BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED. But Gaius, thoroughly understanding s chief, interrupted him hastily Taste this wine, my Dumachus; thou wilt find it good and sound. Hold thy cup, and let me fill for thee — what thinkest thou of that?"

thinkest thou of that?

Dumachus drained the cup slowly,
then held it out to be replenished. Tis a goodly vintage; where got we

From the Samaritan wine-merchant, yesterday," answered Gaius, filling the cup to the brim. "We shall need every arm in our venture to-night," he continued. "There is none bolder in a fight than the lad Titus here, as thou knowest; dost remember how he fought the giant Ethiopian single handed last year, when we so narrowly escaped being taken? Aye, and downed him too! We shall have need What sayest thou, lad? Wilt of him. What sayest thou, lad? Will thou fight the Romans with us to-

night?"
"That will I!" said Titus, trembling in his anxiety. "Only give me that with which to fight."

Dumachus held out the cup to Gaius for the fourth time. "I have a mind to leave him here," he said slowly, "and to so leave him, that he will not again escape me, nor again foil me in

"Nay, my good chief," said Gaius, ing a warning hand on Titus' ulder. "We can scarce leave him laving with safety. I will take him under my charge to-night; let the fellow dare try to escape me!" And he glared at And he glared at Titus with assumed ferocity.

'If we succeed in our not what becomes of the boy care not what becomes of the boy!'said Damachus, who was beginning to be merry with the wine, with which Gaius still continued to ply him. Let me find Prisca—the woman hath escaped me. She can tell him of his parents. If we win to-night, I shall be avenged of my wrong! Ha, ha! But come! 'tis time we were away; we must enter the city by two and threes to avoid sus-We will meet in the wine shop picion. We will meet in the wine shop of Clopas, in the upper market. There we shall find Barabbas, and there will the others come as soon as it waxeth dark. Fill all around and let us drink. What is left shall be poured out as libation to Mars; may he, and all th gods help us!

Let them help us, I say! 'Tis a seize the treasure from the

good of the Hebrews; our own gods shall profit by it!" cried Gestas.

Dumachus now rose to his feet, and with drunken solemnity poured out upon the ground what was left in the wineskin, calling leads, the state of the control of th wine-skin, calling loudly upon all the heathen deities for assistance in their

The wine-shop of Clopas, in the upper market-place, sent out a broad glow of cheery yellow light into the darkness, together with Gaius, and a other of the band called Joca, paused near by to make sure of their bes "Yonder is the place," said Joca.
"Tis well enough known to me. Many
is the merry night I have paused there

in my youth Then thou art Jerusalem-born?'

asked Gaius.
"Jerusalem-born and bred," replied the other. "My father was a silver-smith and wrought sacred vessels for the temple use. This in the shop of Clopas that I first met Dumachus. He was a handsome fellow in those days. Some-thing befell him—I know not what; he Galilee, carrying a woman ar The child was the lad child with him. Once in my hearing the called him David. Afterwards he was known to us as Titus, but I doubt not his true name

Titus was listening with all his ears, but he said nothing, for he hoped that the man would speak further. Gaius had armed him with one of his own He could have slipped away in the dark easily enough, and was halfminded to do so. Then he reflected that he might learn something more of his mysterious birth and parentage, he stayed; besides he had a strong curiosity to see the much talked of Barabbas; and underneath all, was an unconfessed desire to share in the ex-citing events which were soon to fol-

low.
"If I go now," he argued further with himself, "I shall find my way back to Capernaum alone, and confess to Benoni that he was right and I was Moreover, the mule and the money are both gone, and how could I replace them? I will, at all events, wait for a few hours; something may happen to my advantage.

By this time they had entered the wine-shop, and the opportunity for escape had, for the moment, passed.

Yonder is Barabbas! He is even now speaking with Damachus," whis-

pered Gaius.

Titus looked, and saw a man of giant

stature, whose bold features and quick, brilliant eyes were in marked contrast ted, brutal face of Dumachus. Titus elt instantly drawn to the man and edging his way through the crowd, managed to get near enough to hear what was being said.
"He will not dare to restore it, once

it is torn from its place," Barabbas was saying in a low-tone but powerful voice. "The symbol of Roman supremacy hath long enough insulted the house of our God. It should be torn down, and oken into pieces so small that no one shall be able to put it together again. shall be able to put it together again.

