A CHRISTMAS GLORIA.

M. T. WAGGAMAN IN SACRED HEART REVIEW.

HRISTMAS Eve in all its gladness and glory. Christmas Eve and the sun winking down merrily from a clear frosty sky, the hard-packed snow glittering like diamond dust, the river froze. Three nehes deep, curving around Ben Mar hills with the glint of a Damacus blade.

Ohristmas Eve, and the stores bursting with holiday presents, the streets thronged with holiday presents, the streets thronged with holiday prosents, the streets thronged with holiday prosents, the markets brimming with holiday cheer.

Best ot all, Ohristmas Eve, at old

Best ot all, Christmas Eve, at old

Best of all, Christmas Eve, at old Best of all, Christmas Eve, at old St. Asaph's, where the heavy college doors had swung open at the stroke of noon and three hundred boys with a combined whoop that would have put a band of Sloux to shame had burst forth into holiday freedom. Grip-sacks and travellingbags had been hastily grasped, merry goodbyes spokon, prefects of "schools" and vstudies" had dropped all their pedagogic torrors and were cordially speeding their parting pupils "home. "Hurrah for Christmas, shouted Harvey Wright, who lived in the town near by, to his chum and neighbor, Jack Lawrence.

"Let's take a spin on the river."

near by, to his chum and neighbor, Jack Lawrence.

"Let's take a spin on the river, Jack, before we start home. They say you can go humming down three miles without a break. Ice like glass—best we've had this year."

"I'm with you," said sturdy redeheeked Jack, clearing the gray stone steps at a bound. "Just wait until I get my skates from the gym—But my! I forgot—blother gave me a package for Father Neville—"

"Oh, pshaw, don't wait for that; give it to Brother Anselm here at the door."

"Oh, pshaw, don't wait for that; give it to Brother Anselm here at the door."
"I can't," said Jack, reluctantly.
"Mother would not like it. She told me to give it myself, and ask his blessing before I left. The doctor told her he was sinking very fast, that he did not think he would live to see the new year."
"What! Father Neville!" exclaimed Harvey, incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. Why, I met him in the corridor only last week; and he stopped to talk to me about our football match and chaffed me about the way we were used up, and was just as jolly as I ever saw him in my life."
"He is pretty sick for all that, I can tell you," said Jack solemnly. "Dr. Roland told mother that he was just dying like a hero without a groan or a sign. He never saw anything like it in his life. It will make me feel awful to see him, I know, but I must give mother's message and little Christmas present. Keep on to the river and I'll be after you in five minutes."
And Jack sprang up the broad steps again into the college hall and made his way by various corridors and stair-saes to Father Noville's room.
The door stood slightly ajar, and, as Jack roached the threshold a faint moan from within made his heart suddenly sink. But his tap was answered by a cheery." Come in: "and he entered the room, to find Father Neville propped up in his big chair by the sunlit window in apparently tranquit comfort.
He was a man still in the prime of life, of kingly form and presence, that

Neville propped up in his big chair ny the sunlit window in apparently tranquil comfort.

He was a man still in the prime of life, of kingly form and presence, that a mortal disease had not been able to mar, though the noble countenance was masked with lines of pain, and the suffering eyes told a pathetic story the smiling lips could not belle.

"What! Jack, my boy, is it you? I did not think that ropes would hold you sive minutes after twolve, to day. Skating on the river, coasting on the hills, sleighing, snow-balling. Whew! this is the real sort of a rousing Christmas we boys like, isn't it? "Yes, Father," answered Jack, and as he looked into the kind, smiling faces and thought of the doctor's words something swelled up from his heart to his throat that made him feel he had better get through his business quickly or he would make a break somewhere. "Mother asked me to stop and give you this—this little Christmas present from her," and he handed a dainty package to Father Neville.

"You will have to open it for me," replied the invalid, smiling. "My

Noville.

"You will nave to open it for me," replied the invalid, smiling. "My hands are like puff-balls to-day, as you can see. Silk handkerchiefs," he continued as Jack broke the string and showed the contents of the pretty box within. "God bless that good mother of yours, doesn't she know I have made a vow of poverty. And an initial on the corner, too; I suppose she put out her eyes doing all that filigree work herself."

