THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Two Glasses.

2

There sat two glasses. Alled to the brim, On a rich man's table, rim to rim; One was ruddy and red as blood. Said the glass of wine to the paier brother, "Let us tell the tales of the paier to each other. I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth, And the proudest and grandest souls on earth Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight.

blight, Where I was a king, for I ruled in might. From the heads of kings I have torn the

feet towards the beach.

footsteps. Rachel made no response, but paused

inquired Dick

He now gazed a moment on her in sil-nce. It was a solemn moment; then

flinging his arms about her neck, he gave

"May the Lord bring him back to me!"

"Goodness gracious! How it did blow last

ence.

im back to me !

crown, From the heights of fame I have hurled men

down; I have blasted many an honored name; I have taken virtue and given shame; I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste, far greater than a king am I. Or than any army beneath the sky; I have made the arm of the driver fail, And sent the train from the iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shricks of the lost were sweet to me, For they said, 'Behold, how great you be, Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you I have here a strength and how great you be, Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you and bowed her head, for there were strange men present. Dick bade his companions continue their way to the boat. Then, taking Rachel by the wrists, as he had done once before—but now it was a gentle loving grasp—"Dear girl," he said "you

are my good angel. If you would only come with me my whole life would be changed. I shall be on the wide sea like a

failed, strength, weatch, genius, before you fail. For your might and power are over all. Ho: ho: pale brother," laughed the wine, "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?" Said the water glass, "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or a murdered host, But I can tell of a heart, once sad, By my crystal drops made light and glad-Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved, Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved; Island be on the whole sea here a lost bark without you." "Oh! I cannot leave my mother," answered Rachel.
"But for mother I might go with you." "True, true," said Dick; "and she has been like a mother to me. It was an evil spirit which prompted me to take you from her. But not all the train-bands in the colony could make you safer than you are at this moment—here with Dick who loves you with his whole heart and soul,

saved; I have leaged through the valley. dashed down the monntain. Flowed the river and played in the fountain. Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the

loves you with his whole heart and soul, who would die for you." "I know you would not harm me," said Rachel looking confidently at him : while the moon, which peeped from behind a cloud, revealed plainly enough what her fond heart was whispering. "And Dick, I could not bear to think that I might never see you argain. It is why I have followed sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye; I have eased the hot forehead of fever and

I have cased the hot forehead of level and pain; I have made the parched meadows grow fer-tile with grain; I can tell of the power and turned at my will; That ground out four and turned at my will; Trant filled up and crowned anew; I cheer, I help, I trengthen and aid; I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chain, wine can tive free.

see you again. It is why I have followed you." "Well, if some day I returned with plenty of gold—some day, perhaps years I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chain-wine captive free, And all are better for knowing me." These are the tales they told each other-The glass of wine and paler brother-As they sat together, filled to the brinn, On the rich man's table rim to rim. hence-would you sail away to my domin. ion and be my queen ?" earnestly. "I would marry you if you came back penniless," answered Rachel. "But we must live here on Cape Ann." "Impossible!" murnured Dick in a

m the Catholic World. RACHEL'S FATE.

A TALE OF CAPE ANN.

Within a week the young couple were married. Then, when the brief honey-moon was ended, Sam gave Phebe a long, Rachel one passionate embrace and disappeared. A few minutes later his skiff was gliding silent, lingering embrace and went. A few minutes later his skill was gluing swiftly towards the schooner. The young woman lingered where she stood, listening to the sound of the oars; nor was it until Phebe had called her a judge by the tears that were shed on this occasion, Rachel and Mrs. Scudder felt the parting even more than Phebe. The latter did not weep or utter a word. Only her pale visage and the way she fell back against the wall told of her poignant dozen times that she answered sobbed Rachel, as she bowed her head on grief.