I myself will east the fragments into the courtyard of the palace. I tell ye that Pilate is, at heart, a coward. He fears us. Did he not yield to us at Cesarea? Did he not yield to us when lately he would have seized the sacred treasure of the temple for his own purposes

"Thou speakest truly!" shouted half a hundred voices. "Let us go forth, and tear the accursed image from its

With a common impulse all rushed into the street. Titus, who had managed to keep near Barabbas saw to his astonishment that the square was crowded

with men, their fierce, determined-looking faces revealed by the light of flaming torches brandished here and there over

the heads of the throng.

A low, hoarse murmur ran through
the assemblage, as they recognized their
leader. Barabbas paured, and with a few short, decisive words, explained the plan and method of attack; then command-ing that the torches should be extin-guished, all set forward at a rapid pace towards the temple, under cover of the

They had advanced no great distance, when the clang of shields reached them, and a loud voice was heard demanding Death and confusion!" muttered

Gaius, who, with Titus, was pressing forward immediately behind Barabbas. "'Tis the Roman guard!"

"Forward, men! Seize the Romans; there are but a handful of them!" shouted Barabbas.

With a great cry the mob rushed on and in a moment the noise of a fierce conflict was heard—the clashing of swords, the clangor of shields, savage yells, together with the shricks of the ounded, who were trampled ruthlessly Barabbas had pushed under foot. ward into the thick of the here he fought like a madman; before many moments, it was apparent

that the mob was giving way.
"We have been betrayed!" said
Dumachus in the ear of Gaius. "Let Dumachus in the ear of Galas.
us get away speedily; we can do nothing to-night. The Romans are thicker ing to-night. And without waiting for an answer, he darted swiftly away through the crowd.

Almost instantly followed a great cry from the front: "The Romans from the citadel are upon us! Barabbas is taken! Run for your lives!"

The mob was now in the wildest con-fusion, each thinking only of his own safety. Titus was hurried along with the rest, and scarcely knowing what he did, darted down a narrow street in the Presently finding himsel darkness. Presently finding himself unpursued, he paused for an instant to over his breath, and listening intent ly, heard the frantic yells of the mol nd the sound of the pursuing soldiery growing momently more distant.

His heart beat high with hope. His heart beat high with hospital am safe now!" he thought. "I have only to keep out of sight till morning; then I can easily find my way out of the city. I will go back and confess the whole thing to Benoni : he shall believ

The thought of the quiet Capernau ome was very sweet to him, as he stood there alone and unfriended in the thick darkness. But why was his tunic s warm and wet. And now he becam onscious of a stinging pain in his head. "I am wounded," he thought; and feeling cautiously in his thick curls, he discovered a deep gash which seemed to

be bleeding freely.
"Strange!" he muttered to himself, "I do not remember that I was wounded in yonder fight!"

in yonder ught! Yesently he began to feel faint and light-headed. "I must have help," he thought, " and that quickly, or I shall

perish in the street.'

Moving cautiously, he advanced down the street, feeling his way along by the wall. The moon was rising now, and by her dim uncertain light he saw that he was about to emerge into an open square; on the further side of this place re was a light, as of a fire burning

and dark figures moving near it.

Titus uttered a cry of joy,
staggered forward, forgetting danger, and thinking only that help was The next moment he fell halffainting to the ground, crying out

feebly for help.
"What was that sound?" said one of a number of Roman soldiers, who were gathered about the fire.
"I heard nothing," answered another "What was it like?"

"Twas a cry, and sounded near." "'Tis the insurgents," said the enturion. "They are still pursuing centurion. in the lower town. They have

taken many prisoners; the ring-leader We shall have "Why, of crosses, to be sure; 'tis the way Pilate taketh to keep down this 'Tis a wholesome

turbulent people. 'Tis a wholesome sight for the crowds that come to the city at feast time and doth more to keep "Hist! I heard the sound again!"

said the other; and plunging a torch into the fire, he began a hasty search aid the other, he began a hasty section to the fire, he began a hasty section to the fire, he began a hasty section to the fire commander. he shouted. "'Tis a wounded man lend me a hand with him!"

Between them they brought the lad to the fire, and began to examine him roughly by its light, What dost thou make of him?'

asked one.

