

Fulfillment.
Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build,
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
To Heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here and there, in some
But on some brighter, better shore,
They live, embosomed evermore,
And wait for us to come.

—Phoebe Cary.

From the Catholic World.
THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

As for Captain Bob, he was blind; he heard the blow, but could do nothing except gnash his teeth and swear. But the impressions which he conveyed upon Mehitable, as well as upon her, Tory and all the Cowboys in the Neutral Ground, were terrible to listen to, and Ben and Phoebe feared lest trouble might grow out of his trial course of the privateer.

"Never mind, dear Phoebe," whispered Ben after he had silently rowed them to the head of the creek—not one of the party had broken the silence—"never mind. You have done nobly to-day."

Then, while Phoebe's countenance brightened with a joyful smile, she pressed his lips to her cheek—the same cheek which had been slapped, and where was a tiny drop of blood, for Mehitable's ring had cut into the flesh. Nat Hunt met his daughter at the landing place, and as he took her home he wondered if anything had gone amiss. She was moody, her gown had a bedraggled appearance, and when he asked what was the matter Mehitable would not answer. But later in the evening she revealed to him how the pilot had cursed all the friends of the king.

"And Phoebe thinks just as he does," continued Mehitable, "and so does my Ben Barry," answered the stewardess in an undertone. "Ay, let me tell you a secret, child; 'tis not to catch eelish but to prey on loyal merchantmen that his schooner was built."

"Really! Do you believe Captain Ben is a rebel?" exclaimed Mehitable, "I do; I have positive proof of it; and he ought to be hung."

"Hung!" repeated Mehitable inwardly, while her parent wondered why she should trouble him, still speaking to herself, "No indeed," she added; "he is bold and handsome a fellow shall never be hung, if I can help it." "And it is well that his friend Captain Bob has lost his sight, or he'd be giving the king's ships trouble, too, nowaday," pursued Mehitable. "Oh! I hate him; I could tear his eyes out," exclaimed Mehitable, her long, slender fingers crumpling up her calico apron like so many spiteful claws. "What has he said to you? What has he done?"

"Nothing," answered Mehitable, who now rose from her chair and proceeded to set the table for supper. But once or twice she paused in her work, and as she gazed moodily on the floor, murmured to herself, "Yes, I hate him, but I am sorry that I struck Phoebe—very sorry." Mehitable remembered how often during her mother's last illness the pilot's daughter had brought her catnip and other wholesome herbs, as well as oysters and fish from the creek, and never for her trouble had Phoebe been willing to accept a penny. The calm, reproachful look, too, which the poor girl had given her after being slapped haunted Mehitable.

"I have likewise," she said, "given a woful exhibition of my temper to Ben Barry; I wish to beg pardon for the cruel slap I once gave you." Phoebe's response was a kiss, and Mehitable continued: "You are too generous. Indeed you are. Oh! how could I ever have insulted you?"

"Speak no more about it," replied Phoebe, "I am now your friend; let us stay friends." And so saying, she gave the penitent maiden another embrace. "Well, good-by. My visit has been extremely brief," said Mehitable. "But I dare not tarry longer, or father would suspect something; even now he may be looking for me. I will be gone before you see me." Captain Ben to beware of false lights on Locust Point; don't forget—false lights turned and walked away; but she had proceeded only a few steps when she halted and said to herself, "I have not said my good-by to Phoebe." "No," answered Phoebe, "will be come soon." "I hope so," said Phoebe. "Well, don't forget—false lights on Locust Point," said Mehitable. "Warn him, warn him if you can."

The old pilot was right—it was time for Ben to show himself. But it was not until long after he and his daughter had retired to rest that Ben got to the head of the creek; it was past midnight when he stepped ashore.

But Phoebe was dreaming about him. Light, very light was her slumber; she soon heard his taps on the door. We need not describe the meeting between them; let the imagination paint. But during the rest of this happy night Phoebe's eyes did not close again, and every home-made candle in the cabin was lighted in honor of the occasion.

"How I wish you could see the Squall now!" spoke Ben, as he sat between the radiant Phoebe and her father, the latter in his red flannel night-cap and with a corn-pipe in his mouth.

"Ay, she must look splendid in her war-rig," answered the pilot—"splendid!" "She has two nine-pound swivel-guns, one at the bow the other at the stern," went on Ben, "as well as plenty of cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and a jovial, daring crew from New Bedford."

"How I wish that I could go with you on a cruise!" said Phoebe. "Nay, my beloved, stay at home," said Ben. "Alas! I sighed the pilot, "if I had only my eyesight I would certainly form one of your merry crew."

