JAN 1, 1857

Written for the Catholic Record 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, "G'ory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will." The white manual of the or The white mantle of the snow was everywhere, and still the great flakes fell unceasingly in great eddying whirls, twisting and untwisting in cruel frolic, the thin, torn shawl folded about a little figure walking slowly and with unsteady steps along the bright lighted avenue. figure walking slowly and with unsteady steps along the bright lighted avenue. The little heart beat saddly enough but it throbbed and fluttered painfully when a gruff voice fell upon her ears. "Why are you out so late, and,—where are you going ?" "I am looking for Jack," her eyes dila ting at the sight of a burly policeman looking down upon her. "It is time you were at home, never mind Jack," sald he, not ut kindly, 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, wearied and aching, would permit, sobbing to herself. 'O, Jack, where are you! Father is bad again to night, and when he fell saleen L came out to look for you.

asleep I came out to lock for you. O Jack, don't you know I am locking for you ?

On, on she went, blinded by the snow. and shivering with cold. Soon he exhausted limbs refused to carry her Soon her and turning in from the street she sark down at the foot of a broad flight of marble steps. The snow, as if in pity, wrapped its white cloak more and more closely about her; her head bent low upon her breast, the frail body swayed, and then fell forward, murmuring in her her breast, the frail body swayed, sleep, "O, Jack, where are you?" The residence of Mr. Melbourne was

The residence of Mr. Melbourne was ablaze with light, the sound of gay music filled the spacious odor laden parlors, where handsome men and beau titul women were promenading, or, join-ing in one of Straus' entrancing waltzes. "I thought you never could resist Straus?" said a blond Englishman, Sir Arthur Penryn when Miss Theme

Arthur Penryn, when Miss Thorne pleaded fatigue as an excuse for not lancing.

"Not very often, I admit, but a round of gaities will sometimes grow fatiguing, well as monotonous."

"My dear Miss Constance," interrup "My dear Miss Constance," interrup-ted Judge Murray, a genial old gentle-map, and a life long friend of the Thorne family, "are you aware that there is a savor of satirety in your remark as well as tone?" looking kindly yet critically at his beautiful companion, wondering why her face wore that listless, indifferent look. "And is satisfy a yory dread(n) thing?"

"And is satiety a very dread ul thing?"

she asked, catelessly, allowirg herself to be led away by Sir Arthur. Judge Murray watched her as she moved through the rooms; stopping here and there to greet her friends with that gentle courtesy, which was one of her great charms.

"What a lovely, gracious woman she is; and what a lucky fellow Powell is. By the way, I do not see him, here, to the way, I do not see him, here, to night," soliloquized Judge Murray, som ing the ball-room. "Ab, here is Mrs. Melbourne, as his hostess approached." "I do not see our friend, Dr. Powell, this evening.

this evening." "He was to be here," said Mrs Mel bourne, "but," glancing significantly at Sir Arthur, and Miss Thorne, "have you not heard Dame Rumour's whisper of a

broken engagement." "Impossible," εjaculated the judge, "why, my dear Madame, their parente

"Ah, quite so, Judge Murray, their parents, in providing a husband and wife for their children, seemed to ignore parents, congenial tastes. She so well born and autiful might hope to-" "Win a little, Mrs. Melbourne,

one lying at your door." He bent over the child as he spoke, the grave expres-sion 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 Ductor's face, and the while line purporned. clasped together, at last she said, "I am very sorry I was so apgry when father beatime, I know I vexed bim 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 wildows. I was so hungry, you know"-with painful wistfulnes.-"I had no mother to give and looked into the Doctors lace, and the white lips murmured: "I am looking for Jack" The head tossing restlessly on the pillow turned towards Constance, and a look of bewilderment and amazement period over her ince, as her eves rested me any, and, cometimes, I had no mother to give me any, and, cometimes, I had to bide 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—its awful to be so hunery and look of bewilderment and amazement 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 have no mother. Do you think God will mind ?" "Ob, my little white sou', God will not

'Ob, my fittle white sou', God will not mind," and 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 Bas-tismal robe, and with life ebbing fast "It is dark," she murmured.

"Do not be sfraid, dear,"-very tender was Corstance's voice, - "in a little while you will see our Saviour and Jack."

