HOME AT LAST.

A little child! fair haired, with wondering A little child! fair haired, with wondering eyes,
Passed through an open door, into the street.
She wandered on, lost in the land of sighs,
And wept: "Is there no rest for weary feet?"
Deep in the dark—a door stood open wide,
A light streamed from it brighter than the day;
A mother's voice kept calling: "Here! Abide!
Come home, my little one! you've lost your way,
Come Home!"

Come Home!"

A wretched man, forlorn, with matted hair,
Stood in a crowd of sois, more beasts than
men;
Deep curses rent the air, and dull despair
Supremely reigned in that accursed den,
But high above its revels rang one sound,
Clearer than sea-birds' over roaring sea—
The voice of wife and woman! "Lost, but
found!
Counce have my husband! Counce that for

Come home, my husband! Come! Oh! follow me!

A poor lost soul, cast down with wretchedness;
Pate death was ringing out its fatal knell;
No one to pity, and no one to bless.
The parting hour of one who loved too well!
Then sudd only a voice—"the which is best?
To live or the? Ever to sing or sigh?
This voice eternal whispered: "Come and rest,
Come home, sad soul, and rest eternally!
Come Home!"

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

sition; I suppose he found me sufficiently entertaining, and thus we kept up a

"what a beautiful soul; we plure, Codefearing, and straightforward."—this was the unspoken solitopy of Mrs. Barton, And she was right. In these artificial days young hearts are frequently blighted with affectation, and what oright to be the frank disposition of a confiding nature is too often a crocked disingent tousiness. It is by many considered a clever piece of romance to hib the attention of the heart from the cycle of all the factions of all the factions of the cycle of all the factions of the cycle "What a beautiful soul! what a boant yourd ay, but I to tiful soul; so pure, Good-fearing, and your souline ints. Straightton ward "-this was the un A passard only worthy object; and, if she truly loved a noble man, she did not consider it a something which she ought to hide from the first property of the first prope

her dearest friends

mements, and then began . door watching the gathering shades of beads, and allowed my mind to amuse itcourse of a human life. For a brief span we are all aglow with hope and bright anticipations; the little cares of life are gill with reflected rays from our youthful hopes, and become objects of beauty like the small clouds bathed in the sunset's glory; but soon the advance of old our bright life-picture, and unmasks the the small clouds stand out frowning and lines of care, if we be true to our God a glorious resurrection, heralded by an angel, awaits us, even as a lovely rising, ushered in by a beaming aurora, awaits the sun just set.

when I was all at once rudely brought down from my aerial flight by becoming mind with vastness of its associations, perfect harmony, but oftener a jarring "This was the nature of my fancies, aware of a person standing on the doorstep, but concealed by the door-post. It | glory. was the figure of a man muffled in a loose cloak. The outlines of his form, those of any one whom I can now recall. In a low voice, and with, as I thought, a foreign accent, he asked me if I were not Mrs. Barton. If am, was my only an of the control of the contr

swer.
"Are you the woman whose son disappeared so mysteriously many years ago?"
"'Yes; do you know aught of him?

or how do you know anything about him? I faintly articulated.
"Without replying to my question he

continued: Is there a family hereabout named

"They are my next neighbors. But

what of them?" There was a son where is he?"

"A soldier in Rome; gone to defend the rights of Holy Church." "And the daughter, what of her? Is e married? Is she fair and good?'

membered anything the stranger was ten hours 42,000. Thus, without taking hovering round them. When about to

you were married. He has known some I so brisk an I speckling. I try to like him I have your door open, and dream at the

