### The Young Sailor's Confession.

BY L. V. L. Two little sailor lads of France In bravest war ships ride, And mimic battles on the wave With all a sea-boy's pride.

Thrice fied the spring, thrice summer passed Thrice winter lashed the main, And Claude, with sickness stricken down, Lay wearled out with pain.

There lay he on his springing bed, And, steepless, oft would pray, Or murmur in his fever-dreams Or murmur in his fever-dr. Of dear friends far away. Sudden he cried : "Come, Ernest, come!

We have been comrades t But, ah, there is a fatal bar That severs me from you.

"We never knelt together! Would That you believed as I! And, oh! that I a priest could see To speak to ere I die! "But since this may not be, I would Confess my sins to thee; And when the vessel touches home, Confess my sins for me.

"And when in heaven, I will ask Four Lady for a sign That shall be, for my friend on earth, A proof of Truth Divine."

The little sailor sickened still;
No human help could save;
And while old seamen wept aloud,
They plunged him in the wave.

The seasons flew—the ship is home-RAnd straight the streets to range, Did Ernest hie to seek a priest And bear his message strange.

He said, while sobbing broke the words, " "My comrade died at sea, And, ere his end, he bade me take This message unto thee.

But now in vain I think of it, I would his faults recall: I would his faults recall; He bade me tell his sins to thee, But they have vanished all."

"Come back, my child," the old man said,
"Your heart is racked with pain;
And when your memory returns,
Come back to me again."

The boy in wonder issued forth, But scarce the threshold passed The secrets trusted by his friend Flashed back on him at last.

He hastened once again to give
The message that he bore;
The aged priest, amazed, beheld
A scene unthought before.

The sailor paused, and fain would think To speak his burdened mind; He strove to gather words, but still No utterance could find. "He bade me tell thee that "—Once more His mind was blank; and mute The little fellow, trembling, stood Amazed irresolute.

He flung himself upon the ground;
"O Father! 'tis the sign
That Claude had promised, ere he died,
To give of Truth Divine.

"Let me my own past faults confess— The sins of bygone years!" The good old priest embraced the boy, And smiles were blent with tears. TOO STRANGE

## NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

She was gone. Gone whither? gone with whom? -- a young savage for her guide. Had she been mad, to part with her thus? Her heart almost ceased to beat. She stretched herself on the ground near the open-ing through which the child had passed, and gazed on the meadow illumined by the and gazed on the meadow filumined by the brilliant moonlight. Distinctly she discremed Mina's figure, bounding over the dewy grass with the swiftness of a young antelope, and keeping pace with the lndian, who had joined her. The two forms on which her strained eyes were formed the dance of war, and pledged forms on which her strained eyes were formed the dance of war, and pledged themselves to the rescue of the white cern no sign of their approach, and he decaying disappeared from her sight. They plunged into the thickets which led to the river. She turned round and hid her face in the heap of dried leaves on which the child's head had rested a moment before, to stifle the least sound from pass ing her lips, to still, by a strong effort, the agony which was convulsing her

It was almost a relief when they came to fetch her away from the hut. great search was made for Mina. oman who was set to guard the captives said a few words to the messengers, which apparently accounted for her absence. She made a show of zeal, however, by showering reproaches on Madame d'Auban, and dragging her roughly to the door of the hut. To the mother's heart ill-usage was welcome; the sight of the stakes to which women and children were being bound, the cruelty of the Indians, their savage glee, a strange sort of consolation. Had her own life been saved, the thought that she had sent her child unguarded, by her Indian playmate, into the wilderness, would have maddened her. Now that she was herself about to die, she felt she could commit her without reserv to God's protection; now she could mur mur with intense gratitude, "She is gone, she is gone;" and her mental vision fixed itself with an intensity which was almost like sight on the thought of the crucifix on the breast of her young guide. Through the long hours of that terrible night, the Christian heroine bore her lofty part, and during the next dreadful day, and when the shades of evening fell, and again through the night, which was to be the last to so many human beings doomed to perish at sunrise—in the full light of the glorious, majestic sun,—the noblest of God's inanimate works, the object of idolatrous worship to the heathen murderers gathered around them, the murderers gamered around men, si-silent witness of men's crimes. She for-got herself; she forgot her absent hus-band and her fugitive child, in the intense, all-absorbing desire to prepare for death and judgment her companions in adversity; she found strength to raise her voice and speak of he pe to the perishing, of pardon to the guilty. She repeated aloud the acts of faith, of love, and of contrition; she said Mary was praying and Jesus waiting; that one word, one sigh, one upward lance was enough to win heaven in that hour; and as the Indians danced, as was their wont, around their victims, and made the air resound with their songs of savage voice still arose above cordant cries, her prayers filled up every pause in their dreadful merriment, and grace was given her to do an angel's work in the midst of those breaking hearts and