"Jack," the dying eyes unclosed. "You were looking for him, dear. You will find him waiting for you in Heaven." "Jack, and Heaven!" she tried to raise she tried to raise herself, whilst a wonderful light of joy irradiated her face, then, fell back ; the little child was dead ; nay, tather, she was in the arms of Him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Constance, shaken by a storm of sobe, gezed down at the quiet sleeper, then, tunning to Dr. Powell, she held out her tranking hard. trembling hands. "Gerald, ch, Gerald !"

"Paylis," He turned rather a white face from the child, and said to Mise Thorne, "Mrs. Jackson will remain with the child, I should like to speak to you." They passed into the library, saying, as he plactd an easy chair for Constance, "You look tired, but I fear I must tax your netions a little more " "Gerald, eh, Gerald !" In a moment his arms were around her, and she sobbed out her pain with ber head resting on his brave, true heart ; with one caressing hand he smoothed back the soft masses of her hair, while whispering words of comfort.

words of comfort. 'Can you forgive mail' she asked, rais-ing to his a tear-stained face. "We will forget it, dear. This Christ mas Day that is now dawning will be the brginning of a rew life for us; as well as for the peoplicitle one no longer house lass "You look thed, but I fear I must tak your patience a little more." Then as the 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 but returned when Peter came for me. for the poor little one no longer homelets and friendless," "O Gerald !" the heavy tears still stand-

his little star, always standing between ber and some unkindness. He repeated, over and over, "Father I won't let you ing in the violet eyes. "The poor, home-less, 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. ocmfort her: "Cheer up, Phyllis, don't be afraid, Jack will take care of his sister, there, poor little gtrl, was the leg very sore to-day." He recovered his senses a little before he died, and told the good sisters 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 clengor of bells, that told that and me, a pitful tale of poverty and drunkennes. There was a little, sickly ebild, to whom the father was unkind. The poor boy's last hours were brightened by a premise to rescue this little sister, Chri-tmas had dawned ; and on the de child's face still lingered the seraphic light it caught, ere it passed into everlasting joy.

> RUMOR THAT INGERSOLL HAS CANCER OF THE TONGUE.

Several years ago there appeared upon Several years ago there appeared upon the stage of this great R-public, this fair land upon which the Almighty has show-ered his choicest flessings; under whose sun its people revelled in peace, plenty and unparalelled prosperity; a man of unusual ability, of remarkable elequence, of magnificent address and great personal magnetism, who boldly and de fiantly pro-claimed his disbelief in the Bible, religion, "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 guish. Christianity, yea, even God himself. This man who electrified his sudiences with the splendor of his elequence, who startled the world with the boldness of his ideas, who holding out helping hands to the tiny wanderer soon to be launched into eter-nity. "I must guide the poor, lame, unsteady feet," she said to herself," her defied Ged and blasphemed His holy name, and who trampled upon His Divine laws and commandments, went on for years in eyes full of tenderness, as she sat to herself," her eyes full of tenderness, as she sat beside the child, and, taking one of the frail hands smoothed it softly. After a short silence she said, "Did you ever hear of heaven dear?" his fancied glory and popularity, and be-came even more bold and denant in his attacks upon God and His holy religion. Proud, arrogant and defiant, he uttered his blasphemies, and reviled the G.d heaven, dear f"
"Yes, it's up there," looking upwards.
"Should you like to go there ?"
"To Heaven ?" the eyes were wide and wondering. "I wouldn't mind if Jack
blasphemies, and reviled the God who made him and gave tim his talents and all the besseld, and the world looked on and cheered him and opened its treasures for him and he became rich, and stood at the second s the pinnacle of worldly fame. And just as he reached the summit of success, just as he had attained the object of his ambias he had attained the object of his ambi-tion, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of his hellish and blasphemous career, just as he had contemplated the enjoyment of his wealth acquired in the service of the devil, the tinger of an angry and insulted God is laid upon him, and the arch-infidel and blasphemer of the inneteenth conture is steach with nineteenth century is struck with an in curable and fatal malady. Yes, Robert G Ingersoll, the infidel, the scoffer, the here tic, 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 threat. How terrible is the punishment can readily be seen, when one reflects that never again will that torgue, which has blasphemed G d, which scoffed at religion and reviled G d, which scalled at religion and revised the most sacred things, that tongue which gave logercall the fame and earned for him the sobriquet of "Golden Tongue Orator," that torgue which could entrance and hold spell bound for hours his audi-ences by the splendor of his eloquence, that tongue is doomed to gradually rot that tongue is doomed to gradually rot that tongue is documed 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. Documed in this life to pass the rest of his days in sgony 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

