

Works, Christian friends, is my motto. By their works shall ye know them, and there is mine.

The particular and accepted work to which Mr. Thompson was alluding had turned quite pale, and was looking fixedly toward an open door leading to the verandah, lately filled by gazing servant, and now the scene of some vague tumult. As the noise continued, a man shabbily dressed, and evidently in liquor, broke through the opposing guardians, and staggered into the room. The transition from the fog and darkness without to the glare and heat within, evidently dazzled and stupefied him. He removed his battered hat, and passed it once or twice before his eyes, as he steadied himself, but unsuccessfully, by the back of the chair. Suddenly, his wandering glance fell upon the pale face of Charles Thompson; and with a gleam of childlike recognition, and a very weak laugh, he darted forward, caught at the table, upset the glasses, and literally fell upon the prodigal's breast.

"Shally! yo'd—d ol' scoun'rel, hoo ray ye!"

"Hush!—sit down!—hush!" said Charles Thompson, hurriedly endeavouring to extricate himself from the embrace of his unexpected guest.

"Look at 'm!" continued the stranger, unheeding the admonition, but suddenly holding the unfortunate Charles at arms' length, in loving and festive appearance.

"Look at 'm! Ain't he nasty? Shally! I'm prov of yer!"

"Leave the house!" said Mr. Thompson rising, with a dangerous look in his cold, gray eye. "Charles, how dare you?"

"Simmer down, ole man! Shally, who's th' ol' bloot? Eh?"

"Hush, man! here, take this!" With nervous hands, Charles Thompson filled a glass with liquor. "Drink it and go—until to-morrow—any time, but—leave us!—go now!"

But even then, ere the miserable wretch could drink, the old man, pale with passion, was upon him. Half carrying him in his powerful arms, half dragging him through the circling crowd of frightened guests, he had reached the door, swung open by the waiting servants, when Charles Thompson started from a seeming stupor, crying—

"Stop!"

The old man stopped. Through the open door the fog and wind drove chillily. "What does this mean?" he asked, turning a baleful face on Charles.

"Nothing—but stop—for God's sake. Wait till to-morrow, but not to-night. Do not—I implore you—do this thing.

There was something in the tone of the young man's voice—something, perhaps, in the contact of the struggling wretch he held in his powerful arms; but a dim, indefinite fear took possession of the old man's heart. "Who," he whispered hoarsely, "is this man?"

Charles did not answer.

"Stand back, there, all of you!" thundered Mr. Thompson, to the crowding guests around him. "Charles—come here! I command you—I—I—I—beg you—tell me who is this man?"

Only two persons heard the answer that came faintly from the lips of Charles Thompson: "Your son."

When the day broke over the bleak sand-hills, the guests had departed from Mr. Thompson's banquet hall. The lights still burned dimly and coldly in the deserted rooms—deserted by all but three figures that huddled together in the chill drawing room, as if for warmth. One lay in drunken slumber on a couch; at his feet sat he who had been known as Charles Thompson; and beside them, haggard and shrunken to half his size, bowed the figure of Mr. Thompson, his gray eyes fixed, his elbows upon his knees, and his hands clasped over his ears, as if to shut out the sad, entreating voice that seemed to fill the room.

"God knows I did not set about to willfully deceive. The name I gave that night was the first that came into my thought—the name of one whom I thought dead—the dissolute companion of my shame. And when you questioned further, I used the knowledge that I gained from him to touch your heart to set me free—only, I swear, for that! But when you told me who you were, and I described saw the opening of another life before me—then—then—O, sir, if I was hungry, homeless, and reckless when I would have robbed you of your gold, I was heart sick, helpless, and desperate when I would have robbed you of your love."

The old man stirred not. From his luxurious couch the newly found prodigal snored peacefully.

"I had no father I could claim. I never knew a home but this. I was tempted. I have been happy—very happy."

He rose and stood before the old man. "Do not fear that I shall come between your son and his inheritance. To-day I leave this place, never to return. The world is large, sir, and, thanks to your kindness, I now see the way by which an honest livelihood is gained. Good-by. You will not take my hand? Well, well, Good-by."

He turned to go. But when he had reached the door he suddenly came back, and, raising with both hands the grizzled head, he kissed it once and twice.

"Charles!"

open. There came to him the awakened tumult of a great city, in which the prodigal's footsteps were lost for ever.—BARR HARTS.

A Tremendous Responsibility.

It is to be doubted whether any powerful and governing person ever thinks whether any such person has ever thought with sufficient gravity and just terror of the tremendous responsibility he incurs in beginning or continuing war. Men are not without remorse, without terrible remorse for their private sins. But how many of the sins are committed in moments of passion under hideous temptations, from dire pressure of circumstances, when the actors are goaded by fear, anger, envy, want, jealousy, or other imperative scourges of the human soul. Was it mostly a matter of calculation and judgement. It is not at least, in modern times, a hasty affair. The promoter of war has in general plenty of time to reconsider, with all due sobriety, the resolve which he may have made in anger, or in the intoxication of vain glory.

