

HE CARETH

What can it mean? Is it taught to him That the nights are long and the days are dim? Can he be touched by the grief I bear, Which saddens the heart and whitens the hair? About his throne are eternal calms, And the strong glad music of happy psalms, And bliss untroubled by any strife; How can he care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me While I live in this world where sorrows be! When the lights die down from the path I take, When strength is feeble and friends forsake, When love and music that once did bless Have left me to silence and loneliness, And my life song changes to sobbing prayers, Then my heart cries out for a God who cares

When shadows hang over the whole day long, And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong, When I am not good, and the deeper shade Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid, And this busy world has too much to do To stay in its course to help me through, And I long for a Saviour—can it be That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love! Each child is dear to that heart above. He fights for me when I cannot fight, He comforts me in the gloom of night, He lifts the burden, for he is strong; He stills the sigh and awakes the song; The sorrow that bows me down he bears, And loves and pardons because he cares!

Let all who are sad take heart again, We are not alone in our hours of pain; Our Father stoops from his throne above, To soothe and quiet us with his love; He leaves us not when the storm is high, And we have safety, for he is nigh; Can it be trouble, which he doth share? Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—Somerville Journal.

THE MILO PILOT.

In the month of March, 1842, I took passage at Marseilles on board the merchant ship Good Hope. My own ship was at Smyrna, and thither the merchantman was to carry me, she being bound there after part of a cargo of fruit. The captain of the Good Hope was named John Napton, and though he was a good and careful navigator he had one striking fault. He was very quick tempered and sometimes quite vindictive. But for all this, his men liked him, for he never failed to grant them all the reasonable privileges in his power. The first mate's name was Sawyer, a true sailor and an excellent man.

We had a smooth run until we had passed the southern cape of Greece and entered the archipelago, but here we had signs of bad weather. Capt. Napton had never been in these waters before and did not feel quite safe to trust himself among the Ionian isles in a long storm, and we had reason to believe that such a storm was coming. To be sure, the chart was explicit, but then those are wild tracks to travel in stormy nights. In pleasant weather the task is but slight, but it was very likely to be different now.

Capt. Napton asked my advice. I told him there were plenty of experienced pilots at Milo, and that in all probability one of them could be hired to go to Smyrna and back for a mere trifle. As for the archipelago, though I had passed through it several times, I knew nothing about navigating it. The captain conferred with his officers, and it was soon arranged that the ship should stop at Milo and take in a pilot. On the next morning Milo was in sight on the larboard bow, and having run into the westward of the Pigeons we hoisted off the coast and made a signal. In less than half an hour we were boarded by half a dozen rough looking fellows, every one of whom professed to know all about navigating the archipelago. Among the number was an oldish man who gave his name as Marco Midas. He followed fishing for a livelihood, but his statements with regard to his qualifications as a pilot were by far the most satisfactory of the lot. He offered to go to Smyrna and back with us for \$25, and after some further consultation he was engaged.

Near noon we filled away. There was but little wind, not more than enough to run off two or three knots, and even that was from the northward and eastward and as near dead ahead as possible, so the pilot concluded to make a "long leg" upon the starboard tack and pass to the leeward of Siphanto. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the ship was again put about, it being intended to make a run to the eastward between Siphanto and Serpho. The breeze had freshened a little, and the reel now ran off four knots. The northern point of Siphanto bore about five points on the lee bow, about ten miles distant.

"I'm afraid we shall have to tack again," said the pilot, looking anxiously on the point of land under the lee bow.

"We can certainly clear that cape on this tack," returned the captain.

"But I'm afraid the ship won't hold up to her course," resumed the pilot. "She must certainly hold up to east by north to do it, for she makes considerable leeway."

"Oh, I'll warrant her to do that," said the captain very confidently, and with the air of a man who does not like to have his ship thought incapable of doing

the right thing. So the pilot, feeling assured that thus far all would be right, went below to get his supper. He had been gone perhaps half an hour, when there was a sudden shock, and in a moment more the ship stood still. Marco Midas hastened upon deck, and was just in time to meet the captain at the companion way.

"What does this mean?" cried Napton in an angry tone.

The old pilot gazed for a moment upon the shore, which was yet some five miles distance, and then he calmly said:

"It's your own fault, captain."

