God holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad, If other hands should hold the key, Or if he trusted it to me, It might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here Without its rest? Rather would I unlock the day, And as the hours swing open, say, "Thy will is best."

The very dimness of my sight Makes me secure; For, groping in my misty way, I feel his hand—I hear him say "My hel is sure."

I cannot read his tuture plan, But this I know; I have the smiling of his face, And all the refuge of his grace. While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want, And so I rest; For what I cannot, he can see, And in his care I sure shall be, Forever blest.

TRUE TO TRUST. THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT

CHAPTER X. Christmas has ever been looked upon a christinas has ever been looked upon as a season of great rejoicing, especially in the days of Catholicity. It was a time when people wished not only to be happy themselves, but to make the poor and the afflicted so likewise; a time when, by that Mass offered in the silence of night, the Christian honored the ever-memorable hour when the Redeemer of the world was

born. Stephen Casterman cared very little for Christmas rejoicings. Very different thoughts occupied his mind. It was then he intended to disclose to the commissioner what he had learnt from Harkwright, and

in the past; and now and then a faint smile would play on the thin compressed smile would play on the thin compressed lips of the old man, as pleasant recollections crossed his mind. A loud knock at the hall door disturbed his musings, and in a moment all the bright visions of bygone days had vanished—Mr. Higgins' features had resumed their usual stern expression. He listened eagerly to the sounds outside, wondering who it was that required his services, or what could be the required his services, or what could be the matter. He heard Peter give admittance to some one, when ensued an animated conversation; at length the parlor door opened and the old servant appeared.
"Please sir," he said in a low voice,
"there is a man in the hall."

"Well, what is he doing there?" replied

"Then let him come in."

"Then let him come in."
"To say the truth, I like not the man's look," replied Peter. "He's a tall, powerful man; his trade, he says, was fishing; and those folks never have any good in them; and how could they, living in the sea, more like fish than Christians? Shall I bid him depart, sir?"
"Tell him to come in at once."
Peter knew that by the december 1

Peter knew that by the determin manner in which his master pronounced these words that opposition would be usethese words that opposition would be useless; he left the room, therefore, mumbling to himself "that if the master would be murdered, it was not his fault."

Taking his lantern, he cautiously descended the stairs. His heart beat violently as he reached the door, against which he leant himself; the minutes

"Have you, then, found one?"
"I know where there is one. Sir Reginald de Courey has long had a priest in his house. A servant at the Manor let out the secret. And, farther, to-night you may seize them all, for there will be Mass (whatever that is), and they will be altogether in one room and the priest with them. If you will come with your men, the servant will let us in by a back door.

"It is not besides, his conscience was silenced by present excitement and a steady hand he drew back the bolt and opened the door, giving admittance to Stephen Casterman, the commissioner, his officers, and several others.

"You men," said Mr. Higgins in an undertone, "remain here until you are called; the fewer men the less noise. Now show the way," he added, turning to

door.

"It is excellently well planned; I knew there was a priest in that house!" exclaimed the delighted commissioner.

"Come here to-night, my good man, and lead us into the Manor, and to-morrow the hundred pounds shall be yours."

"Tis all right," replied Stephen, and he retired.

retired retired.

Ignorant of the projects formed against them, and of the dangers by which they were threatened, the inmates of Bron-Welli were spending Christmas-eve in

peace and happiness.

That day the poor of the neighborhood flocked to the spacious kitchen of the man-sion, where plentiful provisions were dis-tributed to them for themselves and their families. Nor would Lady Margaret trust this charitable office to the care of her ser-vants alone; but radiant with holy joy, she herself superintended all, accompanied by little Barbara, for she liked her chil-

dren even when so young to share in her

good deeds.

As she moved about she had a kind word for each—a question about her children, or about their more particular needs; and such as she knew were Catholies she invited to stop at the house that they might be able to go to confession. lies she invited to stop at the house that they might be able to go to confession, and assist at the midnight Mass; for it was Sir Reginald's wish, she knew, that all such should lodge at the Manor till the following afternoon. Sir Reginald himfollowing afternoon. Sir Reginald him-self, with Austin, was engaged in similar benevolence, riding round to visit his ten-ants. And all alike were repaid for their kind actions by the glow of happiness that continually rises in the hearts of those who engage themselves in doing good.

