

LITERARY.

The Rosary of My Years.

FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of
their tears,
And their life by the moans of their
heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years.
Few or many they come—few or many
they go—
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray,
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on
our way—
And not by the furrows the finger of care

On forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years:
Not by the sun of the earth—but the
shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft times old,
Though their brows be bright and fair,
While their blood beats warm, their heart
lies cold—
O'er them the spring-time—but the winter
is there.

And the old are oft times young,
When their hair is thin and white:
And they sing in age as in youth they
sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a cross they lead—'tis
well;
And they're blest with a blessing of
tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark
home
It reaches the haven through tears.

JUDAS' PRICE.

(Continued.)

David, who had come rather late, after
one quick survey of the rooms, stationed
himself in one of the windows, and
watched with rather an anxious face each
new advent of guests. He was still
watching with the impatient light dark-
ening his eyes, when he started, hearing
voices coming near him. Evidently those
for whom he waited had come without his
knowing; and had been here a long time,
too.

"No, no, Judith," the voice was saying
'you surely are not going now, you would
not be so cruel as to go at this early
hour and leave me alone, when you
know that I came for the sole purpose
of meeting you.'

"But you will not be alone, my lord,"
composedly answered, young pretty Ju-
dith. "There are other faces here beside
mine; there will be plenty of company
even when I am gone."

"There is only one face for me," respon-
ded Lord Hastings, with sentiment. "What
do I care for these people? I only want
you."

"Hush!" Judith whispered, absent'y;
but the young suitor, bent on not being
discouraged, continued—

"And you did not make use of the jessa-
mine I brought you, after all. When I
was at such pains to get it for you, too.
Why did you not wear it? Tell me!"

"Because," laughed Judith, as she lifted
a spray of rich red roses to her rosy
lips, "because at the last moment, some
other friend sent me a gift of these roses
which are better suited to my dress—as
you see. If you had happened to give
me roses, and the other friend had sent
me jessamine, be assured that I would
have worn your gift instead."

"After this, then, I'll remember always
to send roses. But who is this other
friend who is so thoughtful? Tell me,
that I may acknowledge my sense of his
kindness to you."

The strident voice of the English officer
was still vibrating on the air. Judith's
lips were opening in haughty rebuke,
when a sudden surging forward of the
crowd left an empty space by the win-
dow, and the listeners and speakers stood
face to face.

The darkening eyes of the young men
met, and a glance like the lithe leap of
a lance crossed on the air. Judith took
a step forward, her first impulse was to
fling herself between them.

"This is my friend, Mr. David," she said
with womanly quickness. "You are
aware, my lord, Art is his mistress. If
he forsakes her long enough to remem-

ber to send us earthly ladies even so
much as a roseleaf, we ought to feel it
more a compliment than if you were to
send us a whole garden of roses."

But Judith's pleasantry had not the
desired effect. They stood staring at
each other—the irate young colonial
painter, the handsome, haughty English-
man. Each felt the other to be a rival.
The music cashed out; two or three
couples passed down the hall.

"By my faith, you painter fellows are
said to have an easy time of it, but your
looks don't show it." With an insolent
laugh, Lord Hastings turned and drew
Judith's hand through his arm. "Your
painter has got a lugubrious face. That
is our dance. Where pleasant moments
are so few, let us take care not to lose
one."

Judith hesitated, looked wistfully at
David, but he made no movement to
claim her. After that first fierce glance,
he had not so much as looked at Lord
Hastings. His eyes were fixed on the
roses she carried, she had placed a single
rosebud in her corsage. He looked then
at her hair, it was innocent of powder,
and was piled high in lovely golden waves
on the cushion that was then the mode.
Had he any reason for expecting to see
a rose laid on that mass of curled gold?
He gave no sign. He turned his
shadowy eyes coldly away, and then
Judith, with a flushed cheek and her
hand on Lord Hastings' arm, moved mov-
ed slowly towards the dancers.