"Ye—yes, sir, "faltered Jack, think-

"Ye—yes, sir," faltered Jack, think-ing of the tears that he had seen fall-ing on the same filigree work when his mother had heard Doctor Roland's sentence, for Mrs. Lawrence was one of the many converts that Father Neville had led into the fold of Truth.

"Well, well," he continued, "Well, well," he continued, "I won't call her foolish, for an old fellow likes to be remembered, especially when he is knocked ou' of wind and time, as I am just now. Pretty well used up as you see, Jack; fairly out

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thore, partials—"The glass there, partial Father Neville, "on the table."

Jack recovered himself enough to hold the wine glass to the sufferer's lipe. "I II—I'll run for Brother Francis," he stammered.

"No, no, no," the helpless hand made a dissenting gesture, "wait—wait a bit. I's—just—just—one of my twinges, Jack; I'll—'I'll be better in a minute. I'm—I'm getting my wind back, you see," and the pale lips tried to force their usual simile. "Don't—don't call any one: Brother Francis is at his dinner. Poor man, his bones are fairly rattling in his skin now. let him get one good, square meal in peace. Look out of the window, Jack; my eyes have failed me this last week; sen't that Will Dutton walking down the road?"

"Yes, sir, Nod Brace and Lem Foster, and all your old class. They are looking up here, I think they see you."

are looking up here, I chink alloy, you."

"Opon the window—wave one of your mother's handkerchie's to them, Jack, I can't."

Jack obeyed; paths and playgrounds were alive with boys rushing, tumbling, wrestling, racing to meet car or stace, but at the futter of that white signal there was a sudden pause in the gleful tumult. Even Tommy Bond, who was relieving the exuberance of his feelings by a series of somerasults on the bar, stopped head down.

"Father Neville! Father Neville I Look, boys, look!" went up the ringing shout. "Father Neville is at his window. Hurrah for Father Neville is at his window. Hurrah for Father Neville in the lappy Christmas! Rah, rah, rah!" and hats and caps were flung wildly into the air, and the frozen hills rang again and again to the college cry, while Jack waved his silken pennant and Father Neville modded and smiled as cheerily as if the clutch of death were not on his heartstrings, and its shadow on his fearless soul.

"Enough, enough, Jack, put down the window. If Brother Francis should catch us at any such skylarking as this we would both get a fine scolding. God bless those boys, they are shouting yet. What a thing it is to have lungs and wind! And Tommy Bond is spinning round that har like a whirligg. That boy never did know his head from his heels, and never will. It makes an old waterlogged hulk like me feel better just to look at him. Ah, Jack, there is nothing that braces one up like a breeze of good will. Remember that, my boy; the angels knew what they were about when they brought us their Ohristmas greeting. Good will, It's salvation in a nutshell Jack. Have the good will to serve God, and help your neighbor in all things, little or great, and if we do make a stumble or two on the road, well—we only scratch our noses—not our souls. They will come out all right. Take the angels watch word, Jack. It will pass you through the lines. Good will, good will And now, I am sure Brother Francis has got as far as his apple pie and will be up in a couple of minutes, and ready wi

so you nad bester.

So you nad been the Ohristmas gift. Tell her I send her my blessing—and—good-bye."

It had to come, the sob that Jack had been choking down so manfully for the last ten minutes. If Father Neville had been the least bit solemn, or doleful, or "preaching" Jack might have managed himself very credibly and skipped off with a glad sense of relief into the holiday sunshine—but to leave him—jolly, smiling—dying like this! It was more than any fellow could stand, and Jack dropped down on his! It was more than any fellow could stand, and Jack dropped down on his knees beside the big armohair, and buried his face in the cushions while his curly head shook coavulsively.

"Why Jack, my dear boy, Jack, Jack, what is the matter?"

"Mother—mother told mo to get—your—your blessing," blurted Jack huskily.

"You have it, my son." The kind voice grew grave and the helpless hand was laid tenderly on the boy's hair.

"May tod the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost bless you and yours forever. Remember me in your prayers, and—and Jack don't grieve. The road may look a little rough and dark—but I'm—I'm near the end, thank God. I'm like the rest of you, Jack—just a big boy, going home."

