

Christmas, which the boy had looked forward to so joyously, came with all its brightness; the gladness of the outer world mingling with the thanksgiving of the Holy Catholic Church. Widow Martin's face was sadder than ever, as on the morning of the great festival she walked to the Church with Ned at her side; he, poor fellow, with no smile upon his face, but brushing away a big tear with the sleeve of his jacket.

Johnnie had left his home three days before, and that morning his mother had had a letter from him dated from Seaford, a large seaport town some fifty miles away, whither he had gone with O'Reilly to work in the docks; in his rough way he told the cause of his flight.

"Every one laughed at me since the day we went to the beast show, and they say I was tipsy, they points at me when I walks along the streets, and I can't bear it; and there is lots of work in Seaford and I'll earn some money and come back to mother some day."

So Christmas came with sorrow to Widow Martin and to Ned; and as the days passed on and the new year dawned upon the earth, the poor mother's sadness increased, and her bodily health seemed to be failing.

Ned knew now how as nothing to her compared with Johnnie. The knowledge of this sent a pang to the boy's heart, for he was a loving affectionate lad, and tried very hard to do his duty, but the lesson learnt on St. Andrew's Day was showing itself in every action of Ned's life, there was something touching in that great rough boy's gentleness to his complaining mother.

The year was a fortnight old, and the two sat together over the little fire in the cottage. Ned poring over some books which Mr. Moore had given him to help him in his preparation for Confirmation and first Communion, for the Bishop was to be at Weatherstone again in a week, and Ned was one of the candidates for the Sacramental rite of laying on of hands. Widow Martin sat rocking herself to and fro in her chair, as her custom was, every now and then breaking out into short repining sentences at her son's absence.

"If he wasn't there quite alone, if there was only somebody along with him to look after him, and to keep him from harm, I should be better pleased. I can't go myself, 'twould be of no good, I couldn't follow him to his work and his companions. Oh, Johnnie, my Johnnie, if there was only some one near you to care for you!"

There was a strange expression on Ned's face as he looked up from his books; he was thinking of all he loved in Weatherstone, of his home, the church, the choir, the night school, and Mr. Moore—the idea that had flashed across his mind for an instant was impossible when he thought of all he held most dear; then the echo of "a still, small voice" whispered into his ear the Christian's watchword "Follow me."

The way before him looked hard and difficult, but it was the way of the cross, at least he thought so as he looked at the sorrowing, suffering face before him. He knelt at his mother's feet, and in husky tones he spoke,

"Mother, there ain't much work in Weatherstone now, there's plenty they say in Seaford, if I was to go there I might get some, and be able to look after Johnnie a bit at the same time."

The smile that lit up Widow Martin's face, the fervent, "God bless you, my own good boy!" were a reward to Ned for his act of self-denial.

"When shall you start, Ned?" she said eagerly.

"I must wait for the Confirmation, mother, and for my first Communion; I will go the day after that."

He saw she did not like the delay, but he felt he must receive the blessings for which he so longed ere went forth to the work which he knew would be one of trial and difficulty.

Another week passed away, "holy hands" were laid upon the boy's head, the "Spirit's Seal" was set upon him, he knelt at the Altar of God, to partake of the "greatest blessing life can give," and there in the presence of his Lord, the knowledge that the religion he held so dear was all-perfect, all-satisfying descended upon him, and bade him go forth in the strength of his right purpose, and gain his erring brother from the ways of sin. And with his mother's whispered words of blessing and Mr. Moore's priestly benediction ringing in his ears he

started the next day for Seaford. There he remained for the next three years sending the best part of his wages to his poor mother at Weatherstone, leading an honest, godly life, amidst the scenes of temptation which were rife around him. He could not save Johnnie from the sins to which he had unresistingly given himself up, O'Reilly's influence was set against him, and for the time proved the strongest; in vain he tried to turn his brother from his evil ways, it was all useless, there was but one thing he could do and that he did with all his heart; and surely "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

It was a dreary October day, nearly three years had passed away since we saw the brothers trudging so merrily to the menagerie; now we meet them again, grown from boys into tall manly youths; Ned with the bright honest face of old; Johnnie with the favored cheek and restless eye, which told more plainly than words would have done, how far he had wandered from the right way. There was great excitement at that time in Seaford, some of the ships-carpenters had struck for wages, and amongst the most obstinate and unreasonable of them all was Johnnie Martin. He was a great man amongst the Chartis-gang to which he belonged; he talked grandly at the mechanics' institute about the rights of the working man, and the oppression of their masters; he had always been a sharp clever lad, beating Ned hollow in his learning, and now he had turned the gifts God had given him to bad account. O'Reilly prophesied great things for him, and poor Johnnie always keenly alive to flattery persevered in his evil presumptuous course.

"None of your cant for me," was his over ready answer to Ned's earnest pleadings, "men of genius and liberal ideas want something more than church-going."

