## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Via Solitaria.

2

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, Alone I walk the peopled city, Where each seems happy with his own; Ohi friends, I ask not for your pity— I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices, Though moved by loving airs of June, Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches Its plumes in many a feathery spray; In vain the evening's starry marches And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers: Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes; They gaze on other fields than ours— On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer, The blade is stolen from the sheath; Life has but one more boon to offer, And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty, And, therefore, life and health must erave Though she who gave the world its beauty Is in her grave. cedars. craft, so that he might run his hands along her hull, which he did with care

I live, O lost one: for the living Who drew their earliest life from thee, And wait until with glad thanksgiving I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station Wherein apart a traveller stands— One absent long from home and nation, In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens, Amid the twilight's chill and gloom To hear, approaching in the distance, The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating, Beyond the shadows of the tomb, On yonder shore a bride is waiting Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing, And there—oh! vision of delight!— I see the child and mother straying In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest Stealing the treasures one by one. I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest The parted—one.

From the Catholic World. THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

"I came back from my visit to Mamaro-neck early this morning; I journeyed by starlight on purpose to be present at the launch," answered the daughter of Nat Hunt, the Tory. "Tis well that you did not return last evening," said Ben. "Ay, or I might have been frightened to death by those thievish Skinners who at-tacked my father's store," said Mehitable, speaking as if she cared not who heard her—and there were sympathizers with the Skinners present as well as Tories. At the head of a long, winding creek which opens into a broader one called Hutchinson's Creek there stood during the Hutchinson's Creek there stood during the Revolution a plain log-cabin inhabited by Robert Reed, better known in the townthe Skinners present as well as Tories. Then in a milder tone she added: "Pray who is going to baptize your schooner Captain Ben ?" "Captain Bob's daugh ship of East Chester as Captain Bob. Even to-day this is a secluded spot. But a cen-tury ago the primeval forest came almost to the water's edge and formed a semier," answered Ben, half turning to Pheb whose open, artless countenance betrayed not the least jealousy of the other. She knew that Mehitable was the belle of the circle round about it; on some of the trees marks of Indian tomahawks were township, and that she herself was homely; it was therefore quite natural for Ben to still visible, and it was difficult to believe that the city of New York was only fifteen miles away. But Captain Bob, who had spent his

gaze wistfully at Mehitable. "Methinks 'tis a bottle of gooseberry wine she intends to break over the bow," best years piloting vessels up and down the Sound, was now old and blind; he continued the latter with an ill-concealed sneer. "My father would have furnished cared not how retired his home was, pro-vided only his dear Phebe was near him. sneer. "My father would have furnished something better for the occasion." "By thunder and lightning ! knock away the And Phebe loved him as tenderly as ever a daughter loved her father. blocks and let her glide into the water, There were prettier girls than she in East growled the old pilot, who was boiling There were prettuer gris than she in East Chester. Her complexion was bronzed by exposure to the sun, her hands were to so soft and delicate as they might have been, while her nose was decidedly tip-tilted towards the sky. But her eyes, which were the color of the deep blue sea ware the hyinghest and merriest sea sea, were the brightest and merriest eves

Phebe led her father close to the pretty

and muttering all the while to himself. Then she conducted him up a gangway to

the deck, which he paced twice, saying at

the deck, which he paced twice, saying at last: "Ben, my boy, you have given her a good deal of sheer; she will ride like a duck on the water." By this time a dozen youths and maidens—invited to the deck by Ben—were standing around

him, whispering and speaking his praise. Presently Ben's eyes rested on one of them—a tall, slender girl with lily-white

complexion, save a spot like a rosebul glowing on either cheek, which suddenly expanded and bloomed into a beautiful

"Why, Mehitable, I am glad to see you. I scarcely hoped to meet you here to day,"