"He is a Jew, by his features—one of the insurgents. We must not let him escape us," replied the centurion.

"Tear a strip from his tunic, and bind asked one. up his head; he hath a nasty cut. And hand me yonder wine; I will give him a

"Verily, Martus, thou art as handy as a woman," declared one of the others who stood by looking on.
"I am saving him for Passover

week," said he who was called Marcus, with a brutal laugh. "To die with a cut in his head, were too good for such

Titus had revived under the combined nfluences of the warmth, the wine, and the stanching of the cut.
"Canst thou stand?" asked the cen-

turion, seeing that he had opened his Titus replied by standing up, albeit

omewhat unsteadily.
"Wert thou in yonder fight?"
"I was," said Titus in a low voice.

' Take him to the prison, Caius and Brutus!" was the prompt order. And before Titus could protest, he was marched away between the two soldiers, and shortly found himself thrust into a cold, damp dungeon. Here he sank on to a pile of mouldy straw; and despite his fears, and the pain in his head, soon fell into a heavy slumber.

Titus had passed more than a week in his dungeon, when one morning he was roused from an uneasy slumber by the

seemed to feel the murderous look entrance of a guard of Roman soldiers. with which Dumachus was eying him. These commanded him to come forth, then marched him rapidly and silently At length he began to speak in a low, hoarse voice. through the streets till they reached the palace of the governor. Passing through "I was promised that if I told all, I myself should escape. Is it so, Excelthe great entrance, which was heavily guarded, they found themselves in the

actorium, or judgment hall. Titus glanced hastily around, then his head sank upon his breast. In that brief survey, he had seen that the great hall was thronged with people, and that seated high aloft in imposing state was a man whom he at once divined to be Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor.

For a moment he almost forgot his surroundings in the maze of confu and fearful thoughts which thronged his brain. Again aroused by the suppressed but fierce murmur of excitement about him, he looked up and saw the imposing figure of Barabbas. Heavily manacled, and guarded by four soldiers, he stood forth in the sight of all in a slightly elevated space immediately before the udgment seat. Thou art accused of having incited

an insurrection against the government, on the evening of Adar the twenty-seventh, and of having committed seventh, and of having committed murder, in that thou didst with thine own hands feloniously slay certain oldiers of the Roman guard, in lawful fulfillment of their duty. Hast thou aught to say for thyself?

"Who are mine accusers? Let them stand forth," said Barabbas boldly, looking at the governor with unflinch

Produce the witnesses," said Pilate

shortly.
Several men now advanced to the front, among whom Titus was amazed to recognize Gestas. The testimony practically agreed that the prisoner vas, on the night mentioned, in feloniously plotting against the government; and that he was personal-ly responsible for the death of an unknown number of the Roman soldiers, who were slain in the conflict. What sayest thou to the testimon

of these witnesses?" asked Pilate. there any reason why I should not nflict upon thee the just nalty of thy misdeeds ?"

"What were these, mine accusers, doing on the night of Adar the twentyseventh?" demanded Barabbas, with 'That concerns thee not," replied

"Speak for thyself

Pilate sternly. "Speak for thyself now, if thou wilt, or hold thy peace while I pronounce sentence upon thee.
"I will say this," said Barabbas knowing that his case was hopeless I only regret that we accom plished not our purpose, which was to rend the golden eagle from the temple of Jehovoh. And, furthermore, if the Romans which desecrate the holy city of Jerusalem were possessed of one single neck, I would gladly hew it asunder with my sword, that the land might be rid of an abomination which riseth t

heaven. This incendiary speech was received with a storm of hisses from the Romans, and an irrepressible murmur of applause from the Jews who were present. Pilate's fate paled and his voice

trembled with rage as he said:
"Out of thine own mouth thou art
condemned; it only remaineth for me to pass sentence upon thee. Thou shalt be nailed to the cross on Friday, the fifteenth day of Nisan next, and remain thereon till life be extinct. Thou shalt also be scourged upon being removed from my presence, and again before the execution taketh place." Then turning to thereon till life be extinct. ing to the guard, he commanded them

ing to the guard, he commanded them to remove the prisoner.

Titus was sick and faint at these fearful words; but Barabbas, apparently unmoved, passed from the presence of the governor with as lofty and undaunted a front as he had worn on the night of the riot.

night of the riot.

