AN IRISH FAIRY SONG. By Rev. J. B. Dollard (Sliav-na-

Mon.) By light o' the moon, at the gray cairn stone
A wonderful sight you'll see:

By light o' the moon when the banshee's croon

Comes faint o'er moor and lea, Weird cloud-shapes hurry athwart the sky, The drowsy glens are still,

And the march you'll see of the Shag Shee"
By light o' the moon on the hill.

By light o' the moon you'll heark-

en soon
Strange music throbbing sweet,
The harp-notes bold of the bards of

Your tranced car shall greet, For theirs are tunes and the mystic

By the fairles filched away, And they echo still on the moonlit

When the elfin minstrels play.

By light o' the moon, as the reed-

pipes croon
The Fairy Hosts are seen,
And bright and gay is their wararray With the glint of shield and

They wage once more the wars of

yore, Fierce fights of the dim days When the Fionn brave, by Baskinn's

wave, Hailed Oisin's trumpet blast. By light o' the moon, at the cairn

stone The fairy minstrels weep, And the melting tone of their sor-

row's moan The winds of Eire keep; They weep her Harpers dead and

gone, Whose songs would haunt and thrill;

They mourn and wail o'er the wrongs of the Gael
By light o' the moon on the kill.

*Sluag Shee-The fairy army.

HERISHED GIFT

The crowded streets, even at the hours after dark, the gaily decorated windows of the shops and stores the many people hurrying to and fro, each laden with as many bundles as he could carry, the omnipresence of holly and mistletoe, and the hundreds of cedar trees which abounded everywhere, told in the plainest language that Christmas was near — in fact, that it was the eve of the great festival, The downy covering of snow which lay over the city, and the clear, blue, startlit sky above gave premonition. lit sky above gave premonition of an ideal Christmas. The hurry and bustle of the pedestrians and the muffled rumble of the delivery wag-gons showed the eagerness of all for the coming day.

At the crossing of the two prom-

At the crossing of the two prominent streets stood a young lad. He was scarcely ten years of age, and his clothes showed sings of poverty. Under his arm was a violin and bow. Now and then he would place the instrument in position, and then drawing the bow over the surface armines play some familiary. quivering strings, play some familiar air after which coins of differ-

ar air after which coins of different worth were tossed to him.

The young fellow occupied his post in this manner until a late hour. The people on the streets became fewer; the lights in the show windows were extinguished and quiet was beginning to reign. Our little hero was about to turn down one of the streets, when he was accosted by a number of hilar-

was accosted by a number of hilar-ious young men who had been spending the evening in a question-

one.
"Yes, a tune," echoed the others. Richard Marlowe, for that was the youngster's name, did as he was bid. Upon completion of the one air another was demanded and then another.

"Let me see the old thing," said one of the crowd, whose condition was worse than the others.

"Oh, no, no," said Richard in a tone of alarm. "You might breaking."

"I sin't going to hurt the old thing," said the other roughly, as he made a snatch at the instru-ment and wrested it from the

frightened boy's hand, "Now, give me the bow."

Having possession of the bow and instrument he began to scratch the instrument he began to scratch the most ear-piercing sounds on the violin, at the same time cutting queer cepers in imitation of a lighth's amused his companions immensely. They laughed boisterously and shouted words of encouragement to him; told him to go faster and local time with their, hands and feet. This state of affairs comand feet. This state of affairs conand teet. This state of analis continued for some time, when suddenly the dancer slipped, sell to the ground, and as he came in contact with the pavement rolled over on the violin, which lay beside him. An ominous crack announced the damage being done to the in-

the fallen one as he endeavored to regain an upright position.
"But what shall I do now?" the

young lad sobbed,
"I don't ire what you do.
Here's a quarter. The old thing
wasn't worth any more."
With this the ruffiantly crowd
proceeded up the street, leaving
poor little Richard with his broken
Eddle in his band. He leaked on fiddle in his hand. He looked at it mournfully for a while and then

burst into tears.

Just then a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning to-wards the newcomer, Richard saw a man of pleasant appearance with long, curly, black hair standing be-side him.

"What's the matter, little man?" said the kind voice.

"Some fellows have broken my instrument, and"—teers rendered the completion of the sentence impossible.
"And you will not be able to

play any more?" added the other.
"I don't know what to do. I
was here to carn a few pennics for to-morrow, and, besides, I promised our choirmaster I would play the Offertory at the first Mass tomorrow morning, and now I can't. My mother is too poor to buy me another instrument.

"Then you are a Catholic?"
"Yes, sir."