"My fault, you lying lubber?"

"Certainly it is," calmly returned the pilot.

"Take that, then!" and in the heat of his passion the captain struck the old man a blow that sent him staggering half way across the deck.

Without waiting to see the effects of his hasty outburst, Napton sprang to the rail and ordered all the yards to be squared. The ship had struck upon a hard sandbar, but, as she was not going very fast at the time, and as the bar appeared to be somewhat abrupt, she was easily got off, and as soon as she had backed clear of the danger, she was upon the starboard tack, and stood off to the northward.

The pilot had turned very pale, and though his frame shook with agitation, yet he made no movement toward the captain. We all knew that he was not to blame, for the ship had not been kept upon the course which the captain had promised, but the helmsman testified that part of the time her head had been as far out of the way as east-half-south, instead of east by north, and upon looking at the chart we found that we must have struck on the extreme northern point of the bar. Yet Capt. Napton could not be made to see his error nor would he abate one whit of his wrath. He sent the old pilot below and told him not to show his face on deck again. Midas obeyed without a word, though we could see that his hands were clinched nervously together and could also hear the low grating of his teeth.

The captain studied over his chart for some time, and at length made up his mind that he would pass between the two Serphos, and then run up through the strait of Sphota. The wind hauled a little to the southward and blew fresher. At dark the little island of Kalipoli was upon the larboard beam, but in half an hour afterward the wind died away to a dead calm. This state of things lasted for about half an hour longer, and then the stars began to disappear from the southern heavens and the atmosphere began to grow dull and oppressive.

"I smell a blow," said the mate, walking aft to where the captain and myself stood.

"I hope it may not be such a one as we had in the Egina gulf a year ago," said I, shuddering as my mind ran back to the gale I rode out in the old sloop-of-war Fairfield at that time.

"This is a hard place for storms," said the captain half interrogatively, and at the same time, as I thought, exhibiting a little trepidation.

"You had better believe it," said I. "Hadn't we better call the pilot?" suggested the mate.

"No!" thundered Napton.

Ere long the heavens were black as ink, save a little streak in the south, where it seemed as if a dull fire were moldering and dying. It was so dark that we could hardly distinguish the outlines of a man half the length of the ship. All haste was made to get the sail off, and the ship was soon left under a close reefed mainmast, fore storm-staysail and storm mizzen. Hardly had this been done when we heard a low, rumbling sound from the southward, accompanied at short intervals by a sort of hissing, screeching noise.

In a few moments the gale burst upon us. It came at first in low puffs and spits of spray, and then the full armed monster leaped upon us. For a while the captain let the ship dash on before it. He knew exactly where he was when he started, but he dared not run too long, and at length he brought the ship to on the larboard tack, with her head nearly west. At 10 o'clock the sea ran so high that the staysail and mizzen became of no use, and they were taken in, and the ship now lay to under nothing but the close reefed maintopsail. The wind howled through the rigging with frightful power and the sea broke over the ship in drenching floods. The hatches were battened down fore and aft and life lines rove.

At midnight the gale seemed to have increased, and the ship was surrounded by rustling mountains of white crested seas. The crew were all upon deck, and they held on upon the life lines without speaking. Sometimes the captain moved about the deck, and when he stood by the binnacle I could see that he was pale and excited. For three hours the ship had now been lying to, and it was evident that she must have made considerable leeway. Beneath the fearful power

of the driving gale she must have swept swiftly off—but how swiftly none could tell. There was no use in heaving the log, for the sea would "bring it home."

At length—it was near 3 o'clock—the sea had risen to such a height that it threatened every moment to engulf the ship in its deep cold grave, but yet the strained and groaning craft stood nobly up. But could she stand so much longer? The men could see the face of the captain as the rays of the binnacle light fell upon it, and they must have noticed how pale it was. I will not attempt to describe my own feelings. I only remember that I thought of my home in a far distant land, and that I wondered if I should ever see it again—if ever again I should hear the voices of those who had loved me in childhood.

The mate left the spot where he had been standing and went to the wheel.

"We can't stand this much longer," said he to the captain.

But the captain made no reply, and soon the mate spoke again.

"Is it best to trust our fate and put her before the wind? We shall certainly go down if we keep on in this way."