Then followed the examination of a number of witnesses against forty or fifty of the insurgents. These had been seized by the soldiers as they fled after the capture of Barabbas. Pilate dis-posed of their case very quickly, sentencing them one and all to a heavy

scourging, and a night in the stocks. After these had been removed, for the infliction of their sentence, Pilate consulted for a few moments with the officials who surrounded him, then said in a loud voice, "Let the oners be brought forward." " Let the other pris-

Titus was now roughly pushed to the space in front of the judgment seat, and, litting his eyes, he saw standing beside the familiar figure of Dumachus. The two stared at each other in mutual

surprise; then Dumachus smiled, and the smile was an evil thing to see.

"Prisoners," said Pilate, "ye are accused of three crimes — highway robbery, murder and rioting. Let the witnesses against you testify; then shall ye speak for yourselves.

first witness was the identical The Samaritan wine-merchant whose vintage Dumachus had so highly praised. He deposed, that in his journey from deposed, that in his journey from Samaria to Jerusalem, he had been set upon by thieves, who had stripped him of his possessions, consisting of certain was conveying to the Jerusalem market: and even of his clothing. That after beating him, and subjecting him to various indignities, they had left him lying half dead by the roadside. He had subsequently been rescued and cared far by one of his own countrymen, who happened to be journeying that way. He recognized the prisoners at the bar is members of the band which had thus

eloniously assaulted him. The next witness swore to having seen the prisoners at the wine-shop of Clopas on the night of the riot, and afterward in the company of Barabbas at the time of the encounter with

Then the centurion who had captured Titus recounted the circumstances of his arrest, and also stated that the prisoner had confessed that he had taken

part in the riot.

The last witness to be brought forward, was Gestas. He carefully avoided the eye of Dumachus, as he stood forth and stared stolidly at the governor in his ivory chair of state.

What sayest thou concerning the oners?" asked Pilate.

lency?"
"Thou shalt escape, even as was told thee. Speak on!" said Pilate impati-

ently.
"Well, then," continued the man,
was chief of our Dumachus, yonder, was chief of our band. There were twenty of us in all, but about a dozen did most of the busi-We had our headquarters in

Capernaum; but put in most of our ork on the great highways leading to erusalem, where there is always ple of plunder for the taking. We took much booty, and disposed of our prisoned best at the time. ers as seemed best at the time. Many we allowed to go free; but if any made outery or disturbance, our chief com-manded them to be put to death as quickly and quietly as possible."

' How many did ye so dispose of ?' uestioned Pilate.
The man scratched his head reflect-

ively, then replied, "I do not rightly know, Excellency. We never counted "Was this young man a member of the band?" asked Pilate, indicating Titus, with a motion of his hand.

"He was until lately, Excellency. He is called Titus, and was known as the son of our chief; but 'twas thought by all of us that he was stolen in his fancy, and was therefore of no kin to

As a member of the band, took he part in the robbery and murder of which thou hast spoken ?" The man hesitated for a moment, then

"He was a good-hearted lad, and would have been an honest one, had he been suffered to be so; but he had a ld spirit, and a ready hand in a

By that thou meanest that he did take part in the business, as thou call-"Tis true that he killed an Ethio-

pian," was the reply, "but 'twas in a fair fight; the fellow had killed him else."
"Ye hear what these witness against you," said Pilate, now addressing the

"Thou, the chief, mayst

prisoners. 'speak first.' Dumachus lifted his shaggy head. and began to speak rapidly, and in a whining voice. "The man hath lied, whining voice. "The man hath lied, Excellency; 'tis all a foul lie. I am a isherman by trade, and an honest man This young man here is my son. He is a wayward lad, and hath caused me great sorrow. He hath undoubtedly done much evil; I came up to Jerusalem to endeavor to wean him from his 'Twas my errand in Clopas. It paineth bad companions. 'Twas my my father's heart thus to testify against

nine only son, but-"Thou hast said enough," said Pilate, interrupting him. "Thou art undoubtedly a valuable citizen, and a sorrowing father—'tis written all over But we must even spare thee t entertain our Passover visitors. On Friday, Nisan the fifteenth, thou shalt suffer with Barabbas, and in like manner. Guard, remove the prisoner!"—
as Dumachus began to bellow like an

animal. " And thou, wayward son of a rightous father, hast thou aught to say for

thyself? Titus looked up into the sneering face of the man on the judgment seat, then around on the hostile faces which mmed bim in, his injured head throb

bing painfully. "Oh, Stephen!" he cried aloud,

Oh, mother! Pilate was thoroughly tired of the whole affair. Besides, it was nearly time for the noonday repast, and he expected guests; it was therefore the more necessary for him to have time to compose his spirits, after the painful scenes of the morning. With a gesture of disgust, he arose to his te

sharply:
"Enough! This is no place for a
"Enough! suffer with the scene! Thou shalt suffer with the others; the world will be well rid of And Guards, remove him! thee. clear the hall.'