"And then what shouldn't we do?" ejaculated the enthusiastic Phoebe. "For I would go, too. And if the enemy ever got us on a lee shore we might blow the Squall up, but never surrender."

This speech made Ben and the Captain smile, after which the former asked if there was any news. "Nothing good," answered Phoebe. "There is a rumor that a large army ten thousand strong, under General Burgoyne, is about to make a descent upon Albany; and from Albany Burgoyne intends to go down the Hudson and unite his forces with the main British army, thus cutting off New England from the middle and southern colonies." "If

he succeeds it will go hard with the cause of independence," said Ben. "Ay, spies and traitors are as thick as flies," observed the pilot.

"Well, dear Ben," said Phoebe, "keep a bright lookout when you venture again to enter Hutchinson's Creek; for I suppose the Squall is anchored below, is she not?" "Yes, a mile outside of Goose Island; and I have arranged to have certain night signals burning on Locust Point." "Well, beware!" continued Phoebe—"beware! The Cowboys are on the alert and will surely try to deceive you by false lights on the Point." "Have you heard anything in your subterranean face then in ten thousand Mehitables?"

"I say, lay your topsails aback!" repeated the pilot, now roaring through a speaking trumpet. "Down, down with your flag and let him come aboard!" "Well, you may take me into your port, I am your prize," murmured Phoebe in a low tone. Then, suddenly breaking loose from Ben's grasp and flinging wide her arms, while her eyes seemed to be searching into the depths of the beautiful sky, "O my God!" she cried, "it is come! It is I, never, never can I thank them enough for this happy, happy day!"

During the following week Ben did not show himself in East Chester. What a blissful golden week it was! How often in retrospect did she think of it! In slender letters it was written on his memory. But when the seven days were ended he disappeared altogether; after dark his schooner weighed anchor, and nobody except Captain Bob and his daughter could tell where he had gone. But Nat Hunt made a pretty shrewd guess and told his Tory friends that the Squall had gone after eelish. "It would not surprise me," he said, "if sometime we heard the boom of cannon in the creek."

Late one evening, a month after Ben's departure, Phoebe and her father were standing at the cabin door listening. "It is about time for Ben to return," spoke the old man. "Methinks I hear the sound of oars." Phoebe shook her head. "I hear only the sound of a bittern and a fish jumping out of the water," she answered. "Nor, although the full moon had risen high above Pelham Heights, could her eyes distinguish anybody approaching. To the left almost a mile away, gleamed the white tombstones in St. Paul's churchyard; the big mill in West Chester was dimly visible far to the right, while in front lay a vast expanse of lonely salt meadow with the glistening, dimpling water winding through it. But not a speck which might be taken for a human being or a boat could the anxious, impatient girl discover.

"At length, after they had waited and listened for half an hour, they were startled by the sound of footsteps near by, and in another moment, to Phoebe's great surprise, Mehitable Hunt appeared. "What can she want?" she asked herself, for she knew that Mehitable had never before spoken to her. "What is it?" "Who has sent you? Have you a message for me?" inquired Phoebe, her heart throbbing faster, for she thought that Mehitable might in some roundabout way have got tidings of Ben.

"It is a very interesting message which has forced me to come to you all alone through the woods at this hour," went on Mehitable. "I have thought of you a great deal of late. You were so good, so kind to my dear mother when she was dying; and now I wish to beg pardon for the cruel slap I once gave you." Phoebe's response was a kiss, and Mehitable continued: "You are too generous. Indeed you are. Oh! how could I ever have insulted you?"

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A MISSION IN MID-OCEAN.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

It stands on a green terrace, somewhat removed from the little village, and is sheltered by a range of low sand-hills almost as yellow as gold. It is as pretty a chapel as one could wish to see; in its many details, where the strong trade wind blows nearly every day in the year, and the rain-clouds come over the ocean and deluge the corn-fields in a few moments, but are shortly flying down the sky; and then the sun sparkles in the dripping foliage, and the air is again freighted with warm red dust.

It was here I spent my Christmas, with Father Leane, of the French mission, in Wailuku—the River or the Water of Death. Life is pleasant enough in this island, but the Hawaiian tradition that gave so melancholy a name to a bright and sparkling stream.