"I came back from my visit to Mamaro

aid Ben

Obedient to her parent's emphatically expressed wish, Phebe now tucked up her you had ever looked into, and her healthy well-developed figure made her a worthy right sleeve, and as the arm became exposed to view you were struck by its offspring of the tough old pilot. "This is your birthday, child. To-day whiteness as compared with her sunburnt you are twenty-five," spoke Captain Bob one April morning in 1777, after Phebe had esconced him in a high-backed chair on hand ; it was as white as Mehitable's arm except for a big bluish spot on the inner side, where was distinctly marked the fig-ure of an anchor. Mehitable smiled scornthe porch where the early sunbeams might fall upon him. "Yes, twenty-five," answered Phebe cheerfully; she knew not what it was to be otherwise than cheerful. fully when she perceived it, and whispered something to Ben, who made no response but advanced with Phebe and her fathe to the extreme end of the bow. "All

"Well, child, stay with me as long as you can. Plenty of time to settle down ready ?" he cried out presently. "Ay, ay, sir," came the quick response from below. In another moment the hull began to move, slowly at first, very slowly, you can. There of a time to set the duck response plenty of time." "I will stay with you always," said Phebe. "Why, where could I be happier than here with you in this sweet, sweet home ?" "Ay, ay, sir," came the duck response beau. In another moment the hull began to move, slowly at first, very slowly, then faster and faster, and at length, just the keep parted the deep, inflowing tide, Phebe shivered the bottle of wine

her father against her side, crying out as she did so : "Squall is the name I give thee, beautiful "And where I can smell the salt meadows, which I like ten times better than clover fields," said Phebe, drawing in a full breath of bracing air wafted from the huzza, and many hands were clapped, and, "But these are startled perhaps by the unwonted sight and the cheering, an eagle flew out of a pine-tree on the edge of the wood, and, circling three times overhead, screamed a wild, piercing Godspeed of its own to the American privateer. This evening, a little after sundown, Ben was seated on the porch of Captain Bob's house, sipping a glass of grog which Phebe had made for him; she would of the pine times overhead, screamed a wild, piercing Godspeed of its own to the American privateer. This evening, a little after sundown, Ben was seated on the porch of Captain Bob's house, sipping a glass of grog which Phebe had made for him; she would of the pine time and the sundown, "O father !" whispered Phebe pleadingly have you heard any news ?" inquired the pilot. "Some Skinners rode into the vil-lage last week and broke Nan Hunt's windows," answered Phebe-"for you know that he is a Tory-and they might have plundered his store had not a band Cowboys appeared and driven them off.' "Well the war has lasted now two rather have given him tea but tea was not to be had in East Chester during these years. It is two whole years since the fight at Lexington. The Lord knows when it will end," sighed Captain Bob Revolutionary days. Phebe herself was busy trailing a vine of morning-glories about an ancient figurehead of a ship placed in front of the door, and which her father had found floating in Hell Gate shaking his head. "It will end when you have won your independence—not before," said Phebe. "Right ! right !" exclaimed a voice at the corner of the house, and in another many years gone by. It represented Nep-tune, and, despite its age and weathermoment a stout, strongly-built young man approached with quick, agile step. He was barely an inch taller than Phebe, beaten aspect, it formed not an unseemly ornament to his humble home. "Verily, we never know what will become of our black and curly, he had earwe never know what will become of our bones," observed the pilot, whose sightless eyes were turned towards the figurehead. "The ship to which that once belonged was built far away in 'Bilbo,' " "And the Spanish skipper had not you for pilot or he would not have wrecked his bark on the Hog's Back," observed Phebe. "Alas! let us not talk of those days," his hair was rings in his ears, and his eyes were the same color as her own. "Good morning, Ben Barry; good morn ing," quoth the pilot stretching forth his hand. "Good morning," said Ben. Then turning to Phebe he added : "I am a little late but all is ready. Will you christen her?" To be sure I will; and there "Alias! let us not tark of those days, sighed her father. "I am good for noth-ing now; I shall never steer another ship." "Well, when peace returns I can take her ?? To be sure I win', and there could not be a finer day for the cere-mony," replied Phebe. "Well, the boys have worked like beavers; they must be smart mechanics. Have you let any of them into the secret?" inquired her father. "I have told only three of the your place and earn something, so cheer up," said Phebe. Then, perceiving him smile, "But I am in earnest," she conp," said Phebe. Internet," she con-nile, "But I am in earnest," she con-mued. "Why, during the past winter I ave studied all your charts and sound-ngs, and I know the reefs and channels between New York and Sand's Point lemost as wellas—as—" intermented her was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright state ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright set was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright set was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright here was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright here was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright here was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright here was ready for a trial cruise. It was a bright here the here the here was no unpleas. The trial cruise is the tria father. most trusty ones," said Ben. "Well, are you really ready ?" said Phebe ; for if you tinued. you reany ready , said thebe for H you are I will fetch a bottle of gooseberry wine." "Yes, all is ready," answered Ben. A few minutes later the girl took have studied her father's hand, and carrying under her arm the bottle of homemade wine, they almost as well as-as-" "As myself, eh?" interrupted her arm the bottle of nonnearce wind, they sallied forth to the christening. Turning to the right, they entered a path which led them across a little garfather. "Well, no, I don't mean to say that. But I am quite capable of guiding a ves-sel through the dangerous places. You know that I have been with you a score of den, then into a shadowy maze of oaks and hickory trees, the haunt of racoons and partridges, and after proceeding a long distance came to a babbling trout-stream, which still retains its old name of Rattleknow that I have been with your scole of times when you were acting as pilot, and I have sharp eyes and a good memory." "Well, child, I guess that this small patch of ground, if properly cultivated, snake Brook, albeit rattlesnakes have long will keep you and me from want; you need not do such work as that," said the pilot. "But I love the water," pursued Phebe. "And even now it might be snake Brook, about rationales have only disappeared from Westchester County. "Do you remember this spot ?" said Ben, glancing at Phebe. "Indeed I do," she said. "And the anchor is just where you and the thorato my dying dow. better if we were afloat instead of ashore. put it, and will be there to my dying day. But it hurt a little: your pin went deep." "Well, I have three anchors on each arm," said Ben smiling. "And I have one more Who knows what night the Coyboys may not pay us a visit and steal our chickens and burn our house down ?"

