REST FOR THE WEARY.

As over the ocean a swallow went flying Light hearted and blithsome, it knew not a care. On its long slender pinions for safety relying, It sped o'er the waters so glassy and fair.

For out from the brenkers which thundered Incessant It for some state of a danger, that day, It flow, with nothought of a danger, that day, I'll weary with breasting the mirror liquesent, It sought for some station at which to delay.

But far out of sight is the land in the distance, No Island or lighthouse afforded a rest; Ab! where should she find the much needed assistance, Oh, where on that vast waste of water find rost,

With pinions that moved with a motion so The bird that had started so thoughlessly

gay, Seeks wildly for rest on the ocean so dreary, And longs for the heaven so far far away. And so doth our spirit in life become weary When far o'er the ocean so thoughtless hath

nown, The fairest surroundings at length became the heart turns again to the scenes it has known.

When far out of reach lies the harbor we sigh for, And o'er the wide distance no rest we discern, An then recollections of dear ones awaken, And back to those day dreams in memory we turn.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D. Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER III.

A SAD ANNIVERSARY.

The brother and sister had now reached their comfortable home, and had agreed to say nothing of Morgan's project until the next day. During the evening, while Morgan was engaged with his books, Eleanor went quietly out, and ran across the road to a neat little cotwindows on each side of the front door. A small bat, and a striped rubber ball, such as is commonly used by children, lay on the doorstep. Not far off a kite which had once been of many hues, but was now faded to a dull yellow, was leined as if bootile. No trace of Doois boot as if bootile. tage not far distant. A trim bed of autumn flowers bloomed beneath the windows on each side of the front door. as if hastily dropped.

Just within the doorway was scated an elderly woman whose appearance was most attractive. She was pensive, almost sad, and would have appeared gloomy were it not for a calm expression groomy were it not for a carm expression of heavenly peace and trustfulness which beamed from her dreamy eyes. She was neatly and simply dressed, and held with one hand, on her knee, a boy's cap of blue cloth with a glazed peak.

It was easy to see that a mighty torrent of grief had swept over her soul, and had been succeeded by the rainbow of a patient hope. Absorbed in deep thought, she had not noticed the quiet approach of Eleanor, until in a tone of gentle sympathy, she said:

"Keeping, as usual, your sad anniver-sary, Mrs. Barton." With a pleased look Mrs. Barton took Eleanor's hand and

"Yes: keeping it as usual; but I do not think that I shall have to keep it

"Do you still hope ,then, to meet him on earth?

Ah! my girl," softly began Mrs. Barton, "you know nothing of the hope of a mother's soul. Will not the mother whose son has gone on a 'forlon hope' hope for his return? Will not the mother of the greatest criminal hope for his re-formation? All others may pronounce him a second impenitent thief, but she will have some ray of hope. It seems to be a part of God's mercy towards parents. for without, loving as they do their children, their lives would be miscrable indeed. Yes, I still hope to meet my darling

Eleanor quietly drew a chair alongside of Mrs. Barton's, and sat pondering on

these words.

How beautiful and pure is the love of God's love in heaven. How often, and how carelessly, are both slighted but what dread remorse will one day surely follow such conduct! Perhaps it will not be until the damp earth has been heaped upon thy mother's tomb, O thoughtless child, that thou wilt value-all too latethat which thou hast lost. Then wilt thou think of the toils through weary days, and the loving watches through weary nights. The deep interest in thy welfare, and the tender care of thy youth. that she, the mother now cold and wasting in the clammy depth of the grave, patiently bore for thee. Then will every act of disobedience and disrespect, every ungracious word which thou hast uttered to her, stand out in terrible distinctness, and fly like barbed arrows to pierce thy guilty heart.

