

separated them early in life. The eldest boy had taken the Queen's shilling and gone to India; the second was a sailor, whilst the only daughter had married and was now far away in America, living, as it was supposed, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. McCormick had found it difficult to bring up her boy with anything like adequate knowledge of his religion. There was no Catholic priest in the town of X——, the nearest being nine miles away.

But to a Catholic mother, the love of God takes precedence over everything else, and, to the best of her ability, she had grounded her child in the principal mysteries of religion. She was a proud mother the day she set out for the neighboring city where the priest was living, and beheld her beloved boy make his First Communion.

"Mother, I'll do as you say," replied Barney, between his sobs. "I'll say my prayers and I'll go to Confession, but don't die, mother."

But mother did die, and after Barney had beheld her lowered into the grave, and when he had almost wept his little heart out, he was glad to retire to the house of a sympathizing friend, and there struggle with the first great sorrow he had known.

Fortune seemed to have singled out the young orphan for a seafaring life. At an early age he was employed to do odd jobs upon the small craft engaged in the local trade. As his acquaintance with the sea grew, the desire of "going to sea," in the strict sense of the word, increased.

Day by day the love for his calling grew upon him—he longed to be free, to visit foreign lands, to be considered an able seaman. Such aspirations, added to the fact that those with whom he was thrown were not Catholics, blasted the early impressions of his religious teaching. What wonder if he grew negligent about his prayers!