Dame Barnby had been invited to at-

tend the midnight Mass, but Ruth was ill, and she did not like to leave her. She therefore gave Catherine leave to go with Bridget O'Reilly, saying that she herself would go to the morning mass, when her niece would return to take care of the in-

Bridget and her young friend, well wrapped up in their cloaks, started off for the Manor. On their way they talked of that first Christmas night, when the shepherds heard the angels' voices, and hastened to adore the Infant King. On their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others passed up towards the altar; the side door communicating with the grounds was provided by the communicating with the grounds was provided to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's tried to force their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others passed up towards the altar; the side door communicating with the grounds was provided to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's tried to force their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others are the provided to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's tried to force their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others are the provided to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's tried to force their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others are the provided to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's tried to force their way through the ranks of the party who were entering; others are the party who were entering; others are the provided to the party who were entering; others are the party who were entering; others their arrival they found many of the con-gregation already assembled.

The chapel was tastefully adorned with

evergreens. There was a door which opened into the grounds, but this was kept opened into the grounds, but this was kept locked, and people coming to Mass entered through the house to avoid suspicion; but in case of a surprise they could make their escape by the outer door. Sir Reginald was not without some fear of a nightly visit from the commis-

what he had learnt from Harkwright, and hoped to obtain the promised reward for his pains. And on that night the treacher ous Harkwright was to admit him and the the commissioner into the Manor-house.

Mr. Higgins spent Christmas-eve much as he spent every other day of the year; he had no family, no one for whom he cared, and none who cared for him, if we except old Peter, a servant who had been with him for more than twenty years, and had grown gray in his service.

At four o'clock on that afternoon the commissioner might have been seen seated by the blazing fire in his little parlor, his eyes fixed on the capriciously curling flames, while his thoughts wandered back in the past; and now and then a faint smile would play on the thin compressed in the general rejoicings; his fellow-

day in the general rejoicings; his fellow-servants wondered what had made him so dull and uneasy; he wandered about the house in a disconsolate manner, his sadness and terror increasing as night approached. He went to the fatal door and examined the bolt, to see if it would make much noise on opening; as he was returning he met Sir Reginald.

"Are all the casements firmly closed?"

nquired his master.
"I think they are all fast, sir. Yes, I

am sure they are all tast, sir. Yes, 1 am sure they are," answered Andrew in a voice so trembling and low that it attrac-ted his master's notice, who on looking more attentively at him, then remarked his extreme paleness.

"Are you ill, Harkwright?" he asked

"He says he wants to speak to you, sir." Is he one, think you, that comes to ask naught to give him."

"No, sir; 'tis business that brings him here."

"Then let him."

"Are you'ill, Harkwright?" he asked.
"In truth, sir, I do not feel well," replied the servant, glad of the excuse; "and if you will permit me, I should like to go to my bed now: my head is so bad that I do not think I could sit up during Mass.
"You may go also."

told me before, you might have gone sooner. I hope you will be all right to-

morrow."

Harkwright had not the courage to answer. He flew rapidly to his room at the top of the house, and threw himself on his bed, wishing that the fatal hour was over and yet dreading its approach. It was midnight, and he heard the footten was midnight, and he heard the footten was midnight.

steps of the people going to the chapel; and then a death-like silence reigned through the mansion.

Taking his lantern, he cautiously de-

Having introduced the visitor, he remained himself as if to arrange the fire until told to leave the room, which he did; though a few minutes after he again put in his head under some pretext, but only to receive a more peremptory dismissal.

"Well what is your business?" asked the commissioner, drawing himself up very straight in his chair, and addressing Stephen Casterman who stood before him. "Do you come here to bring a complaint against some one and to claim the powerful aid of the law to vindicate your "I come here," replied Casterman, "to claim the hundred pounds' reward offered by you to any one who should discover a trivial.

Well what is your business?" asked the commissioner, drawing himself up very straight; as has been seen, was anything but courageous, and the crime he was about to perpetrate would not certainly inspire him with heroic sentiments. Up to the present with trembling steps he had been advancing in the path of wickednade come, he felt a strange calmness. It arose, in part, from despair, but also from "If come here," replied Casterman, "to claim the hundred pounds' reward offered by you to any one who should discover a priest and those who harbored him."

"Here you, then found one?"

"Here you, then found one?"

opened the door, giving admittance to Stephen Casterman, the commissioner, his officers, and several others.

