

My Mither An' Me.
JAMES JAMISON.

Some leetles are little to deal w' I fear,
 An' love's a gay queer thing, free & that I hear;
 One'll no gang a courting, at least for a wee,
 We're richt cauld the gither, my mither an' me!

My mither she fendit me, early an' late,
 She thoted all my follies, hoover as great,
 She did me an' 'ted me an' gava me a hame,
 An' whaur's the young lassie wad'er do the same?

Na, na, ye maun pang them w' pastry an' things,
 An' waf' a' your siller in brooches an' rings,
 Ye maun lauch when they're merry, an' sigh
 When they're sad,
 An' stand at stait feet till the neighbors get
 Meant.

Na, na, gowden tresses could mae me, I trow,
 Like the siller-streak' locks o' my auld mither's pow;
 Na, na, fair laddie's fingers jewelled fu' grand,
 Cou'd be bonnier to me than that dear ruckled hand.

Her fit, since the lichtest that tripped through
 The town,
 Is noo unco fraill as the brae she ganes down;
 Her e'en, since she was bonnie, an' lauchin' an'
 Bright,
 The trauchle o' years has bereft o' their licht.

Was me for the tears I hae brocht to thae e'en,
 And the furrows I've caused on her forehead
 serene!
 Ilk ill deed I've done her, ilk thrawn word I've
 said,
 Will I laug me like burrs till the day o' my deid.

Before I get married I'll watch weel my feet,
 Some one like my mither I may be meet;
 But I think for awhile, my mither an' me!
 We get on grand thegither, my mither an' me!

HOW THE CHRIST-CHILD FOUND HIS WAY.

Zig zag struggled the December sun,
 Past high buildings, twisting around
 The jutting corners of the alley, till it
 rested, one pale ray, on the golden
 hair of a little girl.

"Next week the Christkind will
 come, Mutterlein and then we shall be
 very happy," said the child.

The mother moved her head in dis-
 sent, but did not open her eyes. She
 lay back in her chair, very weak and
 ill.

"The Christkind will never find his
 way here," she replied, after a mo-
 ment.

The child looked up in quick terror.
 "Not find his way here!" she ex-
 claimed. "Why, if He is the Christ-
 kind He can find His way anywhere.
 And, mother, we need Him so!"

The mother finally opened her eyes,
 at the sound of a sob in the young
 voice. She looked at the frail little
 girl of ten, regarding those earnest
 eyes—the eyes of her dead father, who
 had been too much artist and dreamer
 to leave his child anything but these
 beautiful eyes, his wonderful musical
 talent, and his old violin.

"There is no—" she began, and
 then she stopped. How could she
 meet the appealing look by declaring
 that the Christ Child did not come at
 all to give presents on Christmas Eve;
 that this was only a beautiful old Ger-
 man legend told to children to explain
 their mother's gifts—gifts she was far
 too poor to purchase for Viola?

"There is no hope of His finding His
 way here," she said, taking up her
 unfinished sentence, and ending it
 differently from her first thought.
 "You must not expect it, mein Lieb-
 chen."

"Then, mother, the Christkind
 would not be Himself; for He sees and
 knows all things," persisted Viola.

The mother did not answer; she
 laid her head back wearily, and the
 little girl was silent, while her face
 took on a deeper shade of pain as she
 listened to her mother's light breathing
 and saw the purple line under the
 closed eyelids. She laid her little
 transparent hand on her mother's black
 dress, as she sat thinking very serious-
 ly, with the sunlight resting on her
 golden hair. After some time an illu-
 mination seemed to fall on her face.
 She arose softly, and, going to the
 other side of the room, took from its
 case her father's precious violin. Then
 she put on her shabby little hat and
 coat, and, gently closing the door be-
 hind her, went out into the alley. She
 hastened to the end, and, sitting down
 on a box she found there, began to
 play—very softly at first; but soon,
 losing her timidity in her love for
 music, much louder. Every note she
 brought forth was a prayer; she was
 playing to the Christkind, telling Him
 all her suffering, and begging Him
 to come to them at Christmas and help
 them.

A young lady, passing through that
 poor neighborhood on an errand,
 paused, amazed. The child had re-
 ceived but little instruction from her
 father; still she possessed marvellous
 talent, and played like one inspired.
 A bright silver quarter suddenly fell
 into Viola's lap. As surprised as if it
 had dropped from the skies (for she had
 seen no one), the child looked up,
 and beheld what seemed to be almost like
 a vision—a beautiful young girl, richly
 dressed, smiling down upon her.

"Did you drop this?" asked Viola,
 holding up the silver.

"I gave it to you," replied the
 lady.

