

The Young Sailor's Confession.

Two little sailor ships of France In bravest war ships ride, And minute battles on the wave With all a sailor's pride. The one was Claude, a sleeky boy— A faithful child of Rome; The other, Ernest, had been taught By Calvinists to love...

FOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

She was gone. Gone whither? gone with whom?—a young savage for her guide. Had she almost consented to that, she stretched herself on the ground near the opening through which the child had passed, and gazed on the meadow illumined by the brilliant moonlight. Distinctly she discerned Mina's figure, bounding over the dewy grass with the swiftness of a young antelope, and keeping pace with the Indian who had joined her. The two forms on which her strained eyes were gazing, 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 passing her lips, to still, by a strong effort, the agony which was convulsing her frame.

who were, however, tightly bound to their respective stakes, had fallen asleep, having largely indulged throughout the night in the "fery 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 Lennox, whose cries of despair 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."

"I will not leave you, father," Mina cried, convulsively grasping her father's arm; "let me cut my ropes, and I will keep up with you, let me stay with you." "Mina, in God's name, and as your father, I command you to remain here," 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 lying on the green-walled motionless as a marble image, pale as a broken lily, refusing to be comforted by the tears which fell 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.

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 palace, and force her back to the town. Her strength was superior to that of an old man and child, had not Osseo, who was also searching for Mina in every direction, arrived on the spot at that very moment and taken part with the fugitives. Osseo turned with fury on his new opponent, which gave the Indian time to fly 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, poisoned one too, came whizzing through the air and struck him as he ran. No cry escaped his lips; he scarcely slackened 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 tribe, but the words he set to it were those of the Christian prayer. His blood covered the green-walled 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, and saw the captives to safety and to freedom.

THE SACRED HEART. "Love is the fulfillment 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 perfection and its plenitude. Religion is an intimate relation between God and man, founded on Christ, manifesting itself by gratitude and adoration, and consummating itself in love. The act in which it finds its true 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 altar and sacrificed to God, or else, rising to the idea of a purer and more spiritual worship, man, instead of immolating human life, presented to God the bread and 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 offering 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 of earth would be valueless in His eyes. 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 single 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 love. 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 creation 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 the Heart of God, and to immolate it in the accomplishment of the same sacrifice and the perfection of the same love.

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 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 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 never 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 record in the field were not picked men—no 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. "How did that homely girl ever contrive to get married?" is not infrequently remarked of some good domestic creature 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 to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off rapidly in no doubt, in many cases, at the bottom 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, principally 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 do not 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 abode of our haughty Junos and coquetish Hobbies is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed, and 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, thoughtful portions of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence. BETTER THOUGHTS. God will, and things are; that is divine omnipotence. Things are, and man wills them; that is human wisdom. Things are, when He wills, and because He wills; that is Christian philosophy.—Miss Elizabeth, of France. If we stand at our post and do our duty like good soldiers, under the eye 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 beginning of bliss.—Mr. Deane. God will remain, the Catholic Church will remain, and standing at her right hand—brave and unconquered, like a true soldier, without reproach and without fear—battered if you will, wounded and bleeding, but still with the laurel of victory on his head, will be seen the figure of Ignatius and the great Society of Jesus.—FATHER BURKE. Perfection easily endures the imperfection of others. God's will remain, in the most advanced souls, certain weaknesses disproportionate to their high landmarks (tempus) in a piece of ground which has been levelled, to show how deep the original unevenness of the soil has gone. God leaves in great souls, landmarks or remnants of the 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 this application exclude everything that is not conformable to the will of God.—D'Aguassina. 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, dissatisfaction and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creature 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 can neither be imagined nor described. Every lack we find at Rome adds to the impression she produces; one would not see her Campagna cultivated, her well-inhabited suburbs repopled, or the unblighted portion of the city enlarged. Rome, bearing the impress of antiquity, most needs be little said 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 care to see in the sight of spots which recall so much suffering, nor fall in fortitude where so much has been shown.