than both of you together," put in Cap-Thus been obtained by the second seco

"Oh! would that I could see," exclaimed the pilot. "But you must let me feel her; do bring me close ! And there is quite a crowd there; is there not ? I hear Well might the old man now lament the loss of his vision, for he would have be-held an interesting scene. About two acres of wood had been cleared away, and

in the clearing a hundred people or more were assembled in groups, while all were looking at a schooner which was resting on the stocks and tricked out from bow to stern with branches of evergreens and

Ben, advancing and pressing her hand. "Oh ! what a beauty she is," added Mehit-

At the mount of the creek, answered Ben, advancing and pressing her hand, "Oh ! what a beauty she is," added Mehit-able. "Here she is," said Phebe presently. "Any clouds, child—any clouds ?" "No self exactly between Ben and Phebe. Then, in a slow and measured way, she said: "Captain Ben, why did you give your vessel such a horrid name?" "Soit is," growled the pilot; "do change it and call her the Apple-dumplings—eh, Miss Hunt?" "A good idea. Why did I not think of it this morning?" observed Phebe calmy. "It matters little what a fishing or trading vessel is called: she is to be calmly. "It matters little what a fishing or trading vessel is called : she is to be employed in earning filthy lucre. Were she a bold, dashing man-of-war it would

be different. Therefore let her name be changed to Apple-dumplings." It was difficult to describe Mehitable's expression at this moment as she turned her graceful head and stared at Phebe; any other girl united and stated at rheee; any other girl but the pilot's daughter would have quailed beneath her haughty gaze. "Well, what name would you have me give my schooner?" inquired Ben in a semi-whis-per. "Don't ask me; I care not now what ou call her," replied Mehitable angrily. With this she quitted Ben's side and went and stood near her father. "Tut, tut! Be not vexed about a trifle," spoke the latter. "And if Captain Ben will the latter. "And if Captain Ben will bring his codfish to my store I guarantee to sell them for a good price—that is, pro-vided the rascally Skinners leave me unmolested." "They are no worse than the Cowboys, who plunder honest folk in the name of King George," remarked Phebe. "Humph! I guess you are about right," nswered Hunt. "One side is as bad as answered Hunt. "One side is as bad as the other. Why, I am told that at the tavern called the Old Stone Jug, on the

Boston Post-Road, the Skinners and Cowboys sometimes meet at night and amicably divide spoils; and between the two poor Westchester County is fast going to the dogs.'