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

London Universe, Dec. 4 The publicannouncement that the well-nown preacher, Father Walter Croke Robinson, M. A., would reply to the attacks levelled against the Catholic hurch in certain newspapers under the cading of "The Priest in the Family," tracted on Sunday evening probably the largest congregation ever seen within the wal's of the Pro Cathedral, Kensington. wal's of the Pro Cathedral, Kensington. Every seat was filled, the aisles and nave were crammed, hundreds had to stand throughout the service and sermon, and throughout the service unable to obtain many were absolutely unable to obtain admission to the sacred edifice. Solemn Vespers having been sung, Father Robin-son entered the pulpit, and in the course of a masterly discourse, which was folof a masterly discourse, which was fol-lowed with rapt attention throughout, and which occupied about an hour and five minutes in its delivery, proceeded to say. It is to be heped that sufficient time has elapsed to allay the passions stirred up be the resent out provery on the priest the recent controversy on "the priest the family," because passion clouds the tells of and warps the judgment. It is only time and labor lest to try to convince a man who is prejudiced. I ask every one fins mighty congregation, as an E-g-shman to Englishmen, to cive me fair lay to night. If you have brought pre-wices with you, for the love of G of leave off, or else leave the church—I do not beak to you. I ask for nothing but a fair id one to former. peak to you. I ask for nothing but a fair eld end no favour. I ask you rot uly to give me your hears but our heads. Y n are not want g in intelligence and common sense; nen give me your thoughts. I am going o draw distinctions to night. "Ab, there is," some one will say; "I knew we nould have a little hair splitting to night." cell you if you are pr jadiced I speak t to you. You are morbid, go to the firmary. Now let us look at this ques n. Go to that large building in the rand, the New Law Courts, and tell me hat is the office of a judge, or of the ostable lawyer and barrister at the bar. ve you ever served on a jury? If so, at did you do? Draw distuctions, and ere are distinctions of a theological as ll as a legal character.

DON'T FIND FAULT WITH ME.

live in concubinege with Anne Boelvo. What did he do with her? Cut off her n, for that is what I am going to do to eb, for that is what I am going to do to-ght. In this controversy a multitude letters have appeared of which I will y nothing more harsh than that they are ry un Erglish, and we have been told at we Catholics are the people who jet to liberty of concience. I am ing to avoid personalites; I talk of irgs, not persons. What is liberty of necience? There is a civil and political entry, and there is downatic or relied. in childbed. Anne of Cleves was not good lotking, and he divorced her. Catherine Howard he also executed. Catherine Parr if it had not been for her wonderful adroitness would have shared the same fate. Henry seized the Catholic revenues and give them to his courtiers. If he was not a burglar there never was one on this earth. My blood runs cold as I unfold to you in the light of modern research how many personsceme to the block in Henry's reign. Holdings-head, the Protestant contemporary historian, puts the number at 12,000, and all this is toleration. If berty, and there is dogmatic or religi-us liberty both quite distinct; and to stinguish the first from the latter there before us political liberty of conscience a Protestant country, and in a Catholic at 12,000, and all this is teleration. If that be toleration, then we have all got a The recessant country, and in a Catholic country, there is a dogmatic or religious liberty of conscience. Let us take to night civil and religious liberty in a Pro-te tant country; the right of every pe son or set of persons to follow the dictates of that be toleration, then we have all got a chance. If you ask me as a student of history to find its qual cannot. Noro and Caligula were pagans, but here was a man who equalled them in villality, and who was a theolo-gian and a Catholic. Queen Mary saw her father in her early days pervaded with the crase of G d gaing on pulcing their contcience in religious belief, and practice the worship which is the outcome of that obedience to conscience. Let us look at the question fairly. Does the Church allow liberty of conscience in a Does the with the grace of G d going on pilgrim-igs to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsitg-ham. Imbued with faith from her cathest Protestant state ? I am going to distin-

