UNDER THE EYE OF THE LORD.

"Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3:17.

When you think, when you speak,
when you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk, when you
seek for delight,
To be kept from all evil at home and
abroad,
Live always as under *"the eye of the
Lord."*

Whatever you *think*, both in joy and in
woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus
to know.
Whatever you *say*, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to
hear.

Whatever you *read*, though the page may
allure,
Read nothing of which you are perfectly
sure
Consternation at once would be seen in
your look
If God should say solemnly, "Show me
that book?"

Whatever you *write*, in haste or with
heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus
to read.
Whatever you *sing*, in the midst of your
glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear
could displease.

Wherever you *go*, never go where you
fear
God's question being asked you, "What
doest thou here?"
Whatever the *pastime* in which you en
gage
For the cheering of youth, or the solace
of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you would
shrink from pursuing,
Were God to look down and say, "What
are you doing?"

[The above verses were given to me some years ago, and as they have been of great assistance in helping me to realize the fact, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good," I thought they would be of equal value to others, and ask you the favor of printing them in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. The person who gave them to me did not know the author's name and therefore I cannot give it.
A BROTHER IN CHRIST.

Berwick, N. S.

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN,

Author of 'Iscah,' 'Cutlass and Bayonet' &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HUGO'S CONFESSION.

"What is the matter, Hugo?" repeated Padre Renaldo, his clear, calm tones contrasting with the hurried utterances of the servant, as strikingly as did his noble countenance with the man's excited face.

A torrent of words, mingled with sobs and broken exclamations, answered his question, and all that could be learned from Hugo's incoherent expressions was that his master was betrayed, and in danger. Renaldo instantly guessed something of the truth, but did not choose to say as much, and after some time, Hugo became somewhat tranquilized, and managed to speak more intelligibly.

"I fear I am doing wrong now; padre," he said, still excitedly, though the violence of his emotions was greatly soothed by his master's gentle firmness. "Padre Malaquias says it is only a trick of the devil's to ruin my soul that makes me love you; but I don't know! Surely, padre, if you are ever so wicked a heretic, you can't be worse than that wretched Padre Lucio, who ruined poor little Nita Caldez, and yet he says mass, and hears confession all the same, and when I spoke to Padre Malaquias about it, he said it was sacrilege for me to say anything against God's minister, for that a man might be a very bad man, and yet be a very good priest; so if that is true for Padre Lucio, it must be true for you, padre, who have never done a wicked thing since I have had the honor to serve you."

And poor Hugo paused, in great perplexity, divided between his worship of Romanism and his returning loyalty to his master, deeply entangled in the mass of contradictions caused by the conflicting facts of Padre Malaquias' assertions and Renaldo's blameless life. Afraid of losing his own soul by disobedience to the church, fearful of endangering his master's life by continuing to play the spy on him, the poor fellow was led into the most illogical and bewildering conclusions.

A crimson flush of indignation had dyed Renaldo's brow, as Hugo had coupled his name with that of Padre Lucio, as being "bad men," but "good priests." Never before had the fact been so brought home to him that, in being a Romish priest, he belonged to a class with whose collective disgrace honorable individual members were identified. It was as Malaquias had once said of him; he was one whose eyes, when fairly opened, would never again be blinded. His sensitive conscience, his native pride as a well-born Castilian, alike shrank from the contamination of equal association, even nominally, with such a man as the infamous Lucio. He knew, but too well, that his fellow priests held the opinion mentioned by Hugo, and he wondered how he could have so long remained a member of a church which taught such dogmas.

His deep musing was broken in upon by Hugo, who continued,—

"I cannot think that la Santa Virgen will frown on one so good as you. The holy saints know I am a true Catholic, and if they don't choose to make everything plain to a poor fellow like me, why, surely they won't refuse me their good word to help me at last, even if I do make a little mistake now and then. I am sure I would do anything to please them if I only knew what, but I don't. Padre Malaquias says I must watch you, padre, to find out the proofs of your being a heretic, and my own heart tells me you are a thousand times better than he is, so I must save you who have always been so good to me; and may Santiago forgive me if I do wrong."

And out it all came, the whole story of treachery and espionage.