Then, glancing at his daughter, he ad-ded : "Why child, we have not been here five minutes yet. Why do you wish to return home?" "Let us go," said Mehit-

Here Ben gave an entreating look. But in vain; the artful beauty pouted and shook her head. She was anxious to prove to Phebe how much influence she wielded over him, and it would not do to vield too readily to his entreaties. So she repeated 'Let us go home, father; let us go home.' "No, no; you shall not leave us so soon," exclaimed Ben, catching her snowy wrist. Then he breathed a few words in her ear.

"Well, well, since you hold me a pris-oner what can I do ? I must stay," con-tinued Mehitable, her ire suddenly subsiding and lifting her eyes to Ben with an arch expression which went straight where she meant it to go-to his susceptible heart. "Yes, remain and let us be fri spoke the generous Phebe. "I wish I had a dish of tea to offer you." Without deigning to answer this kindly speech Me-hitable let Ben lead her to a chair somewhat apart from where the others were sitting, and there for a good half-hour, and until darkness concealed the broad meadows and winding creek, they chatted

pleasantly together in undertones." "Ben, you are no better than a booby

"Well, if that were to happen I could take you aboard the Squall," put in Ben laughing. "Ay, and teach me how to fire a can-inon," said Phebe. "You'd make a first-rate gunner," said Ben. "Well, you can-not think how glad I am that you are poing to command a privater," went of the so of the party, with a familiar wave of the hand—nothing more—and merely said "Thank you" when she offered him a roll of charts, telling him at the said that you stayed in East Chester doing." "Hush thush not so loud," said Ben in a low hurried voice. He had is daughter made their appearance. "Why, are you here?" exclaimed Mehit-able, expendence is she?" "At the mouth of the creek," answered Ben, advancing and pressing her hand. "Oh t what a beauty she is," added Mehit-able.

forlorn. "Alas ! why did I come aboard this hateful vessel ? Oh ! how sick I feel," within an hour a long line of angry clouds was sweeping down from the north-east. The foresail had been taken in and Ben was wishing that he had brought a larger crew; there were only himself and two stickings the manage himself and "Ay, and it is a rattlesnake." point-ing to an eel wriggling through the mud. "Ay, and it is a rattlesnake. Run ! run!" cried the pilot. "Dear father, do not scare her," said Phebe. two striplings to manage his schooner, un-less he counted Phebe. He had not gone

In another moment Ben was at Mehit-able's side ; then lifting her in his armsto her unbounded delight-he carried her into the scow with as much ease as if she into the scow with as much ease as if she had been a feather. "Does she know how to row ? Won't Phebe upset us ?" whis-pered Mehitable. "Well, I know how to swim," replied Ben as he dropped her ten-derly in the bow. And now off they went, the pilot mut-tering something about a storm brewing. "And if anything happens, Phebe," he said, "save your precious self, child; don't mind me." At these ominous words Mehitable, for whose eves they were in-

Mehitable, for whose eyes they were in-tended, nestled closer to Ben's side, who presently stole one of her pretty hands, and, after feasting his eyes on it a mo-ment, looked at Phebe's brown strong hand. What a contrast between them hand. What a contrast between them i How helpful the one, how puny the other! O perverse, passion-blinded youth i How canst thou hesitate for a moment which hand to choose i Ben had known the pilot's daughter ever since she was five years old—a romping, barefooted, chubby-faced creature, as fond of wading in the water as a snipe. In the first years of her teens Phebe had let him tatoo an anchor on her arm, wincing a little when the needle pierced the flesh, then kissing him and saying, "It didn't hurt much, Ben." Since that now seemingly far-off day his lips had never once met hers-not once ; more like brother and sister they had grown towards each other. On one occasion he had told her that she would make a fine sailor-boy, whereupon Phebe had said: "And I would like to sail with you all round the world." These words her father had overheard, and we cannot wonder that, loath as he would have been to have hard with Phebe, Ben was the man who, he hoped, might one day win her heart. And now to have him showing attention to the daughter of a sneaking Tory was indeed enough to make him call Ben a booby. Yet it must be owned that in the matter of wiving all men are like Ben Barry. But if the latter thought Mehit-able's hand much pleasanter to hold and to fondle than Phebe's hand, her tiny foot charmed him even more. "My shoes are all covered with nasty

