

Concluded from first page.

Mary Elizabeth, sir.

'Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was a little as you read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean an Angel of Rebekah?'

'Sir.'

'Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?'

'Nowhere, sir.'

'And do you sleep?'

'In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It's too cold for the cow. She's so kind she lets us sleep.'

'Whom do you stay with?'

'Nobody, only Jo.'

'Is Jo your brother?'

'No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven't got only Jo.'

'What does Jo do for a living?'

'She—gets it, sir.'

'And what do you do?'

'I beg it better than to get it, sir, I think.'

'Where's your mother?'

'Dead.'

'What did she die of?'

'Drip, sir, said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

'Ah—well. And your father?'

'He is dead. He died in prison.'

'What sent him to prison?'

'Drink, sir.'

'Oh?'

'I had a brother once, continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, but he died too.'

'What did he die of?'

'Drip, sir, said the child, cheerfully. 'I do want my supper, she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to go to herself, and 'I'll be waiting for me.'

'Wait then, said the young man; 'I'll see if I can't beg you enough to get you your supper.'

'I thought there would be an extry one among so many folks,' cried Mary Elizabeth; for now she thought she would get back her five cents.

'Sure enough; the young man put five cents into his hat to begin with. Then he took out his purse and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece, and something more and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentlemen who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

'So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and truly it was \$40.

'Forty dollars!'

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

'It's yours, said the young man. Now, come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife too. But we'll come to supper now.'

'Yes, yes, said the gentlemen coming up. 'She knows about every orphan in this city, I believe. She'll know what ought to be done with you. She'll take care of you.'

'But Jo would wonder, said Mary Elizabeth loyally. 'I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed.'

'Oh, yes, yes, we'll fix all that, said the gentleman, 'and Jo too. A little girl with \$40 needn't sleep in a wood shed. But don't you want your supper?'

'Why, yes, said Mary Elizabeth. 'I do.'

'So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentlemen who were known all about what to do with orphans, took her by the other hand, and they all went out in the dining-room and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed; and she wondered why.

'And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins, and oaks, and custard, and apple, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows; but it didn't.

'The young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might yet be one, one would have thought, who had seen him then—stood watching the little girl.

'She's preached me a better sermon, he said, below his breath; 'better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there was a thousand like her in this selfish world!'

'And when I heard about it, I wished, too, too.'

'And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's last Christmas story.'

Miscellaneous.

The Question Settled

There's no use in arguing the question of the potency of some substances for special service in emergencies. They will do all they promise, and more, if judiciously used. The following from Mr. P. Murphy, of No. 1 Fire Station, Ottawa, bears upon the point stated above. Mr. Murphy says: I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil recently, and must say that it is the best Liniment I ever saw used. I caught cold from getting wet at a fire, and it settled in my shoulder and down my back to my hip. I suffered a great deal from the pain. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and after the fourth application I was entirely free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of it, and advise others to use it.

Death of the Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far West, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bed side; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

'It is night!' she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

'Yes,' he answered softly. 'It is growing dark.'

'Where are the children?' she queried; 'are they all in?'

'Poor old man! how could he answer her, the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—had out-lived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn!'

'The children are safe,' answered the old man, tremulously; 'don't think of them, Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?'

'My tent is in Thee, let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way be dark?'

'I'd rather be with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light.'

'I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.'

'John, where's little Charlie?' she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave-dug of the twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands, hands that had labored so hard. They were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his lips to hers, and cried, 'She had entered a trial of life! Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone. And it was strange and sad to the old man and the yellow-haired grand daughter left them to hear her babble of walks in the woods, gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong resolute hand, of wedding feasts and death bed triumphs, and when at midnight the bridegroom's voice, and the old man, bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young grand daughter kissed her brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning—she was shining like the jewel with the songs of birds and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest, while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch which fastened her white waist was shining in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work.

'Oh, my I in His court to be seen, Like a young cedar fresh and green.'

But what strange transformation was there? The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness had all disappeared; but the face had grown strangely young and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly: 'You've found Heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon! It's our first parting in over seventy years, and it won't be for long—it won't be for long!'

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are, there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

Bloodhounds in the Russian Army

The Russians have strengthened their army by the novel addition to each company of a pack of powerful and carefully trained dogs. These watchdog animals are sent out with the sentries on picket duty, where their sharp ears and still keener scent will prove an impregnable barrier to the lurking spies of the enemy. The dogs used are a species of bloodhound from the Ural Mountains. The dog is selected because of its habitual silence. It grows, but never barks—a matter of the first importance to soldiers near an enemy's camp. The Ural hound is gifted with an exceedingly fine sense of smell, keen ears, and is ever alert. Most comforting of all to the lonely picket, the dog is said to be especially courageous in defending his master. It is curious that, with the example of the King Charles spaniel before us, no one thought before of using these intelligent animals as sentinels. The Muscovites have gone further and are training swift hounds, as well as these same Ural dogs, to act as despatch bearers, much as the carrier pigeons were employed in 1871. They certainly would be hard messengers to catch, when sent stealing through the woods at night.

A Canadian Speaks.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way which bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Hays, Campbell P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Hays says: With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.

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