

Threads of Life.
I'm weaving my carpet of rag to-day...

Saved by Pauline's Prayer.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY.

The wind was strong. It was blowing in sudden gusts along the coast from the northwest and striking inland at the opening between the tall cliffs of an old ancient Norman town...

At the summit of the cliff, directly above the harbor, stood the lighthouse. It revolved slowly, and its brightness was like a gigantic eye regarding the storm. Crossing the drawbridge, which separated the harbor from the dock, Pauline reached the foot of the cliff...

A deafening roar a hundred feet below them. "Look!" said Pierre, "look towards the sea and wait." Pauline obeyed. But she had scarcely waited a moment, with her eyes strained eagerly seaward, when another flash of lightning quivered out of the dark clouds...

keep themselves afloat while swimming side by side. At the same time a large boat from the harbor, rowed by two fishermen, was making towards them; every stroke of their oars was watched by Pauline with a mingled sense of hopefulness and dread...

JOHN DALE'S FAILURE.
EFFECT OF ENCOURAGEMENT AND DEVOTION OF A WIFE IN DAYS OF ADVERTISMENT. From the Atlanta Constitution. John Dale was one of the richest men in Bondoung...

NEGLECTED GRACES. REMINISCENCES OF A RECTOR IN THE DISCHARGE OF PAROCHIAL DUTIES. "To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Psalm xxi. Many years ago I witnessed a sad scene. To explain it, I will venture a story into some details...

SUNDAY ALL THE WEEK. Our Catholic brethren have set us, at least, the good example; their churches are not silent as the tomb on week days. Their worshippers do not do up all their religion on Sunday...

FROM THE IRISH. United Ireland. House of Commons. This has been upon the eventful week of the Government's attempt to bring in the bill which proposes to divide rural societies into boards and general boards...