Titus lay on the mouldy straw of his dungeon once more. He was quiet now; he was thinking, not of the scenes of the morning, nor of the frightful doom which hung over him, but of the old, sweet days with Stephen on the lake ; of Prisca, the only mo he had ever known ; of the rosy, laughing face of little Ruth ; of the Benoni. And as he thought of all these, another Face arose before him; 'twas that of the Nazarene, Jesus beautiful, mysterious, tender, with a love beyond all earthly love-and he fancied he again heard which, light-hearted and happy, he had heeded so little: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Over and over he repeated the words aloud, and thei Over and over. sound seemed to soothe his tortured brain. His eyes closed, after a time, and with the healing words still on his

lips, he slept profoundly.

And as he slept he dreamed. He thought that he was with Stephen, and that they two were walking alone in a great and wide meadow. 'Twas a pleasant spot, for flowers of every form and color blocmed profusely about them, while the air was filled with the heavenly melody of the lark, high above their heads.

Stephen was talking, as was his wont, in his sweet, silvery voice: "Dost thou remember how the Master said, Consider the lilies, how they grow they toil not, neither do they spin; and vet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?' And our Father in the heavens loveth us better than He loveth the lilies, for we are His children; the Master hath said it, not once, but many

"Thou art His child," Titus and swered, with an eager longing at his heart. "But I—I know not whose child heart. I am."

Then he lifted his eyes and saw coming toward them the figure of a Man elad in raiment of a dazzling white-

yet in his heart he well knew.
"'Tis the Master!" cried Stephen

joyfully, and he hastened to meet Him. But Titus stood still where he was, longing, yet afraid; for he knew that he had sinned. As he looked, he saw Stephen fall down at the Master's feet in an ecstasy of joy. Then Jesus put forth His hand, and raised him up, and the two, talking lovingly together, came towards Him amid the lilies. Then he thought that he hung his head, not daring to look again, for his sin was

heavy upon him. He raised his eyes slowly at sound of that voice, and as he looked, lo! the bitterness and guilt of his heart melted away, and his soul expanded with a mighty love. Then the Master, leaning forward, touched him on the brow, and said:

Thou, too, art Mine!" And he awoke, and it was a dream! But his eyes shone in the darkness of

the dungeon, and his lips smiled, "Behold, mine eyes have seen the King in his beauty," he murmured. And I am his.'

CHAPTER XXII.

It was more than a month, now, since Stephen and his mother had climbed the rocky road leading to Nazareth; and still they abode in the house of Mary, the mother of Jesus. Prisca had never risen from the bed on to which she had sunken so thankfully the night of her arrival, and it became more and more evident to the experienced eyes of Mary that her days were numbered. Once, as she bent over the invalid to perform some trifling service, she said

"I would that we might send word my Son; He could heal thee."
But the sick woman caught her hand.

"No, no!" she cried earnestly, going to die, and I am glad of it. life has not been so happy that I would fain live longer. Let me die here, where it is so quiet and peaceful."

And in truth, it was a peaceful haven that she reached, after the troublous As she lay in the royage of her lite. mble bed fragrant with spotless linen, suffering no pain, but growing daily yeaker, she was almost happy

first time in years.

