How quickly speed the days and years, Laden with sorrows, joys and tears. Bearing us over sunny waves, or where angry billow foams and raves; Calmly, smoothly we sail to-day, To-morrow—naught but dread dismay; Yet, sailing on a treacherous sea, We're onward borne to eternity.

Why grieve we then for the ills of life,

And so throughout this life of ours, When clouds arise and tempest lowers, We must prepare with nervous hand To save the bark that else may strand; The feeble bark of earthly hopes And trust once strong, that vainly copes With sorrow's blast and storms of fate, And calls for help ere yet too late.

We must through depths of blackest night When moon and stars have hid their light

When safely anchored in the port, No longer tossed in the wind's mad sport, We'll then look back on trials past, With light upon our spirits east; With sou is made free from every taint, With sour studies of the work and faint, We'll see with vision clear and bright What God now hides from mortal sight.

TRUE TO TRUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER VIII.

The happy party returned again in the afternoon to the Manor to assist at prayers. As they approached the house, Lady Margaret met and congratulated them, which, with true delicacy of feeling, she had re-frained from doing in the morning, well knowing that souls impressed by the pres-ence of their Creator, and still absorbed in heavenly and solemn thoughts, are ever neavenly and solemn thoughts, are ever desirous to be left in silence. What need have they of the words of creatures when God Himself speaks to their hearts? Some days later Winifred Barnby had an interview with Dame Casterman, in

longer perform any of her accustomed services for them. She then which she announced that she could no services for them. She then, with the hope of changing the heart of the old woman, ventured to remark that the way in which her sons gained their livelihood was far from justifiable; that they were, n truth, answerable for all deaths in vessels of which they caused the wreck; but she only drew on herself such a torrent of abuse, that she retired, though resolved to pray for the conversion of those of whom she had formerly been the accomplice.

Another year passed over; one of peace and happiness to Dame Barnby and family. By her own industry, and that of Catherine and Ruth, they were enabled to live with more comfort than they had therto done. Winifred entertained great fears that

her son, when he grew up, would renew friendship with the Castermans, and be-come a wrecker like his father, if he remained at Penzance. She confided her anxiety to Lady Margaret; and some time after, Sir Reginald arranged with the Cap-tain of a Waterford ship, with whom he was acquainted, to take the lad into his service. The captain was a Catholic, and as he was frequently the means of conveying priests to Ireland, he was desirous that all his crew should be Catholics likewise, for the treachery of one might ruin all; and he therefore willingly consented to take
Maw, who started on his new career, half
sorrowful of leaving his mother and sisters, the friends and scenes of his childhood, yet rejoicing at the prospect before
him of a life on the sea full of adventure
and danger. Repeath all there was a linand danger. Beneath all, there was a lingoring hope that some fortunate event would bring back the ship to Penzance before long: but that was not its usual and he feared that many a year would elapse ere his mother once more clasped her in his arms.

For two years Father Ralph had exercised his religious functions with comparative security to himself and those with whom he lived, though from time to time distributed by sudden wish. Form the disturbed by sudden visits from the commissioner, which, however, to his great disappointment, always proved fruitless.

asappointment, always proved fruitless. Stephen Casterman was no less discouraged than the commissioner, for, with all his efforts, he altogether failed in discovering whether priests were harbored at the Manor.

Casterman was about to answer "No," then the Jew, in a low voice said to

"Pause a bit, friend; it may be of us

to you; all Papists in that house."

O, well I would not mind being security for you," said the wrecker, turning to Harkwright. "But are you a Papist?"

Consumption Cure.

Consumption Cure.

W Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON. Montongo, Ark.

man. For a moment he hesitated and stammered, and then ended by avowing

his religion.
"Tell me, now," continued Casterman; "does your master harbor priests?"
"I cannot say; indeed, I cannot speak

"You must," said Stephen firmly, as he placed himself against the door.

Harkwright for a moment remained silent, a violent war seeming to rage within his breast. "Shall I betray my master!" at length he exclaimed. "It

mear the dead oak; you know the spot?"
"Very well," replied Casterman. "Tomorrow I will be security for you, if you

morrow I will be security for you, if you tell me all I want to-night."
Harkwright left the house.
"Ah!" said Isaac with great satisfaction.
"we have been two years working for nothing; but now we have the secret."
"I have worked two years, but truly I know not what you have done, save sit quietly at home," replied his gloomy companion.

ompanion.
"Never mind, Master Casterman; you will reap the fruits thereof."