Nor did Sam breathe a syllable either. her sister's shoulder ; and Phebe inwardly But when he was out of sight he pressed Old Harry again and again to his lips. The repeated the words-for she was thinking of Sam Bowline-"May the Lord bring raven did not seem surprised ; it made no attempt to escape. Old Harry and Sam had always been good friends. Now that both were bidding adieu to Cape Ann, night !" said Mrs Scudder one October morning-the first October after Dick and which was never again to be their home, they appeared to like each other more than

Mining the other other after beta and Sam's departure. "I did not sleep very soundiy," answered Phebe. "Nor I," said Rachel. "I had a dream," went on Phebe, "in which I saw Sam's schooner off Cape Hat-One moonlight night, not long after Sam Bowline had sailed, a large, rakish schooner might have been observed lying to about half a mile from the beach, directly oppoteras. She was scudding under bare poles, and—would you believe it !—in spite of the hurricane, Old Harry was perched on site the widow Scudder's abode. For once in his life the captain of this

top of the mainmast." "Well, I saw the Shark with her jib and craft felt nervous, as, accompanied by five other men, he rowed towards a narrow mainsail blown to ribbons," said Rachel. "Dick was lashed to the wheel. The big waves were sweeping the deck. He called to me and just then I awoke." cove that was sheltered from the breakers by a rocky islet. "How will she take it ? Will she faint ?

Will she heap maledictions upon me i Will she die of fright in my arms ?" were questions which bold, reckless Dick asked himself a score of times as the skiff drew to me and just then I awoke." "I remember the time when I had ex-actly such dreams," observed the widow. They used to come during the equinoctial storm. And one night in a vision I saw mself a score of times as the skiff drew

near to the shore. In a little while he came to Rachel's your dear father's schooner foundering. Sure enough he never came home ; and I solemnly believe that the Almighty, in his home, and, peeping through the west win-dow, which was partly open, he beheld the object of his affections seated between her parent and Phebe. The old lady had been goodness, did vouchsafe to his poor wife one last glimpse of him before the reading the Bible, but at this moment she ocean swallowed him up." "I pray the Lord that that horrid pirate was listening to something that Rachel was saving.