Often after the duties of the little ome had been performed, Mary would bring her spinning into the chamber where the sick woman lay, and sitting by her bedside, work silently while she slept. Sometimes they talked together. Once she told Prisca the wondrou story of Bethlehem, of the star, the song of the angels, and the visit of the wise men. Another time, when Stephen was sitting by his mother, she told them of the angelic warning, and the hurried journey into Egypt; of the strange people and customs of that far-away cople and customs nd; and of the return-not to their old home and friends in Judea, but to

this little mountain village of Nazareth. Stephen never tired of listening as she talked of the childhood of Jesus, of His boyhood, and the years of His

young manhood.
"This bench under the shade of the

fig tree is where He studied when He was a child," she said one day, " and here I used to bring my spinning in the long afternoons. He always loved to be with me; while the other children of the village liked best to play in fountain, or hunt birds' nests, or play noisily in the streets. Yet was He the happiest child in the world, always singing about His work, and with a smile like sunshine. The others all loved Him dearly. No one could tell such beautiful stories as He; and there was no other so ready to soothe a sick baby, or comfort a crying child, or bind up a cut finger, in the whole village. that while He loved best to be near as I have said, and spent much of His time in helping me about the house and the neighbors' children flocked garden. about Him as thick as bees about a rose. I remember me how he used to sit on yonder bench with one or two babies in His arms, and a dozen other little ones crowded about Him, some sitting at His feet, leaning against His knee, and all listening with eyes and ears wide open, as He talked to them of the birds—how they built their homes so patiently and lovingly, and worked hard to bring up their young ones all through the long bright days; about the flowers that grew so fair and sweet in the lonely grew so fair and sweet in the lonely valleys, where no one but God could them; about the snow that white and silent from the clouds in the winter time, yet every tiny flake thing of beauty. Sometimes on the Sabbath days He would repeat Psalms

of Goliath and the bold young David of Samson, the foolish strong man, and many others. Ah!" said Stephen, with shining eyes, and a pathetic look of wistfulness, how I wish I might have lived in

Nazareth then!"

Mary smiled her beautiful, gentle mile, and laid her delicate hand caresssmile, and laid her defleate hand caress-ingly on his thick curls. "Dost thou know," she said after a little pause, "thou art like Him in some of thy ways. When thou art working so busily in the garden, singing softly to thyself or sitting as thou art now at my feet, I always think of Him as He That is why I talk of Him to thee age. The so often.

"I would rather be like Him," cried Stephen passionately, "than to be the

Cæsar on his throne!"
"In that art thou wise," said Mary, and her deep eyes beamed with a mys terious light. "The Cesar on hi terious light. throne is at best a sinful man, while Jesus is-"He is the Holy One of God!" said

Stephen reverently.

Then a silence fell between them for a time. But always after that, the mother of Jesus noticed how he tried, humbly and unobtrusively, but ever faithfully, to fill that vacant place. And in her heart she loved him

"Who is it?" he said to Stephen, then at the white, worn face on the pillow, she saw that great tears were stealing slowly from beneath the closed lids. Rising, she leaned over the bed,

and taking the thin, chill hand of the sufferer in both of hers, said gently Wilt thou not tell me thy trouble Instantly the dark eyes opened and looked long and earnestly into the loving face above her. "Yes!" she sais slowly. "I will tell thee all. I did slowly. great wrong years ago, and it hath weighed me to the earth all my life since. Yet have I never had the cour-

age to make it right. Then she told the story of Titus, and how she had stolen away by night to meet her lover, taking the child with

her. "Why didst thou take the child?"

questioned Mary.
"Dumachus bade me to," answered the woman feebly. "And I loved the little one, and could not bear to part from him; so I obeyed. I always meant "And I loved the to restore him to his mother, but never dared. Once when I said that must do it, my husband in a fury struc me down; and worse than that, he hur my baby Stephen, crippling him hope He was always helpless and suffering after that, till, as thou ki est, he was healed by the goodness of thy Son. Ah, what do we owe to the And now thou wilt hate me! I am not fit to be under this roof.

Mary was silent for a moment, but she kissed the sufferer tenderly on the brow: then she said firmly, must even yet make this wro Let thy son Stephen go to Capern Thou shalt tell him all, and give int his hand the proofs that the story is

true. Hast thou them here?"
"Yes," said Prisca, reaching unc packet, securely wrapped in linen, bound with a silken thread. never let it go from me; 'tis the litt tunic which he wore when I fled wit him. His mother wrought it with he own hands; she will know it. is a chain of wrought silver, which she gave me to wear, when she selme from all her maidens to care for the little David. And how have I betrayed my trust! What will become of me! my trust! What will become o

ously," said Mary. "But God will forgive thee, even as he forgave King David, who was guilty of murder, thou wilt but humble thine heart be

fore Him."
"God knoweth that my heart is humbled, even unto the dust; but, alas

bringeth me no peace!"
Mary looked troubled. She raised her dovelike eyes. "Ah, Son of God! she murmured, as if to hersell, "would that thou wert here to minister to thi sin-sick soul! As for me, I know not what to say unto her." Then she spoke again to the sick woman. "Dost know my Son, who is called Jesus?

