Legend of the Infant Jesus Serving at Mass

Come, children, all whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once, in days of faith,
In England came to pass!

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through dark and gloomy wood,
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
Which near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass,
For all is silent here!
He kneels, and there in patience waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.

When lo! a child of wondrous grace,
Before the altar steals,
And down beside the lowly priest,
The Infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet
Like distant music low,
With downcast eye and ready hand,
And foot-fall hushed and slow.

"Et verbum caro factum est,"
He lingers till he hears,
Then turning he to Mary's shrine,
In glory disappears.

So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at Holy Mass,
The Infant Jesus came.

Laura Desmond's Choice.

BY AGNES M. STEWART.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

'There is no knowing how much more she would have lauded him, but he exclaimed:

'My dear mother, I have no money, no certain position in society, no—'

'No fiddlestick; your talents will get money before long; you will be a match for the best woman in the land, Ned; don't think so meanly of yourself. But hark! there's a knock, perhaps its father,' and so saying she hurried from the room.

'Poor mother, dear honest soul, she cannot see the difference between our station and that of the Lesters. I thought I nourished my love in secret, and this unfortunate illness has revealed what I had most wished to have kept secret. However, from what mother has told me I may rest happy in the thought that beautiful Ella reciprocates my own feelings towards herself.'

It was not her husband who had knocked at the house door; and now Bridget Buzzle lingers and looks anxiously up and down the street, longing for his arrival.

She had received a note apprising her that his ship was in the Downs, and in spite of her attendance on the invalid upstairs, she had everything ready to welcome him on his return from India. Honest Jack had been a long while from home, and every hour for the last few days had been anxiously counted by the loving wife.

In the small front parlor everything was as clean and bright as Kitty's hands could make it; it was a grand room in her estimation; it boasted of a loo-table and chairs of mahogany highly polished, a few water-colors executed by her son, a large crucifix of carved ivory which Buzzle had brought her as a present, it being a fine piece of Indian workmanship, an old-fashioned *buffet*, containing her best China, and a comfortable sofa to match her chairs. The adjoining room was her bedroom; the kitchen below stairs, like all London kitchens, was a dreary room, but it was Mrs. Buzzle's *sanctum sanctorum*.

On this Christmas Eve it was well garnished, as also the other part of the house, with the green holly and the waxen berries of the mistletoe; every tin saucepan, as also her brass kettle had received an extra polish; a bright fire burned in the little range, and all was ready for the man of her heart—her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTHA IN JERMYN STREET.

The morning after the day on which Laura gave her maid leave for a week's absence, the latter drove up in a cab to a certain house in Jermyn street, St. James'. As she alighted, the person whom she was about to visit opened the hall door in order to go out.

'Captain Ainslie!' she exclaimed; 'how glad I am that I have not missed you.'

'You would have seen me later in the day, and you would have had to wait a couple of hours for me; that is all the difference it would have made. Come in.'

And so as coldly as possible did he receive the woman who had traveled two hundred miles to call upon him at his own bidding.

'Now, my dear Martha,' he began, motioning her to be seated, 'I want to say many things to you which I could not say on paper—in short, to have a little understanding which will prevent our being at cross purposes later. You are still at the old game. You wish me to make you my wife. You are neither young nor handsome now—nay, you are not even middle-aged; you are old and——'

'Captain Ainslie, I did not come to town at your express desire to be——'

'Stop, I beg,' said the captain, surveying himself in the glass, and with one hand upraised to show her that she was not to speak at present, 'hear me out, my dear. It is the fault of your sex to lack calmness when unpleasant truths are told them. The super-excellent Laura falls into this error. I was saying that you were neither young nor handsome, two points in which I take it for granted you are perfectly in accord with myself. However, you have waited for me for a considerable number of years, rather should I say I have waited, till you had news of the death of your beautiful husband, whose true relationship to yourself you concealed from me with considerable adroitness for several years. Well, I should not choose to run the chance of becoming a bigamist; the tools still exists; consequently, my charming Martha, my aversion still continues to put on the yoke matrimonial.'