It was over, she had chosen. David
did not seek her again. He got his cloak
and cap and made his escape from the
house.

It is recorded of those days that watch-
men were required, in a moderate tone,
to cry out the time of night, and give an
account of the weather as they walk't
their round after twelve o'clock. If the
sentinel on duty that December night
had left any report in answer to anxious
hearts, "What of the night watcher?"
he would have said that after the twelfth
hour the air grew keenly cold, a wonder-
ful flare of Northern Lights rimmed the
heavens with rows of flaming lances. It
was as if an army were marching there,
and red flare of battle, the streaming of
blood tinged standards, and the toss of
scarlet plumes, were already mirrored on
the plain.

Through this splendor of Nature's
cunning hand the young painter walked,
meditating.

"Why should I judge her?" he thought.
She is beautiful to all—not me alone. I
am too grave and she is too brightly
beautiful. Have I sinned then in think-
ing too much of only her—and my Art?
Oh, my beloved mistress, Painting! you
alone shall rule my heart after this. Your
kiss I will not betray!"

He stretched out his arms enthusiastically
in the cold, empty air.

After a night of restless dreams he
woke and went to his work in the morn-
ing thinking that he would forget her.
His picture he would finish—this wonder-
ful picture of which the whole town was
talking, waiting for it with a sort of won-
derful expectation. And when it was
done and he had drunk his fill of fame
and exultation, why, then he would go
abroad—to Paris! Dr. Franklin had
many times offered him letters of intro-
duction recommending him to the many
noble people there—to Madame Helvitius
to the Baron Holbach, to Chastellux, all
good and worthy friends of the loved old
philosopher. He was busy with these
thoughts putting the finishing touches
to his picture, when he heard footsteps
coming up in the outer room. Footsteps,
he knew them well, and his hand, in
spite of his fine nerve, began to tremble.
He flung the curtain down over his easel,
and advanced as the door opened.

"Judith! You?" he exclaimed, as if he
had not suspected it might be she.

The young girl blushed.

"I ran away, Aunt Sabrina is in the
shop below, and I stole away a moment
unknown to her to come up here."
She stopped. David stood looking at
her, listening respectfully. But he did
not offer her a chair. He had the attitude
of one who waits our courtesy to hear
what an intruder has to say. Heavy,
hot tears crowded into her eyes.

"I wanted to say to you," she stammer-
ed, "that—that—you must not judge me
because of my conduct last night. I did
not know then—I had not seen you—"

David interrupted her.

"I had no thought of judging you, dear,
never once. Do not think that." The
resolution of last night was still strong

within him. "I had no right to judge
you."

"But could you help it?" she persisted.
"I had not seen your note then—it fell
from the flowers to the floor and I didn't
find it till this morning—look!" and she
stretched out a little hand to him. "It
was folded as it is now. Do you think if
I had read it I would not put the rose in
my hair?"

She stopped suddenly, flushing a sham-
ed, sweet red. Did she remember what
was written in the note? Did David too,
remember what he had written? It was
a prayer and he seemed to have forgotten
it. He was very grave. His face was
turned towards his painting. He fancied
that it stretched out imploring arms to
him, whispering, "Be true to me! be true
—be true!"

"I was thinking," he said slowly to
Judith, "that I could not bear many
scenes like last evening. If—a beauti-
ful woman were to be my wife, I should
want her to be bright and joyous for me
—not for the world. I could not bear
slights from her, and I should want all
her honor for myself."

"And she would honor you," burst out
Judith, impetuously. "Can you not see
how all her life would be yours—how
she would live in you? Oh, can you not
see it? I did not get your note, I did
not know—and your manner pained me.
How could I tell?"

"Judith, Judith," in the midst of these
disjointed sentences a voice called.

The door was flung open, and Miss
Shepherdson entered, with Lord Hastings
following her. It was an unfortunate visit
—they came at an unfortunate moment.
Judith, all flushed and in tears, win-
clapped hands and contrite attitude, was
pleading for her love's love. David was
standing coldly apart. He was looking
at his painting; his manner was expres-
sive of a cold indifference.