After some bargaining over their goods the two parted. Anxiously did Casterman await the appointed hour, when he was to meet his new acquaintance on the moors meet his new acquaintance on the moors
—those same moors before pictured in
bright sunshine, but now dreary and desolate; such they would appear on a stormy November night. It was about ten o'clock when, amidst the darkness, a figure might en noticed advancing slowly and cautiously across the plain towards a spot where an ancient oak, that had long since ceased to put forth leaves, stretched its blanched arms to the heavens, seeming in the surrounding gloom like some gaunt Certainly it was not pleasure that at such a time had brought that lone indi-

vidual to a place like this; nor, as was apparent from his manner, had any good parent from his manner, had any good purpose called him out; for there is in one who is doing a duty, however dis-agreeable it may be, a certain steadiness of earing, and a firmness of step, which were wanting in him of whom we speak. At times he crept rather than walked along; then again he would hurry forward, as if desirous of flying from his own thoughts; more than once he looked anx iously behind him, as if he feared that he was pursued; several times he stopped altogether, and gazed around. At last he me! You owned yourself a Papist and a robber; and it to the scene; and the timid visitor lew back with terror, as the form of a ll man, who had been leaning against e ivy which mantled the trunk of the reached the old oak. The moon piercing through the broken clouds, now lent her light to the scene; and the timid visitor tall man, who had been leaning against the ivy which mantled the trunk of the ree so that he seemed to form part of it,

now stood erect before him.
"What is the matter? What is it thou rearest?" said the figure, whom Hark-wright now recognized as the man whom he had promised to meet.
"I did not think you were there," he

nurmured.
"I have been waiting this last quarter of an hour. But let us begin," said Casterman. "What is your name, and what in-

mation can you give me?" 'My name is Andrew Harkwright," was "My name is Andrew Harkwright," was the reply. "But," and he spoke with hes-itation and with some tremor in his voice, "Are you a priest-hunter?" "Heed not what I am. At the Jew's to-

day you promised to tell me all that I wanted to know. Now answer; does your

master harbor priests?"
"He is a Catholic, and he has a priest in his house. If you will wait a month, you you may be able to have them both The unhappy man had finished speak-

ing, and had crouched back, shuddering against the thick ivy, as a sudden gust shrieked ominously through the branches Long did the inmates of Dame Barnby's cottage stand on the beach watching the vessel as it glided from the shore; and from their sad hearts rose a fervent prayor for the safety of the sailor-boy. Often during that day of Maw's departure their eyes wandered towards that dark speck on the ocean, each time more distant, which carried on it one so dear to them. mation in order to frustrate the plans for

"It is strange indeed," he said, after a "It is strange indeed, he said, after a long pause, "that a man should give up his friends so willingly; doubtless some strong reason pushed him thereunto. How comes it, that one in so good a position as you are should want to borrow money from a Jew, and should be in such morey from a Jew, and should be in such morey pood, that you will even betray urgent need that you will even betray your master to obtain it? I must know all. Speak?"

agod than the commissioner, for, with all his efforts, he altogether failed in discovering whether priests were harbored at the Manor.

One day, on arriving at the Jew's, he was not a little surprised at seeing a man, whom he at once recognized as Andrew Harkwright, standing and conversing with Isaae.

"Very glad to see you, Master Casterman," said the latter.

"O, you have someone with you," must do whatsoever I command. Tell me therefore your story; until I know all

"Very glad to see you, Master Casterman," said the latter.
"O, you have someone with you," muttered Stephen, who stood at the door, half inclined to turn back.
"No, no; come in," cried the Jew, "and shut the door after you; the wind doth blow the fire out."

There was certainly not much fire in There was a catholic and on his death.

the hearth to be extinguished; but Casterinan did as he was desired.