"To me?" cried Viola, a bright
 flush spreading to her hair, and look-
 ing so astonished that the young lady
 laughed outright.

"Why, my dear, did you not expect
 to receive something? But if I were
 you I would go to the main street.
 People rarely pass here, but there, I
 think, you would get a great deal of
 money."

Viola looked mystified; presently
 her face cleared. "I am not playing
 for money," she said. "I am playing
 for the Christkind."

"It was now the young lady's turn to
 be puzzled.

"My dear, what can you mean?"
 she asked.

"You see we are so very miserable,
 Fraulein," the child began. "My
 dear father has been dead more than
 a year, and my mother grows more

feeble every day. Next week the
 Christkind will come; but mother says
 He will never find His way into this
 alley, and I think if He does not we
 shall both die. So I am going to come
 here every day till Christmas and play
 a little; and I think when the Christ-
 kind is bringing good things through
 the city, He will hear my violin, and
 come and visit us too."

Viola stopped, frightened, for the
 beautiful young lady was crying.

"Go get your mother something
 nice for supper with this," she said,
 wiping her eyes, and handing Viola a
 dollar. "And do not fear the Christ-
 Child will find you."

Miss Deland went home with her
 mind full of a plan she had formed.
 Her house was the meeting place of a
 number of young girls, who came
 there every week to prepare some
 fancy work for Christmas—work which
 it was usual to do in their own homes
 for fear of discovery. In two days
 they were to hold their last meeting,
 and it was in connection with this
 meeting that Miss Deland's plan
 was laid.

The day came and the girls were as-
 sembled. They were kind-hearted,
 pleasant creatures, of fourteen and
 fifteen years; full of good intentions
 and generous impulses, but with no
 more idea of the world that lay close
 around them than if they had been
 babies. Miss Deland stood before
 them, and looked at them, all well,
 even richly dressed, their laps full of
 the dainty silks and fabrics they were
 fashioning into Christmas gifts for
 their friends; and the contrast between
 them and the child she had seen play-
 ing on the corner of the alley swept
 over her. Her voice trembled with
 the remembrance as she spoke, and
 the girls raised their faces to listen
 with wonder mingled with love; for
 Miss Deland, beautiful, accomplished,
 good above all, and just enough their
 elder with her twenty-two years to
 command their school-girl worship,
 was their idol.

"Girls," said, "instead of reading
 to you to-day, may I tell you a story?"

Their assent was eager, and the
 young lady began the tale of the
 little violinist. She told it
 well, with simple pathos and perfect
 sympathy. When she ended, work
 had been forgotten, and there were
 few dry eyes among her listeners.
 Drawing aside the portiere that con-
 cealed the library, Miss Deland showed
 Viola blushing, and standing in her
 poor dress, her sweet face resting on
 the instrument she so dearly loved,
 and whose name she bore.

"Please play for us, Viola," said
 Miss Deland, and the child obeyed.
 Stirred to the depths of their hearts
 by the music and her story, the girls
 crowded around the little musician,
 and eagerly pressed upon her when
 ever they had to give. Bewildered,
 but very happy, in this glimpse of
 fairyland and kindness, the child went
 home, bearing fruits and delicacies to
 her mother, and leaving the kind girls
 to enter into a blessed conspiracy for
 her future welfare.

Christmas Eve Viola lay down in
 perfect confidence that even to her, in
 the dismal alley, the Christkind would
 find His way. Nor was her faith in
 vain. In the morning when she
 opened her eyes a fire burned on the
 hearth, a bonny breakfast was
 spread on the table, and near her bed
 was a complete new attire, even to a
 cozy muff, with a pretty German
 prayer-book inside, ready for the
 Christmas Mass.

"Now, mother dearest, did I not
 tell you," cried Viola, capering about
 in her little white gown,—"did I not
 tell you that the Christkind would find
 His way?"

"Yes, mein liebeschen, He has really
 come," said the mother, gratefully.
 "You are faith was stronger than mine."
 "Ah, dear Infant Jesus, Thou hast
 made me so happy!" said Viola, kneel-
 ing at the crib, and stretching out her
 hands. And the older people hearing
 the simple act of thanksgiving, smiled
 at the little girl whose face, trans-
 figured by happiness and surrounded
 by its wealth of golden hair, looked as
 one of the angels might have looked
 who knelt at the Crib in Bethlehem.

The good friends who had done the
 Christ-kind's errands so faithfully to
 Viola did not forget her in the days that
 followed. Health came back to her
 mother in her new and cheerful home,
 where the sunshine flooded all day
 long. And Viola fulfilled her father's
 hope when he gave her her name; for
 she became such a skillful violinist that
 the whole city was proud of her. But
 she retained through brighter days the
 same simple sweetness of the Christmas
 tide when with childish faith she
 played to guide the Christ-Child to her
 desolate home.—Ave Maria.

