

Keep on your wrapper; you are not treated enough to dress."

"Thank you. I will do as you say." Mrs. Hart sent Josephine to assist the lady and to put her hair in her comb.

That evening Mrs. Hart was very considerate, and would not tax the poor young girl's strength, avoiding conversation that might be painful to her.

"There, then on mother's heart," she said to herself, "I can find a little peace denied me by all the world beside."

"The Captain could not speak. 'I am afraid that it will take too much of your time to go with me to-morrow. It may be some trouble to find the new residence.'"

Angelina looked into his face, and her eyes filled with tears when she answered: "I do not think I could wait another day, Captain. I do so long for— I do so need my dear mother!"

"I am afraid that it will take too much of your time to go with me to-morrow. It may be some trouble to find the new residence." "No, no, not too much time, child, or trouble either; but could you not put it off a day longer?"

"I can only be a second mother to you; no one can ever take an own mother's place, but I do love you, dear, and all the more, because you are so alone in this country."

"More, more, more!" she shrieked, "I cannot bear more!" "Be calm, my child, one moment!"

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! Can you bear your child?" screamed the poor stranger. They carried her to her room. She was unconscious!

CHAPTER IX. Three months had passed since Angelina had come to the hospitable home of Captain Hart and to the motherly arms of his tender-hearted wife.

"The return of the Neptune was read expected, and Angelina dared not delay. American papers no longer mentioned the name of any kind."

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into the world to depend upon her own exertions for support and respectability. She reasoned that her life must be a painfully humble one; but this would be preferable to dwelling under the roof of a husband, who would find in her presence a continual subject of regret that he was bound to her by marriage vows.

"If I am here," said Angelina smiling. "Are you not happy with me, dear?" "She will tell you, Captain, that I am not happy, and that I must not be such a kill-joy in your sweet home as I should be."

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CHRISTMAS TIQE.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST.

THIS FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

(From Pilgrim of Palestine.)

It was midnight; the Shepherds were keeping the night watch over the flock when the Angel stood in their midst as the messenger of good tidings of great joy.

To foster even more the pious emotions in the heart of our readers, we propose giving in this number a description of the place where the Angel appeared to the Shepherds.

The village is held in veneration not only because it was the dwelling place of the men to whom the birth of Christ was first revealed, but also because it is connected with the life of the Blessed Virgin, the Immaculate Mother of God made man.

Near by the field of Booz, in the middle of a square ground planted with olive trees and surrounded by stone walls, stands a chapel which is called the "Grotto of the Shepherds," and which is the subject of the present article.

Nicophoros, following the ancient tradition, says that the chapel is the ancient crypt of the church built there by Saint Helena, on the place where the Angel of the Lord announced to the Shepherds the birth of Christ.

Descending twenty-one steps, the visitor will find himself in the subterranean chapel, or grotto, where part of the ancient pavement in mosaic form is still in existence.

It is safe to say that the Shepherds did not go with their hands empty to visit the newborn Saviour; but that they brought him such offerings as their means allowed.

Let the Catholics of America follow the example of the Shepherds, and while in their hearts they glorify God for the many blessings they derived from the Incarnation of Christ, let them not forget to give an offering for the preservation of those places, where such a mystery was fulfilled.

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE. THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER OF TINY TIM. And so, Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one.

Another Christmas day came round, and Tiny Tim lay dead; yet, as they decked his simple bier, they scarce could think him dead.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS. THEIR ANTIQUITY—REMEMBER THE POOR AND THE ORPHAN.

We have many very early Christian carols founded on the appearance of the angels to the shepherds; and this subject was also, during the early and middle ages, the subject of public representations.

During the last days of Advent in Catholic countries, more especially in Rome, it is the custom for minstrels to visit every shrine of Our Lady to chant carols and play before her their wild traditional music; out of respect to St. Joseph, they also play before each carpenter's shop.

As Joseph was walking, He heard an angel sing: "This night shall be born Our heavenly King."

Carol singing prevailed somewhat in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it is worthy of remark that the religious spirit breathed forth in the ancient carols was lost sight of for that of a gross and sensual character.

So now is come our joyful feast, Let every man be jolly: Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed And every post with holly.

Lorlidge, Christmas loves good drinking, Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou, English ale, that drives out thinking,

MISSUM REDEMPTOREM POLO. Sent from His heavenly throne on high, Let the whole world beneath the sky Adore the Saviour newly come.

How the infant draws his breath, On straw the Almighty lays His head, Nor spurn the manger for His bed; And he who all creation feeds, The milk of human Mother needs.

From Cardinal Newman's sympathetic pen comes this version of another ancient song:— EN CLARA VOX REDARGUIT

Hark, a joyful voice is thrilling, And each dim and winding way Of the ancient temple filling; Dreams depart, for it is day.

Christ is coming—from thy bed Birth-bound soul awake and spring— With the new risen to shed Health on human suffering.

Lo, to grant a pardon free, Comes a willing Lamb from heaven; Shed and fearful, hasten we, One and all to be forgiven.

INSTANTIS ADVENTUM DEL. The advent of our God at hand, Let us with ardent prayer demand, And grasp the gifts of grace sublime, With psalms and hymns of festal rhyme.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Royal dawn, the Orient flushing, Dews of purple flowers that flow; Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing Like the blood yet shed below;

All the spheres behold with wonder, Sleeping on thy bosom lie, Him whose word in cloud and thunder Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.

The IMPRISONED MINERS LEFT TO THEIR FATE—PAINFUL SCENES ON THE STREETS. NANTICOKE, Pa., Dec. 22.—The officials have decided to abandon further attempts to rescue the imprisoned miners.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 22.—There was no rest for Nanticoke last night. It is impossible to describe in words the consternation, dismay and agony which spread through the village when it was learned after midnight that all efforts to get the miners out alive had to be abandoned.

A FATHER'S HEROISM. WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 22.—Michael Sarver, father of the two Sarver brothers, who are imprisoned in the mine, was among the last who came out of the shaft this morning.

TREATED BY PASTEUR. HOW THE FOUR NEWARK BOYS STOOD THE OPERATION. PARIS, Dec. 22.—The Newark boys—Lane, Fitzgerald, Reynolds and Ryan—were bitten by mad dogs, experienced only one day's sea sickness during their voyage from New York to Havre.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate Tonic For Overworked Men. Dr. O. G. CHELSEA, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia and derangement of the liver and kidneys."

WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and heavy in the morning, especially in the morning.

The afflicted ones feel tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings.

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