creek.mud," spoke Mehitable presently. "Can't you scrape it off ? "Twill spoil my new shoes." "With pleasure," answered Ben, and, forthwith picking up a clam-shell from the bottom of the boat, he went about his task so agreeably to Mehitable that when he got through she wished that

dumplings! Hoorah !" "You hard-hearted, hoary-headed old

-for Phebe had told him

SEPT. 29, 1882.

Of American Divorce and Its Root.

Chicago Living Church (Anglican). Attention is being drawn to the alarm. ing laxity of public opinion, and to the laws in reference to divorce. It is also re-

THE VICE

laws in reference to divorce. It is also re-garded as especially significant, that the evil is so prominent in New England— that portion of the country once regarded as being, before all the rest, pre-eminent for the rigor of its religion, and the ex-actness of its virtue. A writer of high standing—and himself a New Englander —in treating of the subject, shows that the state of things is such, that it even amounts to a practical reproduction of Mormon polygamy. There would seem Mormon polygamy. There would seem to be grounds on which he might have gone further, and pronounced it even going to have a blow. The foresail is be-ginning to shake; we cannot keep this course much longer," spoke Phebe, whose deft hands were still guiding the schooner and who knew the signs of the sky. "Be not alarmed," said Ben to Mehitable, who was again trembling, and whose visage had assumed a deadly pallor. "Stay where you are while I go and attend to the sails." With this he went away, leaving the moaning, agitated maiden with her head pillowed on his overcoat; and never in all her life had Mehitable felt so utterly forlorn. "Alas! why did I come aboard worse than legalized polygamy. Certain-y, when it comes to this, that the choice is between three, five or seven wives, taken and kept, with some sort of fixed relation and support ; and a similar number taken one at a time, kept while passion or convenience may last, and then, under a mere form of law, discarded, turned adrift, to be nowhere-neither maid, wife, nor widow, or to repeat the process of wed-lock and divorce with the added element of adultery; the choice—bad as the alter-

native is-must be with the former. If one may have doubts as to the comparative bestializing influence of the two, he must admit that there is something more impious in legalized adultery, than in le-galized concubinage. The one is the vice of civilization, the other of barbarism. But the vices of barbarism are only brutal ;

But the vices of Darbarism are only brutal; those of civilization are devilish. Our object, however, was not to insti-tute a comparison between Mormon Poly-gamy and New England Multiplicity of far enough yet to prove her sailing quali-ties ; he did not wish to return home so soon. And so, under jib, flying jib, and mainsail, close-hauled, almost in the very teeth of the wind, the Squall kept plough-ing her way up the Sound. On and on-word she want until Fatavia Nack was wives through latitude of divorce. We wish rather to call attention to what seems to us to be the real root of the latter evil, as opposed to some of the alleged causes. For example, we find recently put promward she went until Eaton's Neck was lost in the distance. "O dear Ben! I am dying. Do come to me Ben!" ejaculated the unhappy Mehitable as the spray dashed over her. But the rising gale, which was howling through the rigging, inently among the latter, the influence of John Milton and his theory of divorce, upon the New England mind. Now, there is no doubt that the present licenti-ous system of divorce would be a natural carried her words and her lamentations far to leeward, and Ben heard them not. and necessary outcome of any such teach-ing, if it were prevalent. But it may be doubted whether Milton's writings have At this moment he was helping to lower At this moment he was helping to lower the jib, and there was no time to loose; white caps were already breaking in every direction; the Connecticut shore, as well as Long Island, were hidden from view; doubted whether Anton's writings have had any such wide-spread hold upon the people of New England, as to produce any such result. His prose works, among which his fulminations on the subject an awful darkness was enveloping them. divorce appear, have been more complete ly unknown to the mass of readers, than "If I could leave the wheel in your charge for a moment," said Phebe to her father, ose of any other writer of like celebrity. "I might help poor Mehitable, who is in a pitiable condition. But for the bulwark How many of even the literary few hav ever seen one of that precious trio : "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;" "The Judgment of Martin Bucer concernpitiable condition. But for the bulwark which protects her she would be swept into the sea." "Stick to your post and let her be," growled the pilot. "The *Apple-dumplings* won't capsize; let the gal be I say." He had scarcely spoken when a violent gust struck the schooner and well-nigh threw her on her beam-ends. The foressil as we have said had ing Divorce;" and "Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of marriage ?" It seems to us, simply absurd to attribute the moral corruption of New England in this direction, to John Milton and his ends. The foresail, as we have said, had

