Christ to the Unfaithful Seed.

The action is a few translation of the state of the seed of the presence of the theory of the wife of the presence of the theory of the wife of the presence of the theory of the presence of the presence

as once he had served the finest ladies in his great city home. No one knew how he hated the place in which he lived, and above all the man with whom he sat that autumn afternoon; but he had lost all hop of better things.

Through their gloomy silence and the clouds of tobicco emoke the Parson and the Doctor beheld a sight which had not have present in Government. the been in Gomorrah for many a day—the white cover of an emigrant wagon.
"Tom Townsend, from High Bend," exclaimed Syles, "the Lawyer's old chum there Who's he got with him?"

and expression. Her race was pair as death.

"You're wanted here, Doctor," called the driver. "Here's a case of chills and fever that's not a common one, and I've seen 'em by hundreds."

"Are you the Doctor?" the young man asked with a look of relief, as if he had heard of him before; and together they carried into the tavern and laid upon the settle the powerless form of the woman.

"Not this place?" the man exclaimed, lifting his head when he had laid his precious burden down. "Where is Mr. Dalzell's house?"

zell's house?"

"M. D. lz all?" the Doctor repeated. "I do not know what you mean

"Why, surely—yes, we must be right.

He came from here, he said."
"Who? What?" his hearers asked, with
a g im suspicion in their hearts. "Where

"I am Reuben Armstrong, from Suffolk, England. A Mr Dalzell sold me bis house and claim in Gold City. Where are

they?"

The Doctor's eyes fell, and Syles slunk into the shadow of the door. It was long before they could make him understand the truth; and when at last be compre-

nded it, Syles stole out of his press

in his baby hood—to fear the effect on her of what he had to say. Had it been of any use, he would have lied to her; but the next neighbor entering would have revealed all.

"There is no priest near us," he replied.

and it is impossible to get one in the

the Doctor beheld a sight which had not been seen in Gomorrah for many a day—the white cover of an emigrant wagon.

"Fom Townsend, from High Bend," exclaimed Syles, "the Lawyer's old chum there Who's he got with him?"

The Doctor made no reply, but stepped forward to meet the strangers. Behind the driver sat a young man with a good, kindly face, but lacking in practicality and force. On his arm he supported a woman, whose broad forehead, square chin, and firm mouth bespoke strong character, if one was able to think of that in noticing the serene holiness of the eyes and expression. Her face was pale as death.

"You're wanted here, Doctor," called the driver. "Here's a case of chills and fever that's not a common one, and I've seen 'em by hundreds."

"Are you the Doctor?" the young man asked with a look of relief, as if he had heard of hum before; and together they carried into the tavern and laid upon the settle the powerless form of the woman.

"Not this place?" the man exclaimed, lifting his head when he had laid his pre-

we? Oh! I know;" and then sank into delirium again.

So for a week it lasted; then the fever died away, leaving her like a shadow. She made no complaint, never asked again for a priest, never spoke again of desth; yet the Doctor knew, as well as if he had seen it, that here was a broken heart. But another life was bound up with her life, and for its sake, as well as for Reuben's, she tried and prayed to live. It was plain that her affection for her husband was intense: no matter what his weakness and that her affection for her husband was intense; no matter what his weakness and imprudence had made her suffer, no one ever knew her fail in her honor and her love, and he seldom saw her otherwise than outwa dly cheerful for his dear sake. What she endured perhaps only the Doctor truly fathomed, and his sounding line was far too short. Reuben was too

the twords and placent entire the door way and the fine his a suits as in by these of the two processes and the placent entire the configuration of the conf

I kinnshiy and in teases. When there we silices, and they depet to lock at her, shat wast juying back among her pillone, white-level and they depet to lock at her, shat wast juying her among her pillone, white-level and the many and the movement roused her, thought in the recognition. Bits citated up come more, lifting he hand.

**Jean to the hand.

**Jean to the

ter Reuben sorry, and he said that it made the Heart of Jesus bleed. No one stopped him at such work; he was too poor a fool for them to mind him.

But he had another work with which they meddled much. The promise which the Doctor had made by Esther's death bed was not forgotten by him who made it, but it was broken again and sgain. His own lower nature which had ruled him all his life would have been enough, and more than enough, for such a man to struggle against; but, besides that, the fiends in human shape who peopled Gomorrah seemed leagued with invisible evit ones to work his utter rain. They

the blessed Child Jesus who was born en Christmas night. He loves us all very much indeed, and of course we all want to leve Him. Some time He is going to send His priest here to baptize you; then what will you all be?"

"God's little children."

The answer

ose sweetly and with a kind of merriment from every lip, and Reuben's face shome.
"Surely, surely," he said. "Now we will sing, because we love Him and want to thank Him. Yes, I know the song you want—"The Three Poor Shepherds."

