

Life's Voyage.

How quickly speed the days and years, Laden with sorrows, joys and tears.

Why grieve we then for the ills of life, When the future is with blessings rife?

And so throughout this life of ours, When clouds arise and tempest lowers,

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

When safely anchored in the port, No longer look back on trials past.

TRUE TO TRUST.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

The happy party returned again in the afternoon to the Manor to assist at prayers. As they approached the house, Lady Margaret just and congratulated them, which, with true delicacy of feeling, she had refrained from doing in the morning, well knowing that souls impressed by the presence of their Creator, and still absorbed in heavenly and solemn thoughts, are ever desirous to be left in silence.

Some days later Winifred Barny had some interesting news. Dame Casterman, in which she announced that she could no longer perform any of her accustomed 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, in 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 Barny and her family. By her own industry, and that of Catherine and Ruth, they were enabled to live with more comfort than they had hitherto done.

Winifred entertained great fears that her son, when he grew up, would renew friendship with the Castermans, and become a wreck like his father, if he remained at Penzance. She confided her anxiety to Lady Margaret; and some time after, Sir Reginald arranged with the Captain of a Waterford ship, with whom he was acquainted, to take the lad into his service. The captain was a Catholic, and was frequently the means of conveying priests to Ireland, he had, as it happened, 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.

Beneath all, there was a lingering hope that some fortunate event would bring back the ship to Penzance before long; but that was not its usual destination, and he feared that many a year would elapse ere his mother once more clasped her in his arms.

Long did the inmates of the cottage stand on the beach, watching the vessel as it glided from the shore; and from their sad hearts rose a fervent prayer for the safety of the sailor-boy.

When during that day of Maw's departure their eyes wandered towards that dark spot on the ocean, each time more distant, which carried on it one so dear to them.

CHAPTER IX. 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 startled by sudden visits from the commissioner, which, however, to his great disappointment, always proved fruitless.

Stephen Casterman was no less disappointed 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 Isaac.

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

"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 blows the fire out."

There was certainly not much fire in the hearth to be extinguished; but Casterman did as he was desired.

"Now," said Isaac, pointing towards Harkwright, "that man is a servant at the Manor-house. He has never been 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," when the Jew, in a low voice said to him: "Pause a bit, friend; it may be of use to you; all Papists in that house."

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

Consumption Cure. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Dew-Sip" - Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced me incurable, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets," and have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, Montego, Ark.

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

"Does your master harbor priests?" "I cannot say; indeed, I cannot speak about that."

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

"Very well," replied Casterman. "Tomorrow I will be security for you, if you tell me all I want to-night."

"Ah!" said Isaac with great satisfaction. "We have been two years working for nothing, but now we are in the secret."

After some lingering over their goods the two parted. Anxiously did Casterman await the appointed hour, when he was to meet his new acquaintance on the moors.

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like 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 never come here!" he exclaimed; "that I had not betrayed my poor master! What will become of me! What strange sounds do I hear here! This is a 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. 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 master's; my cousins then induced me to take more; and the result 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 house which would naturally follow his arrest. I thought I might borrow 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 it."

A few minutes' silence ensued, when Andrew with a sudden start inquired: "Will my master be put to death for harboring priests?"

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

"So do not go yet," I wish I had not spoken to you, and that I had not betrayed my master. What shall I do if I told Sir Reginald, perhaps he might forgive me."

"I thank you to my words," said Casterman sternly. "If I had lived under your master's roof, and had eaten his bread for twelve years, I will say frankly that I would not then have turned upon him like a viper. But you acted otherwise, and go on to the end you acted; for we be to you, the honest man, a traitor to a robber; and if you do not keep my secrets I will not keep yours; so that you would be lost and your master not saved. Do you understand?"

"I understand all too well that I have done a wicked and a foolish act, and 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 so long as you keep your part of the bargain," replied Stephen. "It was finally agreed between us to wait for the execution of their plans until Christmas-eve, when there would be, Andrew said, a mass in the middle of the night. Casterman was, on the previous day, to inform the commissioner; and a little after midnight to let him and his men to a back-door of the Manor, where, on knocking three times, the traitor would give them admittance."

When they then parted; Casterman returned to the Manor, inwardly rejoicing at his good fortune in having secured a man so servicable to him; Harkwright retracing his steps homeward, his conscience bitterly reproaching him, and he was comforted by the anguish, terror and despair which he felt upon every evil deed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Noble Land. The South has had a plethora of hand-some compliments from great men, and even Charles Dickens, on his first fault-finding tour, could find no worse to say than that the planter, whose hospitality he 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 land-owners were the nobles of a country that has and which 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 would see the factory and the manufacturing population as God-sends; and the same towns and plantations will always be the best part of the South. Not the richest, but in morality, physical beauty and manly and womanly perfections, far the best.

Even now, the young man who does his courting on a plantation, in his second-hand air that are a season old in New York and Paris.