"No, no," gasped the captain, seeming to force his words out; "to put her before it would be certain death, for we are locked in to leeward by a snug chain of islands. The topsail yet holds. We may stand it till daylight."

"I am afraid not."

"Then we must pray—that's all."

It must have been some kind power that held our ship up through that long night, for the water mountains broke their fury upon her, and the mad wind bent her down till she almost groaned with physical pain.

At length the first faint streak of the coming dawn appeared in the east, and yet the gale was unabated. The captain was just upon the point of leaving his stand by the wheel when there came a noise that spoke louder than the tempest. It was a rumbling, roaring, crashing noise that came to us like the knell of death. All knew in a moment what it was. Our ship was upon a lee shore! The morning came, and it found us with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, and it found some, too, upon their knees in prayer. What a scene burst upon us! Right under our lee and not more than five miles distant was a rugged, rock-bound coast.

What power should save us now? To wear ship would be of no use, and to tack was impossible unless we could make and carry sail enough to stand off. The captain staggered to the weather mizzen rigging and passed the order for loosing the foretopsail. The yard was pointed to the wind, and the lee sheet was hauled safely home, but on the moment that the weather sheet was started the sail split and in a few moments more it was in ribbons!

"We are gone!" uttered the mate.

And so it seemed! The men huddled aft, but not one of them knew what to do for safety. The ship would certainly feel none of her lower sails while on the wind, and the captain knew that the mizzen topsail would be of no use without the fore. And every moment, too, the ship threatened to fall off into the trough of the sea.

"Where are we?" asked the mate.

But the captain could not talk.

"We must call the pilot."

Napton looked up into the face of his mate, but this time he made no objections, and the pilot was accordingly sent for. The old man came up, and for a while he gazed upon the surf bathed coast in silence. There was a bitter smile upon his lips, and his eyes sparkled with a strange light. He at length asked for a glass, and the mate obtained one, and having adjusted the focus he handed it to him.

"What coast is that?" asked Mr. Sawyer after the pilot had lowered the glass.

"Andros," replied the old man.

"And there is no salvation for us now!" the mate gasped.

"I can save the ship," calmly said Marco Midas without a change in his countenance.

"You!—save us!" gasped the captain, starting up.

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Never mind. I can save your ship and your lives!" The old man spoke calmly, but yet loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest.

"Then do it—do it, and you shall be rewarded."

"Stop, sir! For a thing of your own doing you insulted me. You struck me! Had you been on shore you should not have lived; but I can forget and forgive it now. Go down on your knees, acknowledge your error and you are safe."

The captain hesitated. There was something in the old man's manner that told of truth, but the proud man was not yet bold enough to confess his fault. Nearer and nearer surged the ship toward the fearful rocks, and louder and louder came the roar of the convulsed breakers.

"It will soon be too late!" spoke the

"In heaven's name," gasped the mate, "save us! Capt. Napton, you did him wrong."

The stout captain cast one more look upon the fatal coast; then he ran his eye over the mad sea, and then he sank down upon his knees.

"I did you wrong—I freely own it. Forgive me—and save us."

"Then I am captain now," said the pilot, with a proud look and sparkling eye.

"Yes."

"Then man the main braces and lay the yards square—stop, sir, I know what I am doing. Put up your helm and let her go off before it. Stand by now to set the foresail."

As soon as the ship was got before the gale she rode easier, and ere many minutes she was dashing down toward the coast at a dreadful rate. The sea followed her rather closely until the foresail was set, and then she leaped over the waves like a deer before a pack of hounds. The old pilot now took his stand by the wheel, and with a steady eye he watched the dubious way he was going.

At length we saw an indentation in the coast that looked like a bay, and toward this the ship was leaping. Nearer and nearer we came, and at length the spray from the rocks actually dashed upon our deck.

"Starboard braces!" spoke the pilot in quick, clear tones, and the mate passed the order: "Brace up! Starboard your helm! Steady—so! Belay!"

Like a frightened beast the ship dashed into the boiling surge, and as she obeyed her helm and came up to her new course we saw, through a narrow strait, the open sea beyond. We were between the islands of Andros and Tinos. In half an hour more we were in the open sea. Capt. Napton gave his hand to the Milo pilot, and again asked him to forget what had passed, and I know the old man was satisfied with his noble revenge.—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Yankee Blade.