ends. The foresail, as we have said, had been lowered, and so by this time were the jib and the flying-jib. But the mainsail —a brand-new, splendid piece of canvas— split in twain with a report which sounded like thunder, and ere Mehitable could catch hold of anything she was rolling across the deck into the lee-scuppers. writings. It is not, however, our object to excuse that arch-Dissenter, but to call attention to the deeper and truer source of the evil deplored. That is to be found in Protestant Dissent itself. That was a revolt against the ancient authority of the Church, which had always been, and still Truth to say, in this emergency Ben did not even think about the seasick beauty. is, the strongest bulwark of marriage and A huge wave had curled over the bow and carried him off his feet; he was clinging for dear life to a rope, while Phebe, the family institution, against the inroads of sensuality. That foisted upon Christendom a rampant individualism, as parassisted by the pilot, was striving with all her might to pull the wheel hard a-staramount to all Catholic subordination, than which there has been no more proboard, so as to throw the schooner's head lific mother of heresies, schisms, and social into the wind. But although Captain Bob knew that it was a critical moment, he as well as religious, abominations; this last free and easy divorce, being nothing ould not restrain a loud peal of laughter but the application of the supreme will of the individual to the determination of his what had happened to Mehitable-and even above the marital relations and duties. That also din of the blast his stentorian lungs were heard shouting : "Hoorah, Miss Hunt, for set up, in place of the Voice of God in His Church as the exponent of Holy Scripthe Apple-dumplings Hoorah! hoorah!" Then in a few minutes, after the vessel had righted herself, he added : "She's a ture, the voice of each and every man-learned and unlearned, wise or foolish, saint or veritable knave—as endowed with perfect duck on the water—a perfect duck! Hoorah, Miss Hunt, for the Applethe "right of private judgment," the very right which now pronounces marriage to be a mere civil contract: the domestic relation to be a mere partnership concern ; divorce, a mere matter of State law, or legal craft, or lustful cunning; and re-ad-justment of the sexual relations, according to the more agreeable "private judgment" of one or both of the individual parties. f one or both of the individual parties. Nor is this a strained assumption ; for, if "Private Judgment," which is only in-dividual preference or self-will, may determine what is the necessary truth of Holy Scripture concerning salvation—which in-volves both temporal and eternal interests -why may it not much more exercise that liberty in relation to its teachings concerning marriage, which exists only for time. If a man may judge anything to be a Church, which he chooses; anything to be Scripture, which he fancies to be reasonable; anything to be worship, which gratifies his greed for excitement; why may he not judge anything to be marriage, which he chooses; anything to be proper rule for divorce, which suits his preference or his passion; and anything to be due reverence for the purity of the do-mestic relation, which, under the subterfuges of a divorce law, escapes the brand common prostitution and of Mormon Polygamy 7 We are aware, that, in pointing out this Independency, Individualism, and Private Judgment, as being the cause of Private Judgment, as being the cause of the evil deplored, we are practically im-peaching the prevailing religious systems about us. It is not pleasant to do that; the more especially as they are intrenched in the national traditions, the popular pre-judices, and the native pride of man's heart. But we must do it, others must do it; it must come to be done generally before Christian men will, by striking the true causes of the evil, do anything effectrue causes of the evil, do anything effec-tive towards its correction. And that his time may come in season to save the commonwealth, it behoves Churchmen themselves, to cast out from among them-selves, all this self-sufficient and self-willed congregationalism and individual-ism; and to retain the right-minded, Catholic subordination to the authority of the Church, and to her law of righteousness in Holy Scripture.