"You men," said Mr. Higgins in an undertone, "remain here until you are called; the fewer men the less noise. Now show the way," he added, turning to Andrew, who mechanically preceded them in the direction of the chapel. Their footsteps were scarcely audible, as the stone floor was thickly strewn with rushes.

On reaching the door Harkwright stopped, pointing towards it; Casterman pushed it gently open, and gazed in with silent awe and wonderment. It would be difficult to say what the wrecker expected difficult to say what the wrecker expected to witness; but certainly he was not prepared for the sight he now beheld. At the farther end of the chapel was the large lights burnt on it, shedding a soft glew on that part of the chapel. Mass was now nearly over. The congregation were on their knees praying fervently, and the priest in his vestments stood with were on their knees praying lervently, and the priest in his vestments stood on the right hand side of the altar. Casterman had never before been within any place of worsaip, and now, as he looked into this chapel, a strange and solemn feeling came

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised kim to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon who?" asked Sydney Still better steps to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleashould punish them. We deal in and pay only the bills for the genuine Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine on earth.

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over him; he knew not what it was that towards the mansion, with the view of

devotion, which had struck even caster man, was succeeded by one of confusion and terror. A sweep of cold night air blew along the corridor from the open door; it passed into the chapel, like the breath of an evil spirit disturbing the serenity of the holy place; breath of an evil spirit disturb-ing the serenity of the holy place; several heads turned to see whence it pro-ceeded, and then they beheld Stephen standing at the entrance. A murmur was heard through the congregation, and all rose from their knees, the words of prayer rose from their knees, the words of prayer still lingering on their lips, the book or the rosary clasped to their hearts. The wrecker threw the door wide open, calling

to his companions to come on. But now the scene was plunged in darkness. Austin, hoping to afford the priest time to escape, had extinguished the lights on the altar.

The commissioner shouted to his men

ommunicating with the grounds was uite forgotten, until Sir Reginald was heard to cry out : "All who can, make for the entrance on

There was immediately a rush in that direction; but, as often happens in such moments, the door was so well fastened that none could open it; the commissioner and his party were, however, under the impression that their intended victims

ould escape.
"Set fire to the house!" cried a voice At these words Lady Margaret, remembering her little daughter who was asleep upstairs, exclaimed in accents of deep dis-

"O, my child, my Barbara, she will be urnt!" and the poor mother darted for-

ward.

Catherine was by her side, and whispered to her, "My lady, fear not; I will run swiftly and fetch her.

Probably in her anguish of mind the lady had not heeded the words of her

young companion, for she continued to push on; but Catherine, more agile, had already glided past the men at the door. She groped along the passages, traversed the hall, and reached the foot of the staircase, where through a long narrow window the moon shed her tranquil light. She had proceeded up two or three steps when she heard a scream. It came from the direction of the chapel. She stopped and listened. There was a confused sound of voices. What could that shrick have of voices. What could that shrick have been? thought she. Was the Manor al-ready in flames? She trembled and scarcely

ready in names: She trembled and scarcely dared to advance. "I will save the little lady at any risk," said the courageous girl to herself. "O, my God, O Holy Mary protect me!" she added as she ran rapidly up the flight of

soon reached Barbara's room; a She soon reached Barbara's room; a bright wood fire blazed and crackled in the large chimney, and cast a ruddy light on the old-fashioned furniture and on the bed of the little sleeper. Catherine awoke her from her peaceful slumber, and the child looked round quite bewildered.

"Where is mother?" she asked.

"You shall go to her presently, Barbara dear," replied Catherine, while she dressed her hurriedly; and, taking her in her arms, she left the room.

dressed her hurriedly; and, taking her in her arms, she left the room.

She knew her way well about the house, and guided by the moonlight which streamed in at every window, she descended a back staircase, which led on to an outer door, which once passed she felt her little protegee would be safe. With mingled feelings of hope and fear she proceeded to unbar it, experiencing a senproceeded to unbar it, experiencing a sen-sation of deep relief when she had crossed the threshold.

Catherine directed her course towards the strength to carry her that distance. She therefore seated herself on an old bench, and placed her cold and terrified companon on her knees, endeavored to co her. Taking off her own large cloak and wrapping it around the child, she rocked her in her arms till she had fallen asleep her in her arms till she had fallen asleep and then laid her gently on the ground. Kneeling down, she then returned thanks to God for her escape, and that of Lady Margaret's daughter, praying also for those of the family who were still in danger. Then she went a little way out-side to ascertain if the Manor-house was on fire; there was a light in one or two on fire; there was a light in one or two of the windows, but she was glad to see no

Returning to the child, she laid down by her side. Her rest was disturbed; she heard over again in her sleep that scream that had so alarmed her, and then again would suddenly awake, imagining that men were breaking in, or that the house

was crumbling into ruins.