'For sixteen long years I have heard nothing of the man,' said Martha. 'You know as well as I do, Captain Ainslie, that I may safely contract a new tie; that I might have done so ten years ago for that matter, had you chosen to keep your faith with me.'

'Be calm, my dear, be calm,' he said in his equable low tone of voice, which roused her indignation to a pitch she could ill conceal. 'I must forbear to talk further on so irritating a subject, if you excite me by your hasty temper. It has been my wish to abstain from entering the holy state of matrimony until my uncle's death, and then——'

'It is long waiting for dead men's shoes, Captain Ainslie.'

'That is a very vulgar adage, Mrs. Hazelton; but I was about to say, when you so rudely interrupted me, I want *certain* news of the death of Laura's boy. By the way, how time does fly. It reminds me that I am an old man; an old, or at least a middle-aged man. But, as I was saying, my dear, if that boy still lives, away goes the chance of my ever getting the Riversdale estates, for, mind you, if the man from the Diggings were to turn up, and you my wife as fast as the Church and State could make us, what the better off would we be? You would have married a gentleman, it is true, but you would not have as much money for your own uses as you possess as my sister-in-law's maid.

'What do you mean to be the end of this tirade, Captain Ainslie' said Martha, rising, and steadily confronting him, her large black eyes fixed on his face. 'You have not got a weak-minded, spiritless woman in me to tread under foot as you had in Mrs. Ainslie. I ask you one question, and I await a simple answer. Are we to be friends or foes? You know what has passed between us without my reminding you. We have been inextricably worked up together in our past and gone lives. Is it to continue to the end; and do you intend to break your promise or to put an end to my suspense, and fulfil your word before the week is out?'

'Before the week is out, Martha, and this is Tuesday, you are rather too exacting; I shall promise nothing of the kind."

'Good morning Captain Ainslie, I understand you perfectly,' said Martha, gathering up her yards of train, for she had changed her attire from that worn at Riversdale as soon as she reached London, 'you have shown me your hand, and I shall act upon the information it displays.'

'You are like all your sex,' said the Captain, interposing his person between her and the door, 'rushing to conclusions and prejudging the actions of others; come now, get the better of your temper or really you will terrify me at the idea of putting on the shackles of matrimony. We will put the man who went to the Diggings eighteen years ago out of our minds then, and go privately, without any show; mind you must dress yourself just as you are now, to marleybone church on Saturday next, but with this proviso that you will still act as Laura's companion; we must drop the word maid when you will be my wife, this you must consent to do in both our interests, so as not to irritate my uncle who is on his last legs, but who might yet take it into his head with the peevishness of an old man to alter his will, and also because you will be able to *report progress*, as we used to say in old times, remembering under every provocation you may meet with, that the day *will* come sooner or later, when you will shine as mistress where you now are a lady's companion, not to put you lower in the social scale.'

A flush of joy lighted up the woman's countenance as the Captain spoke, and said she, 'I agree perfectly with you in the interests of both you and myself, rather should I say our new interests as husband and wife, to live as hitherto; my future being assured to me, I can bear with present difficulties well enough, but about a minor point Edwin, you must not insist on my wearing a black silk dress to be married in, it would be an unlucky omen.'

'I give you leave to change the color,' he remarked with something very like a sneer curling his lip at what he considered her superstition, 'only mind, no light colors to be worn, nothing in fact that shall testify that you are newly married; is this a settled point?'

'I understand you perfectly; I am lodging in Gordon street, Number 75; you will call on me and let me know the hour at which I am to meet you at the church next Saturday,' and Martha rose and held out her hand. He turned hastily aside, however, and rang the bell, saying:

'Come, I am not going to allow my future wife to leave me without refreshment; you must be tired, and perhaps feel faint.'

'To speak the truth I am thankful for your thoughtfulness,' said Martha, again seating herself and removing her hat.