The hint dropped by Padre Malaquias, in his passionate rebuke to Hugo, had made the latter fear for the first time that there was some plot against Renaldo's life, and this, together with a sense of his own ingratitude towards a master whose conduct commanded his respect, had worked him up to this confession. He ended his tale by saying,—

"So don't trust me with the knowledge of anything you don't want Padre Malaquias to know. Don't tell me where you go, or what you see. He will make me tell him against my will; but what I don't know I can't tell, padre. Oh! if you were to die through me I should go mad. Dear padre, forgive what I have done already, and take care of yourself, for you are in danger. I know that, I am sure of it, though I don't know any more. Oh, padre, say that you forgive me!"

It was with difficulty that Renaldo could pacify him, and assure him of his entire forgiveness. He did not fail to use this opportunity to state the Gospel to his servant, more boldly than as yet, for Elvira's sake, he had ventured to do. His religious instructions to the Conde's household had hitherto been confined to the declaration of the simple truth, without any open allusion to Romish errors; but now he brought all the power of his grand intellect as well as the influence of his heart to bear on the mind thus open to receive his teachings. He knew that Padre Malaquias would probably not see Hugo again until Elvira's safety had been secured; and now that his anxiety for her no longer fettered him, he denounced the terrible sins of Rome with no faltering tongue. His own weariness was forgotten, in his yearning over the soul of his trembling servant, who listened, half afraid of being led into heresy by this "beautiful discourse," half convinced that such a holy life as Renaldo's must be the result of a holy faith. The latter feeling at length turned the scale, and he exclaimed,—

"Well, padre, you must be right. If San Pedro should make such a blunder as to open the kingdom for such as Padre Malaquias and Padre Lucio, and shut it against you; I think the good Saviour will give him another look that will make him weep again for denying you and his Lord together. It's an uncertain world, padre, and one must risk something in any case. I think, I am sure, I would rather take my chance with you, than with Padre Malaquias; while as for Padre Lucio, vaya! If he goes to heaven, I should say the saints haven't very good taste in choosing their company!"

"Heaven's gates are open to all who seek to enter them in the name of Jesus, repenting of their sins by the power of the Holy Spirit," replied Renaldo, solemnly.

"Well, that's a better way than going through purgatory! Eh! But I will try Padre Renaldo's way to heaven; for the other, the way to purgatory, isn't a very easy one. At least, I have had pretty hard times in it. What with fastings, and penances, and a troubled mind, and Padre Malaquias storming at one, after all, I don't see that the right way is a particularly pleasant one! I've felt more like a *bribon* lately than ever I did, though I have been doing what Padre Malaquias calls a special work for the Church! It is a work that has made me feel like Judas! I will try the wrong way, now, padre—your way; and if it will make me as good as you, why, I don't think la Virgen and San Pedro will turn me back."

"Not my way, but the Saviour's, Hugo," said Renaldo; "not for my goodness' sake, not for yours, but only for His righteousness' sake may we hope to reach His everlasting rest!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOPES AND FEARS.

Immediately after Renaldo's visit that morning the abadesa descended to the vaults in order to prepare la hermana Beatriz, or, as we must henceforth call her, the Senorita de Hernarez, for the intended flight on the coming night. She then returned to her room, but did not venture to summon Elvira to her presence, fearing lest such a proceeding might assume the appearance of being consequent on her interview with Renaldo, and so subject them to increased suspicion just when it was of the last importance that their movements should be unobserved.

It was not, therefore, until late in the afternoon that she made several letters which had to be written an excuse for calling Elvira to act as her amanuensis, and dismissed the nun then in attendance with the remark that she would retain Hermana Ana in her room that night, as their epistolary occupations would continue to require their attention until a late hour.

In order to make this excuse a valid one the abadesa had collected a mass of letters which had accumulated in her *escritoire* for some weeks past, to answer which devolved on her as superior of the convent, but which, not being of immediate importance, had been postponed.

She turned these out on the table, and arranged her writing materials before dismissing her attendant with orders to send Elvira to her.

The young novice soon appeared, and the two sat down to their writing, which had made some progress before the abadesa informed her assistant of the plan for the night.

