

went on, looking not at the girl beside him, but at the moonlight path as it stretched away to the broad iron gates, "the truth is, that I have been miserably undecisive all day; and I don't see my way quite clear yet. All my life," said the young man, with simple earnestness, "I have been thinking that, if I had an opportunity, I could sacrifice my own happiness for the good of others; and now, that my presumption has been answered, and the opportunity has come at last, I find that it is a very hard thing to do—harder, I think, than you would believe. But that does not matter. It was not that which I began to say. The difficulty is this—whether, in taking myself out of your path, I do it for your good, whether, in surrounding my own happiness, I secure yours?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mona, with a gasp, and she stopped and looked at him with the eyes of a startled woman. Hitherto he had been walking apart, but now he turned back, and drew it within his arm.

"I only mean that I have been very blind and selfish, my dear," he said kindly. "You have been thinking me your worst enemy, Mona—think of me now as your best friend, and tell me if you honestly believe, that Barry, poor fellow, can make you happy?"

(To be continued.)

The Holiday.

No Paper will be issued from this office on Monday. To the readers of *The Daily Tribune* and the public generally we tender the compliments of the Season.

Christmas!

We are once more nearing the day which a grateful Church has set apart for the honor of its Founder and Head. On the 25th of December, a tradition, which means not closely the process of its recollection, tells us the Christ was born. For many centuries He had been expected, and during nearly as many has been remembered. That day when He was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, was the point from which forward was to radiate backward and forward. All history finds its relation to the day. The story of half a world reigns only in His reign. There are not governments within His government. His kingdom reigns over all. The thrones of earth may be overturned, but His abideth for ever. It is more stable than any other. Yet it is always at war. Every few years we hear of some onslaught which is bringing it to an end, or at least inflicting on it some deadly wound, but the attack issues in the rout of its foe. It may be fairly affirmed that the power of Jesus is greater than ever. True, forms which were supposed to be essential to the very existence of His Kingdom, have passed and are passing away; but these were mere vestments of the regal glory which was independent of them. When it is supposed His existence and life have been reduced to a myth in Germany, men of grand and far reaching vision seek and bring forth from the temple of thought the lost Christ. One says, "Ecco Homo"—Behold the man! Another, "Ecco Deus"—Behold the God! "The Christ of History" again stands partially unveiled. Even the stigmatized German Strauss cannot but rebuke the general central figure of all ages to a disbelieving view. What numbers of brilliant intellects, are now turning all their illuminating power on that glorious form! Yet He is as much a problem as ever. While God is manifested in the flesh to the few, he is a puzzle to many minds. What think ye of Christ? Is still the question of questions. Men may put it out of the way, but still it rises before them. Every church, every Sabbath-day, every sermon, every prayer, brings up the enquiry, and the day of His birth puts it more pointedly still. It is not the mark of an exalted mind to pooh, pooh that demand. Why should we not think seriously of Him who has stamped the seal of His mind on every institution of Christendom? But perhaps we put it from us as an insoluble question. Yes, if in our very study of the problem there is spiritual life, we should not avoid it. His words are mystery. In the mystery, perhaps, lies the power. If we knew all, Religion might cease to move us. If the veil were removed from all, even He might cease to impress some as Divine.

An Important Platform.

There is in Prince Edward Island a gentleman named Warburton,—Hon. James Warburton,—who has assumed the superfluous duty of proving, through the public Press, that cedar is a natural wood. Somebody had stated that cedar is not the very best description of wood for railway ties, inasmuch as "the ties are destroyed in a few years by the splines driven into them to hold down the rails." Mr. Warburton demolishes the reputation accorded by a back stain (not back-handed) blow.

I had occasion, about a fortnight ago, to take up a platform in front of my kitchen; it had been down fourteen years, [an aged platform that] the splines on which it was laid were made out of good wood cedar, sawn in two; when the boards were removed the splines were perfectly round and the rails remained in them when the boards were wrenched off.

An exciting controversy, such as this, may lead to Parliamentary enquiry; and the report to have of Elder Laird and Edward O'Reilly being appointed a Special Committee to examine the aforesaid kitchen platform, perhaps the kitchen itself, together with all and sundry the boards, splines and malle-iron, and to report to the Legislature of Prince Edward at its Session of 1873.

The Hon. Warburton also quoted his own "cedar pickets," which it appears are two remarkable for longevity. To these the *Illustrator* thus replies:—

We once heard of more durable pickets than those of Mr. Warburton. A young gentleman of some twenty summers, residing near the city, it is said, asserts that cedar posts would last for ever, for his father had tried them twice. He was not a relative of the Hon. J. Warburton.

Years ago, it was alleged that a Government in New Brunswick was overthrown through the charges rung by the Opposition Press on the pontoon construction of a door of a railway car shed. We shall not be surprised to learn that the kitchen platform of the Warburton mansion has broken the backs of the Popes and squelched the island "Railway King."

The *True Patriot*.—The *Telegraph and Journal* of this morning has a full telegram sent the proceedings of the Ontario Legislature yesterday afternoon. Mr. Blake announced the *personal* of the new government and explained its policy, and the Legislature adjourned to the 10th January. Mr. M. C. Cameron charged the new Administration with appropriating the old man's measures. On one point, however, there is a marked difference of policy. Mr. Blake contended that the Provincial Government should take a position of neutrality as regards the Dominion Government. There should be *strict alliance* nor *hostility* between them. Ontario should not interfere with Dominion affairs nor the affairs of any other province, except when her rights were infringed.

The new policy is sound and unanswerable. It has not yet been fully recognized in Quebec, Ontario or Nova Scotia, but the reasons for these things will not dissipate our happiness. So let us wait until we are called upon to act.

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