'For good preservation still,' thought he to himself, as his eyes fell on the glossy, black hair, which had been so cared for as scarcely to reveal a silver thread. Her slender figure was still unimpaired by time, and if her too pale complexion had borrowed a little artificial tint, he was not aware of it, and as the thin white hand, which had never done a stroke of hard work since her early girlhood, lay on the table beside her, her fingers sparkling with the rings he had from time to time bestowed upon her, he thought, that with the somewhat refined airs she had contracted from her constant intercourse with Laura and others far above herself in wordly position, that there was nothing in her demeanor or appearance which would make him feel ashamed to marry her.

He is aware, too, that Martha in service at Riversdale, and Martha as she is to-day in Jermyn Street, are as two separate persons, although their identity is the same. And why? Not. Surely, because to-day she wears a rich black silk with its yards of train sweeping the ground, and that her mantle is trimmed with real lace, and her fingers aglow with jewelled rings, and a golden necklace around her shaply throat. No, it is none of these things which alter her social position. It is because she feels she is, so to speak, free to-day, that the restraint enforced by her position has fallen from her like an old dress which she has cast aside. She has a superior mind, and she has done her best to cultivate it; she has read the standard works of the best authors, and many a time has she crept into the library at Riversdale when all had retired to rest, and taken a book from its shelves, over which she had pored till a late hour of the night, returning it to its place early in the following morning.

For many years past, as one after another her letters to him were returned through the Dead Letter Office, she had made up her mind that that miserable husband of hers had either died a natural death in California, or else, and it was extremely likely the latter idea was correct, he had got into some drunken brawl and been killed, and henceforth Martha began to scheme and plot, no longer for money in itself, but for position in society far above that to which, by birth, she was entitled, and her whole aim was to make herself fit to occupy the place to which she aspired as the Mistress of Riversdale.

And so yielding himself up to the influence this woman had so long possessed over him, Edwin Ainslie strove to forget that he was in a manner coerced into matrimony, and the day was far advanced before he remembered an engagement he had made to meet a friend that afternoon, nor would he suffer Martha to return home alone, but sending for a cab he accompanied her to the lodgings she had engaged. Had Martha raised her eyes as the Captain assisted her to alight when the cab stopped at her temporary residence, what she had seen would have well nigh paralyzed her with horror.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'My dear father, the young man's name even, is enough. Buzzle! How awfully vulgar it sounds! Fancy our Ella being called Mrs. Buzzle!'

'Young ladies who are in love, Charles, do not trouble their heads about their lovers' names,' said the Doctor gaily, in answer to the remark made by his eldest son; 'if Ella were here she would doubtless say, 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'

'The name is the best part of a bad business,' chimed in Mrs. Lester. 'I really do not know what is to be done. The poor fellow himself is well enough and so clever that he has already regular customers for some of his sea pieces; but, then, look at his family. Mrs. Buzzle, particularly, is so vulgar, and so well known among the working-classes up at the church, that it is altogether a most painful piece of business.'

'Use your authority as a father, sir,' exclaimed Charles Lester, addressing the Doctor, 'and forbid all intercourse. This comes of having young drawing-masters in the house to give lessons to young ladies.'

'Easier to say 'forbid intercourse' than to do it,' said Lester; 'when you see a girl pining away before your eyes, and are met at every turn by the repeated observation, 'we will both wait as long as you see fit; but if I do not marry Edward'—by the way, she never calls him Buzzle—' then I shall never marry at all.'

'You and my mother are by far too gentle, sir, with my sister,' exclaimed her arbitrary brother. 'If I were you, father, I would—'

'Never mind what you would do, Charles,' said his mother, as Ella entered the room bearing her sketch-book in her hand. What for? Surely not for any use she could make of it in the streets of Stepney?

Certainly not; but she was going to be sent out of the way for a time, or to put it in another, and to her poor girl, a kinder way, on a visit to an aunt residing at Ramsgate. And when she pleaded that she was in her usual state of health, she was silenced by sundry observations as to her pallid cheeks and depressed spirits, the doctor and his wife steadily keeping the real reason in the background. On that morning she had taken her first lesson in water colors since Edward's recovery; her father intended it to be her last. Mrs. Lester had remained in the parlor the whole time, occasionally stealing a glance at the artist's handsome face, with its dark and brilliant and somewhat dreamy eyes, his straight features wearing almost an expression of haughtiness but for the smile that was habitual to him; the high and ample forehead however was not without its lines implanted there by study, thought and an uneasing anxiety to be doing something that should raise him beyond his present surroundings.

