

HE CARETH

What can it mean? Is it taught to him That the nights are long and the days are dim?

And yet I want him to care for me While I live in this world where sorrows be!

When shadows hang over the whole day long, And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong.

O wonderful story of deathless love! Each child is dear to that heart above.

Let all who are sad take heart again, We are not alone in our hours of pain;

THE MILO PILOT.

In the month of March, 1842, I took passage at Marseilles on board the merchant ship Good Hope.

We had a smooth run until we had passed the southern capes of Greece and entered the archipelago.

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.

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.

Near noon we filled away. There was but little wind, not more than enough to run off two or three knots.

"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.

"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.

Without waiting to see the effects of his hasty outburst, Napton sprang to the rail and ordered all the yards to be squared.

The pilot had turned very pale, and though his frame shook with agitation, yet he made no movement toward the captain.

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 Sifota.

"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.

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.

At midnight the gale seemed to have increased, and the ship was surrounded by rustling mountains of white crested seas.

of the driving gale she must have swept swiftly off—but how swiftly none could tell.

At length—it was near 8 o'clock—the sea had risen to such a height that it threatened every moment to engulf the ship in its deep cold grave.

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 morning came, and it found us with blanched cheeks and trembling limbs, and it found some, too, upon their knees in prayer.

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.

"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.

"Where are we?" asked the mate. "But the captain could not tell."

"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.

"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.

"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.

"Yes." "Then man the main braces and lay the yards square—stop, sir, I know what I am doing.

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.

"Starboard braces!" spoke the pilot in quick, clear tones, and the mate passed the order.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

An illustration, marshall, 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.

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