The good Father, whose beneficent influence is recognized by all classes in the island of Maui, and indeed throughout the whole Hawaiian group, has been for eight-and-twenty years a resident at Wailuku. All this time the little mission has been his home. Wailuku is the principal town of the island, the third in importance in the kingdom. For this reason, chiefly, Father Leane resolved that Wailuku should have a chapel worthy of the mission, and in 1857 the work was begun in faith. What had he to work with—this priest who was almost an exile! For in the beginning the Catholic mission was contemptuously and violently opposed by Protestant missionaries, who were already securely settled when the first priests arrived at the islands—what had he with which to build a beautiful and durable chapel? He had the invaluable services of two lay-brothers, who had come from France to devote their lives to works of mercy; he had two or three native boys, whom he had trained in his school, and who were faithful and willing servants; and he had three thousand dollars, which was all that the meagre Bishop could allow him out of the meagre funds of the mission. With these he began his work.

The lay-brothers did the moulting and stone-cutting; Father Leane, who is a clever artist, did all the painting and decorating. The native lads were of much assistance, and there were some who assisted at times, and who contributed what little they could. Native fests were instituted, and considerable money was added to the fund in this way. It was a miraculous fund, that grew even while it was being drawn upon. Wailuku is a very large parish; there are but four other parishes in it, and these are widely scattered, being from fourteen to twenty miles away. Half of the great parish is Catholic, and half of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian (Sandwich) Islands are Catholics; and though they are not, by a long way, so powerful and reliable a body, and so, in 1873, after six years of patient toil, the chapel was completed, and dedicated; and it is to-day one of the handsomest buildings in the kingdom, its interior being especially beautiful in its proportions and decorations.

An architect, lately visiting the island, was astonished at finding so admirable a structure in the far-off Pacific; his astonishment was redoubled when he learned how the chapel had been built by the labor of the two lay-brothers, and the native boys who assisted them. In this connection, Father Leane does not acknowledge half the credit due to himself, for his hand was in the mixing of the mortar and the squaring of the stones; and indeed he was never absent while there was any work to be done. The architect, upon thoroughly examining the structure, estimated it to be worth from thirty-five to forty thousand dollars.

Nor is this the only notable achievement of Father Leane. He has in charge to-day the largest English school in Wailuku, numbering one hundred and sixty pupils, of whom one hundred are boys. In the conducting of this school he has but one assistant. In the Mission House there are twenty-two students, and the only home they know, and it is indeed a home to them. Besides their studies, they are taught practical agriculture in the large garden adjoining the Mission House; and their hours of recreation are partly spent in learning to play upon a set of brass instruments, which the lay-brothers and the Hawaiian for music, they readily acquired a little skill, and the Mission Band is one of the features of Wailuku.

It was Christmas eve that I wished to speak with the good Father at Wailuku, and for this purpose I made a little pilgrimage from Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, to Wailuku, on the island of Maui. When the weather is fair, the voyage is a mere yachting trip; but the sea is very apt to be boisterous, and the wind little suited for a safe pitching the diminutive popple, the "keelike," end-over-end in the most reckless fashion. I was fortunate: there was a quiet sea, blue and luminous in the moonlight; and the breeze came to us very gently, breathing the perfume of the land. We passed Molokai, the melancholy island to which the unfortunate lepers are banished for life; and then, on the one hand, lay Lanai, a pastoral island, where a handful of gentle natives pass their lives among wandering flocks of sheep. There await two policemen on that island, and their services might be easily dispensed with; on the other hand lay Maui, a kind of double island, with superb mountains at each end, and a low isthmus connecting the two portions on which these mountains stand.

First we dropped anchor abreast of Lanai, a tropical village that lies the shore, and seems always half-asleep in its groves of cocoa palms. It was once the chief seat of Maui, and was then for a time the favorite residence of Kamehameha III, the King of Hawaii; but it is fast falling behind and more enterprising ports and the travellers turn aside from it, and it is left to dream its life away, upon the surf-beaten shore. It is to-day, as it ever has been, and must ever be, the most picturesque, romantic, and beautiful village in the whole group.

After leaving Lanai we steamed for a couple of hours under the green heights of the island, and then ran in toward the isthmus, where we debarked and were pulled ashore in a clumsy but seaworthy boat, and landed in the cleft of the wind, which always blows at Maunaloa. A falling mule drive across the isthmus brought us near the opposite shore; it was early

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

London Times.