Thus passed the dark hours of the night, and Christmas morning dawned, pale and cheerless. Catherine arose, feeling stiff and cold; but Barbara, who was well covered accord. ered, seemed sleeping comfortably as if in her own little bed. Without disturbing her, Catherine proceeded cautiously

The "Tin King" Talks.

From Maine to Manitoba,—from St. John's to British Columbia, Mr. Thomas W. McDonald, the Tin King of the Dominion, whose large works extend from minion, whose large works extend from 153 to 157 Queen street, Toronto, and cover a solid block, is recognized and re-spected. Mr. McDonald's experience with the Great German Remedy is thus with the Great German Remedy is thus announced by him: "It is very gratifying to me to be able to give a written testimonial respecting the unequalled merits of the world removned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as an alleviator of pain. I was Jacobs Oil, as an alieviator of pain. I was for years sorely troubled with a swollen leg. In vain I tried all the prescriptions of medical men. At last in deep despair I resolved to test the virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and to my great joy before one bottle had been exhausted I found myself completely cured Trusting that St. J. cobs Oil may meet with the success it deserves, I close this statement, by reiterating my indorscment of its efficacy.

the congregation of the previous night. She looked through the archway into the courtyard, and as nothing was stirring there, she continued her round outside.

there, she continued her round outside.

"Catherine!" said a voice near her.

She turned quickly, with a feeling half
of joy, half of fear, but was quite reassured
on seeing one of Lady Margaret's maids.
She was so full of anxiety to know the
fate of those whom she left in the chapel,
and so glad to see one of them, that she
could hardly speak.

"O Mistress Jane, what has happened?"
were her only words.

were her only words.
"Her ladyship's dying, methinks," replied the waiting-woman, who appeared much agitated. "Heaven help us! We are in sore distress. Where is the Lady

Catherine conducted her to the outhouse; and the maid taking the little child, who was still asleep, in her arms, returned to the house, accompanied by Catherine. On the way thither the maid Catherine. On the way thither the maid told her that Lady Margaret, having hastened out of the chapel to rescue her little daughter, had fallen while mounting a small flight of steps at the end of the corridor, and received a severe blow on her back, which had caused her to scream loudly; that lights being brought, she was found in sensible, and in the test sets exist. and insensible, and in that state carried to her room; and that her first question on reviving had been about Barbara, who

It was in search of the child, or rather of Catherine, the maid had herseif come out, in the full hope that they would be found together; for she knew that, on the cry of fire, Catherine had run off to Barbara's oom with the intention of saving her.

By this time they had reached the hall-

"The men have possession of the place," "The men have possession of the place," whispered the waiting-woman to her companion. "They have been ransacking the house all night; we durst not stir from the room where her ladyship was, but they have all fallen asleep now. There," she continued, pointing to a man who was lying on a bench near the spacious chimney—"there is one of them."

was sying on a bench near the spacious chimney—"there is one of them."

They proceeded softly up the stairs, fearing at every moment that the slumberers would awake, and prevent their entering the house; for the commissioner had given strict orders to allow no one to other. They pessed on however, many enter. They passed on, however, unmo-lested, and arrived at Lady Margaret's department. When the door was opened Catherine saw her kind patroness lying on her bed; she was deadly pale, her face wore an expression of deep sorrow, and she appeared to be in great pain, but yet

on her beautiful countenance.

Barbara was placed beside her mother, who drew her darling fondly towards

her.
"Was she with thee, my Kate?" she said, "Was she with thee, my Kate?" she said, turning to the faithful girl.

In few simple words Catherine related what she had done, when Lady Margaret took her hand in her own and pressed it gently. She felt too weak to speak, and the silent gratitude, of the mother was as gently. She felt too weak to speak, and the silent gratitude of the mother was as well understood as if she had spoken. Catherine's eyes filled with tears for she feared that her kind friend, whom she

truly loved and venerated, was near her Widow O'Reilly and several waiting omen, were in the room, and were con

women, were in the room, and were conversing in a low voice.

