THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A Gem For Every Month. JANUARY.

r who in this month is born m save Garnets should be wo will insure her constancy, riendship and fidelity. worn:

FEBRUARY. The February born will find Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, If they the Amethyst will wear.

いない

MARCH. Who on this world of ours their eyes In March first open shall be wise, In days of peril firm and brave, And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

APRII She who from April dates her years Diamonds should wear lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet flowery month of May, And wears an Emeraid all her life, Shall be a loved and happy wife. JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth, And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of Agate on her hand, Can health, wealth, and long life comm

JULY. The glowing Ruby should adorn Those who in warm July are born: Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST. Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee No conjugal felicity; The August-born, without this stone, 'Tis said, must live unloved and lone

SEPTEMBER. A maiden born when autumn leaves Are rustling in September's breeze A Sapphire on her brow should bind— 'Twili cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER October's child is born for woe, And life's vicissitudes must know: But lay an Opal on her breast, And hope will hall those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER. Who first comes to this world below With drear November's fog and snow Should prize the Topaz' amber hue— Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER. If cold December gave you birth— The month of snow and ice and mirth– Place on your hand a Turquoise blue: Success will bless whate'er you do. -Boston Transcript

mand.

From the Catholic World. THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

For several minutes neither of the

For several minutes neither of the young women uttered another word; both sobbed bitterly. "I am afraid to return home," at length murmured Mehitable. "My father gave me a beating for having upbraided a couple of Tories who brought the sad news about Ben's schooner, and who were exulting over it and cheering for King George. I flew at them like a wildert exulting over it and cheering for King George. I flew at them like a wildcat. I couldn't help it: I was mad with rage and indignation. I almost tore their eyes out. Then my father took a whip and whipped me, and I ran away." "Alas!" sighed Phebe, "your father has beaten you, but you will get over the pain. But if my Ben does not come back to me-Ben, my betrothed—" Here Phebe gave a low, stifled ery and fell backward. Then, while Mehitable bent in alarm over the fainting girl and sprinkled her deathlike fainting girl and sprinkled her deathlik visage with water from the stream, she numured with a bitter pang: "Ben her betrothed! Ben her betrothed! Well, well I am justly punished." With these peni-tent words Mehitable pressed her hps to her friend's cold cheek; again and again

Then is solve block, again and again she kissed it until Phebe opened her eyes. Then, gazing around with a startled look, "Ben," cried Phebe, "dear Ben, where are you? Come to me ! Ben ! Ben !?" And, still breathing his name in wailing accents, Mehitable conducted her back to he lonely, sorrowful home. One cloudy, gusty day, three months

after the destruction of the privateer, Me-hitable stole out of the village and betook herself to Phebe's abode. Phebe and she were now the warm-

on this threshold before I'd allow any Cow boy to injure you." "Well, where is Phebe going ?" whis-pered the pilot, twitching Mehitable's sleeve. "She will not tell me; do you know?" Mehitable turned to Phebe with an inquiring look; but the latter, who guessed what her parent had whispered, raised her finger to her lins. Then pres-tikely and the state of a sailor she had acted as pilot of the Hussar when the latter sank in Hell Gate. It would be just like Phebe to attempt ikely and a the same and the same and a the same and on this threshold before I'd allow any Cow

know?" Mentable turned to Phebe with an inquiring look; but the latter, who guessed what her parent had whispered, raised her finger to her lips. Then pres-ently drawing Mehitable aside, "Father," she said, "has implored me to tell him why such a thing. The report was likely enough to be quite true. But where was Phebe now? Was she alive and at home