And though Mrs. Lester honestly wished that Ella, her only daughter, should not become the bride of this obscure and nameless young artist, there was a beyond feeling at war within that maternal bosom as the matron of fifty years and more stole a furtive glance every now and then from the work on which she was engaged to the very ideals of manly beauty and feminine grace before her.

Ella was of medium height and slender, with a face of exquisite loveliness in its delicacy and expression, her dark blue eyes now bent over the painting before her, veiled by their long silken lashes.

And as she occasionally stole a glance she remembered that love hath a language of its own, and she saw her daughter's small white hands tremble as it came in contact with that of her companion.

But it so happened that at the last moment Mrs. Lester was hastily summoned from the room, and no sooner had her now portly form disappeared than Edward exclaimed:

'I shall seek your father in the morning, my own Ella; I will lay before him my hopes and views; you will remember what I said to you the last time we met. I think it not impossible that he may yield. Meanwhile, what have I to say to you other than to vow an everlasting fidelity,'

And so wooed, the tears streaming down her cheeks, Ella Lester and the artist lover exchanged their troth-plight, and when Mrs. Lester hurried back to the room she beheld the trace of those tears in her daughter's eyes, and an expression of deep sorrow on the regular and statuesque features of the artist.

As she looked at him steadily, a thrill ran through her frame; she felt herself irresistably drawn to him, as she never had felt before; it seemed to her as if she had known him herself in the far-away days of her youth, and smiling to herself at the folly of the idea, for in *her* youth he was in *his* infancy, she hastened to put it out of her mind as a weakness which was leading her in the wrong way to her desires.

Early on the morning of the day in question, Mrs. Buzzle had called on her old friend, Father Sherbourne, her conversation was a lengthy one, its purport the *love affair* as she called it, between her son and the doctor's daughter; she had much to tell him, and when she had finished her story, the priest replied, 'My good soul, put it out of your head; Dr. Lester is what we may call a proud man; he will never consent, I feel sure he will not, to the marriage of your son with his only daughter.'

'And what a cruel man he will be then, and to his own child too, my poor Jack has got money, as I have been telling you, and if Ned goes to them foreign parts as he has been talking of to us, and he comes home rich and famous, and if as you think, the doctor still stands out, then Father Sherbourne, as I'm a living woman, Sir, he will be the cruellest man as ever breathed, sure and he will.'

So spoke Mrs. Buzzle as she stood erect in all the glory of a handsome violet mantle and black silk dress which her husband had purchased for her since his return home.

'Time may work changes, Mrs. Buzzle,' said the priest; 'at present I must own I see not the faintest shade of a hope for these poor young people. You say it is Edward's intention to call on Dr. Lester after his daughter has left home.'

'Yes, your reverence. Ned says he will know the worst from his own lips.'

'Very good,' replied the clergyman; 'but there will be something to tell Doctor Lester, on *your* part, you know; however, as I just now said, time enough; we shall see what turns up during Ned's absence; long engagements are not as a rule advisable; has it not entered your head that on this point alone the Doctor may possibly demur?'

'Nay, your reverence, I never thought about it. Sure the best of matches might some time be the longest time in brewing. If the doctor *does* refuse, Miss Ella may still be wed to one far beneath my poor boy; not a soul can say a word against him, I'm quite sure.'

'Certainly not; he is one of the best fellows breathing; but I must wish you good morning, for I am now going on my daily rounds to my poor, sick people, and time presses.'

Mrs. Buzzle took the hint, and dropping a courtesy to the priest, she left him to himself.

It would appear, however, that he was in no hurry to go out nevertheless, for he sat down, and fell into what people call a 'brown study.'

Mrs. Buzzle had told him a story which he would not have accredited had it fallen from any other lips than hers, for he knew her to be a straightforward, truthful woman, and in his opinion, it placed insuperable obstacles in the way of a union between Ella and her artist lover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very Wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption, or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

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1887-8. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887-8.