TO BE CONTINUED.

MEANING OF LIGHTS.

THEIR USE IN BAPTISM-ON OTHER

One of the most impressive cer ies of the entire rite of Holy is witnessed at that place where the priest puts into the hand of the newly baptized a lighted candle, with the fo lowing solemn admonition: 'Receive this burning light; and preserve your baptism blamelessly; keep the Com-mandments of God in order that when the Lord shall come to the marriage feast you may run to meet him with all the saints in His celestial palace, and may have life everlasting and live for

ever and ever. Amen.' Lights are significant of respect, and hence they were used on moment occasions of great Athenians employed them on the feasts of Minerva, Vulcan and Prometheus, and the Romans used them on all their Out of the great respect solemn days. that the Jews had for the garments of their high priest, a light was kept con-stantly burning before them as long as they remained deposited in the tow called "Antonia" at Jerusalem. T grand lama, or sovereign pontiff, of Tartary is never seen in his palace without having a profusion of lamps and torches burning around him, and is a well known fact that a certain European dignitary-a son of he crowned heads-upon occasion of his visit to this country some years ago refused to sit down in the apartme assigned him in one of our fashionable hotels until two wax candles had been brought and lighted before him. etiquette is very common in the East.

O'Brien's History of the Mass. to them, and tell them long stories from the Scripture—of Moses in His little ark and the beautiful princess; (Benziger.)

Sure of God's Help.

God notes and approves our best ongings and strivings, even though our own consciousness we ever fall short of attaining. A loving mother, holding out her hand invitingly to her babe just beginning to toddle, we the little one's effort to respond, not-withstanding its failures in its repeated trials. It is her child's longing to come to her that gladdens the mother's heart. Only a failure to respond to the welcoming hand would be unlike a a true child. God has even more than a mother's love. His welcome to the little one who stumbles on the way to Him is ever surer than to one stands firm, or moves erect, in another direction. God judges our actions by what we are striving to do, rather than by our obvious failures, such as others can perceive.

Permanent Cure for Neuralgia Permanent Cure for Neuraigia.
Experienced aufferers state that no remedy
relieves neuralgia so quickly as a hot application of Polson's Nerviline, the strongest limiment made. Nerviline is certainly very pentrating and has a powerful influence overneuralgic pains, which it destroys almost atonce. Nerviline is highly recommended for
Rheumatism. Lumbago, Sciatica, and Toothache. Better try a 25c. bottle, it's all right.
No PLILS LIKE DR. HAMLITON'S.

place. And in her heart she loved him for it.

As for Prisca, she felt for her a tender pity, for she divined that the woman had somewhere a dark page in her history. One day as she sat silently by the bedside of the invalid, busied with her spinning, glancing now and No PILLS LIKE DR. HAMILTON'S.

A PER RECOLLECTIONS By Char

FEBRUA

In the years settlers were fe is now the Aroostook region The red deer h fore the rifle ar and where th lingered, too, to wolves. Seldon in packs, the their stealthy charged the va

children, or travelers.
The following by an old lad part of whose pioneer's c the Aroos James Atkins his winters to mers to hewi of the cabin, t Schooling she home, and he mpanied l "Our neare bout three m ettled on Ha ran from our ill it struck mile this side

before he mov an epidemic the backwood came to the was between "They too father liked of their big them over to spend the da One sur when father

> the door, as admittance. Turners. I asked was my favo They told way alone.
> Tom and I
> and their after washi so they wal " Of cour

little faces

supply of

which soon

ly I though

heard the p

er would fe dren were walk right pend on g the boys to milking, a started off were very plained to "Even ing long.

pace as I stand, an

journey w

getting

speed.

Mamie an go so fast able to se ing the T his shoe a spring inside h relief, bu "I th mile fro untiring exclaim

> looking interest "Wh road, I scream wolf fo ing beh to rush frighte Mamie Come : a rate

" Big

tremb sudder to run The after serte

and r tion I can