she said, "has implored me to tell him ky I am going away, but I cannot. Although my poor heart is breaking, I cannot tell him; it would worry him death." "Well, tell me, dear friend," said Mehitable in an undertone, "and I promise not to breathe it to a living soul." "I am going to try and liberate Ben Barry from the prison-ship. Keep it a profound secret," replied Phebe. "Are you? Are you? exclaimed Mehitable. Then flinging her arms around Phebe's neek, "Oh !?" she cried, "may the good God grant you success. May you both come back here safe and sound! Every hour in the day I will pray for you. Truly, truly I will." forgets. After remaining hidden in the pilot's house for two long winter months he heard one day the song of a robin, and Mehitable opened a window and let him inhale a breath of delicious air from the creek. Immediately his spirits rose, his wan countenance brightened anew, and he determined, if his faithful guardian repor-ted that the coast was clear that we want hour in the day I will piay for you. Truly, truly I will." In the winter of 1777-8 two large trans-ports, the Scorpion and the Old Jersey, lay moored in Wallabout Bay crowded with American prisoners. Smallpox was rife amongst them, nor had they any med-ical assistance. It was not an uncommon thing to see five or six dead hodies brought determined, if his faithful guardian repor-ted that the coast was clear, that no pry-ing Cowboys were prowling about, to leave his place of concealment and enjoy a holiday on the water. "Ay, my boy," spoke Captain Bob, "the coast is quite clear and twill do you good. You sadly need fresh air; and take Mehitable with you, for she is no longer afraid of getting sunburnt. Why, only yesterday she rowed all by herself as far as Goose Is and and caught me a fine mess of flounders." "Did she ?" ejaculated Ben. "And I know not what I should have done with-out her," went on the pilot. "She supthing to see five or six dead bodies brought on shore in a single morning, and the whole beach near Remsen's Mill soon became a place of graves. When Phebe left home to carry out her daring scheme fif-teen hundred of these unfortunates had

teen hundred of these unfortunates had already perished. The prison-ships were guarded by the frigate Hussar, whose vigilant boats patrolled the bay at night, and it was difficult to imagine how she could ever rescue her lover. But Phebe, as Ben used to say, was a chip of the old block. She knew whom among the oystermen and fishermen of Hutchinson's Creek she might trust; her eye could tell a coward at a glance; she loved tempests and and, her," went on the pilot. "She sup-plies all my wants, and is plucky too. Her father has threatened to punish her severe-ly if she does not return home; but Mehit-able tells him that she is of an age now to at a glance; she loved tempests and danger; and the hardy, dare devil crew care for herself. And once, when a sneak-ing Tory came and thrust his head through the window and asked where you whom she had enlisted in her cause were willing to go to the bottom or blow them-selves sky-high, if she gave the com-

were, Mehitable grabbled him by the two ears and shook him till he howled." A quarter of an hour later Ben and Mehitable entered a skiff, and he was One afternoon in December-eight bells had just struck—the officer of the watch on board the frigate observed an unusual commotion on the deck of the Scorpion : about to take the oars when she checked him saying: "I pray you let me row." Ben smiled and handed her the oars. there were loud shouts and firing of mus-kets, while at the same time a fishing-smack sailed close under the prison-ship's bow and a number of prisoners leaped Then for a while neither of them uttered a word. Finally Ben broke the silence.

a word. Finally Ben broke the silence. "I cannot express to you how I feel, dear Mehitable," he said. "I never saw the sky look so gloriously blue as to-day; it it makes me feel young again to be float-ing on this dear old creek." "Young!" exclaimed Mehitable, smiling. "Why, you are not old yet, Ben." "No, true, I am not. But it seems an age since I was here last : what things have haveneed eine?" down to her deck. It was blowing half a gale from the northwest; the tide ran flood; darkness was coming on apace; there was not a moment to loose, if the Hussar hoped to catch the nimble little craft, which presently was flying before the wind in the direction of the Sound. direction of the Sound. In vain did the heavy bow gun send a shot after her, then another and another; on flew the fishing smack with a strange last ; what things have happened since !" Here Mehitable turned her face aside, and when presently she looked at him again flag, composed of stars and stripes, impu-dently streaming at the masthead.

when presently she looked at him again there were tears glistening in her eyes. Ben's eyes moistened, too, for he likewise was thinking of Phebe—the noble girl to whom he owed his liberty, and perhaps bis life. But the Hussar was one of the fleetest men-of-war in the British navy. It took only a few minutes to slip her cable, then his life. We may be sure that this was not the

We may be sure that this was not the last excursion on the water which Ben and Mehitable enjoyed together. The follow-ing day they went forth again and so far overcame their emotion as to converse freely about Phebe. Of a sudden Mehit-able dropped the oars and said : "Here we are; this is the very pot. O Ben! can you ever forgive me?" "Alas!" answered Ben, "you are think-ing. no doubt of the day when—" "When away she went in pursuit. Oh ! if I had only sea-room," muttered the captain, with an oath, "I'd make quick work with that rebel sloop." But, happily for Ben Barry, there was not seanapply for Ben Barry, there was not sea-room, and, moreover, the dreaded Hell Gate was not far ahead. The Hussar, how-ever, was provided with a pilot who had already twice taken her through this per-ilous strip of rocks and whirlpools. He

ing, no doubt of the day when—" "When I was wicked enough to strike Phebe, Oh! say can you forgive me for that mean, heartless act !" interrupted Mehit-able. was a mere youth, it is true, but perfectly self-possessed, with an eagle eye, and who doubtless might be trusted to do his duty.