Serofula eradicated and all kindred dis-
 eases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which
 by its vitalizing and alterative effects, makes
 pure blood.

The great lung healer is found in that ex-
 cellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consump-
 tive Syrup. It softens and diminishes
 the sensibility of the membrane of the throat
 and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy
 for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, or sore-
 ness of the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured
 many when supposed to be far advanced in
 consumption.

Consumption Cured.

The following extract from a letter from
 Mrs. Jas. M. Carson, Bandi, N. W. T., will
 speak for itself:—"I have been troubled
 with consumption and general debility, and
 was induced to use your B. B. B., through
 seeing your advertisement. I now take great
 pleasure in recommending it to all my
 friends, as it completely cured me."

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN some-
 times suffer from worms. Low's Worm
 Syrup is very highly recommended as a cure.
 Why HOOD'S? Because Hood's Sarsaparilla
 is the best, most reliable and accom-
 plishes the greatest cures. HOOD'S CURES.

Minard's Lintiment is used by Physi-
 cians.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The Colored Harvest.

From Sacred Scripture and Church
 history we know that the angels take
 every form that may serve to help us.
 Three angels came as travelers to
 Abraham; an angel appeared to Lot
 to warn him to leave Sodom, while
 still another wrestled with Jacob.
 Raphael was the guide and companion
 of the younger Tobias; Isaiah saw the
 Seraphim before the Great Altar in the
 Temple; the mystery of the Incarna-
 tion was a sacred trust of Angel
 Gabriel, who foretold its time to
 Daniel, assured Zachary of the con-
 ception and birth of the precursor,
 and announced to Mary the overshadowing
 of the Holy Ghost and the Incarnation
 of the Word made flesh.

An angel again directed the flight to
 and the return from Egypt, warning
 St. Joseph to "take the Child and His
 Mother and fly into Egypt, and be
 there until I shall tell you." What
 a consoling part the angel played in
 the Agony! While Peter, James and
 John were drowsy, all forgetful of the
 agonizing Saviour, the angel came from
 heaven to comfort Him. The whole
 of the Resurrection is shrouded in an
 angelic atmosphere. Angels appeared
 to Mary Magdalen and the holy women,
 being the first to chant, "Alleluia! Christ
 the Lord is risen, Alleluia!"

Afterwards an angel instructed
 Philip "to arise and go towards the
 south to the way that goeth down from
 Jerusalem into Gaza," where the
 Apostle met the eunuch of Candace,
 the Queen of the Ethiopians, and hav-
 ing instructed, baptized him.

An angel again bade Cornelius the Centurion
 to send for St. Peter, who com-
 manded Cornelius and his whole house-
 hold to be baptized in the name of the
 Lord Jesus Christ. An angel of the
 Lord stood by Peter "when in Herod's
 prison, and a light shone in the room,
 and he, striking Peter on the side,
 raised him up, saying, 'Arise, quick-
 ly.'" And the chains fell off his hands,
 and Peter passed out, free, through
 the gates and bars, which angelic
 hands had thrown open for him.

When the ship which carried St. Paul
 and his fellow-prisoners was wrecked
 on the coast of Malta, the Angel of the
 Gentiles bade all—soldiers, and
 passengers—"Be of good cheer,
 for there shall be no loss of any man's
 life among you, but only of the ship.
 For an angel of God whose I am and
 whom I serve, stood by me this night,
 saying, 'Behold God hath given thee
 all them that sail with thee.'"

Turning now to Church history, a
 few memorable instances among thou-
 sands may be recalled. St. Francis
 of Rome enjoyed the constant and tan-
 gible companionship of her guardian
 angel. To him she listened in all dis-
 tresses, and by him was she guided
 along the path Divine Providence
 had appointed for her. The story of
 St. Cecilia's angel is ever ennobling.
 Forced by her parents into an unwele-
 come marriage, Cecilia, when alone
 with her husband, Valerian, told him
 of her vow of virginity and of the
 guardian angel who was ever at her
 side to protect her in this promise.
 The young man wished to see the
 blessed spirit, but was told that only
 after baptism should he have this privi-
 lege. Cecilia then sent him to Pope
 Urban, who instructed and baptized
 him. He returned to his wife clothed
 with baptismal innocence. On enter-
 ing her room he heard the most en-
 chanting music, and presently saw
 the guardian angel standing near her
 and having two crowns of lilies and roses,
 with which he crowned Cecilia and
 Valerian, typical of the martyr's crown,
 which both received a few days later.