those infuriated men.

The remaining hours of life were waning The prisoners were to die at sun-and the first faint light of morning was beginning to dawn in the sky. Many of the maines set to guard the prisoners,

these ropes and show thee how to escape while these men sleep, if thou wilt tell me where I can find her."

"The Great Spirit alone knows where she is now," answered Madame d'Auban, shuddering at the expression of Osseo's

face. "Do not talk to me of the Great "Do not talk to me of the Great Spirit, or of your detested prayer. I want Mina; and I have in my bosom a fetish which will kelp me to find her, if thou dost refuse to tell me where she is, and thou are going to die." He added in a mocking tone, "The fire is even now being kindled which will shrivel try white limbs, as the flame burns up the wood of the forest. Tell me where Mina is, and I Madame d'Auban feebly shock her head;

her strength was quite exhausted.
"I will search for her all over the land," the young savage cried, brandishing a tomahawk; "and if thou hast sent her across the great salt lake, I can row a swifter boat than man has ever yet made." The mother closed her eyes and heard

The mother closed ner eyes and head the sound of his retreating steps; and then for a while the silence was unbroken, save by the groans of the prisoners and the heavy snoring of their drunken foes. The next time she opened her eyes the

sun was illuminating the mountain tops."
"Glorious orb of day! harbinger of
death," she murmured. "Blessed be thy death," she murmured. "Blessed be thy light shining on our painful way to heaven! Blessed by thy rays warming our limbs, as the love of Jesus warms our hearts! Darkness is still brooding over the plains, but the heights are even now resplendent with light; the shadows of death at hand, the glory of heaven shining

death at hand, the glory of neaven shining beyond them. O my God! Thou dost, indeed, send thy message before Thee! My beloved ones, farewell!"

Her head fell on her breast; she neither moved nor spoke, but silently prepared for death. Hark! what was the sound that fell over her sending the sound. that fell upon her ear, like the splash of rain-drops on the leaves of the forest, like the footfall of watchers near a dying man's Can a band of armed men treads lightly? Can a troop of warriors steal along with so noiseless a progress? Yes, for they are of the swift, light-footed tribe of the Choktaws. They are the deep divers, the wily hunters of the Western Prairies. They attack the wild beast in his den, and surprise the alligator in his sleep by the river-side. And they have listened by the river-side. And they have instened to the white man's appeal. In their own tongue they have heard him tell his dreadful tale. There has been a long hereditary feud between them and the children of the Sun, and their hatred of the Natches has kindled into a flame, on hearing of the murder of the black-robe; for the Pere Souel had been amongst them and spoken of "the prayer of the Christians," and they had answered, "It is man's wives and children. From the villuges and the solitary wigwams, from the hills and from the plains, they emerged and joined the white leader, and crossed the great river by the light of the crescent moon. At the day dawn in the east they drew near the City of the Sun. In silence they advance. If they speak it is under their breath. D'Auban marches at the head of the red warriors, the only stranger amongst them—the only one for whom more than a life or than fame is at stake He feels in himself the strength to struggle with a thousand foes, and yet the stirring of a leaf makes his heart beat like a It was such a suspense-such an agonizing uncertainty! His eyes strive to pierce the dewy mist which hides from him the distant view. They grow dim with straining, those burning, tearless eyes, and the tangled boughs and the feathery branches of the forest take odd, fantastic shares, which mock his yearning sight. In the dim vista of an opening the wood he fancies that he sees two figures advance. No; one is advancing and the other recedes, and after a while disappears. But that something white which approaches, what is it? Is the mist thickening, or his sight failing? He can discern nothing. But a voice, a cry, reaches his ear. "Father! Oh, father!"