If there were no direct evidence forthcoming of the reality and rapidity of material progress in the United States, it would be found in the singular absence of excitement here, and even of contention in American politics. It is not, of course, to be understood that the political game fails to be carried on with vigor and keenness by the professional players. There have been lately prolonged and violent struggles in the House of Representatives between the Republican majority and the Democratic minority, and the "bill-streering" contests over some contested elections show that the *clashes* in its most rigorous form does not fail to prevent scandalous scenes and waste of public time when the party in power and the Opposition have not a practical basis of agreement in the conduct of business. But the interest of the nation at large in these disputes is evidently of the slightest and most superficial character. It is felt, especially among the masses of sensible and patriotic Americans that if the politicians may have something to do, it is just as well they should worry one another over elections and appointments to office instead of dealing, from the partisan point of view, with questions of national importance. No doubt, there are divisions of opinion and possibly searchings of heart in relation to questions of the latter class among thoughtful people in the United States as in other countries, but there is no desire to have them opened up at present. There is, indeed, a steady, though silent, determination to keep the grounds of this are to be discovered in a rational apprehension that changes, even for the better, in institutions, laws, and customs may interrupt the flow of that astonishing tide of material prosperity that has been running ever higher and higher on the other side of the Atlantic for three years past.

The wonderful wealth-producing power of the United States declines and sets at naught the grave drawbacks of a mischievous protective tariff, and has already obliterated, almost wholly, the traces of the greatest of modern evils wars. What is especially remarkable in the present development of American energy and success is its wide and equitable distribution. North and South, East and West, on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, along the chain of the Great Lakes, in the valley of the Mississippi, and on the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, the creation of wealth and the increase of population are signally exhibited. It is quite true, as has been shown by the recent apportionment of population in the House of Representatives, that some sections of the Union have advanced relatively to the rest, in an extraordinary and unexpected degree. But this does not imply that the States which have actually lost some have been stationary or have receded. The fact is that the present tide of prosperity has risen so high that it has overflowed all barriers, has filled up the backwaters, and established something like an approach to uniform success. The older settlements, which in their own time, and not so long ago, were the wonder of the world, have now become ordinary by the newer communities, but they have suffered no loss except that—a large one, it may be

SAINT MAGDALENE.

Life's choicest blessings would I feel
Fair Magdalene, fair Magdalene,
If so thy gift of tears might reach me,
And weep alone, of men unscorned.

For the love of Him who spoke to thee
Sweet words that made me give thee
Through blinding tears alone my way
From out the darkness where I grope
O tears that spring from Hope's
font
And from the bruised heart of love's
These pearls do silver o'er thy
moon
On wings of light to God above

If sorrow in that bliss could sweet
Tears like to thine, sweet Magdalene,
For in thy grief is such divinity
From out the darkness where I grope
O tears that spring from Hope's
font
And from the bruised heart of love's
These pearls do silver o'er thy
moon
On wings of light to God above

Not purer, fairer on thy mother's robe
Did thy young love in sleep repose
Than, at the feet of Jesus, kneeling,
Who, bowed low in love o'erthrew
On that thy grief were mine, as was
thine
Where Jesus is, and I might enter in
And my burden be released.

O Saint! that sinners vast, pray thou
Who walk in darkness, that I too
Who, bowed low in love o'erthrew
On that thy grief were mine, as was
thine
Where Jesus is, and I might enter in
And my burden be released.

And I shall never see thee more
—Catholic

THE CHURCH.

Its Influence upon Civilization.

It was with no small degree of interest we announced last week that a Sunday evening lecture would be given at the old Cathedral, on Jefferson during the coming fall and winter. Sunday evening lectures were popular at this church last year, listened to with pleasure and crowded audiences.

It is to be hoped that the affair will be fully as large this year, indeed, judging from the number who were present at the church evening, when the opening course was delivered by Fr. S. J., the lectures will be as ever.

The Rev. Father announced the subject of the lecture to be "The Church," and then proposed that during the evening lecture we should have studied all that the Church of Christ as regards its history and its present position, and that we should have a full view of the Church of Christ as regards its history and its present position, and that we should have a full view of the Church of Christ as regards its history and its present position.

The Church of Christ, as regards its history and its present position, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of all who are interested in the progress of civilization, and who are desirous of understanding the true nature of the Church of Christ, and its influence upon the world.

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POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed anemic, or medical writers. Given this condition, scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, splitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from this poor blood, Dr. Pierce's "Blood Purifier and Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritious than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color, 10 cents.

Don't eat in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, 15c.

UNBIDDEN GUESTS.

Unbidden guests are often welcomed when they are gone. Disease is an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort most invariably "shows the work." Here is a case in point. "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitterns for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."

Understand fully an unbidden guest which Kidney-Wort most invariably "shows the work." Here is a case in point. "Mother has recovered," wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitterns for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well every one about here is taking it."