whom we heard about last week may not Well, I own that Dick was always a catch my Sam !" said Phebe. "They say the Pirate's vessel can out-sail anything that floats," remarked Mis. Soudder. "Well, he'll not capture the hard boy to manage-disobedient and ever so saucy," observed the latter ; "but for all Scudder. "Well, h Shark," said Rachel. that he was not really bad. As far back as "The Shark ! Ugh ! dont't breathe that name," said Phebe. "It is just the name can remember he was kind to me : his hand was ever ready to lift me on the pillion; he brought me the earliest wild one might expect Dick to give his lowers; and once, when I was lost among the sand-hills, he stayed out a whole night till he found me. O Phebe! say what you may against Dick, I will always take his part." "Humph! I know that he schooner. "You are always picking at poor Dick. Pray be more charitable," said Rachel a little nettled. "Well, the last time Dick was here he thinks more of you than any other girl on the Cape," answered Phebe, "and what puzzles me is that you did not accept him certainly looked like a desperado, and I am very glad that you did not marry him," continued Phebe. puzzles me is that you did not accept him when he proposed; for 1 am pretty sure that he did propose." "I-refused his offer because I love mother more than I love him," replied Rachel. "He wished me to go far, far from mother—to where I might never see her again." At this moment the door opened, and lo! the very one of whom they were speaking stood before them. He was armed with a cutlas and a pair of "Hush ! hush ! Do not wax hot over interposed the widow. Rachel nade no reply to her sister's speech. She merely bowed her head on the table, and if a tear fell to the floor it fell unseen. table, and But if this night had been tempestuous the day which followed was calm and beautiful. And the day was made more beautiful still by the return of Sam Bow-line, who entered without rapping on the they were speaking stood before them. He was armed with a cutlas and a pair of pistols, and never had Dick looked so like a dare-devil as now-except for his eyes, which, strange to relate, were moistened "I was expecting you ere long, hardly so soon as this; you are truer than your word;" cried the joyous Phebe, as he clasped her to his heart. "Alas! I can be with tears. The widow and her daughters quickly your word," cried the joyons Phebe, as he clasped her to his heart. "Alas! I can be with you, my darling wife, only a few days," answered Sam. "For you must know that a terrible buccaneer has sudrose to their feet. "Dick, Dick, what has happened? What brings you here at this hour?" cried Rachel, who recalled with throbbing heart his last, ominous words-"I will make you my queen whether you will or no." She had often thought of denly appeared on the Spanish main. The villain is creating great havoc among the shipping, and I have been commiswhile or no." She had often thought of these words since he uttered them. He had now come to carry out his threat? "And who is this man I see gliding behind you?" she continued. Who is he? Speak !" the shipping, and I have been commis-sioned by some merchants of Boston—who know how nimble my schooner is—to go in pursuit of him. They have armed me with four twelve-pounders; and should I get within range of the pirate let him be-"And there is a face gazing in at the win-dow," said Phebe, trembling. "You surely would not steal my child from me?" exclaimed the widow, boldly stepping be-tween Rachel and the intruder. "Calm ware !' "Quite a compliment to the good quali-tles of my namesake," said Phebe smil-"Well, I can barely outsail Kidd on a yourself, dame. There is nothing to fear. The wicked spirit has left me, thank the Lord, and not for all the world would I rob you of dear Rachel. Moreover for wind. Going free, I think he may have the smarter craft," continued Sam. "You have seen him then?" said Rachel. "Yes, once when I was steering for Char-leston with a cargo of pineapples; and if a her sake I here solemnly vow never to shad a drop of human blood ; and in the end I will make her the richest woman in fog had not hidden me from view Sam Bowline might not have been here tothe colory." At these words, to their sur-prise, Dick fell on his knees and kissed Rachel's feet. Then, rising up, "Blessed Angel!" he continued, "if any being could have persuaded me to live ashore day." "What dreadful creatures pirates are ?" exclaimed Phebe. Then, dropping her volce to a whisper and glancing at Rachel, she added : "May it be possible that this new sea-robber is—is Dick ?" that being would have been yourself. But an impulse I cannot resist drives me from "Oh! I understand—you need not whisper. You will say anything against Dick. But I love him:" broke out Rachel. With this the latter withdrew to Cape Ann. Farewell ! farewell !' Then Cape Ann. Parewell' farewell' Then he turned and rushed out of the house. "I verily believe that Dick is possessed by Satan. The Lord be praised, he is gone!" said Phebe. "Alas! alas!" ejac-ulated Mrs. Scudder, shaking her head, "his pistols and cutlass are things of evil omen. I hope my feats may not come her chamber to mourn unseen; for down deep in her heart Rachel had some mis-giving about her lover. "And yet," she murmured, "Dick solemnly promised I hope my fears may not come

never to stain his hands with blood. No, no, this Kidd cannot be my Dick." "Phebe, you should not hurt poor Rachel's feelings as you do," spoke Mrs. Scudder. "Although she is your sister, she may get to hate you; and then think of me living with two daughters who are enemias "" true." Presently, without speaking a word, Rachel went to the door and listened. All was still save the roar of the ocean. "He is gone—gone. Shall I ever see him again?" she murmured. Then, before her mother could prevent her, she hastened out into the night and sped with winged "Well, mother, I cannot help disliking "Is that you, my beloved ?" exclaimed Dick, turning round when he heard her

Dick," answered Phebe ; "and I wish that I could set Rachel against him, for Dick is a bad egg. Hard as you begged him to live ashore and mind the farm, he un-gratefully refused ; and, what is more, but for him my dear Sam would have re-mained on his father's farm, and my heart. would not have been torn with anxiety every time the wind howls and the sea "Well, dear Phebe," interposed rises." "Well, dear Phebe," interposed Sam Bowline, patting her gently on the cheek, "your mother is right; let us not accuse Dick without better proof. The pirate's vessel is indeed very like the Shark; but for all that it may not be the

As Sam had said, he was able to tarry in less than a week he was again bound-ing over the billows, steering south in quest of the much dreaded Kidd.

