

Via Solitaria.

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

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

At the head of a long, winding creek which opens into a broader one called Hutchinson's Creek there stood during the Revolution a plain log-cabin inhabited by Robert Beal, better known in the town-ships of East Chester as Captain Bob. Even to-day this is a secluded spot. But a century ago the primeval forest came almost to the water's edge and formed a semicircular mark about it; on some of the trees marks of Indian tomahawks were still visible, and it was difficult to believe that the city of New York was only fifteen miles away.

than both of you together," put in Captain Bob.
Thus pleasantly chatting, they stepped across the Brook and in a little while found themselves once more in view of the creek, but a point where it was broader and deeper.
"O! 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 many voices."
Well might the old man now lament the loss of his vision, for he would have beheld 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 cedars.

"Well, if that were to happen I could take you aboard the Squal," put in Ben laughing.
"Ah, and teach me how to fire a cannon," said Phebe. "You'd make a first-rate gunner," said Ben. "Well, you cannot think how glad I am that you are going to command a privateer," went on Phebe. "And when we shall have achieved our independence it will not be said that you stayed in East Chester doing nothing while others were fighting."
"Hi! hi! hi! you have me give me a low hurled voice. He had scarcely spoken when Nat Hunt and his daughter made their appearance.
"Who are you here?" exclaimed Mehitable, feigning surprise. She knew well enough that Ben was here. "And your beautiful schooner—where is she?"
"By the mouth of the creek," answered Ben, advancing and pressing her hand. "O! what a beauty she is," added Mehitable.

Mehitable would be prompt and not keep him waiting; for he had invited her to take a sail up the Sound, and the tide would begin to ebb in a quarter of an hour.
Ben greeted Phebe, who of course was to form one of the party, with a familiar wave and a "Thank you" when she offered him a roll of charts, telling him that at the same time that he need not return them.
"Your father can have no further use for them," she said, "and they may help you in the honor and glory." "How is the tide?" shouted the pilot from the doorway. "About high, sir," answered Ben. "O! then let's be off, are you, Ben! Good! then let's be off. Come and get me, Phebe. Make haste!" cried the old man. Phebe accordingly went and brought him carefully down to the water's edge; then, having seated him in the stern of the boat, herself took the oars for she was fond of rowing.

repeated the old man—a bloody pirate!"
"He is only joking," whispered Phebe. Whereupon Mehitable answered: "I trust in you, kind sir, to protect me; I am not afraid with you." Bewitching creature! thought Ben, he gazed upon her. "Thou art more like a lily than ever."
The man-of-war after a brief inspection, allowed them to proceed. Up, up the broadening Sound they sailed; fresher and fresher blew the breeze and higher rolled the waves. "The wind is howling round to the northeast, Ben," spoke the Pilot when they were off Huntington Harbor. "It is blowing more in my face than when we started." Ben nodded, and did not breathe another word to Mehitable for five minutes, but anxiously scanned the horizon, especially a dark spot a little east of north. "Yes we are going to have a blow. The forecast is beginning 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."
"O! the sky is as clear as a bell." "Confound it! I see it is November and the wind howling from the northeast," he added just as Miss Hunt stopped and began looking at them with an expression of despair. "Why, how shall I ever get to where you are, Captain Barry?" she exclaimed. "Don't you try to get up here! I think of it a good deal. Why did I not do it? 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 'The Flying Dutchman'."
"O! what a beautiful expression at this moment as she turned her graceful head and stared at Phebe; any other girl but the pilot's daughter would have quailed beneath her haughty gaze. "Well, what name would you give me, my dear?" inquired Ben in a semi-whisper. "Don't ask me; I care not now what you call her," replied Mehitable angrily.

THE VICE
Chicago Living Church (Anglican).
Attention is being drawn to the alarming laxity of public opinion, and to the laws in reference to divorce. It is also regarded 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-eminently the rigor of its religion, and the exactness of its virtue.
The writer of the above is 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 to be grounds on which he might have gone further, and pronounced it even worse than legalized polygamy. Certainly, 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. The one is the vice 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 wedlock and divorce with the same degree of adultery; the choice—had as the alternative—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 legalized polygamy. The one is the vice of civilization, the other of barbarism. But the vices of barbarism are brutal; those of civilization are devilish.
Our object, however, was not to institute a comparison between Mormon Polygamy and New England Multiplicity of 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 prominently 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 licentious system of divorce would be a natural and necessary outcome of any such teaching, if it were prevalent. But it may be doubted whether Milton'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 finalimations on the subject of divorce appear, have been more completely unknown to the mass of readers, than those of any other writer of like celebrity. How many of even the literary few have ever seen one of that precious treatise: "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce?" "The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce?" and "Tetrachordon, or Exposition upon the four chief marriages 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 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 depicted. That is to be found in Protestant Dissent itself. That was a revolt against the ancient authority of the Church, which had been, and still is, the strongest bulwark of marriage, and the family institution, against the inroads of sensuality. That fostered upon Christendom a rampant individualism, as paramount to all Catholic subordination, than which there has been no more profane mother of heresy, schism, and infidelity, as well as religious, abominations; this last free and easy divorce, being nothing but the application of the supreme will of the individual to the determination of his marital relations and duties. That also set up, in place of the authority of His Church as the exponent of Holy Scripture, the voice of each and every man, learned and unlearned, wise or foolish, saint or venial knave—as endowed with the "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 readjustment of the sexual relations, according to the more agreeable "private judgment" of one or both of the individual parties.
Nor is this a strained assumption; for, if "Private Judgment," which is only individual preference or self-will, may determine what is the necessary truth of Holy Scripture concerning salvation—which involves 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 domestic relation, which, under the subterfuges of a divorce law, escapes the brand of common prostitution and of Mormon Polygamy?
We are aware, that, in pointing out this independence, Individualism, and Private Judgment, as being the cause of the evil depicted, we are practically impeaching the prevailing religious systems about us. It is not pleasant to do that; the more especially as they are entrenched in the national traditions, the popular prejudices, 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 effective towards its correction. And that this time may come to the rescue of the commonwealth, it behooves Churchmen themselves, to cast out from among themselves, all this self-sufficient and self-willed and retrograde individualism, and to retain the right-minded, Catholic subordination to the authority of the Church, and to her law of righteousness in Holy Scripture.

Waiting while the shadow
And the sunbeams fade
While the golden gloaming
And the golden turns
Watching while the star
Brightly in the heaven
I am waiting for her
Waiting, waiting for
Listening for the well-known
And the voice whose low
Sweetly bids me cease
Watching, listening for
Linger still among the
As they decay in the
Hearts exchange in secret
Thoughts that would be
Thus in perfect love and
Till the holy star-crown
Sweet to us as golden
And as tenderly the glow
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