Elvira dropped her pen on the clean page before her and clasped her hands with an earnest low-breathed, "Gracias á Dios!"

They wrote on uninterruptedly, but wandering as their thoughts were from the subject in hand, it was safer to keep up a semblance of occupation, in case of any of the older nuns coming with any business to the abadesa's apartment.

The rest of the afternoon and the evening dragged slowly away, and their hearts throbbed with wild hope, tempered, on the part of the abadesa, with fear, as the hour appointed for their escape drew nigh.

The chapel-bell rang for the midnight service at last, and the abadesa rose with a heavy sigh to obey the call, as she hoped, for the last time.

"Why do you sigh so wearily, madre?" asked Elvira, brightly. "I trust the time for sighing is past."

"Oh!" exclaimed the abadesa, while her face grew pale and set with pain, "I feel such a presentiment of evil at hand that I dread to leave this room! You at least, shall be safe from harm, if possible. You can do me no good, my child, by remaining near me for the next half hour, but may save yourself, if danger threatens me, by following my wishes. As soon as I have left you for the chapel, quit this room; I know harm comes near us to-night, even on the very threshold of liberty! Wrap yourself in this cloak, and go down to your cousin's cell (here are the vault-keys), and wait with her until I come; for if anything happens to hinder my flight, Padre Renaldo will doubtless visit the cell, if I do not meet him as appointed at the foot of the stairway. Or, stay—you can make everything secure for yourself and your cousin!" And she took down a watch which hung on a small bracket, and handed it to Elvira, "Take this, and when it marks five minutes of the time when we shall leave the chapel, do you cautiously go from the cell to the place where Padre Renaldo is to be in waiting. Thus two will have a chance of freedom, even if I am suspected and detained."

"But, *querida madre*," expostulated Elvira, "way should you fear such dreadful things?"

"I cannot define my own feelings," replied the abadesa; "only something whispers that I shall not escape to night. Tell Padre Renaldo to wait for me at the point where the passages diverge. I have never explored the way by which we are to go. Or, better still, tell him to take you and your cousin on as soon as he joins you, and as far as the passage is not intersected by another; tell him not to wait, but go so far on your way towards safety, and I will follow. If the way becomes intricate, ask him to wait ten minutes, and if then I do not join you, he must not fail to hasten on with you two, and when he has placed you in security, then he can deliberate on what can be done for me."

"But, *mi madre*," urged Elvira, "you cannot think we would leave you in danger?"

"Listen," said the abadesa, impressively, "I charge you most solemnly to do as I have said. Tell Padre Renaldo what I have just expressed to you as my wish. Stop," she added, as Elvira was about to interrupt her; "you must see this will be the wisest plan, even for my sake. If we are watched and all imprisoned, who can prove the facts, or tell our friends where to find us? Your father is rich and powerful, and if you and your cousin can ensure your escape, my life will be, at least, in less danger than if you also are detained. Of course your cousin is known to possess but too well the secrets of this fearful house; and you are a still more influential member of the noble family to which she belongs. Your escape will give hope for me. Do you understand? Will you obey me?"

"I will," answered Elvira, with a blanched cheek and quivering lip. "I trust your fears will prove unfounded, but if I escape to-night without you, rest assured, *querida madre*, that I will never give up trying to obtain your release until the work shall be happily accomplished."

The abadesa pressed her to her heart in a tender embrace, and hurried away to join the nuns assembling for the service.

Elvira shuddered as the bell ceased, and silence, deep, mid-night stillness, settled on the room where she was left alone. She longed for some answering glance or word, and folding the cloak closely round her, she hastened through the secret door to the vaults, and on through the damp, voiceless corridors to her cousin's cell.

The Senorita de Hernarez rose from her knees beside her narrow bed as Elvira entered, and the young novice sprang to meet her outstretched arms as if it was a mother's clasp she sought.

So many years had been spent by the prisoner in these awful enclosures, that although the hope of liberty had not lost its sweetness, yet she was far less excited than the girl who was still fresh from the scenes and loves of the outer world. The Senorita de Hernarez had become, to some degree, inured to her captivity; and even on the verge of its conclusion could think calmly. She felt the fluttering anxiety of the young heart throbbing against her own, and as she drew the slight form closer, asked, gently,—

"Shall I tell you the story of my life? It may wile the moments until it is time to move."