Long and lonesome was the winter which followed, and it was made all the more lonescome by the coldness which sprung up between Rachel and Phebe. They were still fond of sitting in the big chimney as when they were children ; but now they sat apart instead of side by side. They seldom exchanged a word, and heavy grew their mother's heart at this estrangement between them. Only one incident occurred to break the

monotony of this dreary winter. Towards the middle of February Mrs. Scudder and her daughters went to a corn-husking. They were gone several days, and on their return home imagine their surprise to find a bagful of Spanish doubloons concealed under Rachel's bed. How did it get there

"Impossible !" murmured Dick in a voice too low to be heard. During the same month the merchants of Boston were greatly alarmed by the ap-pearance of Kidd off the coast of Massachusetts.

When the long-wished-for Spring arrived Phebe confidently expected an-other visit from her husband. But, alas ! spring and summer passed away, likewise another autumn and another winter, and still Sam Bowline returned not. But now and again came news from Marble-head, telling how the Phebe Scudder was ever in close pursuit of the buccaneer ; and this cheered Phebe's heart a little, for it proved that Sam was alive and doing his

duty. "Why does he not come, not for my sake only, but for the sake of his baby boy ?" sighed the pining Phebe when a whole eighteen months elapsed without her lay-ing eyes on Sam Bowline. Quite as often, too, but in low tones to

erself, Rachel would mourn for her absent "I cannot believe that Dick is the over. pirate whom every skipper is cursing," she would say inwardly; and whenever Rachel heard a word breathed against him she boldly took his part. But this cost Rachel the good-will of more than one of more than one gossipy dame; for the story of the bag of gold had got abroad, and there was a skip-per's wife who openly asserted that Rachel knew more about Kidd than she cared to reveal.

Well, depend on it, Phebe, Sam will come home when least expected, perhaps in the middle of the night," spoke Mrs. Scudder as she trimmed her lamp one evening. Hardly were the words uttered when in he strode—at least so Phebe fondly hoped and believed; for, as once before, the door swung swiftly open without any warning rap. Yes, in came a man; but, alas! it was not Sam Bowline. "My Dick! my Dick!" cr cried Rachel,

"My Dick! my Dick!" cried Rachel, flying to meet the apparition. "You know me then? I am not so changed?" answered the pirate, taking Rachel's cheeks between his palms and

"Oh ! how I have waited and prayed for ful to relate, and something that will giving her lips a vigorous kiss.

roof where they had so often played in childhood! "Oh! this is terrible," ex-claimed Sam, while his wife rushed into his arms. "Phebe! Phebe! do not hold me : I must do my duty. Surrender, surrender, Dick." So saying, he drew a pistol. Dick drew one also and levelled it. For a moment the young men stood it. For a moment the young men stood eyeing each other. "I hear footsteps outside. They are

"I hear footsteps outside. Incy are surrounding the house; Flee, Dick, flee!" oried Rachel. "Don't fire, don't fire!" pleaded Mrs. Scudder. Both Dick and Sam were loath to pull the trigger. Sud-denly, while they were hesitating what to do, Rachel stretched out her arms, and be-fore they could prevent her she had fore they could prevent her she had

snatched away their pistols. "Quick ! out of the window like a bird !" she said to Dick in a hurried whis-"Quick! out of the window like a bird!" she said to Dick in a hurried whis-per; and almost at the same instant she discharged both weapons in the air. Then, while the room was black with smoke, and as I dare not live again in this part of the her mother and sister were screaming, Rachel grasped Sam Bowline tightly round the neck, and making believe that she mistook him for Dick, she hugged the poor fellow so hard that he was well-nigh choked. In the meantime three or four armed

men ran into the house. But Kidd had been too nimble for them. Out through the west window he had leaped, shivering the glass into a thousand pieces; and when presently the smoke cleared away they discovered poor Phebe lying in a swoon at Sam's feet, who, with his neck squeezed as in a vise, could do nothing but gasp for breath. It is needless to say that this discovery

of Kidd under the widow's roof was soon noised about and afforded the choicest bit of gossip that the township had ever known. Mrs. Scudder's best friends now shook their heads, and even Solomon Barebones, the ruling elder, looked ask-ance at poor Rachel. Had Sam Bowline been ashore he would have defended the widow, and Rachel would not have had so many taunts flung at her. But the Pheb