but when in a little while they drew nigh to the point of danger the pilot's usual calmness appeared to forsake him. Four able. "I forgive you," murmured Ben. "Thank God !" exclaimed Mehitable earnestly. "Her father has long since granted me pardon. But still there lay a heavy weight on my breast; I wanted you, too, calmness appeared to forsake him. Four able seamen were steering; they surely needed no assistance from him. Yet his right hand nervously clutched the wheel and when at length the seething, roaring waters came into full view, and when the fleeing craft ahead seemed to be drawn in towards the first profe called the Herei to forgive me—you, whom the blessed Phebe so tenderly loved." and the saver of the same of the and by, after spending a most happy hour drifting homeward with the flood tide, they found themselves once more at shot passed through the smack's mainsail. "We have got her range at last," spoke the pilot's cabin door and told him what the pilot's cabin door and told him what had occurred between them, the old man pressed his lips to Mehitable's blushing cheek and said : "The ways of the Lord are must reison it built had have Man the lieutenant exultingly. At this pilot drew in a deep breath-he was -he was eviare mysterious : his will be done. May he are mysterious; his will be done. May he bless you and Ben ! May you live long and happily together!" Then turning from them, he groped his way out into the gar-den, now to him all empty and desolate, although full of sunshine and piping rob-ins, murmuring as he went, "Phebe ! Phebe ! Phebe !"

THE SURPRISE. A Story of the Irish Brigade. Redpath's Illustrated Weekly.

THE PARTING.

THE PARTING. The sun was retiring to rest on his couch of burning sapphire; all along the dreary sky feathery clouds were hurrying to gain from him a golden hue and canopy his resting-place with purpled curtain, away down the valley, where the trampled sugar-cane and ill-omened vulture preached the ravages of war; not a sound disturbed the unearthly stillness, save now and again the shrill challenge of a sentinel or the mea-sured tramp of a patrol—all was hushed, for the Confederate army had advanced northward, and a few pickets were all that remained.

northward, and a few pickets were all that remained. It was the summer of 1862, and on the plains of Virginia, on such an evening as I have described, that a stalwart, manly young soldier, in the uniform of the Irish Brigade, in the Federal service, might be seen sitting watchfully on a stone beating his hand impatiently with his rifle and frequently glancing at the distant hill, where a column of greycoats were winding slowly in their advance northward. Preswhere a contained process were a solution of the solution of t

"But, Harry !" she said, "General Jack-son made my father captain to-day, and oh! isn't there to be another battle?" "Yes, love, but we'll have peace again. Oh! Nelly, if your father were on the side of the Union, how happy we'd be. But never mind, girl, we'll be soon united again." again." "I hope so !" Nelly murmured, as th

tears fell fast on her lover's cheek. "But perhaps you'd be taken by our army when you're getting back to your headquarters. It was foolish to risk your life for these

few minutes' enjoyment." "My darling, how could you say so!" cried the young man folding her to his

breast in one long, long embrace. "Harry," exclaimed Nelly Lawson earn-estly, "if my father survives this battle, would you exchange into some army in the West? for it is so unnatural to have you fighting against him, and I suffer much."

answered, "and now I must go. Good-by, Nelly, good-by, and God bless you." Harry M'Mahon was gone before poor Nelly could collect her scattered thoughts.

of artillery and crash of musketry thun-dered through the blood-red day. Masses of blue and silver charged the rugged heights with dogged resolution, and row after row of brave hearts were silenced, as the terrible fire from the bristling works eclipsed the sun and tore through the muddy soil with deadly precision;

ringing war-cry broke over the thunders of war, and the Irish Brigade swept up

band pressed, cheers ringing through the thinned ranks faster than the bullets that rained around them. Foremost among them was Harry

M'Mahon, his face aglow with excitement, and his hand begrimed with powder. He was determined to win his laurels, and with wild enthusiasm he pressed on ove the steep fosse, and began the ascent.

with wild enthusiasm he pressed on over the steep fosse, and began the ascent. As the brave band climbed the height, silence reigned in the rebel batteries, but no sooner were they in sight of the stone wall that guarded the hill than a deadly volley from stockade and wall crashed through the Irish ranks and left hundreds stretched in gore.

