Exalted is the Mother be raised so high.

Brighter than fabled fairy, orious than the stars or muon thines the resplendent Mary shom the ransom of the world

Her glory now unending effection of God's wondrous light, Her purity unbending sed the lowly to this God-like height.

And, as the Angels wreath her srlands gathered from the Tre

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"How lonely the house is with Edward away!" said Mary Reeves to her friend, Isabel Morton; "I always sel as if the place were haunted un-

leel as if the place were usuallow the is here at night."

"There is certainly an 'eerie' look about this room;" replied Miss Morton, glaneing round the spacious apartment, with its black oak wainsombre oting and old-fashioned, sombre crniture, on which the firelight was laying fitfully, the candles on the mantlepiece only serving to empha-size the gloom of the background; "I wonder you do not have gas laid on nd make your drawing-room a blaze

of light on such occasions."
"That would cost money; we cannot afford to do so. You forget how very poor we were left owing to papa's debts."

papa's debts."
"And his extravagance," thought

Well," she said aloud, "I hope and trust that Eiward will only be away for one evening, or I shall be obliged to go away. The furniture in my room creaks in the most awful manper in the middle of the night, and the shadows are somewhat terrific.
If I hadn't a nightlight I should go out of my mind."
"But it is the light which makes

the shadows!"

"All the same I should die without it. But for the consciousness that my room is between yours and Edward's I really could not stay

"It is a pity you came!" said Mary shortly. The entrance of the servant with a supper-tray put a stop to the

Conversation.

Oldby Manor was an ancient and banded large house, which had been handed down from the father to son, gen-eration after generation. But while its revenues had decreased, the paswalls clattered horribly, the windows rattled. Arm-in-arm the girls owners had steadily increased, so that by degrees the old acres and timbers had been sold, and only the house remained. Money was spent on personal pleasure, gambling, horseracing, and so on; very little was ever bestowed on the dwelling, and gradually it fell into decay.

There were long, rambling corridors, huge, faded-looking rooms, and terror a

ancient suits of rusty armor; alto-gether it was a fit habitation for a ghost, as Mary Reeves often said.

On their father's death, Edward found himself left with next to nothing, and one solitary domestic was all they could afford to keep, for the young man had a righteous horror of debt. Most of the rooms were locked up and deserted; it was hopeless to keep them clean and in a state of preservation, therefore, Mary and Edward made no attempt to do so, but devoted all their energies to keeping some five or six tolerably

Supper over, the girls drew their chairs to the fire and talked. It was a wild night, the wind was

blowing a hurricane, while a storm of rain and sleet dashed against the windows. "Ugh this is awful," said Miss Mor.

ton, whose fear was now growing; I wouldn't live in such a place for any sum of money you could offer me." "It would be a delightful place if

it were renovated, and there were plenty of servants and company,' returned Mary sharply. Now, Miss Morton was not only

very pretty gir! but an heiress in addition, and Mary had invited her down in the hope that she and Edward might eventually captivate one another, for he was a fine, handsome young man.

Up to the present moment, however, though triendly enough, they had not given any apparant token of mutual regard. In reality he loved her, but being poor was too proud to propose to so rich a girl.

'Oh, yes, if," said Isabel Morton. The ivy was now tapping against the windows, making a horrible

"Suppose we light some more candles and sit up all night?" she continued.

Mary shook her head, "We should look so washed out to morrow, and you know Elward is going to bring his great friend, Mr. Parker," Isabel

smiled. "And we must look charming in order to fascinate this rich and

in order to fascinate this rich and desirable young man.

"Here is your candle," said Mary, rising; "Susan is gone to bed, and we must go also."

Isabel gave a shiver as the mantelpiece candles were blown out.