Scudder had once more sailed in pursuit of the Shark, and Sam was far, far away. One evening, a twelvemonth after the pirate's narrow escape, Phebe and Rachel were watching a little boy toddling across the floor. "If his father were only here to see him !" sighed Phebe. "Well, it is hard to be a sailor's wife," said Rachel. "When the birds leave us in the autumn we know they will return in the springtime ; but when a sailor will come hom time; but when a sailor will come nome from sea only the Almighty can tell." "Alas! too true," murmured Phebe,a tear rolling down her cheek. "Will my Sam ever come home again ?" Nor was Rachel's heart less anxious than her sister's, and more than once the horrid fear came over her that Dick and Sam might have met in the mid-ocean and fought and gone to the bottom together. The sisters were now without a mother; the good Mrs. Scudder was dead, and a

common grief had brought Rachel and Phebe's hearts together anew. Indeed, to judge by the kisses which they were showering on little Sam this evening, it was difficult to say who loved him the more, his mother or his aunt.

"Oh ! if it were my husband," thought Phebe. While her heart was fluttering, in somebody came and into somebody embrace her sister flew. "Dick ! Dick Dick !" was all that Rachel could utter "Dick | Dick

and for more than a minute Dick could utter; and for more than a minute Dick could only murmur, "Rachel! Rachel!" "O strange, vagabond being that you are! tell me have you come back to stay ?" said Rachel, as soon as her emotion subsi-ded a little. "Have you come to live con-text all as the first operation of the start text all as the second second second second second text all as the second second second second second text all as the second second second second second text all as the second second second second second text all as the second second second second second second text all as the second sec tentedly on Cape Ann, or are you still a hateful pirate? Are the officers of the

joy lighting up her countenance. "Well, I have given you my notion of what has occurred," went on Dick, "and I would wager a hundred to one that I am correct." Then, I beseech you, make haste and bring relief to my dear Sam,' said Phebe

"Precisely what I mean to do," an-swered Dick. "And I will go with you," added Phebe. "Just what I was about to propose,"

globe, let us all make a new home in a far-off island, in a lovely land where there is everlasting sunshine, where you, Phebe, will find your lost husband, and where I shall find my queen." Here Dick glanced at Rachel, who smiled and said, "Amen." Late as the hour was, the young women began forthwith to prepare for their de-parture. Before midnight they had filled Dick's skiff with many articles which would prove useful during the voyage ; and then Dick rowed them to his schooner, which lay half a mile outside the breakers. Down in the cabin they found Old Harry, now quite grey, and who seemed to recog-nize them; for he lifted his drooping head

and hopped toward Phebe. "Latitude 11 south, longitude 100 west," he spoke while she was bending over him. But he spoke only once and there was something weird in his tone.

Phebe fancied that she heard what Old Harry had uttered repeated by a voice in the air, and she glanced at Rachel, whose

Happily for the success of Dick's enterprise, a heavy fog enveloped the Cape for the space of three days, so that nobody perceived the Shark at anchor. By the perceived the Snark at anchor. By the end of this time the sisters were quite ready to depart. Ay, Rachel had even contrived to get wedded to Dick, thanks to a disguise which he assumed.

Nevertheless, the ruling elder, who per-formed the ceremony, had a faint suspic-ion that all was not right; and in less than an hour after the *Shark* had spread ber spill to the brazes the shark-had her sails to the breeze, the abandoned home was visited by a curious throng, who shook their heads and wondered very much what had become of Phebe and

The long voyage to the Pacific was safely accomplished : and, just as Dick had sur-mised, Sam Bowline was found dwelling on an enchanting isle, where the balmy air, the birds, and the flowers might have made a scene from the Garden of Eden. Sam never returned to his native land nor did Phebe, Dick or Rachel. But a generation later, when the American war f independence broke out, Commodore PaulJones had no braver lieutenants under him than the two young men who called themselves Americans, but who hailed but who hailed from the far South Sea. One of these was the son of Phebe, the other of Rachel.

What became of Kidd the pirate did always remain a mystery. It was said by some that he died on the gibbet. He van-ished, at all events, as suddenly as he had appeared.

THE END

"Father Forgive Them."