"We were but three poor shepherds, All keeping our flocks by night, When Monseigner the blessed angel Came suddenly into sight—

"Came suddenly through the darkness, While a giory round him fell; I wot not if it were Michael Or the Angel Gabriel. 'But his voice was like a trumpet, No full, and glad, and true; Listen,' he said, 'my children: There is good news for you—

"Good news for men and maidens, A great, glad gift for them; For the faire Sire Curist, the blessed, Is born in Bethlenem."

Then a Gloria in Excelsia And unto a lowly stable

"And there was Messire St. Jeseph; And Mary the mother lay, With the Holy Child, in swaddling bands, Ail on a cushion of hay.

"Each dumb beast looked in our faces, But never unbest the gues; Our sweet Ladye she raised har eyes And smiled full tenderly.

" 'Ah I faire Sire Ghrist,' all humbly We cried with urgent plea, 'Anneal us now of thy great mercie, For that we are so glad of thee.

" For that we are glad and joyful That good days are begun, That the great God for a blessing Hath seat us his faire Childe Son."

"So joyfully and with gladness
All softly we went our ws v.
And with many an ol: Ts Deum
We tell the tale to-day." Then once more, like a cheven the children just beginn seemed to know in part:

For that we are glad and joyful That good cays are begun, That the great God for a blessing Hath sent us His faire Childe The door opened slowly a which all ears could hear said "Pas vobiscum." The good da

Strange how calmly they him! Reuben never asked!

Strange how calmly they him! Reuben never asked!

Frayed for him a long while, there at last. God, of court him. One by one he brought to speak with him, and to have nounce on their fitness to be children; and the tears stood it eyes as he listened to their sim answers, that witnessed to where to faith had been. Why gome away to their homes, whiese homes to them than Reiwas, Reuben came to the prices any one of them had com to be allowed to make confess "You'll stay here and be go. "You'll stay here and be go he said soothingly. "I shall the other room, and I've loc

The Doctor made a cort

The Doctor made a sort assent.

"He's just had a very sa plained R uben, "and he nee much, father. By and by p speak to you."

How wonderful to listen, of revenge and murder, to Rebrief confession—no complainers, no anger, except that felt hat felt hatred toward some whom, however, he broughtion, and for this sin he feit assent. "I met lately," the price when the confession was marking with care the eff

would have, "a man known Losell." Reuben gave a start as of jo and would have spoken, b continued :
"I saw him die a felon's d

gallows."
"No, no!" cried Reuben
ene might have supposed he
of a bother's shametul deal "It was a just punishme replied. "No, no !" cried Reuben.

"No, no!" cried Keuben, knew this place. They do here like other people, or but God saved his poor sot "He spoke to me," said the weman named Eather a whom he had done a great net that the 2". "He did not understand

"He did not understand with sorrowful compassion he did not understand whe because, you know, he could not see here; they have such he poor things."

"He said he could not for the said he could not fo

"He said he could not it comething always remited He begged me to find her of to forgive him."

'She died," said Reuber fergave him. She prayed deal, I think." deal, I think."

"God answered her, the said. "I trust that he rep
A great light of joy when's face. "Then he will he exclaimed triumphant!

"But you," the priest of forming him?"

ferrive him?"
"I?" repeated Reuben
leek. "O father! it was
me; I was angry with his
it was my fault, reslly,
never blamed me; I w
father, or I never shoul

And so Reuben Arm himself his lifelong title ha fool, indeed, that he ha he had anything to forgive. The next day Reuber flock of little ones gather. Shepherd's fold; and the line was affered up, and R

shepherd's fold; and thei she was offered up, and R streng'hened by the Divident The Doctor had suller present. Reuben found turn, lying face downwa foor, the picture of dep "There is no hope," he ben knelt by him, and have recourse to confederink—nothing but drin it. I cannot save myself "That's true enough "You can't, and I can You keep saying that everything about you," and I can you keep saying that everything about you, better the same this priesured not be afraid to him. You muet not he bas the power to hes

him. You must not be he has the power to he what God says."

Like one driven to Doctor turned to the w Reuben in the next room prayed, while in the plad made her last con who was indeed of "the made his first. made his first.

Truly, the Sacramen divine and awful thing. they who vilify and rej sent it know not wh burden of souls which in the far West has to

alonal is a tremendous of the tree in prison-hulke through all the minin fernia and Arizons, yet case so desperate as the where hope seemed so I for heater things so where hope seemed so for better things so But the poor penitent, eut reserve he revealed kept secret, as well a known of men aid them relief through a tested somewhat of the this secrament of bless