"If we could but procure something for her ladyship!" said one.

"Stay ve all here," replied Bridget, "and I will go to the town and seek provisions; and may be Kate will come to halv me."

"I will, indeed," answered Kate; and the

wo accordingly started.

The sun had now risen; his gracious rays warmed the benumbed earth, and cheered the landscape; high on a leafless bush a robin poured forth its joyous lay; it was Christmas morning, and nature looked bright and festive; but there was

sorrow in many a heart that day. one of the numerous outhouses at the rear of the Manor. She had at first intended Austin, and Father Ralph had been con-Austin, and Father Ralph had been conducted, for greater security, to the commissioner's house. Mr. Higgins had used possible; the walk was too long for the poor little child, and she herself had not the strength to carry be that distance. She have live the provide the the strength to carry be that distance. She have live the record to the poor little child, and she herself had not the strength to carry be that distance. She have live the record to the strength to carry be that distance. She have live the record to the strength to carry be loved by the people; he therefore feared that an attempt might be made to rescue that an attempt might be made to rescue the prisoners; he also had all the servants he could find in the Manor locked up until morning, lest they should spread the news of what had happened ere he had provided for the safe keeping of the priest

and his harborer.

When Catherine and Bridget entered When Catherine and Bridget entered the town, they found everyone in a state of much excitement; some of those who had assisted at Mass had spread the strange tidings, which filled the townspeople with astonishment. Most agreed that a Catholic priest deserved to be arrested, but that Sir Reginald and his family were too charitable and good to be interfered with. Great indignation, was evergested gainst Great indignation was expressed against the commissioner, who determined to convey his prisoners early the following morning to Launceston, and hand them over to the Sheriff of Cornwall. Hark wright was to accompany them, to bear witness against his master and Father

Ralph.

Having procured the necessary provisions at her own dwelling, Widow O'Reilly went to Dame Barnby's cottage, where Catherine had stopped to speak with her

Catherine had stopped to speak with her aunt, and to ask permission to remain with Lady Margaret until evening.

"Yes, Kate," replied the poor woman, wiping her eyes; "'tis but right that we should do all we can for her dear ladyship, she was kind and compassionate to all poor folks, to you, Kate, and to myself she was very good. Go and stay with her as long as she wills; the little Lady Barbara is fond of you, so you may be of use."

TO BE CONTINUED

Wrecked Manhood. Victims of excessive indulgence suffer-ing from Nervous Debility, Lack of Selfconfidence, Impaired Memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispen-

SARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo,

FOUR CHILDREN'S STRUGGLE.

Father and Mother had been Liv-

From the New York Sun, Dec. 25th. The battered frame house numbered 109 Frost street, Brooklyn, E. D., skulks back from the imaginary street line in a sidelong way, as if seeking to hide beyond rickety 107. Before it, and on every side, are muddy pools and hilocks of ashes. The great open space back of the house, away over to the railway tracks and beyond, and far down towards the river, is called by the wretched dwellers on its verge the back bay meadow. It is a gigantic dumping ground. Through the middle of it extends a long, inky pool, of which the foulness creeps slowly inland when the tide rises, and goes a little down

again as the tide runs out.

The reporter found the Lavin children on the upper floor, in a room about eight feet square, the only visible articles of furniture in which were a stove, two chairs, and a table. The stove was cold. The broken shutters on the only window the stove of the only window. were closed and a gray chilly light filtered scantily in between the broken slats and through the grimy panes. The tour chil dren stood in a group, close together, while the eldest, a boy of 16 years, told the story of a struggle to maintain existence as a family.

"My name," said he, "is William Lavin.

"My name," said he, "is William Lavin.
That's my oldest sister, Annie, 15 on Christmas. Mary Ellen, there, was 13 on Sept. 22nd, and Richard, the littlest, was 7 last Thanksgiving. My father was a driver of a truck in the bonded lumber yard in Hunter's Point. He died six years ago. It'll be two years on June 23 since our mother died. Wed been living here a year before mother died, and she left us all that we needed for and she left us all that we needed for out of the boat at the foot of Grand street. I stayed at that too long, for when that work ended, and I went back to the that work ended, and I went back to the glass works, they had started up again and put another boy in my place, and didn't want me any more. I got \$4 a week at the glass works, and they paid me a dollar a day when I was at hoisting coal. That's all we had to get along on, but we made out pretty well. The rent is only \$2.50 a month, and we had a good deal of clothes that mother left us, though we haven't been able to get much since. we haven't been able to get much since. But we always got something to eat. The coal hoisting only lasted about two months. Then I was with a peddler, helping him sell apples and things about the street for a while, but I left him about a month ago. I didn't like reddling. month ago. I didn't like peddling. I didn't make much, and it is uncertain and there's no chance of getting ahead at it. I'd like to be where I could learn to