Ye who have yet your motheralive, be kind to her, cherish her while you may. A very little is all she exacts; a small return of love satisfies her for the rich store which she lavished on you. If she be old and whimsical, try to remember how patiently she bore the caprices of your childhood, and patiently bear with

Some such thoughts as these passed through Eleanor's mind as she sat silently by Mrs. Barton, while the golden fringe of day slowly faded out from the western to wrest from the Pope his temporal king. King John of Poland, when about to face skies. After a pause Mrs. Barton re-

sumed:
"It was such a day as this has been, "It was such a day as this has been, twenty years ago, that my laughing boy disappeared. He had laid down yonder his kite, and was playing with his ball and bat. I was sitting here watching him with all a fond mother's love. Suddenly he stopped, laid down his ball and bat on the doorstep, and without withdrawing his eyes from the direction of the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river, gave me his little cap to hold the river grade and patriotic idea to strive the river, gave me his little cap to hold to bind her strongly together, and to be a truly like that true bravery is a virtue, and, like that true bravery other virtue, has its true bravery other virtue, has its true bravery other virtue, and, like that -this identical one," she said, holding up the blue cloth cap with the glazed peak.

'I will be back in a few minutes, dear mamma,' he said, and ran quickly down

It was a beautiful and touching sight soothing by silent companionship-often the most welcome—the stirred waters of her great grief.

Alter a time Eleanor remarked:
"But why on this day bring thus before
you the relics of your lost boy? I should think that they would only increase your

"No, Eleanor," replied Mrs. Barton, 'they do not. Every year, as you know, I place on this day these little mementos. of my darling Denis on the spot on which he threw them down, and sit thus holding his little cap. It is like his legacy to me, and I try to be faithful to his trust. it likewise recalls the blessing we once enjoyed in having had the object of our

ot yield its odor until thus presseu.

Mrs. Barton and her husband, dead topaz.

This would seem to be the case, for he cannot be seen to be the case, for he cannot be seen to be the case. some years ago, had been friends and neighbors of the Leahys ever since they leaned up from his seat, caught Morgan settled together on the banks of the St. in his arms, and while straining him to settled together on the banks of the St.

Lawrence. Indeed, they had been acquainted in the "old country." Mrs.

Barton had but one child, Denis, who was a year older than Eleanor. Morgan.

Eleanor, and Denis had been playmates in infancy, and the ond parents had often thought how hamy they would be a leaned up from his seat, caught Morgan in his arms, and while straining him to his heart, devoutly raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed:

"Glory be to God! The old faith and the old spirit still animate our race. The chill winds of a Canadian winter freeze not the warm blood which has often thought how hamy they would be in infancy, and the fond parents may often thought how happy they would be to see in future years Denis and Eleanor Yes, Morgan, yes: God bless you, my boy,—go and light for the Pope!" tions, is often destroyed when it promises most. Denis, as related above by his

Every search had been name that love and generous sympathy could suggest, but all in vain. No trace of Denis had ever been found. All except his mother came to the conclusion that he had fallen that the business and been carried far out the suggest was a love the suggest of t into the river and been carried far out by the tide. Mrs. Barton never believed he was dead. It was not with her a diseased whim, but a profound conviction that he was alive.

Was it only that Heaven implanted hope so strong in a mother's heart, of which has just spoken, that thus mercifully assuaged her mighty grief? or was it some real though mexplicable action of her son's soul acting on her own as he pined for her? After weary years we

The streak of mellowed light gradualy receded from the two figures which sat within the cottage door, as the moon rose higher mid the lesser fires of heaven.

grow up to love one another. Your own beautiful character would of itself make you very dear to me; but that hoped for relationship to my dear boy has made you also sacred in my eyes. I am going to ask something—perhaps it is too much; perhaps it is too late. If so, do not hesi tate to refuse plainly ; you will not offend me, neither will you lessen my love for

Eleanor wonderingly promised to obey her injunctions. "It is," said Mrs. Barton, "that you

mother's. Though tie there had been a mother! how unselfish and indestruc-tible it is! it is a reflection on earth of none, still the idea of some undefinable bond haunted her, and endeared Mrs.

Barton to her. Smilingly she replied: "You are not too late, dear Mrs. Barton, neither do you ask too much. I readily give the desired promise. But now I must return home. Good-night, my dear, dear mother!"

She often called her mother, especially on these anniversaries, for she knew it pleased Mrs. Barton.

" Good-night, dear; you will yet be my daughter," said Mrs. Barton, as she imprinted a kiss on Eleanor's forehead.

She stood for a moment watching the young girl hurrying along the moon-lit path. Silently praying a blessing on her head, she stepped out, and gathering up the kite, ball and bat, brought them in and laid them, together with the cap, oa the little bed of her lost son until the next sad anniversary.

