

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

(By Georgina Peil Curtis.)

I.
dog. Feeling the flannels carefully, Mary exclaimed:

"Oh! Eileen! It's a baby!"
A baby!" said the elder sister in amaze. "A baby here, and at this hour. Some Mexican's child, I suppose, though it is not like them to abandon their offspring."

"It may be dead," said the younger sister. "It is cold and does not move, and God knows how long it has been here."

Light broke on Eileen as they hurried back to the house, Mary holding the little one in her arms. "That knock," she said; "it was over an hour ago, and the baby must have been out in the cold since then."

Once in the house, Eileen put fresh logs on the fire, and then joined her sister who had laid the little bundle on the lounge and was rapidly untying the knots.

Mary's soul was in her deep blue eyes as the last knot came undone, and unwinding the mass of flannel, a beautiful infant, apparently about six months old, was revealed to their astonished gaze. No Mexican baby this, but rather such a child as any one, from a king down to a peasant, might have envied. The sisters uttered a cry of amazement, and then the mother instinct, strong in both, told them what to do.

"He is not dead," said Eileen, "see his little heart still beats; but he is numb by the cold."

Quickly she set to work, and their combined efforts were not long in reviving the child. Reanimated by the vigorous rubbing and warmth, the little one finally opened his blue eyes and stared around with the beautiful far-off gaze of early babyhood. Who could he be, how came he there, and why? Questions that long remained unanswered, as the most diligent inquiry and advertising failed to reveal his parentage.

How had the child been left near the O'Neills' door? Some said the mother, or whoever brought him there, must have passed through the country in a trail wagon. Others that the man or woman must have hid in a freight train that passed north every morning, and that went south again about half past nine every night. There would be just time to run up the hill from the station, leave the child, and board the freight again on its journey south. Eileen remembered hearing the whistle of the departing locomotive about five minutes after the knock at the door had called her out.

"Is anyone there?" she called; and receiving no answer she stepped out the wide gallery, trying in vain to pierce the dark, starlit night. Silence profound reigned, and presently, beginning to feel the intense cold and hearing no sound, she returned to the house, bolting the door after her.

Locks and bolts on a Texas ranch are usually unknown, and considered superfluous even where they exist;

but since the death of John O'Neill, a year ago, their isolated position had made the sisters cautious, hence the fastening of the door. For an hour longer they sat over the warm fire, which was now dying out, until the clock struck ten, when Eileen arose. Lighting a lantern, she threw a shawl over her head, and emerging from the house took her way to the barn, accompanied by a magnificent Irish setter, who, in the darkness, manifested an unholy desire to trip her up by getting between her feet. Eileen tried the barn door, and finding it locked, turned away satisfied. Two Mexican boys slept in the loft, and it was the mighty duty of the older sister to see that they were inside the barn and the door fastened, before retiring herself.

Thesetter had disappeared, so turning around Eileen began picking her way over the stony, uneven path that led back to the house. Suddenly the dog began barking furiously.

"Brian," she called. "Brian," and as he still continued to bark, she raised her voice. "Brian, Brian, Brian, come here."

The tawny hide of the setter suddenly appeared alongside of her, then disappeared again, returning almost instantly, his handsome head bent toward the ground, every movement of his eager, quivering body showing that he had something to impart. Eileen understood.

"Mary," she called. "Mary," and as the younger sister appeared, framed in the open door like a silhouette, the elder rapidly explained: "Brian has found something," she said. "Come with me, and we will look."

Aided by the light of the lantern, the two sisters followed the dog around the front of the house, and presently made out that he was sniffing at a small, dark object that lay on the stones near the brow of the hill that sloped to the road below. It was Mary, who bent over what proved to be a bundle of red flannels, the same as he rode up, booted and spurred for his ride,



A FAMOUS QUOTATION.

(From the Ave Maria.)

Everyone is familiar with Lord Macaulay's oft-quoted tribute to the indestructibility of the Church. "She saw the commencement of all the government and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Not so many persons, perhaps, are aware that the image, or figure, in the last sentence was used by Macaulay more than once, and that its underlying idea had already been utilized by several writers before he employed it at all.

The sentence, as given above, appears in Macaulay's review, in the Edinburgh, of Von Ranke's "History of the Popes of Rome, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." This review was published in 1840. Eleven years previously, discussing, in the same periodical, Mill's "Essay on Government," Macaulay had written: "Is it possible that, in two or three hundred years, a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest of European cities,—may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?"

Five years before this last sentence appeared in print, Macaulay had published, in Knights' Quarterly Magazine (November, 1824), a review of Mitford's "History of Greece." The concluding sentence of that review runs: "And when those who have rivalled her (Athens') Athens,—let us see whether Macaulay's thrice-repeated idea may not have been suggested by some author who wrote before his time."

In that short-lived periodical, the Bee, which flourished forty-one years before the great reviewer's birth and just a century before his death in 1859, Goldsmith, in "A City Night Piece," had written: "What cities, as great as this have... promised themselves immortality! Poverty can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others.... Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, but now only an undistinguished heap of ruins."