do something. When I stopped work, Annie got work in Waterbury's bagging factory."
"Yes," spoke up Annie, "and two weeks ago I stayed home one day because I had such an awful toothache that I couldn't work, and the next morning when I went to the factory they said they didn't want me any more, just because I'd stayed home the day before."
"How much did you earn at the bagging factory."

factory?"
"First when I went there I got \$3.60 a week, and afterward I got piece work, and on that I made from \$4 to \$4.60." "Where do you all sleep?"
"Well," answered William, "we've got

for bed-clothes. We buy coal by the pail sometimes, but mostly we pick up what we can. There's a good deal of coal that's only half burned thrown out with the ashes they dump about here."

"Do the younger children go to school?"

"We have been sending them most of the time, but they're not going just now. Annie's been staying at home to do the housework and patch the clothes and all that, but since she went to work Mary housework and patch the clothes and all that, but since she went to work Mary Ellen had to be at home, and Richard is too young to go alone. We all go to church regularly every Sunday at Father McCarthy's Catholic Church on the corner of North Henry and Herbert streets.

"Have you any money now?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Some gentlemen have given us \$10."

"Oh, yes, sir. given us \$10."

Sergeant Burford of the Fifth Precinct police said that a blunder in the publication by a Brooklyn paper of the address of the children had led to a great deal of misundersteading. of the children had led to a great deal of misunderstanding, annoyance, and possibly to a misconception of their position as really deserving objects of charity. Some Wall street brokers had made up a purse, Wall street brokers had made up a purse, and had sent it up to this police station to be given to them, but inquiries made at the place where they were said to live in Fourth street failed to reveal their whereabouts, and an adverse report was made at the station. Later, however, they were discovered, and the facts found to be as

here narrated.

A merry Christmas was insured for the orphaned family by the receipt on Saturorphaned family by the receipt on Saturday of \$30 from sympathizing strangers who called, and the knowledge that \$93 more had been collected for them. Of this sum \$59 was collected from fifty-nine brokers, and it is held in trust by Mr. G. L. Hassell, who has requested William to call at the office of his firm, W. C. Dornin & Co., in Wall street, to-morrow morning, when he hopes he will find employment tor him

***"They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for your with bidney diseases. Last Spring. Myrtle Navy.—The success which the Myrtle Navy tobacco has with the public is because it is composed of the very finest Virginia leaf grown, and is manufactured with the most scrupulous care at every stage of the process.

writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely stage of the process.

writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely stage of the process."

THE CONFESSION IN THE CELLAR.

Keeping Together as a Family as if How God Provided a Confessor for one Who Deserved that Grace—the Fate of a Rich Sinner.

In one of the meetings of the special work of our Society of St. Vincent de Paul, called "The Holy Family," one of our Brothers narrated to the assembled

poor the following fact:

Nothing happens by mere chance.

There is no such thing as chance, if we take divine Providence into account. The laws of divine Providence are a certain order established by God and preserved by Him for the purpose of leading His creatures to their destination. Our Saviour himself has said that the hairs of our head are counted. Everything enters into the plans of divine Providence, even the cvil done wilfully by man, which God uses for the purpose for which He permits it to be done. This will clearly be seen from the following story, which is not in-vented, but is a real fact:

A certain rich man was attacked by a sickness that led him slowly but surely to his grave. Riches do not exempt man from that debt due to sin, namely, death.

