthbert, too, went over once or twice in the year to see her.

As Katrine became older, she was re-

markable for her great love and devotion to Jesus.

It seemed to her a wonderful mystery,

that the hands that lent to the light shield

had grown familiar with stermer things;

But I love you, where the whirr their white

Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass

grew,

Over the moulder stern of the old canoe.

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CHAPTER III.

It was just the end of Benediction; Ves-

pers and Compline had been sung,

the fragrance of the incense filled the

little chapel, the taper gleamed like stars

upon the altar, the priest in his vestments

Wore the robes of the altar-piece representing

the Crucifixion.

As Katrine was about to leave the

convent, she heard a noise outside the

walls. A terrified lay Sister rushed into

the chapel, and, running to the Superior,

said, "The children are here!"

"They are here!" said the Superior.

"They are here!" said the Superior.</