CHAPTER IV.

OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND ACROSS THE ALPS.

for Rome to join the Pontifical army. In supernatural element to their motive of to wrest from the Pope his temporal king dom. He dwelt upon the injustice and mockery of talking about an "United less courageous in the terrible onslaught.

secure for her a seat at the council board of nations. In such a case there would be justice and patriotism in the cry of The day for his departure arrived, and be justice and patriotism in the cry of an United Italy. Now it is only a specious motto to grace the flag of the secret He embarked at Quebec, and was soon

statesman. True faith more than supplies the want of diplomatic training, and gives a refinement of feeling and of sentiment as unknown as it is unappreciated by a godless civilization.

When Morgan ceased speaking he turned towards his father and saw the old man's eyes sparkling, he knew not whether with tears or with the awakened fire of martial ardor in the cause of the Pope; perhaps from a combination of both. For John Leahy was no degenerate descendant of the heroes who fought for faith and fatherland under the great Brian Born on Clontarf's plains; or of Besides, there is a soothing influence in gazing on what belonged to those we if not her independence, by their gallant loved. It recalls, it is true, our loss, but stand against that brutal savage, that scourge of Ireland, and that scourge and disgrace of England who submitted to love. If that love has been what it him, the odious tyrant Cromwell. He ought to have been, to be reminded of loved also, with a father's proud love, subsequent sorrow. The sight of these little remembrances of my boy wrings my soul with a passing pang, but it is like pressing the spikenard, which will not yield its odor until thus pressed."

My Borton and here than compensate us for our subsequent sorrow. The sight of these little remembrances of my boy wrings my soul with a passing pang, but it is like pressing the spikenard, which will make his soul shine out through the fair picture; the golden fruge grew dark; the rosy tint failed gradully away, and silently, like the light wiscons which sport through the sheaper's

enthusiasm and love of religion had subsided, the old man shed a few tears as he thought of his son's danger, and his own lonely life without him. But his

| faithful servants," were his softly spoken words.

Mrs. Leahy made more objection than her worthy husband. She was a good, pious soul; but like many easy-going good people she had not learned the great lesson of Christian perfection, the prompt and cheerful annihilation of self for the love of God. She detested the impiety of an attack on Rome quite as neartily as any one, but she would preer to see it repelled by other arms than iose of her son.

When the time comes for striking a blow for the deliverance of Rome from its present usurpers, we trust that mothers will not think that it is enough nours, turned to Eleanor and said:

"You know how much I love you, my dear girl; you have often heard how we used to wish that you and Denis might grow up to love one another. Voursell beautied." certainly will, be like the mother whose glory is recorded in the book of Machabes; let them exhort their sons, from the eldest to the youngest, to look up to neaven, and to die for the cause of

The objections of Mrs. Leahy were, lowever, overcome by the arguments of Morgan and Eleaner, and by her own ense of duty.

It was arranged that Morgan should ail from Quebec early in November. Rs. it was now past the middle of October only a short time intervened. In comwill as said Mrs. Barton. That you will not plight your troth to any one before next Christmas three years. If Denis be indeed alive we shall surely know it cre that time."

Eleanor had long known this former, foolish, perhaps, but common and fond notion of her parents and those of Denis. She just remembered the bright, laughting child, with drammy eyes like his.

It is the fashion with empty-headed writers who are stupid infidels to succr at religious observances, and to laugh at men of prayer. This ignorant flippancy is palatable to a world 'grown old in sin, and to men who make a God of their passions. Many an unwary youth has his mind poisoned by reading such scotts, and perhaps thinks the soldier who prays r coward.

Courage, to be praiseworthy, must be a reasonable act. The bull which insanely rushes to attack a steam-engine is just as worthy of praise as the besotted ruffian who plunges, unthinkingly, into the midst of a fight. True courage foreees and calculates danger from which human nature naturally shrinks, but fired by a sense of duty, and trusting in God, t disregards the danger in order to dis-

harge its obligations.