OCT. 13, 1882.

the fond embrace in which he hugged his otherwise they would have no temptation otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those for the most part courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain. Any ill-feeling which other causes may awaken between the two severed branches of the English people is prolonged and strengthened by the presence of the Irish settlers in America. In some minds they may really plant shostile feelings toward Great Britain which would otherwise find no place there. At my rate they plant in many minds a the fond embrace in which he hugged his daughter. The explanation was easy. In the bat-tle of Antietam, Lawson was wounded, as related before, but not killed; and be-ing taken prisoner by the Federals, he was soon recovered. After a confinement of two years in a Northern fortress he was paroled, and, despite a variety of adven-tures, arrived, as we have seen, at his daughter's residence in Virginia, just in time to spare a heart-rending separation. The rest we will leave to the reader to conjecture, but possibly, if he (or she) ever happens to visit a small town near Richmod, he may hear of M'Mahon, the great railroad contractor, and if an At any rate they plant in many minds a habit of speaking and acting as if such hostile feelings did find a place, a habit which can-not but lead to bad effects in many ways,"

-Catholic Review.

A LEGEND -THE POWER OF ST. JOSEPH'S INTERCESSION.

the great railroad contractor, and if an introduction is effected, two very handsome children, a smiling wife and good-na-tured grandpapa will be there to give an Irish welcome to Mahongrove. According to an old, old story, there was a day when the Holy Apostle St. Peter paced along the golden streets of the heavenly city with a look of pain upon his face, as if he was sorely troubled, and St. John, meeting him thus incuired MR. FREEMAN AND THE IRISH IN St. John, meeting him thus, inquired what ailed him. "Hast thou not seen here the faces of

many who seem scarcely fitted for so glor-ious a home ?" replied St. Peter sadly. "Little has it cost me to enter here, and vet we know that Heaven must be gained by many a battle bravely won, by many a struggle and pain and temptation

quered." "But thou dost guard the keys of Hea-

"But thou dost guard the keys of Hea-ven ?" said St. John. "I do. But though such is my post, it is St. Joseph who causes me this distress. No matter how sinful his life may be, if in death a person cries to him in faith and love, he brings them here. How they en-ter I scarcely can tell, for they do not pass the gate at which I stand; but I see them here, and it perplexes me, and I must speak to our Divine Master, lest He may think me careless in my guarding the entrance to the heavenly city." St. John smiled. "Thou art Peter, and the Lord Jesus loves thee well," he said, **and yet I tell thee that if St. Joseph** plead against thee thy cause is lost." The great Apostle bethought him them of the night upon which St. John had rested his head upon the Sacred Heart of Jesus when he was on earth. Surely

Jesus when he was on earth. Surely the love of the Lord for John was as great as He would feel for His foster-fath "Come with me," he said, "thou hast ever been called the Beloved Apostle; no fear but the Master will liter if the

fear but the Master will listen if thou art by my side." Together they stood before Jesus, who had Mary and Joseph on either side of

Him. "What is it, Peter ?" said the gentle

voice. "I am troubled, dear Lord," replied the Apostle, raising his eyes to the Divine face. "It seems to me scarce just to those who serve Thee well on earth, if so many who spend their life in sin, gain Heaven after all. And yet it is St. Joseph who does this. All who call to him who they have to die are sure of his protection, and he brings them here among Thy martyrs and Thy saints. "O Peter! dost thou not yet know that

"O Peter i dost thou not yet know that when I pardon the greatest sinner he wins life eternal? No soul is brought to Hea-ven by St. Joseph which has not first sought Me, and been cleansed by the Blood which flowed on Calvary for the salvation of the world."

"Lord, I know that those who die in "Lord, I know that tuose who die hi Thy grace shall surely see Thee," replied St. Peter. "I know that thus the dying thief found an entrance here and many, many more. Yet, surely, it is not well for the Church on earth that St. Joseph built are available and that St. Joseph should so easily gain admittance for all who cry to him. How, then, will sinners believe in the punishment of sin, and the judgment severe and just, which follows death? "True, Peter," said the Master; "yet

what can I refuse my father, who guarded my childhood on earth, who worked and suffered for me when I was a weak and of this resolute force, that laughed to scorn,

COT. 13, 1882.

Grace.