SEPT. 29, 1882

## Waitin

Walting while the shado And the sunlight fades While the tender gloami And the golden turns t Watching while the star Brightly in the heaven I am waiting for her con Waiting, watching for

Listening for the well-kr And the voice whose k Sweetly bids me cease m Watching, listening fo

Lingering still among th As they deepen on the Hearts exchange in sacr Thoughts that would b

Thus in perfect love and Winged moments pass Till the holy, star-crown Sweet to us as golden d And as tenderly the glos Gathered on the brow God shall keep her, God When Life's golden tu -J. Reid, in C

## THE CONVERSION

## Cardinal Mannie

At the reopening of tal of St. John's of 1 land, Benediction of of St. John's of 1 ment was given and th by Cardinal Manning, text 1 Corinthians there remain faith, ho three; but the greater In the course of his ad said: Perhaps it might they should see so n the restoration and rec tuary, and yet he th able to justify even unite altogether with in what they did that unequalled example their faith in the land doing? They were re lic Church, to Cathol ary which was created years ago. An archdo ton, whose name had regarded that some cl Villiam and some W dations of that hosp Seven hundred years away. For four hu the community of th For three hundred y Now at last, by the Providence, it had co The world might see they saw much in it. a good deed well don tion of that charity; which gave to the fac once more to the un faith was of great sig ness. The charter h charity was founded which he could not greatest in the hist was signed by Thom martyr of the liber He might seem to us and yet he only repe great successor of his orship of England ole line of th the English race, did

> who, if he alluded to life in the world, to in warfare, to his v statesman, to his de an archbishop, to hi as a pastor, and to t dom, he had no he of all Englishmen he no name around w unite such glories Thomas the martyr he who signed the John's Hospital was fore its restoration moment or interest

foundation of a m

GIVE FIRST PLACE T

tartled perhaps by the unwonted sight to let that girl twist you round her finger, she could plunge her feet again in the mud. "But you are handy at everything you do, Captain Ben—at everything," she said. "And I hope that you will catch lots of codfish—more than any other skipper." Not a spark of jealousy entered Phebe's breast when she heard them thus cooing together. Her blind parent drew to himself all her affection; him she all but edvord. Boy way work accord she could plunge her feet again in the

this Phebe jerked her father's sleeve as a sign for him to hold his tongue. But he was not to be quieted, and presently he went on : "You surely would not make love to such a saucy 'critter,' would you ' Although I am blind I can tell that she is a perfect she-devil." "O father!" whispered Phebe pleadingly and indicate the devine "Well

but adored. Ben was merely a good friend whom she had known as far back "O father!" whispered Phebe pleadingly and jerking his sleeve harder. "Well, child, I will believe your word, for it is better than gold," continued the pilot; "so tell me what this Mehitable Hunt is like." "She is the handsomest girl be-tween here and the Harlem River," re-plied Phebe. "Well would you have the here baged patients for Barry snark friend whom she had known as far back as her memory ran. "And I am not good-looking," thought Phebe as she made the boat skim along the water. "Ben will choose a handsome girl for his wife. I will never leave dear father." When they reached the schooner, which was anchored near the island now called Googe Island Phebe clembard aboard

brave, houest, patriotic Ben Barry spark the daughter of the blackest Tory in the Goose Island, Phebe clambered aboard with the agility of a sailor; then having shown her father where to place his hands, the latter followed her example and was presently standing beside her at township, no matter how bonny she might be?" continued the old man thumping his cane on the ground. "Well, if he and was loves her, and she loves him, he may turn the helm