The prayer of the Christian soldier is not an effect of cowardice; it is an index of true bravery, because it proves the man who utters it to be conscious of danger, but still to be resolved, through a sense of duty, to meet it with calmness. The prayer uttered by the sailors on On the morning following the events just marrated, Morgan Leaby made known to, did not unman their hearts nor unto his parents his resolution of starting nerve their arms; it rather added a

need of this; for this old couple, who were not great scholars, whose hands were hardened by toil, and whose shoull leaving home, he had beheld with dry to see the fair young girl, whose life had known no sorrow for loss of her own, siting side by side in a faint lane of moonlight with the elderly woman whose earthly joys had been early embittered, earthly joys had been early embittered, southing by silent communications. True faith more than sure which he fondly retained he now expensive to see the fair young girl, whose life had were not great scholars, whose hands were hardened by toil, and whose shoulleaving home, he had beheld with dry eyes a mother's tears, and seen an aged father's quivering lip, and felt his affecting of honor than many a polished tionate grasp tightening on the hand statesman. True faith more than sure which he fondly retained, he now experienced pangs of sharp regret; bitterly did he reproach himself for any trouble he had given.

In moments such as these the founts of the heart are opened; the buried affec-tions of the soul are disinterred; our past life rises out of the darkness of oblivion, and confronts us in solemnity. Happy those who have no reason to dread such phantoms!

In various colors were painted before Morgan's montal vision the scenes of the past. Some were pure and fair, telling of boyhood's happy days ere yet the soul had lost its childish innocence; telling of those blissful days when the sweet prayer learned in infancy from a gentle mother's lips was, night and morning, wafted like grateful incense to the Godhead's throne. Others were more bright and golden, brilliant with hope, and tinged with the rosy hue of the lofty aspirations of youth. visions which sport through the sleeper's brain, the whole sank in darkness. * * At length the cloud passed away; the

scene once more emerged into light, but changed was its aspect. More subdued, more peaceful, more trusting was its appearance. The goldon color was no longer there, and the rosy hue was chastened, and screene, and calm. A youth knelt in humble prayer to the Virgin Immaculate, and that prayer was heard. The picture still told of hope and of lofty aspirations, -but of hope beyond the grave, where alone true joy is to be found, and of lofty aspirations for God's glory. There are persons who are never tired

of praising the delights of a sea-voyage. Possibly they never made a lengthy one. A short trip in pleasant weather may be very delightful; the variegated prospects of deep blue sea and distant green knolls arising like giant Tritons from their watery domain, may be quite enchanting. But to be tossed about for weeks on the Atlantic billows, with an unending monotony of sky and sea, is not-one may be pardoned for thinking—the most enjoyable situation in life. Glimpses of sea and sky are charming in a picture, but they are by far too predominant when clossing the ocean. Add to this sameness of view a giddiness of head, an obstinate disposition on the part of the legs to carry you "across decks" instead of straight forward, an abhorrence of food, and a general feeling of indifference to the problem whether the good ship may sink or swim, and it may be doubted if even Byron, under such circumstances,

-(To be continued.)[This spory can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

would go into raptures about the sea.

What a Change

Is wrought in people who suffer from rheumatism when they take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The acidity of the blood, which causes the disease, is neutralized, the blood is purified and vitalized, the aching joints and limbs rest easily and quietly, and a feeling of screene health is imparted. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomptished wonders for thousands subject to rheumatism. Try it yourself.

The Rev. John J. Gray, the first recipient of the Sacrament of Holy Orders at the hands of the venerable Archonly a short time intervened. In com-pany with E'caner he repaired to Mont-lebrated his Silver Jubilee. For the past twenty-three years Father Gray has been rector of St. James Church, Safem, Mass.; and has done effective work in that his-toric town. Enlightened zeal in God's service has marked his whole career,

Good Deeds Done.

The good deeds done by that unequalled family hument, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

Many would wish to die with Jesus Christ, yet they wouldn't endure a hard

Christ, yet they wouldn't endure a hard word for Jesus Christ. Now he who trembles at the noise of a leaf shaken by the wind, how will be have contage to await the blow of a sword ready to light upon him !--St. Bonnerotter.

Coming Events.

Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a meking cough, aight sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never tails to cure coughs, colds, brouchitis, hourseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

To my mind music is an important part of education, when boys have a turn for it. It is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement, perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts, Cardinal Newman.