"And you play the violin?"
"Yes, sir."
"Will you come home with me? I will see if I can't give you a violin to take the place of your broken one."

Richard hesitated. "It is getting late, and I ought to be at home. Mother will be waiting for me," he finally said. "Where do you live?" his benefactor asked.

Richard stated the street.

Richard stated the street.
"Then my home is on your way.
Come with me. I will give you the
violin and will come to hear you
play to-morrow morning. If you
play well enough you shall have the
instrument for a Christmas gift."
They then repaired to the gentleman's home. He was not only a
prominent violinist of the city, but
his reputation as a teacher was
still greater. In musical circles
l'iofessor Von Vallen occupied a
foremost position. One of his excentricities was a fondness for v'olins, which led him to purchase-evlins, which led him to purchase every good instrument he discovered. Consequently he possessed a large collection. One of these he propos-

ed to give to Richard.
When they reached the professor's bachelor apartments and the wel-come glow of the hearth had warmed them somewhat, the professor brought out an old instrument. As ed them somewhat. he drew the bow carelessly over the strings, sweet and mellow tones issued from beneath his fingers. Richard stood entranced. If he could only play that way!

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The symptoms of kidney disease such as backache, frequent and painful urination, deposits in the urine, pains in the sides and limbs, and headaches, are so familiar that it seems unnecessary for anyone to be ignorant of the approach of this be ignorant of the approach of this dreaded malady. Dr. Chase's Kid-ney-Liver Pills are ever at hand as a thoroughly effective remedy. able manner.
"Play us a tune, Johnnie," said they are for sale by nearly every dealer who pretends to keep any family medicines.

Not only the kidneys themselves become diseased, but the uric acid forms crystels in the joints and muscles, causing the most extreme pain, and what is known as rheumatism, a disease which can never be cured until the kidneys are made healthful and vigorous.

Another form of kidney disease is dropsy and heart failure. In such to water, and causes dropsical swellings, which, when in the region of the heart, produce heart failure. cases the uric acid turns the blood

In view of the frightful risks which you run in neglecting kidney derangements, and the undoubted efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a cure for weak, inactive, diseased kidneys, it remains as a duty for you to apply the remedy and be cured. You can be certain of beneficial results, for Dr. Chase's Kidnev-Liver Pills have stood the test of time, and proven their right to first place as a kidney medicine.

In every town, village and town-ship of Canada there are people who can testify to the extraordinary merits of this great remedy. on the violin, which lay beside him. An ominous crack announced the damage being done to the instrument.

"Oh, you've broken my violin," cried Richard in despair.

"I don't care if I did," muttered pany, Toronto.

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We'll send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

"Is this as good as your old one?" questioned the professor "Much better, sir, much better," carerly answered the boy. "And is this for me?" he continued, in-

credulously. "It is yours for to-morrow morning, and if your playing pleases me it is yours for always. Take it now and hurry home. To-morrow I shall be at the church to hear you. What church is it?"

Richard told him, and bidding him good night, lurried home.

The next morning, as the pealing of the bells called the faithful to the first Mass on Christmas morning, Richard hurried to the church, the precious violin under his arm. He was a lavorite of the choirmas ter, who, recognizing the musical talenta latent in him, had given him a number of lessons. In arranging his musical programme arranging his musical programme the genial organist has asked the boy to play the Adeste at the offertory. The young fellow was only too glad to comply. So, as he hurried to church this Christmas morning, he was at peace with the world. His heart longed for the time when he was to play, for he knew that the professor was there; but he knew too, that by playing but he knew, too, that by playing he would do honor to the Christ-child, born that night in the cold and lonely stable at Bethlehem.

The Mass had begun. In humble adoration the large congregation bowed before the Infant-God and sent its prayers of thanksgiving and love to the Father in heaven. The exultant strains of the Gloria in Excelsis had died away and the offertory was now reached. Little Richard, in the organ loft, placed his violin on his shoulder and to the subdued accompaniment of the organ sang from his instrument the simple yet devotional strains of the Adeste Fidelis. Sweetly and the Adeste Fidelis. Sweetly and clearly the notes rang out upon the air and in each swell and crescendo the innocence of his boyish heart was manifest. Below the people thought of that wintry morning centuries ago when the angel chorus with the accompaniment of celestial harps announced the birth of the Savious, so sweet and pure lestial harps announced the Savious, so sweet and pure of the Savious, so sweet and pure The the Bavois, so sweet am pure the melody seemed to them. The professor, in a rear pew, sat spell-bound. His face was a study. He was more than surprised. He had discovered a wouderful musical diadiscovered a wouderful musical diamond. He, of all others, thought only of the musical possibilities of little Richard. This Christmas had no higher meaning for him.