"Your mother? Where is your "She sent me away; I crept out of the

The band of warriors gathers around

them.

hut. Make haste; make haste!"

"Is she safe? Is she well? How have

they treated you?"
"Well, till last night. Make haste, father; make hast! The sachems were very angry when my mother sent me

away D'Auban took up his little daughter in his arms as if she had weighed but a feather, and strode forward. He could have carried three times her weight and not have felt it, so intensly strained was his nervous system. But suddenly halting, he turned to the Indians and said—
"My brothers, the Great Spirit has sent this child to meet us. The Great Spirit is with us, and will bless my Indian brothers for the deed they do this day."

A whisper went through the warrior's

"The white maiden," they said, "was come from the Great Spirit to lea! them to the City of the Sun;" and onward they pressed through the tangled thickets, grasping their weapons like the hunter who discerns the footsteps of his prey. The wood is passed at last, and the open plains lie stretched before them.

They see the white wigwams of the Natches' city amongst the oleander and acacia groves. Another hour's march and they will have reached it. D'Auban calls

one of the Indians.

who were, however, tightly bound to their respective stakes, had fallen asleep, having largely indulged throughout the night in the "fiery essence," as they called brandy, which they had brought away in large quantities from the French fort. Madame d'Auban was still speaking, in a feeble, exhausted manner, to poor Madame Lenoir, whose cries of depair had subsided into weary groans, when she heard a voice "take this child, and stay with her in this spot. If we succeed we will send for you from yonder city, to sing with us the song of victory; but if the night comes and tidings reach you, then say 'My white black robe of the nearest mission, or to the weary groans, when she heard a voice to the land of the hereafter." will bless thee, my brother, and show thee to the land of the hereafter."

"I will not leave you, father," Mina

He had spoken as if in anger, and the child flung herself on the ground in a paroxysm of grief. He did not trust himself to look back. He went on, for every minute was a matter of life and death; and the fair-haired child remained laying on the greenswird motionless as a marble image, pale as a broken lily, refusing to be comforted by the Indian who tried in vain to direct her thoughts to other objects than the onward march of that little band towards the city where the lives of both her parents were hanging on a thread.

parents were hanging on a thread.

The hour had arrived when the sachems The hour had arrived when the sacnems were to assemble in the square to witness the execution of the European captives. The gong which was to summon them was to have sounded when the sun rose, but the sleeping guards awoke from their drunken slumbers to witness a far different scene. Weapons were brandished in their eyes and over their heads. Flames were bursting forth from various buildings in the town. The wigwams were set on fire the town. The wigwams were set on fire in every direction, and d'Auban warriors had encircled the square, whilst he rushed to the stakes and cut the cords which

bound the prisoners.

A cry of rage and terror arose from the affrighted city. The whilom triumphant Natches now rent the air with their howls of fury. They rushed about in wild howis of tury. They rushed about in what confusion, some to oppose their enemies, the number of which they could not discern, so utter had been the surprise, so swift and stealthy their approach,—some to extinguish the flames which were extending over the villiage, and threatening the chief's palace.

D'Auban had caught his wife in his

arms just as she was sinking to the ground.
"Mina?" she had just strength to mur-