As sunshine warms the chilly earth, So grace shines o'er life's drearlest ho How many virtues spring to birth, Beneath its vivifying power. Come down to brighten and to bless, Bearce do we feel its kindly ray. Than grief and pain and wearlness, Like mists, have quickly passed away

Like mission was there the flowers hid; It glids the thorny track we tread. And shows us there the flowers hid; It blessed light upon us shed, It she have a start show the shed. Unshrinkingly it bids us dare What hitherto to us seemed hard; And yet, each precious grace and rare How oft we slightingly regard.

Life's cup, how bitter would it taste, If sweethened not by grace divine, And earth would seem a dreary waste, Did not its beams upon us shine. It bids the Laxious heart be still When with a thousand cares oppressed And when its resultses pulses thrill Its influence gently soothes to rest,

How oft when nature would rebel, And spurn the cross divinely sent, Some strengthening grace upon us fell, And to our weakness courage lent. It shows us how our Master bore The weight our coward hearts would shun The yelight out coward hearts would shun the yelight our coward hearts would shun the yelight out coward hearts

Each precious grace, how dearly bought, Since purchased by His blood and death; Its worth the dying Saviour taught On Calvary with His latest breath. Then, shall I deem a little thing That inward volce which oft recalls My wayward steps from wandering, Which aids my progress, checks my falls?

Which solaces my every pain, Which tempers, too, my every joy, Whate'er the conflicts I sustain, It is the weapon I employ. A star upon life's dreaty way, When oft' mid darkness trying to grope, With thee to light, how can I stray? Sweet heavenly grace, my Guide, my Hope Moineme Moimeme

FATHER BURKE O. P. JN GLASGOW.

Sermon and Lecture by the Great Dominican.

On Sunday, at the High Mass, th Very Rev. Father Burke preached a charit sermon in St. Francis' Church, Sout Cumberland Street, Glasgow, on behal of the Catholic Hospital at Lanark. I the Gospel of that day, he said, our Divin Lord was found correcting a great mistak into which the doctors of the law had fa len, namely, that it was not lawful to d good works on the Sabbath day. I healing, on that day, the poor wretche man afflicted with that terrible diseas the dropsy, he taught us that in no wa could we more fully honour the Sabbat day than by doing works of mercy and kinn could we more fully noted the Saboat day than by doing works of mercy and kine ness to the poor. And it was to apper for such a work of mercy that he has for such a work of mercy that he he been brought there that day: to ask the to strengthen the hands of those consecr-ted spouses of the Son of God, who lives were devoted to the service of th lives were devoted to the service of t poor. And in order to stir up in the hearts that sentiment of divine mercy, i could not find a gospel more appropria than that which he had just read to ther could not find a gospen hinter appropriate than that which he had just read to the For it told them most emphatically why was the action of the Son of God on the earth towards man. That action was of pressed in one word—merey. The blin the lame, the paralysed, the lepers— were to our Divine Lord objects of mer Let them consider the God-like beauty that virtue of mercy before he began impress upon them its necessity. Mer was a combination of two splendid att butes of Almighty God—His omnipot power, and His infinite mercy, love at tenderness. Power alone was not mer How many there were in this world w had great power, but that power was s' guided by kindness or by love. Let the behold the nations armed as they were day imillions of men trained to put fo all the power that was in the people: what purpose? The battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or was when it was not guided by kindness or was when it was not guided by kindness or but the deal would tell them what po-was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was when it was not guided by kindness or but the battlefield cover was was the other battlefield cover battlefield co was when it was not guided by lo Love, on the other hand, no matter h Love, on the other hand, When, howe tender, was not mercy. When, howe there was the power that could perfor the act, and when behind that power th was love and benevolence and good directing the power in the proper chan there and behave mercy.

then we could behold merey. I beautiful mercy which was in the Savi He communicated to His Church, for w Christ founded our holy mother the tholic Church, He clothed her with

own Divine virtue. One of the sign which we knew that the Catholic Chu was the true Church of God, was that

her we found charity and mercy org zed, established, fixed in such form,

there were Orders of men and wome the Catholic Church, bound to God by

by dint of blood and death struggle with England grown into the great Republic of the United States. They are more anxious to be English than American,

"I'll do anything for you, love," he

THE FRAY. It was in the Autumn of the same year and on the heights of Antietam the boom

The Federal ranks were wavering, the field was well-nigh lost, when a terrible from the valley. Cn through the miry field the devoted