"Judith how can you vex me with your
careless ways," said Miss Shepherdson,
more severely than she had ever spoken
to her niece before. "If you have no re-
gard for yourself, pray have some for me
and cease these mad escapades."

Lord Hastings smiled sarcastically, and
catching the covert smile, Judith trem-
bled with humiliation. The situation
was keenly mortifying. She glanced at
David; he made no sign, he did not even
look at her. His eyes were fixed on
these later visitors with a stare of laugh-
ty surprise at the unwarranted intrusion.
A look, a single word from him, expres-
sive of Love's sweet interest, would have
calmed the girl's excited feelings, but
that look he did not give—the word he
did not speak.

"Come, then," she cried impatiently,
catching Lord Hastings' arm. "Let us
go. I will not offend again—be sure of
that."

She hurried away and the painter
painted on. But there was gloom in his
face.

"Have I sinned in this, too?" he
thought. "How can I judge? how can
I tell? At least I love her, and so must
suffer."

He did not see her—did not see her
again till she came with all the rest of
the city to see his picture. His picture!
He had succeeded in painting one which
whether in praise or condemnation, got
him talked about—and his name and his
'Judas' Price' was for the moment the
theme of every tongue.

He had dealt boldly with his subject,
seizing the one supreme moment of Jud-
as' despair, when he brought back to
the chief priest the thirty pieces of silver
for which he had betrayed his master.

"And he cast down the piece of silver
in the temple and departed and went out
and hanged himself. This is what is writ-
ten of the betrayer in the Holy Records;
and David, with powerful art, had pictur-
ed the Pretorium standing dark and
silent, rent in twain by the lightning of
God's wrath. Through the opening, the
spectator caught the gleam of distant
landscape. There was an ass with its
head thrown up, braying. The shepherd
stood pointing—pointing, possibly, to the
hill where the three crosses had been
planted—and his own rugged figure, as
he stood there with outstretched arms,
flung the strange sad shadow of a cross
athwart the temple wall.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

"After many years," sighed the
retrospective poet. "After many
ears," brayed the hungry mule, as he
leaped the corn-field fence.

What is to be said of a cat's ap-
pearance when she is so mad that her
hair stands on end? Why, then she
has a fur-straight appearance of
course.

"Humph!" said a young gentleman
at a play; "could play the lover better
than that myself." "I would like to
see you try it!" was her naive reply.

A young man who was kicked off
the front doorsteps while endeavor-
ing to serenade his girl, by her en-
raged papa, was too cautious to call
him a pirate, but he didn't hesitate
to designate him as a "free-booter."

A story is told of a soldier who,
about one hundred and fifty years ago
was frozen in Siberia. The last ex-
pression he made was, "It is ex—." He
then froze as stiff as marble. In
the summer of 1860 some French
physicians found him, after having
lain frozen for one hundred and thirty
years. They gradually thawed
him, and upon animation being re-
stored he concluded the sentence with
"—ceedingly cold."

A Nevada bed-bug bit a man on the
lip, and both man and bug died from
the effects of it. The doctors don't
know which to post mortem on.

"What we want now," commenced
a confused and timid speaker at a
meeting of a debating society, "is—is
—not—not so much what we don't
want as that which we most require."
His hearers agreed with him.

A certain editor was taking a walk
one evening with his wife, when she,
who was romantic, and an admirer of
nature, said: "Oh, Augustus, just
notice the moon." "Can't think of it,
my dear, for less than twenty cents a
line."

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yearly insertions in the paper and copy
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London, they are spurious.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

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ed on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

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FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be
exhibited nightly, from sunset to sun-
rise. Elevation 98 feet above the level
of the sea, and should be visible in
clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of
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By order,

JOHN STUART,

Secretary.

Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

NOTICE

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