Stepping into the corridor they heard the winds wailing along the passages and by the corners of the house. The girls said good-night and parted; Isabel feeling strongly inclined to ask Mary to sleep with her. The ivy made such a fearful noise against her casement that, after a pause, she heroically nerved herself to push aside the curtains and look out.

look out.
But the view added to her fears for through the black night she could just see the tower of the old church near, and the glimmer of the white gravestones. She replaced the curtains, and, in fear and trembling, went to bed, leaving her candle burning in addition to the night

seemed alive. She was in a state of terror as the wind boomed down the terror as the wind boomed down the chimney, and almost extinguished the lights. More than once she knocked at the wall, hoping to arouse Mary, but that young lady was fast asleep and did not hear. Twelve o'clock struck, then 1, 2, 3.

It was just after the church clock It was just after the church clock had solemnly sounded three that Isabel sat up in bed, her eyes starting with horror. For she had distinctly heard a loud report in the house, the report of a pistol, and she knew that there were no firearms in the house except Edward's, which were always locked up. Who then was this who, in the dead of the night, had invaded the premises?

the premises?

The sound had aroused Mary, who came in the next minute in her dressing gown, her face white with

For a few moments the two girls clung to one another and said noth-ing. Then Mary spoke. "We must go and see what it is." "We can't," said Isabel.

"But suppose someone has attacked poor old Susan?" "What good could we do? We can't

"If someone has broken in he will probably murder us also if we make no effort to escape," said Mary, whose pirit was now roused. "Let us dress nd then look round."

With trembling fingers they managed to attire themselves hurriedly, and in deadly fear, then, armed with the fire-arms, made their way towards Susan's room, which was at some little distance, near the kit-

shen. Isabel's limbs shook so she could carcely walk, and yet she knew that it would have been worse to remain behind. The armor on the walls clattered horribly, the windows

Candle she carried with her head.

But within a few paces of Susans' room she stood still, appalled for, from beneath the wainscot of the apartment adjoining, a stream of dark-red blood was slowly oozing.

With a shriek they both fled down the corridor, throwing away the corridor, throwing away the corridor, throwing away the corridor.

mad terror, and trying to make their way to the front door.

Then Mary remembered the many and heavy fastenings to that door, and knew that her hands would refuse to undo them quickly enough.

"We must break one of the drawing-room windows," she said; and after much stumbling over the turniture, they managed to traverse the large room.

With a desperate courage Mary took up a footstool and dashed it through the glass. The aperture thus made admitted of the egress of both. although Isabel cut her hand somewhat badly. Quite unheeding this, she ran across the garden with Mary, the blood flowing on to her dress. But in her excitement she did not notice this, and felt no pain. It was not until the girls had left the grounds and gained the high road that they spoke to one another. The wind was still raging, the rain fall-ing, and the road very lonely, but anything was better than remaining in that dreadful house where murder had been committed.

"Poor old Susan," said Mary, mournfully, "she was such a faithful, good creature."

Where are we going?" asked Isa-

"We must make our way to the police station at Everton, the nearest town, for we are quite away from any neighbors here; most of them ve in the by-lanes at some little distance."

The girls walked on steadily for three miles, their trepidation too great for conversation.

The morning began to dawn when, lo! the clatter of horse's hoofs were heard, and the figures of two horse men loomed dimly in sight. They would have passed by rapidly had not Isabel screamed "Stop! stop! we want your help."

The two gentlemen reined in their horses, and one dismounted.

threw her arms around his neck and sobbed. It was Edward. In great amazement he recognized her, quite at a loss to account both for her ap

at a loss to account both for her ap pearance and the warm greeting she had given him. And then he saw the blood on her dress, and in great alarm, exclaimed: "Why, my dar-ling, what is the matter? What has happened?"

Meantime, his friend had also dis-mounted and researched.

nounted, and was questioning

Mary:

On hearing the facts, a brief consultation took place between the two gentlemen. Mr. Parker was in favor of taking the young ladies into Everton and returning with the police, but Edward urged that poor Susan might not be killed but only injured, it would be inhument.

injured, it would be inhuman to leave her longer alone. "If there are any ruffians about, "If there are any ruffians about, you and I will have to show fight" he said: "we shall go quicker if we take the girls up on our horses."