"AH, THERE YOU ARE AGAIN,

years she was the legitimate successor to the throne; she kept to her religion. Will nothing but distinguishing." My breth-ren, we must be clear haded when we wan't to seek truth. In a certain sense we any one blame her for tha ? Could any man, then, blame her for bringing back to England that religion? She was a Catho-lic, of Catholic parents, and there was do allow liberty, in a certain sense we do allow liberty, in another sense we do not. Now I ask you, does the Protestant State allow this hiberty ? You will say it does; that England is a free country, and HER DEAR CATHOLIC INJURED MOTHER and she looked back on the centuries of let it be ever free. So say I, but could the State entirely allow liberty of conthe old faith, and it was her duty before science ? Suppose a community of Mor-mons were to settle here, and they were mons were to settle here, and they were to say, "This is my religion." Why even America, the country of the free, would object to that, although they don't know what to do with them. If a Mohammeden colony were to come here with their mul-tiplicity of wives, would the State allow that t"

The child lay still with her thin hands lasped together, at last she said, "I am PRIEST IX.THE FAMILY." ignorant or malicious, perhaps both. Go back over three hundred years and I ask you. Has the Protes ant Establishment of up to a sense of her duty, and Catholios were getting a little foir play. Now, I am not going to say a word about the particup to a sense of her duty, and Catholics were getting a little fair play. Now, I am not going to say a word about the partic-ular family that has caused this discussion. Now what is the idea of my countrymen about priests? They think that they are very sly; that they meet together, and are always trying to speak into English fam-discussion and convert, the sitter clean hands with which to come into court? Let us go to Geneva. But yester day we learned that Pope Leo X III. has opened up means of historical research in opened up means of historical research in the Vatican, and at this moment there the Vatican, and at the man are going to are learned historians who are going to ilies, and tak to and convert the sisters and wives. I bring a grave charge egainst my countrymen, and that is, that they re write the Li tory of Europe. Take the city of Berne, the capital of Swi zerland there is a society, and they have pub-lished two volumes of facts, but they are seem o imply that A PRIEST IS NO BETTER THAN HE SHOULD written the other way. What is the result ! The Municipality of Berne have volume. There is religious heaty ! Cal-volume. There is religious heaty ! Cal-vin, the great Reformer, destroyed every

one that did not agree with him with

and sword. Easebius, Beza, and Melanc-then applauded the sot. Luther-let us give him his due-in certain parts of his writings depresent a system but this

anything is lawful with Paptists. There is Luther and religious liberty.

bear in the country of religious liber'y Then we come down to the Reformation !

BROKE THE HEART OF ONE OF THE

NCBLEST WOMEN that ever lived, Katharine of Arragon to

Now, firstly, you are utterly mistaken, because we priests have too much to do with our poor and our sick both by day and by night. Why does bigotry imply that the priest is no better than he ought to be? Such an estimate does not reflect well on the persons who form it. We have too much work to do. The temptation of a middle eged priest is often

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writings deprecates severity—but this is always the case with Reformert—and then he proceeds to persecute the Ana-ba tists with fire and sword, and says that anythic is larged with respectively. too much work to do. The temptation of a middle sged priest is often not to make converts; he has so much work already to do. How many women this past werk have had private interviews with dentiers, doctors, lawyers, and who cays a word sgainst them? You wicked persons, to cast a slur on the priest! Hone soit que maky perse. is Luther and religious liberty. TAKE THE HISTORY OF THE SECTS, Take the Baptists and John Bunyan, per-secuted and imprisoned. There is a relig-ious toleration Why did Penn go to America? Because he was bankhed from his country by the established religion for dissenting from it. Take the Puritana, and what boy or girl is there who does not know the frightful cruchies they had to beer in the country of religions liberty. on the priest! How so that a put of the source of the sour wlo makes such a charge is a foul, wicked who makes such a charge is a foul, wicked man; and I repudiate it from the bottom of my heart. Are there no such things as Cacholic parents and Catholic brothers i All over the wide world there is a mighty thing called the Catholic Charch, with its 250 000 0.0 of sort; are there no brothers and husbands in that vast family, and do they find any difficulty about their wives, doubles, and district When a voca Then we come down to the Reformation ! I suppose at this moment the children of my country are being brought up the same as years ago, to talk of Buff King Hal, Bioody Queen Mary, and Good Queen Bess. Now give me fair play. I want to ask you the effect on a man who loves truth, sye, who will die for it, to be brought up in thet accursed error, and then discover that the whole thing is a lie and a misrepresentation? Thick you we daughters and sisters? When a poor daughters and sisters? When a poor woman distressed in religious doubts comes to a priest for hi advice, what is he to do? A priest is sent into this world to convert souls. Here is a soul come to him in doubt, would you have him say to that soul, 'Oh, I am tenibly afraid of your husband; you had better go?' If he did what excuse could he n ake before his God when he dies and has to be judged? We know that the Mehammedans think that wolken have no souls then discover that the whole thing is a lie and a misrepresentation? Thick you we Cathelies have no feelings !--will you allow us that haxing ? Can you inagine an indivity greater than the suggest in that Cathelies and Cathelie priests are devoid of all feeling ? Henry the Eighth BROKE THE WEART OF ONE OF OF THE

WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS We think they have, and that they have to die and be judged. Where in the matriage service does a passage occur in which the woman gives up the guidance of her soul to her husbend and promises nead. Jane Seymour, the next one, died conform to his religion? If God gives her the grace of conversion, is the to be accused if she corresponds to the grace without the permission of her husband? What right has he to give her leave? No adroitness would have shared the same into a family by a conversion than I am. I could write in tears of blocd the sorrows I have gone through. Teke a case where a woman goes to a priest desiring matrice is whan gots to a prices desiring instruction. He may say, "Are you matried ?" "Yes." "What will your hus-hand say to it ?" "Oh, he doesn't mind a bit." We get that sometimes; then the pricest would say, "Well, bring your husband down to hear my instruction; he may be converted too " Take a case where band down to hear my instruction: he may be converted too "Take a case where the husband does of j ct, and the wife says that if he were to know the day and the hour of her reception he would lock her up in a room. Such things occur; that is as true as that I am here. Do you think this is the only case of its kind? When as true as that I am here. Do you think this is the only case of its kind i. What are we doing all the day long i. Why three converts have been received here in this church to day. This case is the only one that has come out, but there are pleavy more like it. Is the prise to iay, "Yes, let your husband know, and be locked up in the room i" What would be that prise to a way for such advice here the ludge. a sver f r such advice before the ludgment Seat ? If

A MOMAN'S HUSBAND IS NOT ENGLISHMAN

the old faith, and it was her duty before God if she could to restore that faith. Home calls her bigoted. I like to ba called bigoted, for that shows yon are Catholic. In Mary's reign England was formally reconciled to the Holy Ste, and that was Mary's doing. In fair play you cannot blame her. Some one may be raying to me, "Are yon not afraid of the fires of Smithfield?" No, not a bit. Mary was in the utmost difficulty, there ENOUGH to give her this liberty of conscience, then to give her this inberty of conscience, then all I can say is that we must be sciel; but we shall receive you all the same and take the consequences. Having briefly spoken of the confessional, Fither R bin-son went on to say : I beg of you as Eig-lishmen to take home these words with you and the R bin to say the second with you firts of Smithfield?" No, not a bit. Mary was in the utmost difficulty, there was Elizabeth playing fast and loose, and Protestants in foreign countries writing letters in which they said the Queen was something dreadful, stirring up revolution. What was Mary to do? I will let you ask me. Do I approve of the fires of Smithfield? Now was its fast that these letters in which they said the Qicen was something dreadful, stirring uprevolution. What was Mary to doll will let you ask me. Do I approve of the fires of Smithfield? Now, was it a fact that those poor wretches were punished as political offenders? Protestant historians are very much of that way of thinking but if they track and they are the solution. teach, and teach, and THEN FIGHT AGAINST IF IF YOU LIKE There have been three builded years of persecution, let them pass, let them g, we have had enough of them L t error disappear and truth prevail O Davine Trub, cast out by fire and sword, rele-gated to the holes and hollows of my dear country, come bock to night and ensiring Thee once more in the heats of my coun-trymen. "Wa'chman, what of the right P Win trymen "Watchman, what of the high f poor: The night is departing and he day is does approaching. The night of error, of Bess ignorance, and o' misrepresentation is them pasing, and the day of liberty and of truth is about to dawn. Let us there fore very cast off the errors of darkness and gird ourselvee in the armor of light.

by a premise to rescue this hile easter, and recove her from her present sur-roundings. The little way farer whom fate has brought to your door is Jack's sister—port, motherless, neglected Phyllis. It is better to tell you,' he added after a moment's silence, "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 fear so, but," mistaking her emotion, "Mrs. Jackson will be with her, it will not

ANNIE WRIGHT SMYTH, A BLASPHEMER'S FATE.

