

CHRISTMAS STORY.

LOOKING FOR JACK.

Twelve o'clock, and the Christmas bells were ringing clear and pealing jubilantly, tolling that sweet hymn of celestial symphony, "Gloria be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will."

"Why are you out so late, and—where are you going?" "I am looking for Jack," her eyes dilating at the sight of a burly policeman looking down upon her.

"It is time you were at home, never mind Jack," said he, not unkindly, as he saw the frightened look in the small face.

The child, not waiting to hear any more, hurried away as quickly as the little feet, weary and aching, would permit, sobbing herself.

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On, on she went, blinded by the snow, and shivering with cold. Soon her exhausted limbs refused to carry her, and turning in from the street she sank down at the foot of a broad flight of marble steps.

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one lying at your door." His bent over the child as he spoke, the grave expression on his face deepening as he felt her pulse. Restoratives were hastily applied, and after a while the great eyes opened, and looked into the Doctor's face, and the white lips murmured: "I am looking for Jack."

"The head tossing restlessly on the pillow turned towards Constance, and a passed over her face, as her eyes rested on the beauty of that perfect face crowned with its glory of red gold hair. The new born tenderness that hovered around her mouth, and gave a new depth to her eyes; the sheen of the soft white silken gown, all lend her an exquisite charm. Even when Constance bent forward and said—tender pity vibrating through her voice—

"Are you better, my child?" she only gazed at her, then whispered to the Doctor: "Is she an angel?"

"No, my dear, no," interrupted Constance hastily, not daring to look at the Doctor, but she need not have feared, his face wore only its steady grave look—a little grave—that was all.

"I will go and find Jack for you if you will tell me where to go," said the Doctor gently.

"Jack is my brother, he sells papers. He didn't come home to-night, and I have been looking for him. I must go and find him,"—with a certain effort to raise the head that rested so heavily on the pillow.

"How old is Jack?" said Dr. Powell. "Eleven."

"Will you tell me your name?" "Phyllis."

He turned rather a white face from the child, and said to Miss Thorne, "Miss Jackson will remain with the child, I should like to speak to you."

They passed into the library, saying, as he placed an easy chair for Constance, "You look tired, but I fear I must tax your patience a little more."

Then as he did not reply, he continued: "A painful accident occurred this evening. A poor news boy was run over, and died about an hour ago. I was with him and had returned when Peter came for me."

In his delirium he spoke it constantly of his little sister, always standing between her and some unknown. He repeated, over and over, "Father I won't let you beat her,—it's a shame to hurt a poor little, lame girl." Then he would try to comfort her: "Cheer up, Phyllis, don't be afraid, Jack will take care of his sister, there, poor little girl, was the leg very sore to-day." He recovered his senses a little before he died, and told the good sister and me, a pitiful tale of poverty and drunkenness. There was a little, sickly child, to whom the father was unkind. The poor boy's last hours were brightened by a promise to rescue this little sister, and remove her from her present surroundings.

The little wanderer whom fate has brought to your door is Jack's sister—poor, motherless, neglected Phyllis. It is better to tell you, than to be silent, that I fear before the dawning of the day, the child will have found her brother."

Miss Thorne started up with a cry, her face pale and quivering.

"Do you mean that she will die?" "I am far so, but, mistaking her emotion, Mrs. Jackson will be with her, it will not be necessary for you to be there."

"Let us go to her," she said, hardly noting the meaning of his words. What was this something new which was awakening in her heart; this feeling of holding out helping hands to the tiny wanderer soon to be launched into eternity. "I must guide the poor, lame, unsteady feet," she said to herself.

"Yes, it is up there," looking upwards. "Should you like to go there?" "To Heaven?" the eyes were wide and wondering. "I wouldn't mind if Jack went too. I would be afraid to go alone."

"Shouldn't you like to see the angels?" "Are the angels like you?" looking confidently into the lovely face bending over her. "I wouldn't be afraid if they are."

"Did you ever hear of our Saviour, our poor little one?" "I don't know,—do you mean God?" "He was"—she hesitated.

"Your loving Saviour said mine. He died because he loved you, and is sorry that you are so poor and suffer so much. He is waiting with arms outstretched for you to go to him, and you will never be sad, never be sick, never be hungry any more."

An eager look crossed the child's face and she tried to raise herself.

"When am I to go and who will take me?" "O, my dear," said Constance, though the lump in her throat seemed choking her. "His angels will come for you, and I will hold your hand until God sends for you."

"You are sure no one will be cross to me any more?" and there was a sensitive quiver about the little mouth.

"Oh, very sure, there every one will love you, and—very reverently—"there will be no crying there, nor any more pain."

"And Jack?" "I asked the child. "Jack will be there, too. This is Christmas Day dear, the day on which Christ was born."

She then told in simple words the story that sinks so deep into a mother's and into a child's heart; the story of the homeless wanderer through Bethlehem, the birth of the Child, that was laid in a manger, whilst angels made musical the midnight, chanting glory be to God on high.

Of his life of poverty and sufferings, of the years of preaching and teaching; of the death he made to bear; the blind to see; the lame to walk; and the deaf to hear; raised to life. The love that was sown, crowned and crucified, breathing forgiveness with its dying breath; and opening wide for us the portals of everlasting peace and rest. Hot tears were running down many cheeks as Constance's faltering voice ceased picturing Calvary and the dying Redeemer.

The child's eyes were ablaze, as she said eagerly, "Did He love me, and did He die for me?" "Yes for you."

The child lay still with her thin hands clasped together, at last she said, "I am very sorry I was so angry when father heard me, I know I vexed him sometimes," suddenly a little color crept into the pale face.