It may not be known to everybody It may not be known to everybody that so distinguished a person as Mr. E. A. Freeman, author of any number of "Histories," from one on "Window Tra-eery" to another on the "Norman Con-quest," passed through this country not long ago, taking notes as he went. Mr. Freeman is a very distinguished man, in his own estimation, as also in the estima-tion of these who admire Mr. Freeman

his own estimation, as also in the estima-tion of those who admire Mr. Freeman, his works and his small pomps. He is one of the "I" kind of writers, much as Mr. Goldwin Smith is: that kind of per-son in fact whom Shakespeare immorta-lized and embalmed forever in the lines "I am Sir Oracle; and when I ope my line let up dog hork " lips let no dog bark." Mr. Freeman, when he came over here, was taken hold of by a little coterie, eager

AMERICA.

always to capture any English lion, even though the animal in question be really an assin a lion's skin. These are of the Anglo-American Mania Colony, all of whom profess to date back from the Mayflower or thereabouts. They are apt to forget that the colonies of North America have

and are welcome to their choice. They are of the watery blood and sandy grit that constituted the Tory during the

Revolutionary War. Well, these worthy gentlemen toted Mr. Well, these worthy gentlemen toted Mr. Freeman around insisting all the while that Americans, that is to say, their own little knot of Tooley Street tailors, were considerably more English, or Angleish as Mr. Freeman would like it called, than the English themselves. And Mr. Freeman, innocent man, took this cotexies as transporting of the pro-

And Mr. Freeman, innocent man, took this coterie as representative of the peo-ple of this Republic of over fifty millions. If Mr. Freeman has a hobby, and cruel critics would say he has little else, it is to prove that all English speaking people save the Irish, are Angles, though he does not show to sufficient satisfaction who the Angles precisely were. He triad to prove voice.

Angles precisely were. He tried to prove this to three or four very small audiences that attended his lectures at Chickering

hall. The audiences corresponded in size to his hobby, and thanks to the coterie that kept him in leading strings, the city of New York was hardly aware that Mr. Freeman had honored it with his pres-

ence, his Angles or his crotchets. So he rode back home on his hobby and after the fashion of his countrymen, proceeded to unfold to Englishmen what he had dis-

covered in America. He discovered what all Englishmen dis covered. He found there a new Ireland,

strong, united, wealthy, holding a place in this great commonwealth of honor and power. He found here an Ireland pow-

usage, instead of breaking Mehitable's spirit, had turned her into a pert, out-spoken rebel, and only yesterday she had boxed a Cowboy's ears for saying that he approved of the cruel treatment of the American captives on the prison-ships. For this she had got another beating. Nor

can we altogether wonder at Nat Hunt's paternal correction of his daughter. People were beginning to shake their heads and hint that the Tory storekeeper might be a rebel in disguise; and as the cause of the king was just now in the ascendant it behooved Hunt to force the girl to hold her

saucy tongue. But brave Ben Barry, who had miraculously escaped death when his vessel blew up, was ever uppermost in Mehitable's

dently wrought upon by some very vio-lent emotion—and he muttered to him-self "The Lord have mercy on us al! I must be done!" Then, lifting his voice, he cried out in shrill accents: "Hard a prived at his having preferred the homely Phebe to her own beautiful self, yet she could not forget the many delightful hours which she had spent in Ben's com-pany, the sweet kisses he had given her; thoughts. Albeit amazed as well as sorely starboard !" The steerman's duty was prompt, im-plicit obedience, and round spun the

nours when she had spent in ben s com-pany, the sweet kisses he had given her; and now, when he lay incarcerated in a loathsome hulk, dying by inches amid handreds of other unhappy prisoners, Mehitable ardently wished that she were a man, in order that she might make an attempt to set him free. "I declare !" she exclaimed as a youth-" "The fellow is gone mad !" shouted the

attempt to set him free. "I declare !" she exclaimed as a youth-"I declare !" she exclaimed as a youth-ful sailor greeted her at the pilot's door-"I declare Phebe, I hardly recognize you. Why you are a perfect Jack Tar." "I re-joice to hear it," answered Phebe, "and I hope that others will find me as well disguised." Then, taking Mehitable's hand, "Gome in," she added, "and meke friends with my father. For I am about to leave home, you know, when I shall "The fellow is gone mad !" shouled the captain. "Larboard ! Larboard the helm! Quick ! Quick !" But this counter-order came too late. The great ship was already turning the other way; the eddy had caught her; the Hog's Back was close under her bow. "Dear Ben I have saved thee ! Live ? Live !" exclaimed Phebe; and almost before the words had second and almost before the words had escape and almost before the words had escaped her lips, with a tremendous crash the Hus-sar dashed upon the rock. The scene which followed was terrible to behold : there was a Babel of cries and commands, to leave home, you know; when I shall return I cannot tell; and Mehitable—" here Phebe's voice faltered, "if anything happens to me—if I do not return—take a rushing to and fro of many feet, deep of my poor blind father." But it was not easy to induce the latter to pardon Mehitable for the flagrant insult she had curses on the treacherous pilot; while the latter, springing upon the bulwarks, for one moment clasped her hands as if in once offered to his darling Phebe. The sound of that blow still rang in the old fervent prayer, then down into the dark whirlpool Phebe plunged. man's ears. Finally, unnerved, perhaps, by the moment of parting, he burst into