Death approached this man, but was not welcomed by him. He thought him.

not welcomed by him. He thought his money would enable the most skilful medical men to save his life. That is why he did not want to listen to the coun-

and she left us all that we needed for keeping house, and we just kept right on trying to do the best we could. I'd been working in Meyer & Ceolsch's glass works in Greenpoint before we were left to do for ourselves, and kept on there until the first of last July, when they stopped. You know the glass works always stop for a vacation in summer. Well, then I went and got a job at hoisting coal with a horse out of the boat at the foot of Grand The next morning came, but then his or the name of the man. The poor priest did his best to find the place; he went from door to door and inquired every where. Tired at last he resolved to go home and wait for another call, when he remarked a small little house, into which he might also stop and inquire. He entered, but went on in the dark; a door half-opened, was before him; h hall-opened, was before him; he opened it, in the hope of finding one who could give him information. He went on one step farther, . . . he tried to put down his foot, but—unfortunately, he found no ground, and, quicker than it can be told, he fell down a steep staircase into a cellar. He got up, yety, much bryinged because He got up, very much bruised, but hap-pily without any bones broken. He tried to find out where he was, but the small window opening from above into the cel-lar, admitted so little light that he could at first distinguish nothing. He tried to regain the stairs he had come down by much quicker than he had desired. To walk caused him, however, much pain, and he could not help giving audible expressions to his sufferings. And strange to say, it seemed to him that his sighs were echoed from the depth of the cellar. He held his breath and listened; and in reality the sighs continued though with a much feeb-ler voice. He then said as well as he

could, under his pain:

"Is there anybody here?" Then he listened attentively, and a feeble voice answered in a plaintive tone: "Yes, there is a poor unfortunate man here, who suffers much and would like that for the love of God a priest be called for him. "Well," answered William, "we've got a little bedroom back there, but it's so awful cold in there at night, with the wind coming up from the back bay, that we can't stay there, so we draw our tick out here and putdown a piece of carpet under it and sleep here. Even if there isn't any fire in the stove it isn't so cold here her. emotion: "My friend you have cried to God, and God has heard your prayer. Bless His holy name I am a priest.

"Oh, how good God is," said the dying man, "He has heard my prayer. I am going to die, Reverend Father, I know I am; and I have prayed to God from the bottom of my heart, to send me a priest to hear my confession." hear my confession." The priest bent down to hear the man's

confession; after which he addressed a few words of exhortation to him, and gave him the supreme consolation of him, and gave him the supreme consolation of the Holy Viaticum which he had with him.

Then he promised to return soon to administer to him also extreme unction, and with it the last blessings of our holy Mother, the Catholic Church.

Happy to be able to do his duty under Happy to be able to do his duty under such exceptional circumstances the priest had quite forgotten all the bruises, contu-sions and wounds he had received from fal ing into the cellar. Now he climbed up and went home with a most contented mind. On his return he found the address of the rich man who was dying in his splendid palace. Notwithstanding his acute sufferings the good priest hastened to his residence

When he arrived it was too late! The poor millionaire had put off his duties to the next day; on the next day he was no

On his return from there the worthy priest again visited the poor man in the cellar, lying on a little straw, whence he had invoked the help of God—a help had invoked the help of God—a help which came in a quite unexpected manner. He gave him the Sacrament of extreme unction. The poor man soon breathed his last, blessing God for the miraculously provided assistance he had received at the priest's hands, in the momentous hour of his appearing before God's tribunal. Such are the ways of divine Providence!

He whom He protects is well protected! He who shuns Him, is shunned by Him! Be He praised forever and ever!—From the Bombay Catholic Examiner.

A Cure for Headache.-Thousands are A cure for freather.—Inousands are suffering martyrsto this distressing trouble. If you have pure and properly vitalized blood coursing freely through your veins; if the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels set rightly. act rightly, you will never experience headache. Burdock Blood Bitters will

"Thou Ever Art The Same."

JAN. 26, 1883

BY MARY CROSS. The night has come and earth is hush'd.
'The sleeping tranquilly'
And the stream alone o'er the mossy stone
Makes midnight melody.
Solemn and still the forest glade
With shadows on its breast,

As though it sought for rest.

It is the hour when mem'ry brings
The dreams of bygone years.
The sunny hours, the fragrant flow'rs,
The laughter and the tears.
Time on the brow hath left a trace,
The locks once gold are gray,
Bright hopes are fled, dear dreams are dead,
Fond friends are passed away. And on the shore of olden times We have not long to roam;

We have not long to roam;
A shadow falls, a voice recalls
Our wandering footstelps home
It may be we find only wrecks
Of things that once were ours;
As on earth's brow so o'er us now
The deepening shadow lowers. But there is light upon our way, Cast by the Crucified: Cast by the Crucined; His gentle hand to His own land Our weary feet will guide. All things of earth are doom'd to change Rank, honor, wealth, and fame, And friend and foe will come and go— God always is the same!