The following beautiful and touching incident is related by Father Alphonse Ratisbonne of his sojourn in Palestine: "His Excellency the Patriarch had ap-pointed me to preach at Calvary on Good

THE CATHOLIC SUNDAY.

AUG. 11, 1882.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., who, we believe, is one of the editors of our bright Unitarian contemporary, the Christian Register of Boston, is travelling in Europe and writing a series of interest-ine letter to the Benjater on his experiing letters to the Register, on his experiing letters to the Register, on his experi-ence of European Sundays. At present writing he is in Spain, not a new country to him apparently. When in Rome Mr., Hale goes on the principle of doing as Rome does. On Sundays in Catholic countries he goes to Mass with the faith-ful asset his prevers in his own fashion. ful, says his prayers in his own fashion, ful, says ins prayers in its own fashion, and keeps a sharp eye open on the cere-mony and his surroundings, the Christian Register reaping the benefit of his obser-vations. Yet, with all his alleged know-ledge of Catholic habits and Catholic peo-ples, and with all his native keenness, Mr. Hale seems as far removed from under-standing what the Mass is and what Cathblic devotion really means, as though he olic devotion really means, as though he had never spoken to a Catholic, never opened a Catholic work, or never entered a Catholic Church. He is still troubled with the priest not being heard during Mass: and at his saying Mass in a language other than that of the people. The Cath-olic phrase is to hear Mass, not to hear the priest. The Mass is a sacrifice in which our Lord Jesus Christ is the divine Victim. The priest is a necessary agent our Lord Jesus Christ is the divine Victim. The priest is a necessary agent, nothing more, there. People are not praying to the priest, or thinking of the priest at all. They are praying with him in their own tongue. As a rule, be they rich or poor, lettered or unlettered, they know every part of the Mass just as well as the priest does. They have been made acquainted with it from childhood. When the priest preaches to them he preaches in

their own tongue. But the Mass is not a sermon. It is a Harry had uttered repeated by a voice in the air, and she glanced at Rachel, whose countenance likewise wore an expression of awe. Then, turning her eves again on the raven, she discovered that he was a matter of convenience; a universal lan-guage for a universal Church. In the Greek Church the Mass is said in Greek ; and if the Church so ordained it might just as well be said in English or any other tongue. To Protestants, or what-ever denomination, the preacher is necessarily all in all: for they have no Sacrifice, and if he does not talk to them it is useless for them to go to Church. The conless for them to go to Church. The con-venience of using a uniform language is shown by Macaulay, who says in his His-tory of England: "The priests of the Roman Catholic Church have during many generations, daily chanted the same ancient confessions, supplications and thanksgivings, in India and Lithuania, in Ireland and Peru." At the same time even Macaulay falls into Mr. Hale's mis-take. "The service." he says, being in a take. "The service," he says, being in a dead language, is intelligible only to the learned, and the majority of the congregatake. tion may be said to assist as spectators rather than as auditors." The service is wholly intelligible for the reasons given. Catholics are instructed in it from their childhood. The congregation assists with the priest. A deaf and dumb person granted the intelligence, can hear Mass just as well as any one present who has the full faculties of his senses. It is not necessary even to follow the prayers at Mass, but to assist, to be present while the Sacrifice is being offered, and the choice of prayers is left to the individual. He speaks directly to Christ, bows before Christ, worships Christ. Possibly half the congregation would not know the priest who said Mass if they saw him on the

street. street. So good Mr. Hale, who writes last from the Cathedral in Granada, Spain, is dis-tressed at many things. "No man offered to them (the people)," he says, "the con-secrated wafer." He is plainly, wholly ignorant of what Catholic Communion means: yet any penny catechism would have informed him

"When the procession had occasion to go or come, they (the people) were ordered out of the way by vergers." Well,



continued Rachel as he fondled greatly you, "continued Rachel as he fonded her; and now at last here you are. But I see blood on your brow, dear boy. What has happened ?" "Nothing, nothing only a scratch," replied Dick. Then, while about speak

Racbel turned pale, "You must know," he added, "that I am hotly pursued ; but could not resist coming to see you at the risk of my head." "Well, dear Dick, let me lave the blood

off your forehead and put a bandage on the wound," replied Rachel tenderly; "for I see that it is something more than a cratch.