Mass was over. The people, having left the house of worship, were most in each other marrily and

greeting each other merrily and here and there the illuminated Christmas-tree and the gay chatter of children gave proof that Santa Claus had paid many a home a friendly visit. The professor wait-ed for Richard after Mass. As the little fellow saw him his first words

"Is the instrument mine, profes-

After the professor's talk with the mother it was agreed that lit-tle kichard should take lessons from him and that she and Richard should live at the professor's stud-io. Thus our young hero's musical education began.

Years have passed. The mother of Richard has gone to her reward, and the professor is old and gray. Richard himself has been to Europe to complete his musical educatian, and is now returning home to his first teacher and patron. The meeting is a happy one, and as the professor recognized the same old violin he gave his protege

same old violin he gave his protege on that Christmas eve years ago he feels young again.

To-morrow is Christmas. Will the choirmaster at the old church permit Richard to play the offertory at the first Mass on the next morning? Yes. But the church is no longer the small building of long ago. A magnificent temple with arched roof and stately columns has replaced it. These topics form the material for a long conform the material for a long conversation between Richard and the

versation between Richard and the professor.

"You will hear me play to morrow, professor?" asked Richard.

"Yes," the professor answere.

"Have you been to church sincothat Christmas when first you heard me play?" 1. Jly continues the other.

The professor became confused.
"I will come to-morrow. Let us
go to rest now." And they retired.
The next morning, upon entering
the church, the professor slipped inthe church, the protessor supped in-to a rear pew, while Richard pro-ceeded to the organ loft. How his innocent boyhood days came back to him, days of childish happiness dearly and eagerly awaited. The services proceeded. At the offertory, the soft, dulect tones of a violin created the community he-

a violin greeted the community be-low. The prayerful simple strains of the Adeste Fidelis as they swellof the Adeste Fidelis as they swelled forth in tender harmony, in
soulful inspiration; the cadenzas
and trills as they rippled through
the vaulted nave spoke to the soul
of each listener as music, angel's
voice, only can. Richard has played that same air years ago; but
now a mature musician with the
slumbering muse fully awakened,
all the pathos and tenderness of
his soul noured itself out into that all the pathos and tenderness of his soul poured itself out into that simple melody. The professor was entranced. His spirit was lifted from within him, and burying his head in his hands he proyed that the peace of the season might enter into his heart. This Christmas had a more significant meaning for him. He heard not the earthly musician: he heard the plaintive call sician; he heard not the earthly musician; he heard the plaintive call of an Infant. God asking him to hasten and adore. He would respond to the call.

After Many

After Mass, when almost all the people had left the edifice, Richard found the professor still on his knees.
"I must go,"

"lispered Richard, point' in to the confessional. "I must respond."

al. "I must respond."
Richard's prayer was satisfied.
Through all the years in which he had known the professor his greatest wish was to see him return to his religion. At last his fondest hope was to be realized. Was this a merry Christmas for him? Was it for the professor? Yes. And that violin, the instrument the little boy received as a Christmas gift years ago, is now the cherished treasure of the full-grown man and consum

YOUR SORROWS.

When sorrow, humiliation, and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them. ask God to deliver you from them. It is a service that He cannot always render you despite the pleading of His Feart. Lovingly ask Him to come and share your suffering. That is the service of a friend which He will never refuse you, and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough; there is always donor in delay are a hottle ways danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung

NEWMAN AND SCIENCE.

I remember distinctly getting at once the impression from my very first conversation with Newman that the view then very commonly held as to his position to the intellect of the modern world was quite erroneous, and I was confirmed in this view some little time afterwards. He spoke to me about Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." I saw at once from the tone of his obervations that both Roman Catholics and Anglicans were equal-Catholics and Anglicans were equal-ly wrong in their views of his atti-tude to free scientific inquiry. No-thing could be more micaken than to imagine that he looked at it askance, or with any alarm what-ever as to its ultimate effects on Christian faith. That was certainly "Is the instrument mine, professor?"

"Yours for all time, my boy," cried the professor. "Come, take me to your mother. I have something to say to ber." And the two hurried to the humble home of the Marlowes.

After the professor's talk with the present moment there are some who ought to know better who still misunderstand him in this respect, and mistake the critical faculty which made it impossible for him to accept as gospel scientific propositions which may be true butare still unproven for a cowardly
and untruthful state of mind which
must culminate in hopeless obscurantism.—From "Some Recollections of Cardinal Newman," in
The Courbil Magazine for Newman," The Cornhill Magazine for Novem-

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