lieve that is the modern feminine idea of bliss," said Judge Murray, with cold contempt. "Dr. Powell is a gentleman by birth and culture; and takes a higher rank still, by his noble aims and untiring zeal in the cause of suff-ring humanity." "Ab, well !' said Mrs. Melbourne, "those noble aims of his have led to all the trouble. Miss Thorne does not seem to appreciate them, any more than-

Il-than, I do." 'Madame," replied Judge Murray with

"Madame," replied Judge Murray with sudden intensity, "The woman, who may be fortunate enough to win Gerald Powell's heart, has the best gift she can ever hope to receive." Neither saw Miss Thorn as she ap-proached. A startled, pained look crept into her eyes as she caught Judge Murray's words; she sbivered slightly, as she turned silently away. The merry Christmas bells rang out and seemed to mock her with their cries of peace on earth. A little later Miss Thorne was driving homewa d. cries of peace on earth. A little Miss Thorne was driving homewa d, later Miss Tho there was a dull, heavy pain at her heart, and great tears gathered and fell, as she whispered to herself "Will he come l=0 surely he will come ! -- I have no memory of any Christmas separated from him."

When Miss Thorne alighted from him." When Miss Thorne alighted from the carriage, she stumbled against something lying at the foot of the steps : a feeling of horror shrilled her when bending forward she beheld the inanimate form of a child.

"Carry her into the house," and up the broad stairs, into warmth and light, the

"I think," said the housekeeper, respectfully, "that the hospital—"

respectfully, "that the hospital—" "I think you forget what night it is, Mrs. Jackson. Send for Dr. Powell, and have a bed prepared. Mamma need not be disturbed,"

be disturbed." Constance Thorne stood looking down on the motionless form clad in a faded print dress, from which the thin worn shawl had fallen back. The torn sleeves showing, through the rents, the marks of many a bruise; the quiet hands so small, so attenuated, the poor pale face with the dark shadows made by ill health, and the hollows that told of hungry days and nights. A great pang smote her heart and there was a sudden choking at her throat. So absorbed was she in this her first glimpse of the dark shedows of life. first glimpse of the dark shadows of life, that she did not hear Dr. Powell until he

"Good evening," said he gravely, "Peter told me of your finding this little

Shouldn't you like to see the angels i"

heaven, dear ?'

be necessary for you to be there."

"Are the argels like you?" locking confidently into the lovely face bending over her. "I wouldn't be afraid if they are." "Did you ever hear of our Saviour, my

"No, my desr, no," interrupted Con-stance hastily, not daring to look at the Doctor, but she need not have feared,

bis 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 stain effort to

raise the head that rested so heavily on "How old is Jack ?" said Dr. Pow ell.

In his delirium he spoke it cessantly of

beat her,--its a shame to hurt a poer, little, lame girl." Then he would try to

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

"Fifteen."

poor little one ?" "I don't know,-do you mean God He was"-she hesitated.

"Your to each act and a solution of the soluti you to go to him, and you will never be sad, never be sick, never be hungry any more.

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

"When am I to go and who will take me ?'

'Ob, my dear," said Constance, though the lump in her threat seemed choking her, "His angels will come for you, and I 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 ?" asked the child.

"Jack will be there, too. This is Christ mas Day dear, the day on which Christ was born. Record.

She then told in simple words the story that sinks so deep into a mother's and into a child's heat; the story of the home less wanderers through Bethlehem, the birth of the Child, that was laid in a manger, whilst angels made musical the mit ght, chanting glory be to God on high n'gat, chanting giory be to God on nign. Of His life of poverty and sufferings, of the years of preaching and teaching; of the deaf He made to hear; the blind to see; the lame to walk; and the dead He raised to life. The love that was sourged. crowned and crucified, breathing forgive-ness 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."

A Great Offer.

A Great Offer. No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallet & Co. Portland, Maine, withcut delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from 5; to \$25 and upwares daily. A number nave earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. Y.u are started in business free Cap-ital not needed. Every worker who takes hold* at once is absolutely sere of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

FIRST RELIEF ULTIMATELY & CURE These are the successive effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cura, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigrates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and f. rtil izing stream. izing stream.

that ?'