"Was it very wicked to want to take the bread I saw in the store window. I was so hungry, you know,"—with painful wistfulness—"I had no mother to give me any, and sometimes, I had to hide away when I saw bread in the hands of a little girl, I was afraid I would take it, but I promised Jack I never would, and I never did—was awful to be so hungry and have no mother. Do you think God will mind?"

"Oh, my little white soul, God will not mind," said Constance Thorne bent low to kiss gently and lovingly the motherless child. Silence, long silence lay on them all. The good priest came and went leaving the child clothed in its fair Basiliense robe, and with life abbing fast away.

"It is dark," she murmured. "Do not be afraid, dear,"—very tender was Constance's voice—"in a little while you will see our Saviour and Jack."

"Jack," the dying eyes closed. "You were looking for him, dear. You will find him waiting for you in Heaven."

"Jack, and Heaven!" she tried to raise herself, whilst a wonderful light of joy irradiated her face, then, fell back; the little child was dead; nay, rather, she was in the arms of Him who said, "O, such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Constance, shaken by a storm of sobbing, gazed down at the quiet sleeper, then, turning to Dr. Powell, she held out her trembling hands.

"Gerald, oh, Gerald!" In a moment his arms were around her, and he laid out her pain with his head resting on his breast, true heart; with one caressing hand he smoothed back the soft waves of her hair, while whispering words of comfort.

"Can you forgive me?" she asked, raising to his a tear-stained face.

"We will forget it, dear. This Christmas Day that is now dawning will be the beginning of a new life for us; as well as for the poor little one no longer homeless and friendless."

"O, Gerald," the heavy, tears still standing in the violet eyes. "The poor, homeless, sick, and hungry children. You will show me the way to help them. The little child, who lay dying at my door, came like an angel to teach me better things, Phyllis, my little one, you will not forget in Heaven the good work you began ere you passed away from earth." And, for answer, on the clear morning air, came the sweet clangor of bells, that told that Christmas had dawned; and on the dead child's face still lingered the seraphic light it caught, ere it passed into a everlasting joy.

ANNIE WRIGHT STURM.

A BLASPHEMER'S FATE.

RUMOR THAT INGERSOLL HAS CANCER OF THE TONGUE.

Several years ago there appeared upon the stage of this great public, this fair land upon which the Almighty has showered his choicest blessings; in peace, plenty and unparalleled prosperity; a man of unusual ability, of remarkable eloquence, of magnificent address and great personal magnetism, who boldly and defiantly proclaimed his disbelief in the Bible, religion, Christianity, yes, even God himself. This man who defied his audiances with the splendor of his eloquence, who started the world with the boldness of his ideas, who defied God and blasphemed His holy name, and who trampled upon His Divine laws and commandments, went on for years in his fancied glory and popularity, and became even more bold and defiant in his attacks upon God and His holy religion.

Proud, arrogant and defiant, he uttered his blasphemies, and reviled the God who made him and gave him his talents and all that he possessed, and the world looked on and cheered him and opened its arms to him and he became rich, and stood at the pinnacle of worldly fame. And just as he had reached the summit of success, just as he had attained the object of his ambition, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of his hellish and blasphemous career, just as he had contemplated the enjoyment of the wealth acquired in the service of the devil, the finger of an angry God, the arch-bishop and blasphemer of the nineteenth century is struck with an incurable and fatal malady. Yes, Robert G. Ingersoll, the infidel, the scoffer, the heretic, the blasphemer, has at last met the punishment he has so richly deserved. His terrible fate is to linger for months with a disease no physician can heal viz: Cancer of the tongue and throat. How terrible is the punishment that never again serves when one reflects that never again will that tongue, which has blasphemed the God, which scoffed at religion and reviled the most sacred things, that tongue which gave Ingersoll the fame and earned for him the sobriquet of "Golden Tongue Orator," that tongue which could entrance and hold spell bound for hours his audiances by the splendor of his eloquence, that tongue is doomed to gradually rot and be eaten away by the most horrible of all diseases, cancer. No operation can save him, no medicine can stay the hand of death. Doomed in this life to pass the rest of his days in agony and in pain, oh may the Father of Mercies give him the grace of repentance and thus save his soul from the eternal fires of hell.—News Record.

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Baret & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from 50 to 85 cents upwards daily. A number have earned over \$20 a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once. Now is the time.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY A CURE.

These are the successive effects of one of the most deservingly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fruitful stream.

FATHER ROBINSON ON "THE PRIEST IN THE FAMILY."

AN ANSWER FOR BIGOTS.

The public announcement that the well-known preacher, Father Walker Crooke Robinson, M. A. would reply to the attacks levelled against the Catholic Church in certain newspapers under the heading of "The Priest in the Family," attracted on Sunday evening probably the largest congregation ever seen within the walls of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington. Every seat was filled, the aisles and nave were crisscrossed, hundreds had to stand throughout the service and sermon, and many were absolutely unable to obtain admission to the sacred edifice. Solemn Vespers having been sung, Father Robinson entered the pulpit, and in the course of a masterly discourse, which was followed with rapt attention throughout, and which occupied about an hour and five minutes in its delivery, proceeded to say: It is to be hoped that sufficient time has elapsed for the passions stirred up by the recent controversy on "The Priest in the Family," because passion clouds the intellect and warps the judgment. It is only time and labor to try to convince a man who is prejudiced. I ask every one of this mighty congregation, as at Englishman to Englishman, to give me fair play to-night. If you have brought proof with you, for the love of God leave it off, or else leave for nothing but a fair trial to you. I ask for nothing but a fair trial to you. I ask for nothing but a fair trial to you. I ask for nothing but a fair trial to you.

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