In 1791 Volney, the French author, published the famous "Ruins," in which appeared these words: "Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abodes in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall labor in vain to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proud chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand streams; her influence and her glory will still survive—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin and over which they exercised their control."

With the passing comment that the use, in the sentence about the Church, of the specific "traveller from New Zealand," "London Bridge," and "St. Paul's" gives to that sentence a graphic quality not secured by the generic phrases, "traveller from distant countries," "our proudest chief," and "proudest temple," employed in the period about the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are slow to take in the multitude of sensations! Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins and weep a people turned and their greatness changed into an empty name?"

Seventy years before Volney produced his "Ruins," Horace Walpole had written in his "Letter to Mason": "At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Beulac and Palmyra."

Henry Kirke White published, at the age of nineteen, just two years



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before his death from over-study at Cambridge, in 1806, a volume of poems, in one of which, "Time," we find this passage:

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone

That marks where stood her capitol,

The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude.

Finally, Shelley, who was drowned two years before Macaulay published his review in Mitford's "Greece," has this sentence in his "Dedication to Peter Bell": "In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of Bells and Fudges and their historians."

Without accusing Macaulay of plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, it will readily be seen that his reading of Goldsmith and Walpole and Volney and White and Shelley may well have had much to do with the evolution of the famous sentence quoted from the Edinburgh Review, a passage so commonly known that "Macaulay's New Zealander" has come to be synonymous with one belonging to a century as yet far in the future.

At the Night-Workers' Mass.

Up the narrow and twisted stairs to a low-ceiled room, blue-walled, where 200 men fill the place to repletion, an altar at one end, high candlestick, but small, its railing too large to be in proportion, where a priest vested in the purple of mortification and purification, in a low sweet voice is saying the words of the Mass.

The mighty service of the Christian Church, said for the benefit of the newspaper and other night workers, the most ancient of services for the most modern of all modern men, here is ground for contrast, and reason for exultation at the flexibility and adjustability of Mother Church. Calmly, swiftly and easily the service flows on, the stately Ciceronian Latin dropping like pearls astride from the lips of the priest as he proceeds. The Kyrie and the Gloria, and every step watched closely and reverently by this unique congregation, while up from the street or the bustling city come the shrill cries of the newsboy, the harsh shouts of the wagon drivers, and the stirring clang of the street car gong.

The book is moved, the Gospel read, announcement and sermon passed, for here the necessary alone is in use, and words of the Creed come to us. The symbol of Nicæa, drawn to many years ago, in defiance of and to hush the clamor of heresy-

arches and disputants, drawn by holy men whose names are forgotten, whose dwelling places know their ashes no more, even the race from which they sprung dead and passed, or buried, the building, yea, even the city where they met crumbled into dust; but their work endures, till here and now, in a land whose existence they did not dream, it thrills the heart of men whose occupation would be strange to them as the country and the city where their formulas are repeated.

A thousand years were to pass before the art should be discovered or rediscovered, the practice of which should give sustenance to the man who listen to their clear and definite declaration. Races were to be bred and kingdoms to be founded and pass away, languages to arise, civilizations to be developed, new worlds to be discovered and ancient ones to pass from the seats of high renown and vast wealth and boundless power to be the lair of the wolf and the jackal; seas were to be crossed, new forms of government to be developed, old earth herself and the firmament to take on new aspects, and material things to be revolutionized, yet while all these changes were being rung on the chimes of the years, and new ships launched on the tides of time, the words of the Fathers of Nice were to be repeated over and over again, preliminary to the preparation of the bread and wine.

From the service to the listeners the mind dies. Stern-faced, calm, square-jawed, weary of brow as befit the worker, cosmopolitan American is represented. Men, all men, not a woman within sight or sound, surely as unusual a congregation, and as unusual a time as may be found in combination. "Lift up your hearts!" and the Preface rings in our ears, the majestic cadence of which has been heard by oh, so many millions upon millions of men and women and little children. Where has its swinging sentences not floated over the heads of worshippers, since first it took its form in the catacombs of the Eternal City, mighty, proud and pagan?

Emperors and kings, and peasants and beggars, soldiers and forest dwellers, cloistered women and pale-browed scholars have heard it. It has passed over the snows of the mighty north, and mingled with the scorching winds of the southern desert, the swaying cabin of tiny ships, the mighty ocean pounding at the planks, has echoed with its low spoken syllables, and the great lakes and the mighty rivers of our own beloved land have heard its tones, are our fathers had quitted the shores of Europe, and when its only auditors were copper-colored and skin-clad savages. And now the awful words are coming, and the assemblage sinks into a silence so profound, so absolute, that it seems as if all movement had ceased. The noises of the streets are subdued and the tinkling of a little bell tolls of the sacrifice no long foretold.

Now the men troop out, and again the world resumes for a time its instant, angry away, but God's grace has been poured out, and no man leaves the room just as he entered it, and no more shall he be as he would have been had he entered not.—The Boston Pilot.

(To be Continued.)