

"Thou Ever Art The Same."

The Unknown Future.

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.

TRUE TO TRUST.

OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER X.

Christmas has ever been looked upon as a season of great rejoicing, especially in the days of Catholicity.

Stephan Casterman cared very little for Christmas rejoicings. Very different thoughts occupied his mind.

At four o'clock on that afternoon the commissioner might have been seen seated by the blazing fire in his little parlor.

"I think the day is all fast, sir. Yes, I am sure they are," answered Andrew.

"In truth, sir, I do not feel well," replied the servant, glad of the excuse.

"You may go at once, Andrew; had you told me before, you might have gone sooner."

"I know where there is one, sir. Sir Reginald de Courcy has had a priest in his house."

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"The commissioner shouted to his men to advance; in the hurry Harkwright's lantern was upset."

"Set fire to the house!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"My child, my Barbara, she will be burnt!" and the poor mother darted forward.

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FOUR CHILDREN'S STRUGGLE.

Keeping Together as a Family as if Father and Mother had been Living.

From the New York Sun, Dec. 25th.

The battered frame house numbered 109 Frost street, Brooklyn, E. D. skulls back from the imaginary street line of a sidewalk way.

"My name," said he, "is William Lavin. That's my oldest sister, Annie, 15 on Christmas."

"The illness made rapid progress, and the friends of the millionaire urged him to admit a priest."

"The next morning came, but then his voice was extinct; he could no more refuse than accept the counsel of his friends."

"The priest did not lose a minute; but in their hurry they had told him only the street where the unhappy man lived, without mentioning either the number of the house or the name of the man."

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THE CONFESSION IN THE CELLAR.

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.

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 his money would enable the most skillful medical men to save his life.

The next morning came, but then his voice was extinct; he could no more refuse than accept the counsel of his friends.

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THE LAST SERMON OF ARCHBISHOP MCHALE.

How Archbishop O'Halley Died.

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.

The monks were limited by the rules of their institutions to a certain mode of living; they had not equal motives for extortion with other men. The farmer had a distressless landlord here, no grinding guardian, no merciless mortgages, no heartless receiver; the manor had not to dread a change of lords, nor the oak to tremble at 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 on a scale and in a spirit that are now extinct; and the moss-grown and moldering mould still mark the turned garden of these old proprietors. Their hospitality was unbought, and the proud baron and the lonely pilgrim asked alike for that shelter at the convent gate that was never denied; while at the portal of the poor peasants still mark the turned garden of these old proprietors.

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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 153 to 157 Queen street, Toronto, and cover a solid block, is recognized and respected. Mr. McDonald's experience with the Great German Remedy is thus announced by him: "It is very gratifying to me to be able to give a written testimony of the world renowned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as an elevator of health, and for years sorely troubled with a swollen leg. In vain I tried all the prescriptions of medical men. At last in deep despair I resorted to 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. Jacobs Oil will meet with the success it deserves, I close this statement, by reiterating my indorsement of its efficacy."

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of excessive indulgence suffering from Nervous Debility, Lack of Self-confidence, Impaired Memory, and all kinds of symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address: WORLD'S DRUGGISTS MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MIDDLE NAVY.

The success which the Middle Navy has met with, is due to the fact that it is composed of the very finest Virginia leaf grown, and is manufactured with the most scrupulous care at every stage of the process.

They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt.

Kidney-Wort does work like the Good Samaritan; quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire writer writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney disease. Last Spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain in the back, which was relieved by the use of your medicine. I am now feeling better than I have for many years."

A Cure for Headache.—Thousands are suffering from this distressing trouble.

If you have pure and healthy vitals, blood coursing freely through your veins; if the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels act rightly, you will never experience headache. Burdock Blood Bitters will effect this desirable condition, if properly used. Try it.

Many a woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes.

Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.