loves her, and she loves him, he may turn her into a patriot; who knows," answered Phebe. Then, after a pause, she added: "But because Captain Ben has been un-common civil to Mehitable does not sig-nity that he is sparking, does it?" "Well, Ben looked puzzled and knew not what

nity that he is sparking, does it?" "Well, all sailors are alike," concluded the pilot. "Afloat they know what they are about, but ashore they are boobies." Here phebe turned to Ben, and, although she spoke not, she seemed to say: "Heed not my father's words." But the young man was bound to the latter by too firm a friendship to grow nettled by anything he might say now that he was sightless and worried by rheumatism : and presently taking his arm, they went into the house together.

hew—in those days reary covered with beautiful locust-trees; Throg's Neck, City Island, and the Chimney-Sweeps were soon left astern, and it was not until they came abreast of what is known from her couch and discovered the schooner's raking masts towering high above the sedge-grass she clapped her hands for joy. "Verily," she exclaimed, Ben is smart; he has worked like a beaver. Right here in the forest, surrounded by spies and enemies, he has built his priva-teer, and yonder she is, all tautly rigged and nothing wanting to make her perfect but her guns." Then, bursting into a as Execution Rock that anything excitin occurred. Here Mehitable gave a little scream when she heard a cannon boom, assured her that there was no danger. and nothing wanting to make her perfect but her guns." Then, bursting into a laugh, Phebe added: "And they think the Squall is made to catch codfish—ha! ha! Mortly after sunrise Ben made his ap-pearance, rowing up the creek in a scow, whistling a merry tune [and hoping that] assured her that there was no danger. "Only a British frigate that wishes to know who we are and whither bound," he said soothingly stroking her arm. "It's a pir-ate ! We are lost !" exclaimed Phebe's steering—"hush! or you'll frighten Mehit-able into a fit." "O Lord ! It's a pirate,"

sinner! I heard you," muttered Mehitable, whose ten fingers were buried deep in a coil of tarry rope; and, imminent though her danger seemed to be, she breathed dire vengeance on Phebe's father for his cruel, jeering laughter. In a little while brave Ben contrived to

set the storm-staysail, after which the Squall was put about, and then away she Squall was put about, and then away she went scudding before the tempest at a furious rate—the stormy petrels could hardly overtake her; rolling, too, from side to side, and you might almost have believed that she was going to roll com pletely over. Of course the deck was deluged with

water. Mehitable was soaked from head to foot, and her contortions and groans, which the pitying Phebe described to him caused the pilot again to split his sides with uproarous laughter. "I don't care with uproarous laughter. "I don't care about living, I wish I were dead. Oh! why did I come aboard this nasty, horrid schooner ?" sighed the half-drowned girl, who indeed had some cause for her grim-

But all things have an end; in the month of May turbulent weather seldom lasts many hours, and by the time the schooner got back to Hutchinson's Creek the wind had nearly subsided, the evening our was breaking through the sloude and sun was breaking through the clouds, and the fair sufferer stood leaning against the bulwark, gazing wistfully in the direction of her native village and breathing bitter words against Phebe's parent. Ben was by her side, but he spoke not. What could he say? At length, when they dropped anchor and Phebe resigned her charge of the wheel, he approached her and said: "Phebe I cannot praise you enough. You are a most skilful sailor. Had you not luffed as quickly as you did when that squall struck us we might all have been drowned." Here the pilot said something about apple-dumplings which caused Phebe to smile, and Mehitable's name was audibly mentioned. The latter, who knew what an ignoble part she had played, and who was boiling with anger, as well as deeply mortified, took hasty strides towards Phebe, then, lifting up her right hand, she gave her a stinging slap on but ceased to tremble the moment Ben

the face. The astounded Phebe reddened but uttered not a syllable; she merely folded her arms and gazed sorrowfully o Mehitable, who presently turned away and hung down her head as if ashamed of what had done. TO BE CONTINUED.

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