The world is old enough now to have furnished sufficient examples, even to the least literate of monarchs, generals, or statesmen, of wars, which have terminated with signal success apparently, i. e. as far as the mere war was concerned, but with utter failure as far as the purpose were concerned for which the war was really undertaken. The coveted territory is not added or if added, is found to be a burden rather than a gain; the ally, to please whom the war was begun, is alienated, rather than made grateful; the prestige of power and sagacity is damaged rather than augmented; the home government is rendered more difficult than less so, now that the war has come to a conclusion. These results do not always happen, but they have happened with sufficient frequency to make the oldest man if he has any wisdom corresponding with his boldness, pause and ponder before he undertakes an enterprise which all history has pronounced to be so dubious in its issues as war. I put aside the ugly questions which such a man should ask himself, whether the result if gained can compensate for the enormous amount of human suffering which it must demand, and whether he, the main promoter of the war, is in the eyes of God or man justified in incurring the awful hazard of producing calamities of which, in this world, he has often personally to endure a small share. Taking all these things into consideration, it may well, I repeat, be doubted whether any conqueror, or warlike state-man, or military monarch has ever done his conscientious scruple sufficient justice before he has come to the dread resolve of commencing a war the burden of which commensurate is to be upon his soul forever. Better be the maimed soldier, the ruined peasant, the bayoneted child, the dishonored mother—better endure the whole misery of a disastrous campaign, collected and heaped upon one person, if such a thing could be—then have the fatal responsibility which lies upon that man, who in wantonness or selfishness, or even from reckless miscalculation, has been the main promoter of a war that might have been avoided.

I have used advisedly the words, "the main promoter of a war," because, even with powerful, warlike and self-willed monarchs, there might be few wars, if their counsellors were like the vizier of the Persian king, Nushiravan. The counsellor of this king had borne him, when hunting, far away from his courtiers, and his vizier alone kept up with him, and rode by his side. They came upon a desolate village. Two birds there were conferring together in song, and their notes were more contracted than the heart of the king.

"What is this twittering?" said the monarch.

"Oh! light of earth," replied the vizier, "I would tell if the king would be a learner by it. This bird gave in marriage yesterday his daughter to that bird, who demands early in the morning the bridal fortune, saying, 'this deserted village thou wilt give up to us, and so many besides thou wilt make over to us.'"

"The other bird replies, 'Depart from this proposal; see the injustice of Nushiravan, and go; be not anxious. If the king will be such, in no long time, for this one desolate village I will give thee a hundred thousand.'"

The king smote his head with his hand and wept. "See my tyranny," he exclaimed; "that I make a seat for owls, where there should be only tame birds."

"The Creator gave me a kingdom, to the intent that I should not do that which can produce no good. I, whose brass they have besmeared with gold, (his courtier's flattering) am doing those acts which he has not ordered." And the monarch's anguish was so keen, and his loud cries of self-reproach were so warm, that by his breath the shoes of his horse were softened. He rode back to the station of his troops, and his face was not as the face of the king Nushiravan.

The scent of his lenity reached throughout his whole empire. Thenceforward he diffused justice and trampled on iniquity, and until his last breath he departed not from these good courses.

But there are few viziers like the vizier of Nushiravan, and the despotic monarch seldom finds one by his side who can interpret the twittering of birds so wisely, and who dares to rebuke with boldness the man who sustains him in power and emolument.—ARTHUR HELMS.

HARBOR GRACE, DECEMBER 20, 1872.

MAILS, per "Hibernian," arrived here yesterday; principal news anticipated by telegraph.

A LECTURE on "the cause of the potato disease and its cure," will be delivered by M. Carroll, Esq., at the British Hall this evening—chair to be taken at 7 o'clock. From the importance of the subject and the ability of the lecturer we are inclined to believe that the occasion will be one of great interest. This subject has engrossed the attention of many talented minds; but so far no effectual cure has been prescribed for the potato disease. If Mr. Carroll succeeds in imparting to us a recipe for the cure of this disease, we will look upon him as a public benefactor indeed.

The Young Men's Christian Association continue to hold their meetings at the Temperance Hall on Sabbath mornings. Their efforts in behalf of moral improvement have so far been eminently successful, and it is to be hoped that a large attendance will be present next Sabbath morning; time of meeting, half-past 9 o'clock.

On Saturday evening a man named Tobin, living on Carter's Lane, attempted to climb up the roof of his house to extinguish a fire in the chimney, but slipped and fell to the ground. Rumor had it at once that he was dead; but Rumor was wrong. Tobin escaped with only a few bruises and a slight dislocation of the shoulder.