The story of the angel's care of St.
 George, Patron of the brave, is a privi-
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THE SHRINE OF ST. EDWARD.

A new place of pilgrimage is gradu-
 ally being formed in the very heart
 of Protestant England. It is related
 that some years ago the late Cardinal
 Manning, when preaching on St.
 Edward, the Confessor, moved, as if
 by sudden inspiration, exclaimed:
 "Let us go to the shrine." De-
 scending from the pulpit, and followed
 by a number of the faithful, he wended
 his way to the abbey. Thus was the
 annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St.
 Edward, the Confessor, inaugurated.
 Since then the faithful are wont to visit
 the shrine on the feast day of the saint,
 and, in spite of the presence of Protes-
 tants, recite their rosary on the spot
 where one of England's greatest saints
 lies buried.

A description of the abbey is well
 given us in the words of Cardinal
 Pitru, who visited it in 1845. We
 copy from the *Catholic Times*, of
 Liverpool:

The following extract is taken from
 an unpublished account of a voyage to
 England in 1845, by Cardinal Pitru,
 the Benedictine monk:—"At 11 o'clock
 on January 10, we met under the vast
 cloisters of the famous abbey at West-
 minster. The office named Canonial
 had ended and the so-called Canons
 having quitted their choir habitations,
 were returning to their homes with
 their wives and children. A poor
 foreign monk in the inheritance of my
 brethren, I awaited the opening of the
 doors as the voice of the new masters.
 I had to arouse myself, from these sad
 thoughts in order to admire more than
 I can say, the magnificent triforium
 of Westminster under the most varied
 aspects. The abbey is built in the
 purest thirteenth century style; it is
 wonderfully harmonious; it is erected
 in a single piece, so perfect is its
 totality and finish. The rose of Eng-
 land blooms ever wherein bouquets and
 garlands, around the chapters, along
 the arches and pillars, and over the
 walls which it covers like a petrified
 carpet of rosebuds. By a very unusual
 chance a brilliant shining sun illumined
 the flowers, shone on the columns,
 plunged under the arches, and accent-
 uated the shining rays of the golden
 lines under the vaulted ceilings. I
 was profoundly touched when shown
 the dusty tomb of St. Edward, the Con-
 fessor, in its same old place. I
 invoked the royal confessor in behalf
 of dear England."

The annual pilgrimage to the shrine
 took place this year as usual on the
 feast day, October 13. High Mass was
 celebrated in the Church of St. Peter
 and Edward in the presence of His
 Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan. After
 the service nearly all present repaired
 to the abbey, where many of the
 pilgrims recited their rosary.

A marvelous change has, indeed,
 taken place in England. Had a Catho-
 lic dared kneel at the shrine of St.
 Edward during the reign of Elizabeth,
 he would have forfeited his head.
 Perhaps even in the early portion of
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 more Mirror.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers
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Our Family Physician.

DEAR SIRS.—I was troubled with eczema
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Worth its Weight in Gold.

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If you regard her health and
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 and save fuel, washing powders, and
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Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore
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Are compounded with the view to
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 They are composed of the purest
 vegetable aperients. Their delicate
 sugar-coating, which readily dis-
 solves in the stomach, preserves
 their full medicinal value and makes
 them easy to take, either by old or
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 the common derangements of the
 Stomach, Liver, and Bowels;
 also to check colds and fevers, Ayer's
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Are the Best

Unlike other cathartics, the effect
 of Ayer's Pills is to strengthen
 the excretory organs and restore to
 them their regular and natural ac-
 tion. Doctors everywhere prescribe
 them. In spite of immense competi-
 tion, they have always maintained
 their popularity as a family medi-
 cine, being in greater demand now
 than ever before. They are put up
 both in vials and boxes, and whether
 for home use or travel, Ayer's Pills
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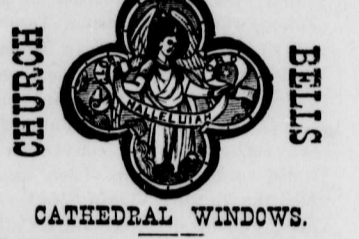
Every Dose Effective

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Every Dose Effective

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The Feast of the Holy I...

And Herod sending killed all
 them that were in Bethlehem and
 in the neighbourhood thereof
 Who is not shocked by this
 Herod's cruelty? Carried
 pride and ambition, and
 losing what he had us-
 tyrant tried to put to dea-
 of kings by his own da-
 Herod? Those who murder
 children. Flenish mother
 perhaps, to cover their sh-
 escape the labor of bearing
 ing up children, take the li-
 unborn infants. Those,
 knowingly sell or give or
 use