

"Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during service?"

"A great deal worse, father."

The good priest began to be seriously alarmed; yet he did not know how to frame his questions so as to avoid suggestions, which (if he should prove wrong in his suspicions) might render the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last, the young beauty, as if by a desperate effort, relieved him from his embarrassment.—"Father," said she, with a trembling and half-suppressed voice, "I will tell you all, if heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I'm sure I never thought that so much harm would come. Besides it was not all my fault—it was partly his. And he is so very handsome too"—[The good priest trembled.] "And so fond of me—he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me."—[She paused a moment,—then continued.]—"Well, father, one night, after I had retired to rest, I—would you believe it?—I found him in my chamber."—[The holy father groaned aloud.]—"I never could tell how he got there—for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do."

"Well," exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, what more?"

"Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night, in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he looked so very handsome, and seemed so very fond of me—and—that—in short—"

"But," exclaimed the pious, priest, with a sudden shew of indignation, "did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—"

"No, father," (interrupted the terrified penitent) "she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of such a very beautiful cat—and—";

"A cat!—was it a cat?"

"Yes, father; a large beautiful white Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry cook's opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since."

*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, te absolvo*, said the good priest; and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling in pious satisfaction.

---

THE Great Bank of Newfoundland, is in every view one of the most astonishing, phenomena on our planet. In length it is 600 miles, in breadth about 200. Some have imagined that it was originally an island, whose pillars had been shaken by an earthquake, and had in consequence given way. Others suppose that it has been formed by accommodations of sand carried along by the gulph stream, arrested by the currents of the north. It appears, however, to be one mass of solid rock. The Gulph-stream, by the way, is in itself a very interesting feature of these seas. The current is so powerful as to retard a vessel on its outward voyage from Europe from forty to sixty miles a day; whilst on a homeward voyage it increases the rate of sailing so much, that the sailors say they are "going down hill" when they are returning to Europe.