Culloden Cullings

GENTLEMEN,—In ISSI was severely afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from which I suftered great pain. I was recommended to take furdeck Blood Bitters, which I did, inding great relief, and after taking 4 bottles can truly say I am cured and have not since been troubled. I highly recommend it.

Pretty fatiguing times," said the pedestrian to the policeman. "Yes; a

PETER WEST, Culloden P.O., Ont.

great many people need arrest nowadays." Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

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The efforts a young girl makes to find out who her husband will be, a married woman makes to find out where hers is

the path to the river. I have never seen him since."

A slight sigh escaped her lips; a tear, pure as a dewdrop on a mountain lily, spure possible, of the Church. Italy has ever been divided into various political states, materially differing from each other; they do not want to be united. Each has its past, from which it does not seek to cut itself adrift."

Towards nightfall the land had begun to fade from view; the vessel rolled considers heidental to the sex, and in every its such remarks as these Morgan had between her own in silent sympathy.

With such remarks as these Morgan had bare the schemes of revolutionary out from their aerial hiding-places, as if exulting in the death of the King of the Pope. Not that there was any longer went on deek, and stood for a large, they down the St. Lawrence, On the third evening they had rounded the last headland in the Gulf, and were best heidental to remarks at the coean.

Towards nightfall the land had begun to fade from view; the vessel rolled considers heidental to the sex, and in every sideably, obliging many of the passent with the rest in the cash, which it does not seek their state-rooms.

Morgan went on deek, and stood for a large, they does not seek their state-rooms.

Morgan went on deek, and stood for a large, they does not seek the cut at their state rooms.

Morgan went on deek, and stood for a large, they does not seek the fast required different periods of like were possible, of the Church. Italy has the coean.

Towards nightfall the land had begun to fade from view; the vessel rolled considered the mervous system is an involved that the nervous system is an involved the



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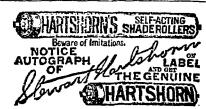
INJURIOUS GUSH.

A Mother Who Objects Very Sensibly to the Habit of Kissing Bables.

"I suppose I was very abrupt, and, pernaps, disagreeable." said a mother of two or three pretty children, as they came in from an outing, to a correspondent of a New York paper, "but I assure you I could not help it. There is nothing that occurs to me when I am out with children which annoys me more than to have strangers literally pounce upon the ba-bies and cover their faces with kisses. Of course I would not have common sense if I did not knew that they are ex tra pretty children. I have heard it ever since they were born, and certainly I ought to have learned it by this time. It I didn't know it any other way I should very soon do so from the public, but I will not allow this promiseuous kissing. The woman who aunoyed me was a middic-aged person with the most atrocious set of teeth, or rather the remains of them that I ever saw. Her breath was almost intolerable, even at the distance 1 stood from her, and I noticed the baby turned nis face away in disgust. Of course, I hated to tell her that I never permitted strangers to kiss the children. All the same I did and am not sorry.

"It is for this reason, largely, that I go out myself when the children are taken for their airing. I find that nurse girls will not guard them against this danger, and I can't permit them to run the risk of getting all sorts of infectious diseases that I know must come from such a condition of the mouth. People really seem to have not the slightest idea that they are guilty of a judeness in of-fering to kiss other people's children; but I consider it such, notwithstanding the fact that I know I am expected to take

it as a compliment. 'I assure you, however, that I would rather such compliments were omitted altogether. I will not engage a nurse girl with poor teeth or offensive breath, or one who has any disease of the lungs, throat or head. I don't think it's safe to do so, and therefore I make the most rigid inquiries in this respect; and good health and a clean mouth are among the imperative demands when I engage my







THE AZI TO EXALIM.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of tho Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, careging off gradually without weak ning the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Hearthurn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rhoum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Norfula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Davilly; all these and many other similar Companits yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Horse Flesh.

The interesting fact may as well be told that the people of Paris have consumed within the year 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys and 40 mules, the meat weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where this kind of food is sold, the price has varied from 2d a pound to 10d, the latter being the price of superior horse steaks. But only about one-third of the meat is sold fresh and undisguised; the rest is used in making sausages, and it should be added that 402 horses were seized and condemned as untit for food before entering the sausage state.

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