So he lifted Isabel up in front of him, and Mr. Parker did the same with Mary.

"But how did you come here?" she

"We took the night train, and discovered, too late, that it stopped ten miles from Everton. There was nothing for it but ride."

"You could have stayed "Ted insisted on going on."

The conversation between the other pair had become very tender, although on approaching Oldby Manor Isabel again began to shiver. They walked the horses up to the house and left them, making their way to the drawing-room window.

"So you two valiant young women were afraid to see poor Susan, afraid even to unbolt the front door," said Elward; but at the same time his face were a look of grave concern, peril in store for them all.

The struggling light caused every object to look black. In silence the quartette wended their way through the corridors to a short distance from Susan's room.

"Now," said Edward, "if any ruffian comes out to tackle us, Par-ker and I will settle him, and you girls had better scream; screaming has rather a good effect on burglars,

He had a heavy stick in his hand. while Mr. Parker held a pistol.

The girls' heart beat to suffocation

as they saw the red stream, and the young men had a very uncomfortable sensation. Edward stepped across, followed by the others. He grasped the handle of Susan's door, turned it resolutely, and went in.

To all appearance the old was sleeping peacefully still in her bed, but the light was uncertain, and it was possible she might be

dead. He laid his hand gently on he shoulder, and shook her slightly. 'Dear, dear, dear," she exclaimed,

'No, sir; but it looks as if I ought to get up with so much company up

With hearty relief they left the room. But how was the blood to be accounted for?

Edward prepared to enter the coom whence it had flowed, but Isapel threw her arms around his neck and implored him for her sake, not to do so.

"I must, my darling," he said, resolutely, and entering, shut the door. Silence ensued, a long, dreadful

ilence. None of the party moved until Mr. Parker said : "It is absurd of Ted to have shut he door; I will go and see what he

The girls accompanied him. There was Edward sitting down on a chair convulsed with laughter, unable to

speak.
"What is it, Ted," asked Mr. Parker, looking anxiously round. Edward pointed to a huge jar, his

laughter still uncontrollable. And then the explanation of their fright occurred to every one. The room was a storeroom, a jar of pickled cabbage had fermented and burst, and this was the cause of the

red stream! * * * * Oldby Manor is no longer eerie and desolate; it has been completely renovated, while merry children run about, and hosts of guests and servants fill the deserted chambers. Edward does not forget the joke against his wife, while Mary, who is now Mrs. Parker, declares that it is ous element that enters so largely into the only a man who could see a joke in the affair at all.

Safe. Sure and Painless

heard, and the figures of two horsemen loomed dimly in sight. They would have passed by rapidly had not Isabel screamed "Stop! stop! we want your help."

The two gentlemen reined in their horses, and one dismounted. Without another word Isabel word upon by imitations or substitutes.

stuck deep in the past; it rests on the Books of Moses as well as on the Gospels, and these latter, hardly assailable in front, so overwhelming is the collateral evidence supporting them, would undoubtedly suffer, if an unhistorical character could

suffer, if an unhistorical character could be given to the former, on the indisputable evidence of certain and clearly ascertained facts. Keeping these things in view, anyone who is ever so little acquainted with the activity of modern unbelief will find no difficulty in understanding the incessant attacks made on the authorship as well as on the historical character of the Books of Moses.