TUAM.

How Archbishop O'Hurley Died. THE LAST SERMON OF ARCHBISHOP MCHALE.

[Cork Examiner.] The following extract throws light on

the present land question.

IRISH MONKS AS LANDLORDS.

All agree that the monks were the most indulgent of landlords, residing in their convents, on their estates, and amongst their tenants; they afforded a ready market for commodities, and were a sure resource to the poor and indigent, "As the friars were limited by the rules of their institutions to a certain mode of living

they had not equal motives for extorti with other men. The farmer had a death-less landlord then, no grinding guardian, no merciless mortgages, no heartless no merciless mortgages, no heartles receiver; the manor had not to dread hange of lords, nor the oak to tremble a the axe of the squandering heir."

The gardens and the fields, which their industry has rescued from the forest, or the morass were laid out and disposed or a scale and in a spirit that are now and the moss-grown and moldering mound still mark the terraced gardens of these old proprietors. Their hospitality these old proprietors. Their hospitality was unbounded, and the proud baron and

lonely pilgrim asked alike for that shelter at the convent gate that was never denied; while at the portal of the poor the peasants of the country might appea at morning, at noon, at evening, for raiment and for food. The minster, as the monastery church was called, was open in every part alike to the great and the humthen no crime; there were no cushioned pews for the rich, no backward places for the poor. Religion relieved the wear for the like the poor. for poverty, consecrated by the the poor. Religion relieved the weariness of toil. It gathered the entire population under its celestial roofs amid the monuments of art, and it shared equally amongst all the faithful its prayers, its teachings and its music. The monks, too, were skilled in the mystery of medicine, and the kindly hand of the infirmatian was wont to smooth the pillow of death; and often received with the last gasp from the dying parent his orphaned children, whom, with a paternal care, the monks watched

over through life. But another system has grown up, and the relieving officer has taken the place of the almoner.

The friars had the spiritual care of many of the parishes, because the secular elergy were few. Whilst the Cathedral dergy were few. Whilst the Cathedral of Tuam was comparatively uncared for, the seven surrounding churches were adorned with all that artistic taste could accomplish. What remains of one of the ruined monasteries is yet lovely, though the sharp touches of the chisel are gone from its rich moldings and flowing curves, and though the carvings of roses, covered with a white moss, have lost their leafy

oeauty.
Our readers will value the following touching narrative: HOW ARCHBISHOP O'HURLEY DIED. From that time and for fourteen years the Pope appointed no archbishop to fill the Chair of St. Jarlath. To do so would

bring the penalty of persecution on the prelate who would be rash enough to accept an Irish See at the hands of the accept an Irisa See at the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. Darby O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, afforded a melan-choly example of this principle; he had been, in 1581, appointed by Gregory XIII. to Cashel, and for the acceptance XIII. to Cashel, and for the acceptance of that See he was brought, in 1584, to trial in Dublin. The crown lawyers, however, were of opinion that the law in Ireland did not not warrant the prosecution, and that it did not regard the appointment of bishops by the Pope as treason done in places beyond the seas. Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin was then Lord Justice, and he security. lin, was then Lord Justice, and he se ing that O'Hurley was likely, if left the common law of the land, to be li erated, had him tried by court-martial Dublin with the hope of dragging an acceptance. Dubin with the hope of dragging an ac-mission of treason from him. To accom-plish this end Loftus wrote to the Sec-retary of State in England that he had commissioned Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put O'Hurley to the torture, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots. This expedient was tried; his feet were stuffed into bo filled with boiling pitch; but they faile to extract any confession from him, an in his agony he was dragged on a hundle to Oxmanstown Green, and there hanged until he was dead, afterwards suspended in chains in Stephen's Green as a terror to others. His bones were interred in St. Kevin's Churchyard, Dublin. Multitudes of pilerius have since throughed to be of pilgrims have since througed to his tomb, which the fancy of the people has clothed with many legends. One is—that on dark and tempestuous nights that on dark and tempestuous nights the spectre of the murdered Archbishop, arrayed in mourning and gory vestments may be seen reading the Canon of the Mass by sickly lights on a phantom altained

raised over his grave, but when he comes to the raising of the Host the lights are out and the altar is gone.

The following is scarcely less touch ARCHBISHOP MACHALE'S LAST SERMON. In the month of April, 1881, the Arch bishop had passed his fourscore and ter