"Now," said Isaac, pointing towards

father was a Catholic, and on his deathbed he feared that I, his only child, would be brought up a Protestant by his relations, who were all of that which the control of the property of the control o bed he leared that I, his only child, would be brought up a Protestant by his rela-tions, who were all of that religion. My master promised him that he would take me as a servant into his own house, and "Now," said Isaac, pointing towards Harkwright, "that man is a servant at the Manor-house. He wants to borrow a little money from me; but I never lend without security, and he has none who will be security for him. Will you?" Casterman was about to answer "No." tions, who were all of that religion. My master promised him that he would take me as a servant into his own house, and see that I was properly instructed in my faith; and he said that, unless by my bad faith; and he said that, unless by my bad conduct I forced him to part with me, I should always have a home in his house: should always have a home in his house and he has kept his promise well-a good kind master has he been to me.

"And is that your reason for betraying him?" inquired Casterman scornfully. "But never mind, go on."

Andrew could not continue. The re-

mark of his new acquaintance struck him with remorse. Was this, indeed, the rewith remorse. Was this, indeed, the re-turn he ought to make to his master for all his bounties? Scenes of the past rose before his mind, and the howling of the wind seemed to his troubled imagination

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

The servant, too, had recognized Casterman. For a moment he hesitated and
stammered, and then ended by avowing
his religion.

"Tell me, now," continued Casterman;
"does your master harbor priests?"

"Ike the voice of his departed father reproaching him. He fell back against the
tree and covered his face with his hands.
"O that I had not betrayed my poor
master! What will become of me! What master! What will become of me! What strange sounds do I hear here! this is a fearful place!"

fearful place!"

Casterman stood looking at the false coward with a mingled expression of astonishment, pity, and contempt, He thoroughly despised the weak timorous character of his victim.
"Come," he said "I wish you would go on with what you were saying."

"Well, the truth is I am in sore distress.

must be," he added in an undertone; and then turning to Casterman, he went on in a trembling voice:

"Naught can I tell you now, nor in this place; I am too much afraid. But meet me to-night at ten o'clock, on the moors, the dead oak; you know the spot?"

A year ago, some cousins of mine came to dwell in Penzance. We became great friends, we spent much money, and they persuaded me to lend them various sums. At length, finding that I had no more money of my own, I took some of my money of my own, I took some of my master's. My cousins then induced me to take more; and the end of it is, I have robbed to so large an amount that Sir Reginald cannot fail to discover it soon. One day, after the commissioner had searched the Manor, my cousins said that the best thing that could happen for me would be that my master should be taken for harboring priests, because then no one would ever know anything about the money, and they hinted that I might also get a great many valuables out of the onfusion which would naturally follow his arrest. I thought I might from the Jew money enough to replace what had been taken. Then it was that I met you. I suppose you are a priest-hunter. It was thus I came to the resolution of betraying my master, that I might so save myself; and I have done

> A few minutes' silence ensued, when Andrew with a sudden start inquired:
> "Will my master be put to death for harboring a priest?"
> "I know not," repliedCasterman coldly.

"But have you anything more to tell me? How am I to make sure of the priest being there when the commissioner comes? If you have not any more to say I shall go home, for it is late."

"O do not go yet! I wish I had not beoken to you, and that I had not betrayed my master. What shall I do? If I told Sir Reginald, perhaps he might for-

"Hark ye to my words," said Casterman ernly. "If I had lived under your mas-r's roof, and had eaten his bread for to you if you likewise turn traitor

"I understand all too well that I have "I understand all too well that I have done a wicked and a foolish act, and that there is no remedy for it. But do not, I beg of you, say a word of these matters, and I too will be silent."

"You are safe as long as you keep your part of the bargain," replied Stephen.

It was finally agreed between the two to wait for the execution of their plans until Christmas was about 1 ntil Christmas-eve, when there would be Andrew said, a mass in the middle of th night. Casterman was, on the previous day, to inform the commissioner; and a little after midnight to lead him and his men to a back-door of the Manor, where, knocking three times, the traitor

would give them admittance.

The men then parted; Casterman returning to Ty-an-dour, inwardly rejoicing at his good fortune in meeting with who was so serviceable to him Harkwright retracing his steps homeward, his conscience bitterly reproaching him, and haunted by the anguish, terror and despair which accompany any evil deed.
TO BE CONTINUED.

The Noble Land.

The South has had a plethora of handsome compliments from great men, and even Charles Dickens, on his first faultfinding tour, could find no worse to say took gratis, did not show him the inside of his negro houses.