scraten." In this good work Phebe assisted her; for Phebe's heart melted at the sight of her old-time playmate in this woeful con-dition. While the young women and their mother were thus occupied Dick gave a hurried account of how he had been wounded in a fray with the officers of the "It was only an hour ago," he said,

and now they are on my track. But I "and now they are on my track. But I i could not resist stopping here—I really could not." "Dear boy !" answered Rachel in faltering accents, "great as my joy is, perhaps it had been wiser if you had not paused in your flight." "Oh I they'll never get me in their clutches," continued Dick ; "for you must know that I am Kidd the pirate, and Kidd is not aftraid of five to one. Why look I

is not afraid of five to one. Why, look, I carry four pistols in my belt and a dirk carry

and a cutlass.' and a cutlass." "Mercy on me! Dick, Dick, what have you come to ?" ejaculated Mrs. Scudder elasping her hands. Dick grinned, then went on : "Many a sack of silver and gold have I buried in the sand along the coast. and one bag I hid under your bed, dear Rachel. Did you find it ?" "To be sure I did," answered Rachel. "But, my be-loved, how came you by all this money ?

By plundering houses, peaceful merchant-men? O Dick, for shame! for shame!" "Well, not one drop of blood have I shed --not one drop," continued Dick, who felt keenly Rachel's words. "Thank God for saying that!" pursued the latter. "At bast you are not a munders. But I you least you are not a murderer. But, I re-peat, for shame! for shame! Oh! I im-

plore you to abandon your wicked life. Do! do! come and dwell again on Cape Ann.

"Too late," spoke Dick. "A high price has been set on my head and— But hark ! Here they are. Well, I'll die, but, they shall never take me prisoner." "Who are here ? What mean you ? The

Who are need who have been a strend you the officers " cried Rachel excitedly. While she was trembling the door turned on its hinges, and lo! Sam Bowline entered. What a meeting! How strange! how touching ! Here beneath the very

interest Phebe." "Indeed ! ejaculated the latter, drawing nearer and placing her hand on his shoulder. "Is it my Sam? Oh! pray go on-"You must know," continued Dick,

"You must know," continued Dica, "that after I had given my pursuers the slip here a year ago I steered for theIndian Ocean. The Phobe Scudder kept ever in my wake. But, although I had resolved to be no longer a buckneer, I durst not surrender. Well, on and on I sailed, with Sam almost within gunshot. If my guns had been heavier I should have stopped to but I had only nine-pounders and fight :

"At length a violent tempest arose and the Shark came very near foundering ; indeed she would have gone to the bottom only that she was built in Marblehead."

"Well, a couple of months after this hurricane I spied a wreck in the distance. I made for it, and lo ! found that it was the Phebe Scudder. Both masts were gone, the rudder too : the waves were washing over her deck. and not a soul was on board. except Old Harry, the raven, who sat on the stump of the mainmast. He was ex-

ceedingly thin and so exhausted that I had to force food down his throat." Here Dick was interrupted a moment

by a loud wail from Phebe. "Well, the sight of Old Harry touched

my heart : it brought so vividly before my neart; it brought so vividly before me this hallowed spot that I made up my mind to return and take my chances of the gibbet. Ay, return I would, in order to give my Rachel one more kiss, even if it cost me my life. Accordingly, I altered my coarse and steered for the North At-lantic, the rayen in the meanwhile near lantic, the raven in the meanwhile never

lattic, the raven in the meanwhile never uttering a croak. But one day, after I had crossed the equator, he startled me by saying thrice, 'Latitude 11 south, longitude 100 west.' Ay, thrice he pronounced these words; but I was so taken aback that perhaps my but I was so taken aback that perhaps my ears deceived me. I listened attentively in hopes that he might speak again; but since he has kept perfectly mute." "What can Old Harry have meant?" said Rachel. "Well, I will tell you what I

think has happened," continued Dick. "Sam Bowline, finding his vessel disman-"Sam bowine, finding its vesser disman-tled by the hurricane, has taken to his small boat and sought refuge on some island in the Pacific Ocean. There he has repeated to Old Harry over and over again the latitude and longitude of the island. until by and by the bird has been able to pronounce the words. Then awayOldHarry has flown to bring the message to CapeAnn. There was little likelihood of his reaching here; but it was Sam's only chance of a