A more serious accident took place yesterday afternoon. A horse, belonging to Mr. Peter Neville, Top-ail road, and driven in a sleigh by Mr. Neville's son, James, took fright in Muggave Terrace, and, the reins having parted the horse became unmanageable. Just as the animal got in to full swing, the daughter of a man named Mills chanced to be on the road, carrying a couple of water pails. The horse's hoof struck the little girl on the side of the head, causing a severe wound and immediate unconsciousness. The horse dashed on, turned at the corner by the Bakehouse ground, down round the ordinary yard, and up Duckworth street at a furious pace. Passing by Joe's Lane he knocked another girl down; she, however, received no injury. The horse continued on up town, and was stopped by the police near Mr. Stevens's house, River Head. Fragments of the sleigh marked his track along Duckworth street and up River Head; and when caught he was found, to have shaken off all encumbrances except the harness and sleigh shafts.

The injured girl was taken home and cared for immediately after the accident, and was pronounced out of danger last night, though very much hurt. From what we could hear, no blame can be attached to the driver, except that he should have looked more carefully to the quality of the rein attached to his horse.—Chronicle Dec. 16.

The following communication has been handed to us by the Postmaster General for publication.—Chronicle of Tuesday.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, No 140, 16th December, 1872.

SIR,—I am directed by his excellency to inform you that the Secretary of State for the Colonies has intimated by telegram to the Governor, that the Postmaster General, London, has consented to the proposed reduction in the Postage on Letters to and from Newfoundland via Halifax, from six pence to three pence per half oz, commencing on the 1st January next.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant HENRY SHEA.

JOHN DELANEY, Postmaster General.

Adversity.

Altho' the subject which I have selected for this short essay may not be a pleasing one to many of the STAR's readers, yet, in the hands of a better essayist, much can be said in connection with what is embodied in the word "adversity" pregnant with meaning to those who are exempt from the sufferings occasioned by the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, as well as to many who are placidly sailing over the sea of life in the "full blaze" of the former class I will principally confine my remarks, and in so doing, will briefly advert to the subjects of adversity as more especially deserving of commiseration. Those who enter life under auspicious circumstances and continue to bask in the sunshine of increasing good fortune, know little of the

"hear-ache and thousand shocks" that he is heir to, whose bane it is to meet adversity in every enterprise. Men have been known to breast the current of adverse fortune with indomitable perseverance, actuated by the hope of ultimately triumphing; but, alas! how often have their almost superhuman efforts proved abortive, and they have been obliged at length to succumb, broken in spirit, their hair prematurely silvered over with the cruel hand of trouble, and their furrowed brows bearing the impress of untold grief. Others have, notwithstanding many misfortunes in youth, succeeded in after years; and by dint of intense application and unflagging zeal, raised themselves to positions of independence and affluence. But this may be attributed, in a great measure, to the assistance of philanthropic friends. While success in life mainly depends upon energy and determination, nevertheless, many of the most successful business men of the day ascribe their prosperity to assistance rendered by the helping hands and cheering words of others. Some time since, while conversing with an old gentleman on business matters generally, I ventured to ask a few questions regarding his early business career and the means by which he amassed his large fortune. He replied, "I started in life with very fair prospects; but after a few years, by two or three unfortunate speculations, lost all. One evening while taking a walk, and brooding over my troubles, I met an old friend. After exchanging the usual greetings, he made enquiry as to the state of my business affairs. I informed him, and in doing so expressed my intention of "closing up!" my recent failures having entirely discouraged me. "Try again," he said, "I will assist you." I did try again, and was successful; and I now consider myself indebted to him for all that I possess." This is sufficient proof of what encouragement can do. Let us, therefore, strive to befriend those who are less fortunate than ourselves. Life, at best is but an evanescent scene. Let us, therefore, lend each other a helping hand, and by so doing we will smoothen the pillow for many a weary head and assist the unfortunate to break through the otherwise impervious barriers of adversity. "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor; for if they fall the one will lift up his fellow. But woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he has not another to help him up."—ECCLES. IV., 9, 10.

Dec. 19.

CRENDENDA.

A LONDON American writes to the "Standard":—"Mr. Serjeant Bates, who bears the Stars and Stripes across England, is of distinguished kin. A brother of the late Hon. Edward Bates, the Attorney-General under the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and connected with the late Joshua Bat s, the great banker, he first entered public life as an advocate of distinguished qualities, appearing as attorney in the now famous case of the United States vs. George A. Fred Townsend. He gradually rose to eminence until he became one of the ornaments of the American Bar. His fondness for British institutions led him to adopt the title of Serjeant (not Sergeant) Bates. Odd as it may seem to behold a lawyer of his great reputation carrying a flag through a strange country, yet it may be termed one of those curious and pardonable freaks which are sometimes developed in the characters of great enthusiasts. General Adam Badaud has written a very excellent biography of Serjeant Bates, published among "Beadle's Biographies."