IF THE SALVATION ARMY WERE TO COME two o'clock in the morning, would the State allow that? The Catholic Church State allow that i the Catholic Church allows and demands the same liberty of conscience as the Protestant State. To make good my point, firstly, I tell you a thing that I cannot understand, it mystiites me. Four or five months ago a priest was coming from church, where he had been preaching, and he took his seat in the trained of the seat in the train where there was a gentleman, a man of culture, who knew all about Greek syntax and the rest of it. Leaving the station there was a chapel outside from which the people were emerging, and the priest remarked that he was glad to see so

many people going to hear the word of God. "Why," said the gentleman, "you are the last man in the world who should say that, "Why I thought that you sign that, "Why I thought that you say that, "Why I thought that you believed that every one who is not a Cath-olic would be dammed." The priest re-plied, "Well, sir, you are a puzzle to me. Are you so ignorant as that? Is it pos-sible that you, an English gentleman of refined education. efined education,

NOW NO MORE ABOUT US CATHOLICS THAN that?" That interview lasted only five minutes, but the priest said afterwards he felt sure that that man would one day be a Catholic. If Protestants will only inquire and ascertain what the Church techns and not held in the Church teaches, and not be blinded by what they think she teaches, they would be much better informed. The preacher then pro

setter information. The preacher then pro-seeded to quote from the writings of Car-dinal Hergenroether and the late Pontiff, Pius IX, to show the Church had always held that people might, though living in error of faith, be saved, and that they might be in unconscious spiritual union with the church though not of the house-hold of the faith, and also to show that the auch approved of liberty of conscience. Father Robinson then proceeded to say: Well, they say a worm will turn. I am in the position of that worm, and I am not only going to defend myself but I am going to attack. Not only does the Church demand and allow this liberty in a Pro-

testant State, but it is the only one that does. Do

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much of that way of thinking, but if they were rot political offenders, I do not approve of them. If they were put to death for religion it was a wicked work. and the Catholic Church dors not approve of them. Mary was in the hands of wicked men, and I class her with

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

as one of the most unfortunate of women. She gave her money right and left, Loir g She gave her money right and left, soirg about as our beloved Queen does now in Scotland, visiting the homes of the poor; and that is "Bloody Mary." Now, does anybody doubt that Good Queen Bers lived with Leicester? If they do let them look at Lingard. He was a Catholic, but Hollingehad not that come him to be Hollingshead put that or some hing very like it in his history, but it was suppressed. There is at this moment in a certain part a country family-I have looked in the "Landed Gentry"--and there is a tradition

in that family bat he founder of that family was the illegitimate son of Leices-ter and Queen El zabeth, and there are documen's existing in which this is put beyond all matner of doubt.

LOOK AT THE COURT OF CUB QUEEN. What a magnificent Court it i upon Queen Victoria as one of the poble t of women and the nation does not appre-ciate her. The Gourt of Eliz beth was the most sinful and the most licentious that perhaps the world ever saw; while the Court of the present Queen is the best and the control the present Queen is the bet outse-enchaps that the world had ever seer. For every one that disagreed with El za tence. beth there was rack, the scaverger's eay: daughter, and I know not what else. I am Well, then, if she was "Good Queen I am Bess" why we are all saints. I I am ask you to think of the position of a n an urch brought up to belleve at the next the Irought up to believe all this-what shall I call it *i*-infernal lying, in which his whole early life has been cloud d, why it makes one's blood boil; but we must be originate.

does. Do You PROTESTANTS MARING THIS CHARGE come into court with clean hands? Are you the representatives of the Established religion, entitled to come to me and search "The idea of a Catholic talking of reli-gious liberty?" Such a person is either is charged way. England was beginning to wake is a search of the sea

Aver's Christ Pectoral is recommended by physicians of great eminence, on both sides of the At autic, as the missirclist le remedy for colds, coughs, and all purpoon-ary disorders. It aff ads prompt rebef. No family should be without it.

No family should be without it. Mr. T. C. B. rehard, public scholl teacher, Norland, writes: 'During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliou ness and Dyspepsis, and part of the time was unable to sit and to the durins of my pof silm. Not rop & tyman's V getable Discover, and Dyspepte Gure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in string that I was en-tirely cared by using one bottle. I have tirely cured by using one bottle 1 bave not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained if teen pounds in weight,'

Cannot be Excelled.

"I have 1 a ure in saying that Hag-yard's P-corai Ba'sam cannot beaxee led for curing colds, coughs and less of voice. It cured my bro her completel," So says I a MeN ad, of Poplar Hol, Out, regarding this reliable remedy.