Earl Beaconsfield said, in Lothair, that

the only people on earth comparable to the English squires and titled lend-owners were the landed gentry of the South. Much as the South has changed by the destruction of her patriarchal system of labor and the infusion of blood foreign to her traditions, still there is much of the old life and a slow return to the old ways and ideas. We are not of those who wel-come the factory and the manufacturing population as God-sends; and the small towns and plantations will always be the best part of the South. Not the richest t in morality, physical beauty and manly and womanly perfections, far the best. Even now, the young man who does his courting on a plantation, avoids the second-hand airs that are a season old in

New York and Paris.
In speaking of the South, Oscar Wilde produced Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and Jefferson Davis. Besides its great men, I admire in the South the wonderful beauty of its vegetation. I have seen no forests in Europe more wonderful, no flowers more exquisite in perfume or in color. It is worth while to come over here merely to see the magnolia in full blossom. It should be—the South—the home of art in America, because it possesses the most America—Edgar Allen Poe; and with an its splendid traditions, it would be impossible not to believe that she will continue me the pious practice of repeating frequently during the day St. Francis Xav. he very physique of the people in the outh is far finer than that in the North,

****He who is ready to buy up his enemies will never want a supply of them.' It is cheaper to buy a true friend in Kidney-Wort who will drive away those miser able enemies, a torpid liver, constipation able used nine bottles and am wonderfully slieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Montongo, Ark.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

What the Fidelity of a Hungry Boy Accomplished.

"Very good sermon we had this morning, and what a noble face that priest has!" "You will see him this evening. He is down from Scotland for the holidays, and

always passes that season with me."

A group of gentlemen were gathered in the handsome library of a handsome London dwelling, the property of Mr. James Dering, who had last spoken, in answer to the remark of his friend George Hawdon; they were all celebrating New Year's under that roof where a kindly welcome was a foregone conclusion. Der-ing was a wealthy young fellow, favored alike by fortune and by nature; he was leaning on the mantlepiece at his ease, looking at his friends as if the sight of

happy faces was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to him.

"That priest, Father Silcott," he resumed, "is as noble as he looks, every inch; perhaps I should not say so as—" "'God bless you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay. Remember Christ Our Saviour Was named this New Year's Day!''

So sang a shrill childish voice immediately under the window of the great house, and one or two of the group glancing out beheld a forlorn boy, singing in the snow; his bare feet blue with the cold, his little hands swollen, the big flakes of feathery white settled on his ragged clothes, whilst beside him waited a hungry-eyed dog look ing at the door, as if in hopes of its opening to admit waifs and strays.

"Poor little article," said Hawdon with

"The English is a great, a benevolent, a philanthropic nation," said the American gentleman with the brown face and hands nd hair, who had come over a la Washington Irving to study the Saxon at

But general attention was directed to Mr. Dering, who was looking out, and into whose eyes had come a wonderful softness, into whose face had rushed a sud-den bright color. He remained gazing at the boy for some moments, then he left the room, and they next beheld him out in the snow talking to the little waif; then the the show taking to the fittle wair; then he took the child's frozen hand in his own, and led him indoors, the dog following at a respectful distance.

"Dering does do the oddest things."

"He has a weakness for boys who sing in the streets; I have noticed it before."
"Very likely you have, Hawdon," came Mr. Dering's voice, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and as I was once in that situation myself—"
"In what situation?"

"Singing in the street, barefooted and

"Singing in the street, barelooted and ragged."
"You, Dering? What nonsense!"
"I didn't find it so; if you like to hear the story I will tell it to you."
"Oh, by all means," and the American gentieman produced his note-book.
You know, by repute, at least (he went on) my late grandfather, John Dering. He had one son, my father, whom he held in very tightly, and was severe with, on most points, particularly religwith, on most points, particularly religious points; he himself was a staunch Promanner; his religion, as Mary Stuart said, manner; his religion, as Mary Stuart said, consisted of cursing the Pope and praying consisted of cursing the name of for the Queen, and hating the name of Catholic. However, his son was more liberal minded, and having one or two liberal minded, and having one or two Catholic acquaintances, he soon saw that they were less black than they were they were less black than they were painted, in point of faith. The end crowns the work, it is said; and he ended by losing his heart to a young Catholic lady, through whom he began to examine into the mysteries of religion, to be overawed by the solemn majesty of the Queen of Ages, the Church founded on a rock, and he was received into her fold; later on he married the young lady, and all this un-

Well, he waited. And he found himself on that blessed Christmas Day, with church bells ringing to remind men of peace and good-will, with happiness and joy in men's hearts, and kindly greetings on the lips, he found himself an outcast and a beggar, with an angry father's face before his eyes, with bitter reproaches and stinging sarcasms in his ears, and the information that if he choose to abide by efore his eyes, with other reproduces and tinging sarcasms in his ears, and the in-ormation that if he choose to abide by And then he went

disown him entirely.