mur.
"She is safe," he answered. "Bear up "She is safe," he answered. "Bear up for a while, my beloved one. The lives of all these helpless ones depend on the event of this hour." Then assuming the direction of the assailing force, he assigned to a hundred men the task of conveying the women and children to the shore, where beats had been previously sent to await them. He disprached a man to the sant them. He dispatched a man to the spot where he had left his child under the care of her Indian protector, with orders to proceed at once to the river side. With his remaining force he kept the enemy engaged, and dreadful was the fierce en counter between the two tribes. Many a Natches fell under the blows of the more warlike Choktaws; but the struggle was an unequal one, and if prolonged must have turned to the advantage of the Children of the Sun, who began to recover from their surprise and hurried from every side to join the conflict. D'Auban's supe-rior military skill enabled him to conduct the retreat of his band, and to cope successfully with their far more numerous pursuers. He had sent a messenger to Fort Rosahe, and had hoped that a French force might have been dispatched from the force might have been dispatched from t one of the neighbouring neights could discern no sign of their approach, and he determined on effecting if possible the rescue of the captives without attempting to mantain their position in the Natches' city, mantain their position in the Natches' city, which they had, as it were, taken by storm. The Choktaw Indians, like the Parthians of old, discharged their arrows at their enemies as they retreated, and d'Auban with the musket which had already done him such good service kept them also at bav. At the sight of the murderous weapon the pursuers fell back. Their missiles made havoc the while amongst the resuing party, and many a Choktaw warrior remained stark and cold on the green slopes between the City of the Sun and the Father of Waters. At last the shore was reached, and whilst the gallant band under d'Auban's command faced the foe, the women and children were embarked in the boat and barges manned with rowers of the friendly tribe. Madame l'Anban's face turned as pale as ashes, for Mina was nowhere to be seen. Boat after boat was filled with women and children, and shot down the stream, impelled by the rowers and aided by the current. But He rushes forward, and Mina is in his arms.

one remained. D'Auban fought on: but sake of that one missing child? Himself he felt his strength given way, his arm waxing weak, his head growing dizzy. At that moment the sky was lighted up by a lurid glare. The Natches looked back towards their homes, and saw the flames burst out afresh from every grove and every temple of the City of th cry arose to their lips; abandoning in tumultuous haste the pursuit, they re-traced their steps, and rushed wildly back towards the burning town. At that moment also, staggering under a burden that was no longer a light one for the dying man who was bearing it, Pearl Feather, the swiftest runner of his tribe, fell breathless at d'Auban's feet. Mina was in her father's arms, and the Indian gasped out in feeble accents, "The bird of orey sought to carry away the dove, and his fetish has great power. But the Great Spirit of the Christian prayer was more powerful still. He gave me strength to bring her to thee, my white brother, and now depart and leave me to die."

Then d'Auban saw the arrow which was lodged in his breast, and guessed it was a poisoncus one. For one moment he knelt by the true friend who had saved his child; and when the brave spirit passed away, the prayers and the blessing which followed it beyond this mortal scene were

speechless intensity.

The friendly Indians for the most part swam across the river and dispersed in the woods, bearing away with them as much

her dead deliverer, and a few of their companions in the late combat, descended the river with all the swiftness possible under the circumstances. It was a wonderful escape the captives had had, and Mina's, perhaps, the most wonderful of all. Osseo had met her and her protector on the way to the river, and sought to detain the white maiden, who, he said, was a runaway slave from the chief's shall begin after the final resurrection, under the reign of Christ.

whose cries of depair had subsided into weary groans, when she heard a voice close behind her, and turning around, as much as the ropes with which she was bound allowed, she saw Osseo, with a knife in his hand, standing half concealed from sight.

"Daughter of the white man," he whispered, "where is Mina? I will cut these ropes and show thee how to escape while these men sleep, if thou wilt tell me where I can find her."

will bless thee, my brother, and show thee to the land of the hereafter."

"I will not leave you, father, "Mina of it was a runaway slave from the chief's palace, and force her back to the town. Most likely he would have succeeded, for his strength was superior to that of an old man and child, had not Ontara, who was a soearching for Mina in every direction, arrived on the spot at that very moment and taken part with the fugitives. Osseo the little girl in his arms. Like an arrow which gave the Indian time to by with the little girl in his arms. Like an arrow from a bow, swiftly and straightly he crossed the plain, through the feathery grasses and waving fields of green maize. Already were the armed men on the river side and their boats there in sight, when a shaft, a poisoned one too, came whizzing through the air and struck him as he ran. through the air and struck him as he ran. No cry escaped his lips; he scarcely slack-ened his pace; but the child he was carrying felt he was wounded, and that his steps were faltering. She shut her eyes in anguish and called to him to stop, but he heeded her not; his lips faintly murmured a chant which was the death song of his sitha hus words he set to it were those tribe, but the words he set to it were those of the Christian prayer. His blood covered the greensward up to the margin of the stream. He died silently at the feet of the friend whose child he had saved. No wonder that burning tears of gratitude and of sorrow fell on that lifeless form of