It was agreed between them to keep hence we repeat each other. I had just finished my rosary this strange story asceret for the present. Lorenzo would say this with a light and allowed my mind to amuse it. Many might set it down as the vision of laugh, but he would often ponder serious. self with fantastic imaginings. As the a diseased mind; others might be led to dy over it. He saw nothing to find fault

our friends in Rome? It is Jane, but and pleased by some persons and repelled do it, not the soft, genual Jane of a Canadian bed by others. Our will is of course lott. our friends in Rome? It is Jame, but and pleased by some persons and repellment the soft genual Jame of a Canadian summer. The old fiberrans as proudly, as the St. Lawrence. It does not bear down to the Mediterranean does not bear down to the Mediterranean as many laden ships and putting steamers to be led in these cases by our feelings, as its Canadian brother; but it hoasts a history more remote, and a classical line. The old fiberranean mortality not yet bestowed on the St. "Or perhaps?' took up Lorenzo, "of remove and a classical instance of the soft part of the soft of the soft part of the age, ore ping nearer and nearer, darkens as many faden sinps and putting steamers — "Dreaming of tame, George?" said our bright life-nicture, and unmasks the as its Canadian brother; but it hoasts a Morgan, as he entered the studio and aperst gaily veiled cares of earth, showing history more remote, and a classical im- proached his friend. them stern and cold, just as the approach of night casts a leaden line over the Lawrence by gifted poets. It may bear purple and gold of the sunset, and makes on its yellow waters no wonderful signs of in iterial activity, but its every ripple George. "I was allowing my imagination whispers of a sthetic culture and its every 4 to follow up to heaven the dying echoegloomy. But though our course on whispers of a sthetic culture, and its every to follow up to heaven the dying echoes earth may be brief, and checkered with curing wavelet sings the praises of the of the music torn the convent chapel. humanizing arts and sciences which it After all what is our life here but a saintes on its way through the City of trembing note more or less prolonged? the Popes. The eye may be charmed some are low and suldued, some haish with the broad expanse of the St. Law-rence's swelling waters; the ear may be are fearfully said. Together they float for pleased with the dashing of its mighty a brief period in the surrounding atmosentrent; but the Tiber overpowers the phere; at times two may combine in charlie," said the minister to his little mind with vastness of its associations, perfect harmony, but oftener a jarring and stirs the heart with the tate of its discord is heard. Some will like and the pow all through my sermon," "I

thing down to work he had spent some music before God's throne? tound itself in congenial surroundings. "Would not your fancy," began La Eucompas ed by the beautiful he forget | r mzo, "if expressed on canvas, be an

is eyes on their gorgeous daisa, and to their contrasts. On one side would be his eyes on their gorgeous data, and to inspire his brush by gazing on their exquisite paintings. The grand canvas by Romanedi representing the presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, preserved in "St. Mary of the Angels," attracted his heart. The lovely childish beauty of the Virgin, at four years, "And you, I suppose," said Morgan with their contrasts. On the world he would be softly beauting the virgin soils of happy celibrates; on the other, ones in harsh tints, typical of uncongenemal partners. When you paint it. Mr. Marchoank, put Morgan in monocirome." beauty of the Virgin, at four years, through which the artist caused a gleam of womanly grace and intelligence to sparkle, marked off from among all "Not at all, Morgan; let me be repre-

"These are strange questions,' I said, others her who had never been stained ton," quietly smiled Eleanor.
"Only the truth, my dear; but let that pass. The strange man paused for a moment, and some strong inward to excite and enliven their piety by containing the containing the following struggle was taking place. A nervous templating the sweet leatures of the twitching, as of keen pain, convulsed his frame; he glanced towards heaven, and then looking at me began:

"'Did you suffer much? Do you yet votion, by reason of our nature. Just as the photograph of a friend will serve as the photograph of a friend will serve

suffer? Do you expect to meet your son as the photograph of a friend will serve artistic position. Let him, unchecked, suner! Do you expect to meet your son as the photograph of a friend will serve artistic position. Let film, unchecked, on earth!