I need not say that Paul Dering refused

this poor little fellow was satunch and this poor little fellow was satunch and the poor little fellow was statench and the poor little fellow was some statench and the poor little fe

young wife, who was as absolutely de-pendent on him as he had been upon his pendent on him as he had been upon his father, who had educated him as a gentleman, the heir to a large fortune, and had never taught him the use of his hands. Her relatives were not wealthy, and my father after a vain struggle in London left it for America, in which refugium peccatorum I was born.

For some years my father and mother.

Said the lady, who looked startled, confused, all things save angry.

"Not I!" he said, flinging back his estand the thing, I don't believe in it; but I would not tempt a child to forsake his faith, and a faith so full of beauty as the Catholic faith is."

I remained in this quiet home for some In speaking of the South, Oscar Wilde remarked to a reporter: "It is impossible not to think nobly of a country that has produced Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and Jefferson after a vain struggle in London left it for

America, because it possesses the most perfect surroundings; and now that it is myself—only to find that her relatives had perfect surroundings; and now that it is in year. Only to find that her relatives had long ago deserted the city, and that she is a delicate woman left penniles and friendless to the mercies of the world. arts, in whose cause I will spend my your in pleading, will spring up among you. The South has produced the best poet of America—Edgar Allen Poe; and with all it was left to starve or die, to the fate of a street-arab. My mother had taught the product of the preaction of the pr ier's motto, "Show thyself a mother;" and

Swindlers Abroad.

If any one has represented that we are

that I was singing at my grandfather's door; all that I did know was that I was

cold and hungry.
Suddenly the great door opened, and there stepped forth one whom to my eyes seemed a young prince, and as I think seemed a young prince, and as I think now, the handsomest youth the sun ever shone on, with bright blue eyes as clear as the sky on a July morning. He stood for some moments listening to me, and then he came to me, and asked if I was cold, if I were hungry, ending by holding out his hand and leading me indoors into a room that seemed to me like a fairy colace; then he rang a hell and in an impalace; then he rang a bell and in an imperious way ordered dinner. The servant stared like one petrified on beholding the ragamuffin who shivered beside the young gentleman; then muttered about Mr. Erne always doing as he pleased,

and so I was served with the first good food I had tasted for many a week. There I am quietly dining in my rags, my young gentleman as quietly regarding me, when in walks a very haughty white-

haired personage.
"Erne are you quite mad?" he demanded. "What the deuce do you mean? Get out of my sight you young—"

Here Mr. Erne went to him, and stop ped his angry words, pleading my cause successfully as I knew by the softened

"Well, well, but you might have se "Well, well, but you might have sent him into the kitchen. "My boy," he said very pompously to me, "you should be very grateful to this young gentleman. Do you go to Sunday school?"
"No, sir, I don't."

"Do you go to any church at all?"
"I am a Catholic, sir."
The gentleman held up his hands in corror and Mr. Erne interposed as he had

done before.
"Never mind your religion. What is your name?"

"James Dering," I replied.
The two looked at each other with light start: then the young man asked me where were my parents, and out came my whole story, ending with a burst of tears.
"Uncle," said Mr. Erne, getting quite
white, "that child is your son's and God
Himself has sent him here."
"Nothing of the kind, Erne: the whole

story is an imposition; I don't believe word of it." "Inquire into it," said the young man,
"and look here, uncle, let the child stop

here."
"No, I will not. If he is not an impostor he is a Papist. It is as bad."

The young man looked at me, smiled in a curious way, and then touched his

ncle's arm. "He has your eyes," he said, "there's no imposition here, uncle; poor little mite."
"Well! for goodness' sake, get his face washed," said the old gentleman, irritably, and that being done, he cross-examined me sharply.

I suppose he did make inquiries; I have

only a recollection of answering a great many questions and seeing a good many strange faces, and at last I was recognized as the merchant's grandchild.