the Indian, as he lay stiff and cold at the bottom of the boat which bore away the captives to safety and to freedom. Three days afterwards sheltering walls enclosed the weary fugitives, and the call of French sentries, as they paced around the fort which had received them, sounded like music in their ears. D'Auban sat between his wife and child, looking at them between his wife and child, looking at them
with a tenderness too deep for words.
He was beginning to feel the effects of the
intense fatigue and excitement he had
gone through. His weary limbs and overgone through. His weary limbs and over-wrought mind was sinking with exhaus-tion. He was become gray-haired, and looked ten years older than when he had left St. Agathe. His wife recovered more quickly. At her age there is still an elasticity of spirits, which surmounts more speedily the effects of suffering than at a more advanced period of life; and though she had bore much anguish, she had not

had, like him, to act under its intolerable When Mina went to bed that evening she hid her face in the pillow, but her parents heard her sobbing as if her heart

would break. "What ails you, my child?" her mother tenderly inquired, whilst her father anxi-

ously bent over her.

"I shall never see my brother again," cried the weeping child. "He has saved my life, and I love him better than anyone in the world, except you both. heard one of the soldiers say that the French was marching to the Natches' city, and would kill all its inhabitants. O and would kill all its inhabitants.

and would kill all its limitations. Of father they will kill my brother, who saved your life and mine!"

D'Auban was much affected at this thought, and at his daughter's wellfounded fears. He assured her that as French troops to save the life of the young chief Ontara, and to treat him with

ndness.
"Let us go on at once then," cried Mina,

It was some days, however, before d'Auban recovered sufficiently to leave Baton Rouge; but he sent a letter to M. Perrier by one of the soldiers of the fort. felt great misgivings about the young Indian's fate, though he tried to calm Mina's fears to divert her mind from the subject. If he had grown old in the space of a few days, her little girl had become almost a woman in thought and feeling during the same lapse of time. She did not play any more. Her mind was inces-santly going over the past, or forming plans for the future, with an intense imaginative power which hastened in some respects the devolepment of her character The scenes she had gone through; the memories they had left behind them; the sight of her father's enfeebled frame, and of the anxious looks her mother bent upor him; the uncertainty in which Ontara' fate was involved,—had a depressing effect on her affectionate and highly sensitive How long would they remain by his side? How long were they to wait? How long would they shed their blood for the sake of that one wisdow and for the sake of that one wisdow at the sake of that one wisdow at the sake of the care and conflicting feeling. cares and conflicting feelings for one young and so naturally thoughtful. her spirits did not revive after their arrival at New Orleans, her parents resolved to place her for a while at the school of the Ursuline Convent, in the hope that regular habits of study and the society of girls of her own age would dissipate the depressing effects of the scenes she had witnessed. The results of this experiment were not at first very successful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST AS-SERTED BY MOHAMMED.

ment an enlightened book, the light and guide of mankind, and goes even so far as to assert that he himself confirmed the Gospel. Although Mohammed denies the divinity of Christ, he is constrained by the force of evidence given in Holy Writ, and his respect for the divine authority thereof, to acknowledge Christ as the greatest among all the prophets who had appeared before his time. He declares that Christ of those which are not spoken in words, but rise straight from the heart with ture, but owed His existence to supernatural means; that He had never been touched by sin, and that even the Mother of Christ was a stranger to any kind of sin. no avail. swam across the river and dispersed in the woods, bearing away with them as much as they could carry of the treasures stolen from the city during their brief invasion of its precincts. The barge which held the word out of Himself, His name four months Peter summoned the Cardi-"My brother Pear! Feather," he says d'Auban, his wife and child, the corpse of I will be Christ Jesus, Son of Mary predest nals to his presence, and solemnly resigned

tined in this world, and in all time to tined in this world, and in all time to come, and always nearest to God. And Mary answered: My Lord, how shall this be? And the Angel said: God creates what He will, and as He says so shall it be." Numerous are the miracles the Koran ascribes to Jesus. It relates the return of Christ, in which He shall be universally acknowledged. Every earthly prince and king shall resign their power into His hands. Antichrist shall be vanquished by Him, and a blissful life of the faithful shall begin after the final resurrection, un-