It is a singular instance of Moses. It is a singular instance of Nemesis walking in the track of terror, that Germany, the country which proclaimed the supremacy of the Bible over everything else, and made it the one rule of faith, should come to be the place were its authority, and all its claims to authority, should be not only questioned, but denied and set aside. The Bible—leave us the Bible! exclaimed Luther, in the 16th

century. Away with Popes and councils, tradition, and church! And Luther had his way; Pope and council, s. e., Catholicism, lost all hold on Germany for centuries, and what is the result? Two hunturies, and what is the result? Two hundred years sufficed to undermine the Bible, so that since the beginning of this century there is hardly to be found a leading German writer, outside the Catholic Church, whose belief in, or respect for the holy book approaches the old standard—the Catholic one—while vast numbers utterly reject its authority, or at least its supernatural character. It would serve no purpose to relate in detail the incidents of the war against the sacred Scriptures, which opening in 1774, has continued up to the present. It would continued up to the present theories and system of interpretation, by means of which men, otherwise learned and accommission of the present the presen plished, sought to get rid of the miracu ous element that enters so largely into the sacred writings. It is the less necessary to speak of them singly, as they destroy each other. Geologis's account fof the comparatively rare appearance of some of the strange and uncount forms of animal life of the earlier periods of the earth's formation, by saying, they perished in great numbers, being preyed upon by other monsters larger and more uncouth which devoured them. Something similar has happened in the march of biblical criticism. The names of Eichorn, Semler Paulus, the two Baura, and Straues, now merely raise up a vision of extravagant

just as were the Irish melodies in our country. It is a startling conclusion surely and fearfully strong must be the evidence that thus upsets, a fact youched for in almost every book of the Bible. The New Testament as well as the Old quotes Moses as the writer, and the fact was held for thousands of years, not alone by all Just and all Christians. the fact was held for thousands of years, not alone by all Jews and all Christians, but all Pagans as well. Well, you shall have these arguments. They are only two plus any number of conjectures that need not detain us on which this astounding theory is advanced. The first is: God is named in two different ways in the Pentateuch—sometimes Elohim, at others Jehovah or Jahveh: therefore, say they, there was an Elohistic writer and a Jehovisic, or at least Elohistic or Jehovistic fragments. It does not matter that both these names occur throughout—Elohim, in the first verse, Jehovah in the description of the deluge—that they occur together in the same sentence—that the

MAY 15, 1429

**MILICATE OF SACRED Silvery and the control of the sacred; but noise is not reason, and contempt becomes ridiculous when it is found to be a disquise thrown over a very weak case. And side by side with their productions, there has been gathered a rich store of trust-worthy evidence of every hind, to which additions are made constantly, that forms a brilliant defence of every point our opponents have assailed. It is surely a glorious thing, and one for which all Christians are bound to feel grateful, that the age which has been most prolific in assailants of the truth of Scripture, should be made rich beyond all the others, by the discovery and production of confirmatory evidence of that truth, and that difficulties which were of old simply insoluble, should vanish in the light which Egyptian and Assyrian discoveries have thrown and still continue to throw on these venerable records.

I fear I have been allowing myself to wander a little beyond the limits of my subject, so I shall draw in now and bring my remarks to the point in question—a point at which I was aiming in what has gone before—the position and weight to be given to Moses in relation to the first five books of the Bible. Modern Rationalists deny the authorship—some go so fars to question the existence—of Moses. Renan will not hear of him; neither one my suppose would Professor Huxley. The Pentateuch, instead of being written by Englishmen on Ireland for centuries, and yet nothing is always and all Christians, but all Ragans as well. Well, you shall have these arcuments. They are cold-than the propose of the stream of the propose of the course of the stream of the rown country. It is a startling conclusion arrelated to the work of some one living after two dear the captivity in Babylon, full as they are cold-the proposed to take note of that colouring after the Captivity in Babylon, full as they are cold-the proposed to the plant of the colouring after the Captivity in Babylon, full as they are cold-the proposed to the proposed to take note of the tother than the surface of the colouring after the Ca

these books.