Then came the storm. I had to choose

as my father had to do, between giving up my religion, or returning to the old starvation; I remember that I repeated "Monstrate esse matrem—show thyself a mother to me," very often during those days, until the final crash, when the old gentleman declared that he would have nother tleman declared that he would have noth-

tleman declared that he would have nothing to do with me.

Erne was standing by, looking into my eyes, and when I answered, through my sobs, "Mother told me always to be true to my faith, and I'd rather die than give to my hast statehed out his hand to me.

lieved, the sacred influences of the time would soften a father's heart towards an you'll never enter it again, Erne. I am "If you leave my house in that manner, well, he waited. And he found him-

And then he went down on his knee should enter that house; his father would at her side, and told her the whole story. And then he went down on his knees to desert his faith, as he preferred the Master of the Vineyard.

He returned with these tidings to his

"You'll be one yourself, I am afraid." said the lady, who looked startled, con-

I remained in this quiet home for some weeks; and found that my hero's mother supported herself and family by teaching music, whilst he, with the dauntless courage peculiar to him, set about getting em-

ployment at once, and gave no glance backward at the luxury he had given up for my poor sake.

I had been in his care six months, when my grandfather died; he had never altered will, and his property passed to Erne : my father of course had been long disin-

On the Water as well as on the Land. How is it possible to prevent a good thing from being known, is the question now agitating some few individuals in the Dominion. Therefore larger numbers although not sufferers from Rheumatic troubles are of the opinion of If any one has represented that we are in any way interested in any bogus bitters or stuff with the word "Hops" in their name, cheating honest folks, or that we will pay any of their bills or debts, they are frauds and swindlers, and the victims should punish them. We deal in and pay only the bills for the genuine Hop Bitters, the purest and best medicine on earth.

Hop Bitters Manufacturing Co.

Capt. Barry of Kingston, owner of several lake vessels, and himself sailing master of one, who says: "I, too, have been cured of the rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy; and I know of several others beside myself who have been cured of that dreadful ailment in the same manner; it is known upon the water just as well as on the land, and is considered an invaluable remedy everywhere."

Don't Die in the house. "Rough Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roacl bed-bugs. 15c.

I can assure you it was frequently on my herited. Erne set about doing good at lips during those weary weeks of misery.

One day, the day before the Feast of the Circumcision, a small child in tatters, barefooted and half-starved, might have been seen singing carols before this very house.

That child was myself, but I did not know that I was singing at my grandfathar's that I was singing at my grandfathar's the start of the content of the start of the start of the start of the content of the start of t

he himself—on the eve of entering the Society of Jesus.
"There is no resisting the grace of God," he said to me, "and your own hand so wed the seeds. You first taught me to say, 'Monstrate esse matrem,' and Mary has heard

my prayer."
"Do you know what he did before giving up the world? He made over to me the whole of the Dering property, saying that it had been my father's by right, and now was mine. I was present when he took the vows; many a time his generous hand has been raised in benediction at ove me the child he saved, the man who owes all

to him.
"Mr. Dering's voice shook a little; he turned aside for a moment; then he re-sumed—"You heard him speak this morning, my friends; you thought him noble ere you knew his story; what say you now? Is he not a hero?"

And now I have explained my interest in the waifs of the street, remembering my own dark childhood, remembering also that whatsoever is done unto the least of these, is done unto Christ, as He Himself hath told us.

Christmas Day.

This is the season of larger love towards Christ, and of larger love towards one another. It is the season of large love towards Christ not only for the causes touched before, but also (and springing from one of the most beautiful of our social habits) because this is His birthday, and therefore to-day shall He be honored as He was never honored during the now departing year. But especially, almost proverbially, is it the season of larger love for one another. And therefore shall we all give ourselves up completely shail we all give ourselves up completely to the genial, cheerful, loving spirit which presides over Christmas day. Even our honorable cares—most of us are sure to have them—shall be cast aside. The Bridegroom himself is with us now; when He is gone we shall go back to our sack-cloth and ashes. To-day, at all events, we shall at least be Christian. For to-day at all events we shall in our mildness, and gentleness, and sweetness, liken ourselves to Him "who," as the glorious old writer puts it, "who was the first true gentleman that ever trod the earth." Sitting then by His crib at Bethlehem we shall all catch up some little portion of that vast unmeasured tenderness which our Eldest Brother owns. No vulgar anger, no un-Christian hate, no vain contempt of others, no haughty executions. haughty assertion of self, no cruel want of pity, no bitter want of charity can find a place in our hearts to-day. The Hour and the Man forbid it. For down through the eighteen hundred and seventy years, sweet and plaintive across the snow to us the old familiar story of the Divine Child who so suffered for us all. And, while that story is stirring in our hearts, we are all as brothers once more, all con-cerned for the family honor, all concerned for the family support, all following the example of our Eldest Brother, where we can, relieving misery, and where we can, preventing sin. And so, for one day at all events do the unbelievers round about us witness a reproduction of glorious Christianity which amazed unbelievers of pagan times. For to-day at all events, are our lives re-echoing the angel's song around the shepherds, "Glory be to God on high, on earth peace, and