And, with the watch tightly grasped in her hand, waiting for the hands to signal her to freedom, Elvira listened to her cousin's story.

(To be continued.)

Beginning to Talk.

Among a party of friends the other day conversation was turned upon the amusing mistakes often made by children in their use of words, and the following are some of the true stories told which it is believed have never before been in print:

A little girl who often heard an old lady speak of her "junts" aching, was told that it might be all right for Grandma A. to pronounce the word *jint* because she was old-fashioned, but it was inexcusable for any young person to do it. Some time after she electrified the household one day by the announcement that there was to be a joint eight feet tall at the circus, and she wanted to go and see him.

Little Ruth (two and a-half) while at a neighbor's with her mother was shown a squirrel in a cage, and told that it had been caught in a tree which stood near the door. After going home she gave the other members of the family a very animated account of the *little bird* she had seen. Well, had she not a logical mind? She knew that birds lived in trees or were kept in cages, and reasoned that this must be one.

Her brother, just beginning to talk, was one day given some bright flowers. He took them, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, and shyly said, "P'ease," showing that he remembered the lessons in politeness he had received, though his vocabulary was a little mixed.

A somewhat similar instance was that of little Willie M., who once, when asked who a child was passing in the street, glanced at him and then answered, "Nothing at all," a phrase which had evidently become confounded in his mind with "I don't know."—*Christian Advocate.*

Tiptoe's Newspaper.

Tramp and Tiptoe were friends. Tramp was a black-and-tan dog; Tiptoe, a grey parrot. Tiptoe talked almost all day; Tramp barked almost all day.

At four o'clock, every afternoon, Tramp came into the house, walked up to his mistress, looked into her face, and waited patiently until she gave him a piece of money. Tiptoe always watched Tramp as he took the money into his mouth. Then, with a shrill shriek, she would call, "Hallos, Tramp! Four o'clock, Tramp! Buy a paper, Tramp! *Herald, Globe, Rekkid!* Oh, my! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are coming!"

This was a long sentence for Tiptoe, but Tramp always waited for the word "coming;" then he would spring through the open window, bound down the path, across the street, and into a small store.

And Tiptoe, watching intently, would cry, as he returned, bearing a paper in his mouth, "Tramp's bought a paper! Oh, my! Oh, my! What a funny dog!"

One day, at four o'clock, Tramp was away with his master. As the moments passed, Tiptoe became restless and excited. She hopped from one window to another, and looked in all directions for her friend Tramp.

By and by the clock struck. "One! two! three! four! five!" counted Tiptoe, in a loud voice. She waited a few minutes longer, and then she sprang upon her mistress' shoulder.

"*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" she said; "*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" Once, twice, three times.

And then her mistress understood her meaning.

"Oh," she said, "so you'll buy a paper if I give you money."

"*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*" screamed Tiptoe, in evident delight.

"Well, take it. Don't swallow it."

Out through the window hopped Tiptoe, with the money in her bill, down the path, across the street, and into the store. Her mistress watched her anxiously. "I wish I hadn't let her go," she said. "Something may frighten her."

Into the store hopped Tiptoe, and sprang upon the counter. Then, dropping the money, she called imperatively, "*Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*"

Laughing, wondering, praising her cleverness, the shopman gave her a paper.

Clutching it firmly in her beak, Tiptoe flew down, hopped out into the street, up the path, into the parlor.

Then she flew to her perch, and, rocking herself back and forth, she cried, "Oh, my! Oh, my! Tiptoe bought a paper! Oh, my! Oh, my stars! *Herald, Globe, Rekkid!*"—*Mary A. Sawyer, in Little Men and Women.*

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— A REMARKABLE CASE.—Mr. Walter Wheeler, of the Washington Mills, Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

— Teacher: "John, of what are your boots made?" "Of leather, sir." Teacher—"Where does leather come from?" Boy—"From the hide of an ox." Teacher—"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?" Boy—"My father."—*Chatter.*

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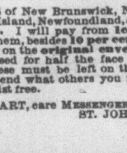

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