WHILE a party of Royal Engineers, under Quartermaster-Sergt. Gallagher, were engaged throwing up a battery near Prince Edward's Bastion, on the Lower Lines at Chatham, one of the men, Sapper Goodall, turned up, about three feet below the surface, a massive piece of gold. The gold is almost in the shape of the "crook" of a cornet, the outside being fluted, one end being about half an inch and the other five-eighths of an inch in diameter; it weighs about two pounds. The gold on being tested was found to be worth about £130. The relic is in the possession of the Commandant of the School of Military Engineers, and it will be forwarded to the officers of the Crown as treasure trove. How it came to be buried where found is a matter of mere conjecture; it is supposed that the gold formed part of a sceptre.

A paper advertises for a "girl for cooking." They are better raw.

Latest Despatches.

NEW GLASGOW, Dec. 13. The horse disease is raging here. The horses in Mr. Church's livery stables, and stage coach stables are badly affected. The disease is spreading in the country districts. It is very bad on the East River. Considerable mortality is anticipated.

A furious snow storm has been raging all day. Considerable snow has fallen, and blown into banks. The cuttings on the railway are blocked up very much. The express train from Truro is now (4 p.m.) at Glangarry, and cannot get through without the aid of a snow plough.

MONTREAL, 13. The Anglican Synod resolved to-day to allow the House of Bishops to nominate a candidate for missionary. The Bishop to be elected by the Lower House.

QUEBEC, 13. Another action has been taken against Cauchon for the purpose of imposing a penalty of \$500 for each day he has illegally occupied a seat in the Legislative Assembly since the opening of the recent Session.

LONDON, 12. The Left in the Assembly is much centured for raising inopportune the question of dissolution, and thus giving the Germans a pretext for exacting its guarantees for the payment of the war indemnity and for refusing to evacuate the country.

M. Gouillard, minister of the Interior has instructed the Prefects to prohibit the signing of petitions for the dissolution. The debate will not be on the petitions now coming in, but those that were presented at the last session of the Assembly.

BERLIN, 12. News has been received of Herr Manche, the German explorer of Africa, that he had arrived at Gullimane, on his way home and was in good health.

LONDON, 13. It is reported that the employees of all the English railway companies will strike on the 6th of January.

The Lady Doughty, who was a prominent witness in the Tichborne trial, is dead. She had been ill for some time.

The ship "Gustave" belonging to Nantz, has been lost at sea with all on board.

NEW YORK, 13. Gold 112 1-8. Slight exchange 10 1-8.

The German Consul-General here, published an appeal for aid for the Baltic provinces. The terrible inundation of last month having devastated 500 miles of territory, destroyed entire villages, cattle, horses, gathered crops, etc., and drowned hundreds of persons.

A Montreal despatch, says anxiety is felt for the safety of the steamship "Commander," Captain F. Chambers, which cleared at Montreal, Nov. 2, for Queenstown or Palmouth, with a full cargo of corn, intending to call at Sydney, C. B., at which port she has not made her appearance. It is feared she has foundered in the Gulf.

NORTH SYDNEY, 14. A heavy south east gale, with snow, prevailed yesterday from 4 a.m. to 2 p.m. Several vessels were wrecked and a considerable lot of property destroyed.

THE British colonies surpass the mother country for liberality of thought with reference to the marriage laws. A Melbourne telegram, conveys the intelligence that the bill sanctioning marriage with a deceased wife's sister has passed the Legislature. By the same telegram we are informed that the captain and the mate of the ship Carl have been condemned to death for the murder of the Polynesians during the expedition fitted out for the purpose of procuring or stealing slaves for the Australian market. Had the doctor who accompanied the expedition, and partly owned the vessel, not turned Queen's evidence, he also would have shared the fate of his comrades in the crime.

THERE was a death registered in England in 1870 from every one of the following causes:—the bite of an adder, the bite of a rat, a cat sleeping on the face, swallowing a pin, swallowing a cherry stone, putting a bead in the ear, hæmorrhage from the extraction of a tooth. These were all deaths of children. An old man died from the bite of a rat; and a woman from the prick of a thorn.

THE well known Mary Somerville Naples. She is ninety-second year.

TWENTY-FIVE from the highest and landed predated by the Emperor is believed that to carry the Republic.

THE Naples the 10th ult., d. Capodimonte, a manual was at struck the next age. His Majesty the repast.

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OUR Berlin that at the tim conference the M. de Canofar isters, to Berlin bled Sovereigns half with King petition was, t should be rest wish having those whom it seems to be s fulfilled, provid to abstain from Times.

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Dec. 16—Pareje Baine, Joinste