The Knight and the Pilgrim,

In a magnificent castle, all trace Ages, the Church founded on a rock, and he was received into her fold; later on he married the young lady, and all this unmarried the young lady, and all this unknown to his father, who was, at the time, travelling in the South of France. When he returned, my father still kept the secret, knowing old Dering's bigotry and hot temper, and he resolved to keep it until Christmas morning, when, he believed, the sacred influences of the time. It you leave my house in that manner. In a magnificent castle, all trace which has long since disappeared, there once lived a rich and powerful knight. He spent large sums of money in adorning his luxurious abode, but did very little to relieve the wants of the poor. One pight a piloring stopped at the castle gate "Permit me, Sir Knight, to propose three questions, and then I will take my de-

parture as you command."
"Well, let me hear them," answered the

knight.
"Who inhabited this castle before you?" "My father."
"Who had it before him?"

"My grandfather."
"And who is to live here after you?"
"My son, if God wills."
"Now," said the pilgrim, "if each of you lives here only for a certain time, and then has to make room for a new occuthen has to make room for a new or pant, your castle is indeed an inn, and pant, your castle is indeed an inn, and those dwelling in it are only guests. Therefore, do not spend so much time and money in beautifying a place where you can remain only for a brief period; rather do something for the benefit of the party of the proof and you will thus acquire an every poor, and you will thus acquire an ever-

poor, and you will thus acquire an ever-lasting abode in paradise."

The knight was touched and converted by these words. He provided the pilgrim with comfortable quarters for the night, and was ever afterwards kind and charitable to the needy .-- Ave Maria.

The wonders of modern chemistry re apparent in the beautiful Diamond Dyes. All kinds and colors of Ink can be Dyes. All kinds a made from them.

PLEASURESOFSCIENCE—A scientist claims to have discovered a kind of wasp that dosen't sting. He must have had a heap of fun experimenting before he found it. LIKE ALL STERLING REMEDIES, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure deserves a fair trial. It would be absurd to suppose that this or any other medicine of kindred nature could produce instantaneous effects. For the thorough removal of Chronic Dyspepsia, Constipa-tion, Liver Complaint, and other ailments to which it is adapted, its use should be continued some time, even after the chief symptoms are relieved. That it then effects complete cures is a fact established by ample and respectable evidence. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas

"I'll make you dance," cried an irate mother, pursuing her erring son, slipper in hand. "Then," remarked the juvenile, "we shall have a bawl."

DON'T DIE in the house. "Rough on

JAN. 19, 1883

A Glad New Year.

Sing soft and low, with tender tone,
A requiem for the years yone by,
With rains that beat, and winds that most
We'll join in mournful melody;
Chant to the wintry blast that raves
So wildly over hill and plain,
Weep for to night, from out their graves
Old joys come crowding back again.

Pile high the fire—keep out the cold; Lay on the board your testive cheer; Make mirth and music as of old. To welcome in the good New Year, The Old Year's brow was often stern. And harsh his lessons—as we know; But oh! we have so much to learn, And wisdom often comes with woe!

Where are the forms that used to sit Beside us in the firelight's blaze?
Where is their langh, their merry wit,
Their noble worth which sought no pra
Gone! Yet their bresence seems to come
And linger with us round the hearth:
They fit about us in our home,
And share our sadness—and our mirth,

Oh, what a wealth of bliss was ours Oh, what a wealth of bliss was ours
In those lost days, so quickly fied!
What fragrance dwelt within those flowers
Which seem so scentless now and dead!
What blessed moments. cast away
In spendthrift waste, we might have
stored!
What gentle memories for to-day
Might have been ours!—a golden hoard!