tears, and, holding forth his broad, weatherbeaten hand, "Well, well," he said, "I forgive you, I forgive you." Where-Anxiously indeed was Ben's heart throbbing the next time he approached the log-cabin where dwelt Captain Bob. upon Mehitable solemnly promised to take good care of him until Phebe came The creek was frozen, for it was midwin upon Mehitable solemnly promised to take good care of him until Phebe came back. "I am a changed girl, Captain Bob," she said. "I would not have be-lieved it a few months ago; but for the sake of -of-well, I may as well speak it tout--for the sake of Ben Barry I now de-test King George, and there is nothing that I would not do for you. I would die

THE END.

"The Glorious, Pious and Immortal."

(From the Indo-European Correspondence. The home papers contain a very serious account of the way in which Catholics were dealt with by William III., "that man of immortal memory." He was the lord of a district in Westphalia known as the County of Lingen. The district was almost exclusively inhabited by Catholics. Notwithstanding, an order was issued by the new ruler that, within three hours, all the presbyteries, schools and churches were to be taken away from the Catholics and handed over to such Calvanist ministers and others as we would designate. This absolute proscription of Catholicity lasted till 1702, when the district became part of Prussia, and the Catholics were allowed, on payment of a swinging sum, to recall their priests. Yet the churches re-mained in the hands of the Protestants; and even at this day twelve bushels of corn have

even at this day twelve bushels of corn have to be sent every year to the Protestant parson of Freren from Messingen, a vil-lage in which none but Catholics reside. Very shortly, however, a Catholic church is to be opened at Freren, and then the above twelve bushels will go to the priest instead of the parson.

A pause—a turn—but again that wild cheer, and the decimated ranks dashed on. Just as they had gained the foot of the wall, M'Mahon perceived a rebel captain receive acutionity own the better hed in gore. peering cautiously over the battiement, ne fired, and the figure threw itself into the air and fell ! But that wild plunge for life was suffi

cient to blast the happiness of the Irish-man. In the fallen Captain he recognized the unmistakable features of Nelly Law. on's father ! He would have died of grief, but the

swell of battle bore him on to the wall—he was now desperate, and springing madly from the ranks he waved his cap, and leaped headlong into the deadly breach! Hand to Hand was now the word, and with characteristic impetuosity the Irish dashed on their foes. A few minutes, and the gray-coated veterans were flying pellmell from Antietan ! With comming heart near that the it as sufficiently stamping Mr. Freeman's grade as a truthful and philosophic writer

With sorrowing heart, now that the With sorrowing heart, now that the struggle was over, Harry M'Mahon searched far and wide for the body of Cap-tain Lawson, but it was nowhere to be found. He was turning over the bodies of some dead, when a tap on the shoulder aroused him. and, looking up, he saw be-fore him General M'Clellan ! "Sir, you have done well to-day; this is your brevet as Captain in the 69th Regi-ment."

gave rise to them than in the feeling that could prompt every Irishman here to commit murder that so he might be ment. THE FINALE.

It was summer again, and on the plain in Virginia where Harry first met with Nelly Lawson. The war is now ended and the giant Republic has dismissed her glorious defenders to their peaceful avoca-

The young lovers have again met-but

"Nelly, dear Nelly," urges M'Mahon, "let by-gones be by-gones. God knows that I deplore more than any one the uncortunate death of your father—but how could it be helped! Nelly, I am rich now, and may I ask—" "Would you ask me to marry my father's

that give lasting force to what Mr. Free-man says regarding the Irish vote here: "Political men in all times and places

hanged.

Park murders, which were not a whit less wicked and immoral in the feeling that

The Apostle bowed his head, still but in common with other strong elements of half convinced, and, seeing this the sweetest smile illumined the face of the this amalgam of races, his pretty little Angle theory. "What I venture to say on the house Saviour.