Friday(of the year 1858.) This great day having come, I went to the venerable basilica at the appointed hour, my heart filled with unutterable emotion. While I was following the solemn procession of the Franciscan Fathers which departs from the Magdalen Chapel for the different stations enclosed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, through an immense and dense crowd, I suddenly felt a little hand slide into mine; it was the hand of a young Israelite whose two sisters were educated by the Daughters of Sion. Frightened at finding himself alone in the midst of such a crowd, Abraham Mourad wanted to place himself under my protec-tion. I was deeply touched by this rencontre in such a place and on such an

"I held the dear child by the hand as as far as Calvary; but when I arrived there I was obliged to leave him in order to place myself near the altar of the rucifixion, which belongs to the Greeks. It is there, on the very spot where the Virgin Mary stood, with transpierced heart, at the foot of the Cross, that on Good Friday of every year the priest must lift up his voice and speak of Jesus Cruci-fied, in the midst of the tumult and disorder of the crowd which remind him of the day of our Lord's final sufferings. Since that day, forever execrable, when the Jews, my ancestors, uttered their deicidal imprecations on Calvary, they have never more troubled the silence of that terrible place; never has the voice of any Israelite there resounded. What could I say there, trembling and with a tearful heart? What, except: Father, forive them, for they know not what they dol "My discourse was not long; and I

soon came down to take my little Abra. ham again by the hand and go on with the procession."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, vrites: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marrellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring man-hood to full vigor. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

W. H. Crooker, Druggist, of Waterdown, under date of June 1st, writes that "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cannot be surpassed, when all other rem dies fail then it comes to the rescue, and find the sales large and increasing. Wild Strawberry positively cures all Bowel Complaints.

it is hard to see how the procession could come or go, unless the people made way for it. "No Church dignitary provided a seat even for the aged or infirm among them." We fear that Mr. Hale is not so them." We fear that Mr. Hale is not so learned in Spanish ways, as he would have us infer. In Spain the women half sit, half kneel during the services; the men stand or kneel at their pleasure. As a rule there are no seats in Church, save a few chairs that those who wish can procure at a cent a piece. There are no cushioned pews, nor any approach to such. Duke and beggar are on the same footing in the house of God. One word about the Catholic Sunday all

over the world. Sunday is pre-eminently a day of rest for mankind. A day of rest should be a day of joy, for joy is rest. As a day is set apart by God for man, the first fruits of it are given to God. So Catholics are bound under pain of mortal sin to hear Mass and abstain from manual labor. That obligation observed, they are free to rest; to amuse themselves in any way they please, provided of course the amusement be lawful. The Puritan Sunamusement be lawful. The Puritan Sun-day goes against this. It makes God a sour and angry task-master, who frowns on everything on his own day; on the child's laugh, on the boy's play, on innocent mirth. This is not God's day, but an evil anging - Catholic Boxiew. spirit's .- Catholic Review.

A HOUSEHOLD NEED FREE.

Send address on postal for 100-page book. "The Liver, its Diseases and Treatment," with treatises upon Liver Complaints, Tor-pid Liver, Jaundice, Billousness, He dache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Ad-dress, Dz. SANFORD, 21 Duane St., New York. 194-38-eow Alexis Cyr, of Grant Isle, Aroostook Co. Maing writer, "Harbing and North

Co., Maine, writes: "Having used North-rop and Lyman's valuable Emulsion of Top and Lyman's valuable Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Line and Soda, and derived great benefit from it, I take the liberty of asking you for quotations, and also whether you would be willing to give me the agency for this place, as I am confident there for this place, as I am confident there would be a large sale for it in this vicinity when its merits were made known.

LEADING DRUGGISTS on this continent testify to the large and constantly increas-

testify to the large and constantly increase ing sales of Northrop and Lyman's Veget able Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities, and as a female medicine it has accomplished remarkable cures. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.