The great strike was fixed for the 15th of October. Very late at night when most of the inhabitants of Seaford were asleep, a wild reckless set of fellows with torches in their hands walked through the streets to the house of the best and kindest master in all the town. What their intentions were none over knew, but wild determination was expressed on their dark faces, and there were those who stood near, who told of one, the youngest of them all, who had tried to set fire to the house, and only failed in the attempt when he came face to face with a policeman. Then there was a struggle between the mob and the authorities, the former resisted bravely, the latter did their duty like men, and were victorious at last; only one of the assailants was carried off as though he were dead; one or two of the ringleaders were taken up, the others dispersed somewhat crest fallen, to their several homes.

Very early the next morning, Ned on his way to his work met Tom O'Reilly looking pale and frightened.

"Ned" he said, "have you been to the hospital?"

"No, why should I go there?"

The great big bully as was always called, rubbed the sleeve of his blouse across his griny face as he answered "there was a row last night, and Johnnie was hurt; hurt very bad; they took him there at once."

"My poor old mother!" were the only words Ned uttered, wrung from him unconsciously in his misery.

Perhaps Tom at that moment remembered the mother he had lost when he was quite a little child, perhaps Ned's unfailing patience and gentleness had done their work at last.

"Ned," he said, "I've led Johnnie into many a scrape, if he comes out of the hospital alive, I'll never lead him into another."

And then those two who for years had not spoken to each other, shook hands in token of forgiveness, and walked to the hospital.

"He's mortal bad," was the answer to Ned's eager enquiry, as to how it fared with his brother, "but don't take on so, my lad, he's young and hearty, and whilst there's life there's hope and God is very good."

Weeks passed on, November came with its mists and fog and darkness, and Johnnie Martin walked out of the hospital outwardly so changed that none would have known him; but that was as nought compared with the change in the lad's heart.

Ned's prayers, Ned's watchfulness through all the long weary time of his brother's convalescence had done their work, and the years the youth had spent

away from all he held most dear seemed now but as a single day to him in his happiness.

Ned wrote to his mother; not a very ecstatic epistle, he had lost much of his impetuosity and was a quiet reserved fellow now, but he said at the end of his letter,—

"We hope to be in Weatherstone by St. Andrew's Day, Johnnie wants to come to Church with us then; 'twill be happier than three years ago, dear mother, after all the sorrow and the parting."

The Church bells pealed out merrily, the banners waved, the air was bright and clear and frosty, all the fog and damp had disappeared, the sun shone in all its unclouded brilliancy, as Widow Martin with a tall son on each side of her walked through the streets of Weatherstone, on the first feast of the Christian year.

"Ned," she said, "tis to you I owe this happiness; I feel it all now."

"No, mother, indeed I did nothing."

"Tis no good for you to talk, boy, Johnnie says 'twas along of you he learnt to think of better things, he may not have thought much of them at the time, but they came to his mind afterwards when he was lying sick in the hospital; and 'taint only him, they say as how down in Seaford you kept many a lad from going wrong."

Ned's face was crimson as he said, "Hush mother, here we are at church."

There we must leave them, the mother and Ned to their joy and thankfulness, Johnnie to his true, honest, hearty repentance; they know that their earthly path may be fraught with grief and care, but there is hope in the thought of the world to come, to cheer them on their way. One word more and I have done. As Johnnie is leaving the church, a rough hand is laid upon his arm, and Tom O'Reilly with dirty face, and uncombed hair stands before him.

"Jack," he said, "I've come to see how you are getting on, and to ask you to take me to your parson, I wants to learn the things Ned knows I wants to find out what makes him good."

Tears were in Johnnie's eyes as he answered,

"We'll both go and speak to Mr. Moore this evening Tom; I hope 'taint wrong, but somehow I couldn't help thinking in Church that Ned was like St. Andrew, he seemed to have found Christ himself and then made us think of Him."

This was rather too deep for Tom, who only repeated,

"I wants to be like Ned, ask the parson to show me the way."

Whatever we say of Johnsons Anodyne Liniment is strictly true, and time will verify it.

## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

### DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM TORONTO.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.				
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	5.37	12.07	5.37	7.07
	A.M.			
ARRIVE.....	9.37	11.07	5.57	11.07

GRAND TRUNK WEST.				
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	12.03	7.30	11.45	3.45
ARRIVE.....	5.25	10.15	1.05	9.20

GREAT WESTERN.				
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	7.00	11.50	4.00	5.30
ARRIVE.....	9.20	11.00	1.15	5.30

Trains on this line leave the Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge Street Station.

NORTHERN.				
	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	7.00			4.00
ARRIVE.....		11.30		5.10

TORONTO AND NIPISSING.				
	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	7.45			3.30
ARRIVE.....		10.45		6.20

TORONTO, GREY AND BRUCE.				
	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.
DEPART.....	7.10			3.00
ARRIVE.....		11.30		8.10