"Ah, Peter, Peter," He said, "Thou wouldst have none here but my chosen few, who gain Heaven by true and faith-ful service. Dearly I prize this service, justly I reward it; but know also that I give Heaven for love; that I who suffered so much to save manking will here here understand the state and the needs of their understand the state and the needs of their country," says Mr. Freeman, thus at once stamping his informants as cowards with-out the courage of their convictions. "What they whispered" was that this so much to save mankind will have here in glory every sinner who dies contrite; nor do 1 wish that one should be shut out, ountry were better without any Irish at ill. "Very many" Mr. Freeman tells the English people, "approved what I sugges-ted that the best remedy for whatever was amiss would be if every Irishman should however guilty, however miserable, who has turned in his last moments to Me, the has turned in his last moments to Me, the lover of sinners. Does this mercy indeed displease thee? Wouldst thou choose a company of thine own, and not admit those who cry, 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph,' as they pass from earth?" Then the Apostle bowed low at the feet of his for income View kill a negro and be hung for it." With brutal nonsense of this kind, of course, we refuse to deal. We only take

"Lord, thou knowest best," he mur-mured; "Thy Will I love, and to that Will of history. This is the old ingrained Cromwellian policy that strove with all its power to wipe out a noble race in blood This is the kind of policy and sentiment among certain Englishmen that provokes retailation in the shape of the Phœnix bend."

Mortin Luther on the Catholic Church,

Luther, the father of the so-called. Protestant Reformation, was forced to the following acknowledgment:

I confess under the Papicy are many good things, nay, all that is good in Christianity—the true Scripture, true bap-tism, the true sacrament of the altar, true keys for the remission of sins, true office for If Mr. Freeman would have Irishmen commit murder here, why not in Phœnix Park or Hyde Park ? This is a free and beneficent government to Irish-Americans as to all Americans, whereas English Govpreaching Nay, I say in Popery is true Unristianity even the very kernel of Christianity." These words should have force enough

ernment in Ireland is an oppression and a tyranny, where assassination, according to Mr. Freeman's theories would be a virtue, to put an everlasting damper on every Protestant enthusiast. In the face of or at least excusable. Thus do writers without any Christian principles always overreach themselves; and Mr. Freeman this candid statement made by the father of the "Reformation," we find it some-what difficult to understand the effrontery tands committed to a statement that will orever cling to and damn him in the eyes of modern Protestant zealots, declaring the Catholic Church a "system of error." of all honest men. It is just such w

"Would you ask me to marry my father's murderer?" she interrupted, starting back indignantly. "No, Harry, that cannot be -however much I love you." "Nelly, you are cruel." "I can't help it. My poor, poor father," and in the bitterness of grief she hid her face in her hands. "Weep not, darling," said a deep sepul-chral voice from behind, and ere the young lovers could look around Captain Lawson stood before them! A t first both thought it a dream, but there was the reality amply tested to by

three vows of poverty, chastity, and dience, and devoted every day of this lives to the work of mercy. It n lives to the work of mercy. It m seem strange, at first sight, that m should be made the very key that of the gate of heaven, that mercy should pear to be the only quality that seemed to demand in order to admit into heaven. But when we consider mercy is, we at once see its neces The Son of God, knowing that the we would always have with us, conde ded to associate Himself with ther declare that He was one of them, that what was done to them was do Him. Therefore, whoever has the of Christ must be merciful; he mu ready to recognize the Son of God in poor, and have a feeling of love, ve tion, almost adoration, for those whom God has laid the heavy burd poverty and disease. Let them, they rich and poor, seek to secure to them that crown which shall not be set any brows execut those who were mee declare that He was one of them.

any brows except those who were me

any brows except those who were me THE LECTURE. On Sunday evening Father Bur livered a lecture to a crowded con tion in St. Alphonsus' Church, Hamilton Street, Glasgow, taking f subject "Catholic faith, the true y tion of man." In this grand nine century, of which they were all so —and no man, he said, admired it they he did_they say more develo ----and no man, he said, admired it than he did----they saw more develo than he did—they saw more develo than in any preceding epoch of the v history. They saw the triumph of genius—the magnificent achievem human science. Why, the men-nineteenth century had done thing their grandfathers believed to be impossible. They had annihilated they had taken the two elements the supposed to be most hostile to each supposed to be most hostile to eac -fire and water-joined them to and from their union there was t and from their union there was to spring of steam, the greatest po-the physical world to-day. Mo-taken the most terrible and the n ruly of all the elements—lightenir