In speaking of the South, Oscar Wilde remarked to a reporter: "It is impossible not to think nobly of a country that has and which 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 would see the factory and the manufacturing population as God-sends; and the same towns and plantations will always be the best part of the South. Not the richest, but in morality, physical beauty and manly and womanly perfections, far the best. Even now, the young man who does his courting on a plantation, in his second-hand air that are a season old in New York and Paris.

Swindlers Abroad. If any one has represented that we are in any way interested in any bogus bittern or stiff with the word "Hops" in their title, cheating honest folks, let that we buy 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 manufactured on earth.

HOP BITTERS MANUFACTURED BY...

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 on 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. Dering was a wealthy young fellow, favored alike by fortune and by nature; he was leaning on a mantelpiece at his ease, looking at his friend as if the sight of happy faces was a kind 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. Remember Christ Our Saviour!"

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 white settled on his ragged clothes, while beside him waited a hungry-eyed dog looking at the door, as if in hopes of its opening to admit wafers and strays.

"Poor little article," said Hawdon with a shudder.

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

But a 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 sudden bright color. He remained gazing at the boy for some moments, then he left the room, and they next beheld him out whole story, ending by a burst of tears.

"Uncle," said Isaac, getting quite white, "that child is your son's and God Himself has sent him here."

"Nothing of the kind, Ernie; the whole story is an imposition; I don't believe a 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 uncle'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, irritated at that being done, he crossed and named 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 straggles; I remember that I repeated "Monstrata esse matrem,"—show myself a mother to my father, and I was chosen.

Ernie 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 it up," he stretched out his hand to me, and faced the angry old man.

"Uncle," he said "you have been very good to me; you took me to your house for me; my mother is very poor; you are the only one who has ever helped me. But if you send me away, by heavens, I will give you with me; I'll take him to my mother."

"If you leave my house in that manner, you'll never enter it again, Ernie. I am quite serious. Your mother, my sister, is a widow and poor; if you like to return to me, be a burden upon her, do so. But your choice shall be final. I never change my mind."

Mr. Ernie gave him a grave bow; the next day we were in a pale, quiet way, living in a small suburban cottage, burst in on a group of the younger children, with the announcement, "Mother, I have come home for good!"

And then he went down on his knees at her side, and told her the whole story.

"Mother, I can't stand injustice, and this poor little fellow was so staunch and brave! Isn't it wonderful how these Catholics stick to their faith? I have noticed it before."

"You'll be one yourself, I am afraid," said the lady, who looked startled, confused, all things were gone.

"Not I!" he said, flinging back his beautiful bright head. "I don't understand 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 weeks; and found that my mother's mother supported herself and family by teaching music, whilst he, with the dauntless courage peculiar to him, set about getting employment 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 his will, and his property passed to Ernie; my father of course had been long disinherited.

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 although not sufferers from Rheumatic troubles are of the opinion of Capt. Barry of Kingston, owner of several lake vessels, and himself sailing master, who says: "I, too, have been cured of the rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, the several others basic self 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."

I can assure you it was frequently on my lips during those weary weeks of misery. One day, the day before the Feast of the Circumcision, a small child in tatters, bare-footed 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 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 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 into a room that seemed to me like a fairy palace; then he rang a bell and in an imperious way ordered dinner. The servant started like one petrified on beholding the rags which he shivered beside the young gentleman, who muttered something about Mr. Ernie 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 rage, my young gentleman as quietly regarding me, when in walks a very naughty white-haired personage.

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

Here Mr. Ernie went to him, and stopped his angry words, pleading my case successfully as I knew by the softened answer.

"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 horror and Mr. Ernie 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 a slight start; then the young man asked me where were my parents, and out came my whole story, ending by a burst of tears.

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herited. Ernie set about doing good at once; he sent me to college, and as soon as I returned, I found great changes; his mother was dead, his brothers and sisters settled in different stations, and 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 sowed the seeds. You first taught me to say, 'Monstrata 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 above 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 resumed—'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 wafers of the bread, 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 year departing year. But especially, almost proverbially, it is the season of larger love for one another. And therefore shall 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 sackcloth and ashes. To-day, at all events, we shall at least be Christian. For to-day at all events we shall in our natures, and gentleness, and sweetness, be likened 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 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, come 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, and all concerned for the family honor, 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, we are all believers round about us witness a reproduction of that glorious Christianity which amazed the unbelievers of pagan times. For to-day at all events, are our lives re-echoing the angel's sound around the shepherds, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will to men."

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The Knight and the Pilgrim. In a magnificent castle, all traces 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 night a pilgrim stopped at the castle gate and begged a lodging. The owner replied that he had no room, saying, "Begone, this castle is not an inn." The pilgrim replied: "Permit me, Sir Knight, to propose three questions, and then I will take my departure 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 occupant, 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 poor, and you will thus acquire an everlasting abode in paradise."