"Oh! can you ask me that? God will a picture of Carist, or of the Blessed knows what I suffered, and he knows that I yet hope to meet my boy on of our promises to be virtious. He felt them must be want to be virtious. The felt them must be want to be virtious.

unswered: some persons praying -at least an aver-the Never has a curse on any one passed age of tyree. This gives 4050 persons CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

A deep flush of confusion—overspread Eleanor's honest tace; she did not wish to reveal George Marchbank's declaration,—and she would not tell an untruth. Very softly she replied:

"We were intimate from our youth, and always conversed pleasantly together. This does not necessarily imply love on either side. I was pieased with his manly qualities and generous disposition; I suppose he found me sufficiently entertaining, and thus we kept up a love on either side.

"You have conquered," laughed my have conquered, haughed have one proposed did not remain very long; then have a tooth extracted on the eld jaw-cracker proposed did not remain very long; then sit for my photograph in some places; it is the refinement of sorten his harr."

"You have conquered," laughed my have conquered, haughed have proposed did not remain very long; then sit for my photograph in some places; it is the refinement of sorten his heart."

"Say you so say you so, he repeated with hour side. I was pieased with his manly qualities and generous disposition; I suppose he found me sufficiently entertaining, and thus we kept up a membered anything the stranger was ten hours 42,000. Thus, without taking hovering round them. When about to his manip qualities and generous disposed beform on estimating and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; ampress beform on the estimation," and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines used 1 are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines are siting; and thus we kept up a "Handed wines are sitted and the account prix steering sound them. When about to make a more in an assert me wine away from the door. I tried to invite away from the door, I tried to invite away from t

Mrs. Barton remained silent for a few in ments, and then began.

"Last evening I was sitting by the "Last evening I was s highly with the same kind of electricity: Marchbank lowered his pistol, and asked

warm tints of sunset slowly gave place make too much talk about it. This because the gray coloring of twilight. I thought how expressive it was of the prepared to write to Morzan.

The saw nothing to find healt and must nate the government of the with in the manner of George March; Poper so do I. Sodiers come to visit bought how expressive it was of the prepared to write to Morzan.

Who can adequately explain secrets. class it is that naturally, and prior to all In the mean time how fares it with samiliar acquaintance, we are attracted

trembring note more or less prolonged

float on alone and serencity calm; others

earth and its cares; he forget Eleanor, or only remembered her when his eye detected some slight resemblance hes qualities of each life, or musical note; tween her face and some lovely picture, you could have groups harmomously.

He visited the great churches to feast blending, and others great by reason of

sented as a cynic looking upon them all with indifference. If Mr. Marchbank could only catch the expression of my face during the first days of my military drill, particularly at the moment of keeping 'eyes front,' its startled vacancy would exhibit indifference enough to re-

present the prince of cynics."
"Oh!" said George, "if it is vacancy
of look or idiocy of expression you seek, I can direct you to more fruitful sources than the parade ground. Go into certain photographic saloons; allow the operator to give you what he imagines to be an that I yet hope to meet my boy on earth."

"How little do we think on the pain whim of our own! If we were only to measure what their affections must suffer by comparing it with what our fame earthors when disappointed, we would be more earthors and thoughtail. But affections and thoughtail. But affections that some one curred into off, lower three four—ten. This at first sight successfully transferred to the negative, the cares of a because of a because of a because in must sit heavily on his soil.

"As he said this his voice appeared to sanker I answered:

"The three are at every noment of the day. I answered:

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"The three are at every noment of the day. I answered:

"The three are at every noment of the day. I answered:

"The transferred to the negative, and has bidden you look first heavily on his soil."

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"The transferred to the negative, and has bidden you look first heavily on his soil."

"The transferred to the negative, and has bidden you look first heavily on his soil."

"You have conquered," laughed

"Lam Capodiavolo; a patriot, a citiand must hate the government or the

And then divulge them to you?" "Yes: well done! I knew you would

proached his friend.

"Or perhaps," took up Lorenzo, "of the grand ideal for his masterpiece,"

"Both wrong, my friends," answered window for the night.

(To be continued.) [This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Hulifax, N.S.]

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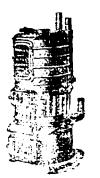
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