We owe it to the present century that we are able to take note of that colouring and to verify in numberless cases the references, geographical, historical and social, or domestic that are found in these books. For centuries Egypt was a land of wonders—her pyramids, her colossal statues—some of them representing seated figures seventy feet high—her sphinxes and her strange but singularly grecoful obelisks, the beauty of which you will appreciate thoroughly if, when you see them in Rome or Paris, or London, you try to bring before your mind a modern imitation, the Wellington memorial in Phos ix Park. The traces of advanced civilization

found in every part of her for centuries as they form contrast with actual equalor but the history of that ancis was lost, the names of the reared these gigantic structs known; Egypt, a land of w land of mystery too. and land of mystery too, and corded by others, as for inst odotus, was in some impo misleading. Thus Voltaire out of Herodotus's staten out of Herodotus's states Egyptians were unacquaint up to a comparatively magainst the books of Moses alons to it are of frequent of mention only Pharoah's cushared the prison with Jose it easy to answer the object own times, when some old sto light, older than Moses, be seen the whole process of and grape gathering. We the Egyptians were no strifermented juice of the grare representations of Egymen, borne away from a vants, about whose conditioned the conditional conditions to the condition of doubt. Ladies too, we lee behind their lords and mast there is one group, where the truthful than gallant, show alightly under the influence hurrying with a basin, just late to prevent all the unpquences of what was clearly. In truth everything conce Egypt was a mystery; and abounded. There was sea that did not bear an inscript from top to bottom, on the each obelisk—the walls, pillars of the buildings and between the pillars were them. Every mummy case fin, and the wrapping mummy were inscribed in the other form of the old lacter. But the secret of inscriptions was not know the enigma was lost, and it have been found but for ever huncated with Egypt and her I have here what will just se idea of the hieroglyphs—twentick in the secret with I am indebted to the which I am indebted to the

which I am indebted to the talented young friend. names of Ptolemy and C the characters explained by The signs are rough pictu objects taken from the animate, inanimate, and h are to be found birds, bes are to be found birds, betteres and plants, geometric tions of the human frame, all nearly a thousand varivery far away from the two sonants and vowels of the oby which we modern can shade of thought by a variety of sound. Egyptia the equivalent of the letters precisely. Many stand f precisely. Many stand f signified; many others for part of it by which the ob-and, as this sound must ha-lent in letters, they stand the end. As a rule each g the end. As a rule each g
glyphs gives, with the name
a picture of it, or a sign thi
picture, which is called a de
All this is the outcome of
search. In all probability t search. In all probability twould be a mystery at this the discovery of what is call Stone, now in the British which was dug up by some ers at the time of the invasunder the first Napoleon. of black granite having on an inscription in three co an inscription in three co three different forms of first is hieroglyphic, the sec a popular corruption of third is Greek. Later on tr inscription in two languages in the Island of Phila, which great assistance to Champinscriptions were public decr peated in two languages. custom then, as we learn fro tion, Pilate caused to be cross on which our Lord suf cross on which our Lord safe possible now to take the find iscovery. The next came previously noted, that the of rulers were distinguish other words of an is being enclosed in a kin With these data Champwork. In the Greek co Roselta Stone was found temy; in that of Phila, Cleop their names have five letters P T E L O. It flashed on the companion of the letter by which the C the object represented begigure of the eagle should for a "ahom" being Coptic lion, "," from "labo." The solved—patience and care comparison did the rest, died at the early age of 42, death he had the consolation his Egyptian Grammar an which have quided the langer of the supplementation of the consolation is Egyptian Grammar an which have quided the langer of the supplementation of the came of his Egyptian Grammar and which have guided the in-all who followed him. The ing ancient Egyptian inscrion still, because new monum

strong corroborative light passages of sacred history a it would seem as if some needed to check the insolen TO BE CONTINUE Scott's Emulsion of

discovered yearly; but alregress made has revealed to treasure of ancient lore, a

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HY Is more reliable as an agent Consumption, Chronic Con ciation, than any remedy ke cal science. It is so prep potency of these two most va-fics is largely increased. I palatable.

A Pleasing Dut "I feel it my duty to say
Borton, of Desert P. Q, "
Blood Bitters cured my wif
plaint, from which she had
sufferer. Her distressing,
ptoms soon gave way, and
recommend the medicine sa she did."