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STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown.....dp.	7 15	1 00
Royalty Junction.....	7 34	2 12
North Wiltshire.....	8 17	3 05
Hunter River.....	8 30	3 20
Bradalbane.....	9 00	3 57
Emerald Junction.....	9 09	4 07
Freetown.....	9 23	4 22
Kensington.....	9 40	4 45
Summerside.....{ ar.	10 10	5 20
Summerside.....{ dp.	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche.....	1 00	
Wellington.....	1 27	
Port Hill.....	2 08	
O'Leary.....	3 22	
Bloomfield.....	3 45	
Alberton.....	4 20	
Tignish.....ar.	5 15	

STATIONS.	No. 9.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction....dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse.....ar.	5 00

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish.....dp.	6 00	
Alberton.....	6 55	
Bloomfield.....	7 30	
O'Leary.....	7 54	
Port Hill.....	9 07	
Wellington.....	9 49	
Miscouche.....	10 15	
Summerside.....{ ar.	10 35	
Summerside.....{ dp.	11 35 / P. M. 6 50	A. M.
Kensington.....	12 05	7 05
Freetown.....	12 23	7 28
Emerald Junction.....	12 36	7 43
Bradalbane.....	12 45	7 53
Hunter River.....	1 15	8 30
North Wiltshire.....	1 29	8 45
Royalty Junction.....	2 12	9 27
Charlottetown.....ar.	2 30	10 00

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse.....dp.	6 45
Emerald Junction....ar.	7 35

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 5.	No. 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown.....dp	2 30	
Royalty Junct'n.....	2 50	
Bedford.....	3 23	
Mt. Stewart June..{ ar	3 55	
Mt. Stewart June..{ dp	4 10	
Cardigan.....	5 22	
Georgetown.....ar	5 45	
		P. M.
Mt. Stewart June.....dp		4 05
Morell.....		4 43
St. Peter's.....		5 12
Bear River.....		5 37
Souris.....ar		6 40

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 6.	No. 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown.....dp	7 15	
Cardigan.....	7 38	
Mount Stewart Jun {ar	8 50	
Mount Stewart Jun {dp	9 00	
Bedford.....	9 32	
Royalty Junct'n.....	10 05	
Charlottetown.....ar	10 25	
		A. M.
Souris.....dp		6 20
Bear River.....		7 03
St. Peter's.....		7 48
Morell.....		8 17
Mount Stewart June. ar		8 55

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JAMES COLEMAN,
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Railway Office, Charlottetown, Nov. 29, 1887—61

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QUEEN AND KING SQUARES.

1887. Fall Importations. 1887.

FLOUR—We have on hand, and to arrive, over 1,400 barrels of Choice Family Flour, comprising such well-known brands as Estey, Matchless, Kent, City and White Duck, every barrel of which is warranted, and which we will sell at the very lowest price for cash.

TEA—Our excellent Tea takes the lead every time, because we keep up the quality and give the best value in the city. We have a large stock of extra fine Tea on hand, and to arrive, in ½ chests, ¼ chests, 5 lb. and 10 lb. air-tight tin caddys, which will be sold low. We warrant every pound of Tea we sell, and if it does not prove satisfactory, return it, and we will refund you the money.

SUGAR—A large stock of Sugars always kept on hand, in Refined, Raw Demerara, Extra Granulated, Paris Lump and Frosting.

KEROSENE OIL—We buy nothing but the best American Kerosene Oil, as we find it is the only kind that will give satisfaction. If you want a five-gallon tin, give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we can make the price right.

MOLASSES, &c.—A large stock of Molasses, American Caramel, Raisins, Currants, Rice, Soap, Tobacco, &c., &c., always kept on hand and sold low for cash.

We beg leave to thank our numerous customers for their patronage in the past, and to solicit a continuance of the same for the future, being confident that we can give them the best satisfaction in the city. We buy our goods direct from headquarters in England, United States and Canada, and are therefore in a position to sell lower than those who buy second-hand.

BEER & GOFF,

Queen and King Squares.

Nov. 2, 1887.