### THE SACRED HEART.

"Love is the fulfilment of the law." Yes, religion is all love. Its beginning is love, its law is love, its end is love, as the heart is its symbol and its organ. Christianity is the religion of the heart, it is above all the religion of the Heart of Jesus, and in the Heart of Jesus it finds its

erfection and its plentitude. Religion is an intimate relation between dod and man, founded on Creation, manifesting itself by gratitude and adoration, and consummating itself in love. The act in which it finds its truest and complete

expression is oblation or sacrifice.

Hence it is that man, instinctively religious, has brought to the altar of God, in succession, all that he found in the world; the precious metals, earth, water, fire, plants, animals, everything in nature. Even man himself has been placed on the Even man insert has been placed on the altar and sacrificed to God, or else, rising to the idea of a purer and more spiritual worship, man, instead of immolating hu-man life, presented to God the bread and wine which are the nourishment of that

wine which are the nourishment of that life and its symbol, or he offered from his heart the true adoration of love. Thus, to bring all nature to the heart of man, and there to offer it, with the heart of man, to the Heart of God, is the highest

natural religion.

But how poor is such an offering, how imperfect and truly unworthy of God such a religion! God can be satisfied with nothing less than God, and the only offer-

ing worthy of Him is Himself.

Nevertheless, if God alone offers himself to God, as does the Word eternally in the bosom of the Father, religion will remain incomplete, there will always be an infinite distance between the perfect religion accomplished in the bosom of the Trinity and that of which man is the priest in the midst of Creation, and it seems as if such a shadow of religion would not be acceptable to God, and that the offerings

earth would be valueless in His eye.

But God ordained a perfect offering and an admirable sacrifice. He brought His Heart close to the heart of man, and melting them into one Heart, united it in all the worship, all the love of His Son, and also the worship, the adoration, and love of all nature assembled in the heart of man. He made religion one love, one sacrifice, one symbol, one perfect offering, in which He delights, and which, in a

ingle act, combines all possible worship.
Oh Heart of Jesus! living symbol and true realization of perfect religion, I adore Thee, and offer Thee at the same time; I offer Thee, and in thee, with Thee and by Thee, I offer to God the eternal homage of the Divine Word and the noblest created

Oh Jesus! in Whom heaven and earth meet to offer themselves worthily to God, receive me, be Thou also my centre, my

religion, and my life.

Heart of the eternal Word! in Thee crea tion and the heart of man are suspended to the heart of God, in Thee religion and love are perfected; I desire to offer Thee continually to God. Thou art my religion, my oblation, my sacrifice, in Thee I place my heart, to unite it with Thine to Let us si the Heart of God, and to immolate it in the accomplishment of the same sacrifice and the perfeccion of the same love.

# A BOY AGAIN.

Sometimes an old man becomes a bov again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man with several

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a Director. One morning as he was thus investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.
"That's my dinner you're eating!" ex

claimed the boy, indignantly. "Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not aten so good a one for sixty years."
"There," he added, as he finished the

"take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as goo one," and he handed the boy a \$5 bill. Four days after, the old man kept re-ferring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

# ST. PETER CELESTINE.

As a child, Peter had visions of Our Blessed Lady and of the angels and saints. They encouraged him in his prayer, and chided him when he fell into any fault. Monammed, in his Koran, exhorts his followers, in order to become worthy of divine grace, not only to acknowledge the Old, but also the New Testament, as books of divine revelation. He calls the Testament of the Core of th would one day be a saint. He made great progress in study, and at the age of twenty left his home in Apulia to live in a mountain solitude; here he passed three years assaulted by the evil spirit and beset with temptations, but consoled by angels' visits After this, his seclusion was invaded by disciples, who refused to be sent away, and the rule of life which he gave them form-ed the foundation of the Celestine Order. Angels assisted in the church which Peter built: unseen bells rang peals of surpassing sweetness, and heavenly music filled the sanctuary, when he offered the Holy Sacrifice. Suddenly he found himself torn from his beloved solitude by his election to the Papal Throne. Resistance was of He was consecrated at Aquila

his trust; so strange an act was regarded with suspicion; he was therefore placed in confinement, and thus, alone with God, he joyfully awaited his death, which took place A. D. 1296.

#### CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

The nomination of Hancock at Cincin-The nomination of Hancock at Cincinnati has set everybody to telling stories about the war, and people whom no one suspected of being old soldiers before suddenly bubble over with reminiscences of camp life. Among other things much to the credit of the Irishmen who served during the late war in the American army, a genuine and enthusiastic old soldiers said ang the late war in the American army, a genuine and enthusiastic old soldier said that he had noticed that in spite of the licence for which soldiers were proverbial long before that famous force swore so sulphurously in Flanders, the Irishmen who gathered around the fire at night cover the light state of the light uever told indecent stories. All kinds of yarns were spun, some pointed, others pointless, but none tainted with obscene allusions. In this respect the conversation of the Irish soldiers was an exception to the manner of talk which obtained among the rest of the army in its hours of ease; and these Irishmen who made such a clean record in camp and such an honorable re-cord in the field, were not picked mennot men whom we would put forward as representative Catholics or Irishmen—but men taken just as they came, from all parts of the country. And surely this is worth remembering and worth recording at a time when certain persons are only too ready to say and write anything discreditable to a race whose morality as well as its courage has always been remarkable.

#### THE GIRLS WHO GET MARRIED.

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"How did that homely girl ever con-"How did that homely girl ever con-trive to get married?" is not unfrequent-ly remarked of some good, domestic crea-ture whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind, and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left te pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off rapidly is no doubt, in many cases, at the bottem of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are apt to over-value themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid, occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture patagons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and love-worthy that providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of our haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidihomeliness and amiability to beauty and ther way. The rook ahead of our haupsty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughful portions of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excel-

# BETTER THOUGHTS.

God wills, and things are: that is divine omnipotence. Things are, and man wills them: that is human wisdom. Things are, man wills them, and that, too, as God wills, when He wills, and because be wills: that is Christian philosophy.—Mme. Elizabeth,

like good soldiers, under the eve of our true and sovereign Chief, and when death comes it will find us ready; its summons will be to us an awakening from sleep, the vanishing of a dream, the dawn of the real day, and of the life which is the begining of bliss .- MGR. DERBOY.

God will remain, the Catholic Church will remain, and standing at her right hand -brave and unconquered, like a true solbattered if you will, wounded and bleeding, but still with the laural of victory on his head, will be seen the figure of Ignatius and the great Society of Jesus .- FATHER

Perfection easily endures the imperfection of others. God lets remain, in the most advanced souls, certain weaknesses dispro-portionate to their high landmarks (temoins) portionate to their high landmarks (temoins) in a piece of ground which has deen levelled, to show how deep the work of man's hands has gone. So God leaves, in great souls, landmarks or remnants of the wretchedness has been remnants. wretchedness he has removed.

Everything is promised to the prayer made in the name of Jesus Christ, our only mediator, and animated by a true confidence in His merits. He deserves to be heard because it contains a real desire to belong to God; let this desire comprise also application to the means, and let plication exclude everything that is not conformable to the will of God.—D'Agu-

Beyond all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfac-tion and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.—Locke.

Rome is the queen of cities, a world apart from that which we have known, where all is unlike what we encounter elsewhere, whose beauties and contrasts are of so lofty an order that one is wholly unprepared for them, and their effect car neither be imagined nor described. Every lack we find at Rome adds to the impres-sion she produces; one would not see her Campagna cultivated, her well-nigh desert-ed suburbs repeopled, or the inhabited por-tion of the city enlarged. Rome, bearing tion of the city enlarged. Rome, bearing the impress of antiquity, must needs be a little sad to correspond with so much subverted power and grandeur in the dust. Your ideas are enlarged here, your emotions more deeply religious, your heart is at peace, you hardly dare to stree in the sight of spots which recall so much suffering, nor fail in fortitude where so much has been shown.