Yain sighs o'er joys departed now!
We'll grieve no more for vanished days,
But forward press, with tranquil brow,
And still our thankful song shall raise!
Glad that so far our task is done,
That rest comes nearer and more near!
That son beyond the translent sun,
We're sure to find a glad New Year!

MODERN RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM.

Bishop Ryan's Eloquent Discourse on Some of its Causes.

Western Watchman. CONTINUED. Again, how often do we see it asserted, and no doubt the assertion has produced skepticism in our minds, that the immor-tality of the soul was not recognized in the

Jewish Scriptures, that their rewards and punishments were all temporal, and that othing of the future state was revealed in the old law. Lord Bolingbroke and Voltaire confine their observations to the time previous to the Babylonian captivity, and assert that the Jews learned the doctrine of the immortality of the soul from the Persians during their captivity. But it is plain that BOTH ASSERTIONS ARE FALSE—
Both the assertion that there is no evid ence of the doctrine before the captivity, and the assertion that there is no evidence of the immortality of the soul in the Jew-

ish Scriptures. Solomon said, "Before the silver cord be broken and the golden fillet

shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain and the wheel broken at the

cistern and the dust go to the earth from whence it came, and the spirit go to the God who gave it." And Isaiah describes the descent of the King of Babylon when the princes of nations that were con-demned to that place of suffering rose from their thrones of infamy and received him and said, "Behold, thou are wounded as we are. Behold thou are made like unto us. Thy pride is brought down to hell." How can we understand it but on hell." the doctrine of the immortality of the soul that Samuel should have appeared to Saul? How can we understand the words of Daniel the prophet, conspicuous among the young captives, when he says in the 12th chapter of his prophecy, "And many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some unto life everlast. earth shall awake, some unto the everlasting and others unto reproach," or as the Protestant version has it, "some to shame and everlasting contempt." Here from Daniel is the resurrection, the immortality of the soul, the everlasting doom, the everlasting reward, "and those that in-struct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." Voltaire, ventur-ing the mad assertion that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was not found in the book of Job, had his attention called to the magnificent words: "For I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise from the earth

and shall be clothed with my skin and in

own eyes I shall behold him and not another's." When confronted with these words the wily infidel endeavored to evade

their force bysaying that JOB SPOKE of his recovery from sickness and leprosy, because he had lost his flesh, and that he should regain his flesh, but Job speaks of being clothed again in his skin. And Job being clothed again in his skin. And Job indeed lost much, for he says in one place, "My flesh being consumed, my bones have adhered to my skin, and there is nothing left but the lips to my teeth." Satan had robbed Job of everything. But Voltaire, if his interpretation be true, would have robbed him of the last thing that remained, and supposed that he was denuded even of his skin, because the Patriarch says: "On the last day, when I shall rise out of On the last day, when I shall rise out of the earth, I shall be clothed with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God." Ob, the credulity of infidelity! These be thy gods, O Infidelity! And this talented, healthing, but size! And brilliant, but wicked man was a specimen of the infidels and a leader of his day. There are such things as honest infidels men who never knew the truth, who had no opportunity of knowing the truth, who be loval to the main idea they know. may be loyal to the main idea they know.

I can imagine the possibility of such a thing as that. But a man like Voltaire, who had been a Catholic and well instructed, a man who, when he thought he was dying, sent for the priest and went to confession and received the sacraments of the church and made a recantation of his errors—and in this act I believe he was honest, he had no motive for hypocrisy on the confines of eternity—can not be excused. He was attempting to take back his own revilings, stifling his own pride, and my experience is that the last thing that God robs a poor Catholic of is his faith; and wicked as he may be, and doubt as he may do, God in his mercy leaves it to him, in the hope that it may be the means of saving him from eterna

but his infidel followers would no permit it-they regretted his previou weakness, and HE DIED UNRECONCILED.

To the church he reviled, and God only knows his eternal destiny. But the man that called Jesus Christ the Infamous On and hed in his soul when he did it, fo he knew he was not infamous—the ma-who was not honest, and who had all th

separation from that God who once he

adored and loved, and hoped in for eterna union with him. But afterward Voltair relapsed into his errors, and it is said or some good authority that when he wa

really dying he desired again to receive