Sing Sing Prison at Night.

As one rushes by Sing Sing in a Central Hudson train a glance can be had of the main prison building. At night rows of lights can be seen, lights that illumine the long galleries upon which are the cells in which the convicts sleep, and the thought at once arises that the big building is alive with moving figures, keepers with loaded rifles guarding each gallery, on the alert for any outbreak. After 9 o'clock at night not a sound is heard. The "all right" bell is sounded at 5:20 every night, the day keepers are replaced by a few night men, the convicts are locked in their cells, iron entrance doors take the place of the wooden ones during the day, and the prison is closed for the night. Even to the warden's residence, where dinner is served at 6, the influence of the quiet of the prison extends, and about 9 o'clock every one is asleep or apparently so. With 1,539 people in that vast inclosure not a sound is heard except the tread of the night guards or the plashing of the river against the bulkheads.—New York World.

By a Dreamer.

There are but two epochs in a man's life. The first that of hope and youthful illusions, when he wears his hair brushed behind his ears and leaves it wildly flying in the breeze. The second when gloomy and dejected, he has finally subscribed to Solomon's edict, vanitas vanitatum, and pulls his thinned locks mournfully over his eyebrows.—Judge.

No Fitting Necessary.

Women who find it difficult to spare the time and strength at the dressmaker's for the fitting and trying on of two or three gowns a season comment sometimes upon the trouble their more fashionable sisters must take who own dresses by scores. In point of fact the latter have an easier time getting twenty than the former three.

Most wealthy and dressy women have at their dressmaker's a gown form of themselves, which is a plaster of paris cast taken from life. Every detail of the corseted and bodiced figure to the waist line is accurately reproduced, and this half body is then mounted upon a skirt form of the same height as the customer.

Madame or mademoiselle, as the case may be, then spends a single morning with her dressmaker choosing fabrics, studying effects, indicating occasions for which gowns will be needed and the like to accomplish the season's wardrobe. The costumes are made up and fitted to her counterfeit presentment and when finished sent home, often not needing the alteration of a single hook or loop.—New York Times.

A movement is on foot in Hartford, Conn., to have a nolle prosequi entered in the case of George M. Bartholomew, who wrecked the Charter Oak Life Insurance company about four years ago. Bartholomew, who fled to Canada and is still awaiting there to be

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

Above Human Respect.

Some years ago a pupil of the school of art found a chaplet of beads in one of the halls. Indignant at the thought that in the illustrious school one should recite that humble prayer, he assembled his friends together, informed them of his discovery, and all swore to express their entire disapprobation of such "superstition." The watchword was given. After the exercise, they went into the courtyard; the beads were hung up in the branches of a tree, and the pupil who found it cried out with the accent of the most bitter irony: "Let him among our dear school-fellows who has 'lost his chaplet' come forward to take it down; and the tone of his voice seemed to add, if he dares.

There was a deep silence, but the young Christian did not hesitate; it was O. T., who has lately been proclaimed to have been at the top of his class on leaving school. He stepped forward, took his chaplet quietly, and addressing himself to the one who had challenged him, he said: "I thank you, my dear friend, I prize this chaplet highly, because it has been given to me by my mother, and in remaining a Christian I do not think that I have dishonored the school." "Bravo!" was the cry coming from every rank; "bravo! he has courage!"

An illustrations marshal, an eye-witness of this scene, stretched forth his hand to the young soldier of Jesus Christ, and said to him with deep emotion: "Bravo! when one knows how to defend his convictions and faith in so worthy a manner, he will likewise know how to stand by his country, and will know how to die for his fatherland!"

The Little Bootblack.

The editor of *Le Couteur's Leader*, of Buffalo, N. Y., tells this pretty story.—"The other day we saw three or four Italian bootblacks gathered in front of the Cathedral, and gazing with proper reverence at the statue of St. Joseph and the Divine Child which stands above the great door. Suddenly two of the little fellows caught the long cord of their boxes in quite the proper and convenient fashion, and swung these improvised censers with a grace that would have done credit to an accomplished acolyte. Having incensed the statue to their heart's content, they lifted their bats, threw a parting kiss or two, and passed on."

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