"San You home."

and silent—the wind moaning through its leafless groves.—Ah, a shadow had fallon upon Jack's Christmas, bravely and brighty as Father Neville had tried to veil the presence of death, Jack had folt for the first time its awful chill.

He turned gravely homeward—but scon the frosty air sent the warm blood tengling through his voivs, the shouts of the skaters celoned merrity from the rivor, Jack paused, listened, and decided he must take one turn—one turn only—and that blue, glinting, shining track stretching far into the dazzling distance. And, oh, what a glorious turn it was! Jack quite forgot the four last things to be remem bered, as with the rollicking Christmas wind at his back he sped down the glassy stream on feet that seemed shod with lightning. Since he had determined on only one turn, he resolved to make that turn a long one. So he kept on until the skaters disporting themselves near the town, were left far behind and he found himself at a point where the river banks rose in great overhanging cliffs, rough, jagged, frowning, fiercely repellant of all approach.

Further on that same ridge of rock, terraced into beauty by landscape gardeners, was dotted with similing homes, but here it had only been hacked and torn and smitten into de formity that the massive masonry of the railroad bridge below might span the stream.

There are such lives—harsh, fierce, repulsive lives—in which only men like Father Neville can recognize the same rock that builds the temples, and underneath these rough-hewn banks such a life was struck down into piteous helplessness to day. A faint moan reached Jack's ear, and, wheeling round suddenly, he saw crouching under the shelter of the rock the huge, unkempt, sodden, shaking wreek of a man. He had torn his ragged shirt loose at the throat and breat, as if to ease his labored breathing. His dull, bleared eyes were starting painfully from their sockets, and the livid features, scarcely visible under his matted hair and beard, twiched doon vulsively. There was an uspy club at his sid

brain "boy" was synonymous with
"tormentor."
I asy, "repeated Jack in a louder
tone, "are you sick ?"
"None of your business," gasped
the other, with an oath that made Jack,
though by no means a saint, wince.
"Well, you might be a little more
civil about it," said Jack grimly.
"You look pretty bad, I can tell you.
I thought you were making a die of it
here alone."
Another oath was the animum and the series of the serie

civil about it," said Jack grimly.

"You look preity bad, I can tell you.
I thought you were making a die of it here alone."
Another oath was the only reply.
Jack felt his good nature rapidly diminishing under this fusillade; but good "nature" and good "will" are very different things, as the Christmas angels know. "Blast you; what—what are you standing there gaping for," hoarsely panted this neighbor of Jack's. "Get out, or I'l—I'l!; he olutiohed his bludgeon fiercely and tried to struggle to his feet. Jack made a brisk backward curve, and in a moment was out of reach. Then he paused again, for the wretched sufferer had fallen down with a piteous moan.

"Jing, he is going to make a die of it, sure enough. It dou't seem right to leave him here alone like a dog; you've a nice one," continued Jack, addressing himself indignantly to the shaking hulk of poor humanity before him, "to go elubbing people when they only mean to help you; you're a dandy sort of a dying man."

"Water," came faintly through the working lips, "blast you water."
It was scarcely an appeal to touch Jack's heart, but again the picture of that Joble face, darkened by a like agony, rose before Jack's eyes, and he grow pitiful once more for Father Neville's sake. "He glanced around there was not a drop of water within sight; everything was frozen hard and oruel as steel. Then as in boyish perplexity he thrust his hands in his reefer pockate, he felt a package thera. It was the little silver mounted vinai-grette he had bought for his pet sister Nellie, a delicate little girl, whose "smiff," as her brother called it, saved her many a fainting spell. In a second Jack hed the package thera. It was the little silver mounted vinai-grette he had bought for his pet sister Nellie, a delicate little girl, whose "smiff," as he apowerful whiff, for the pungent salts were fresh and strong.

The fainting man gasped, struggled, revived. Like a drowning creature, and and instand.

Ghost blees you and yours forevor. Remember me in your prayers, and—and Jack don't grieve. The road may look a little rough and dark—but I'm like the rest of you, Jack—just a big boy, going home."

Lack was glad to find that Harvey Lack was gla

thank you for it. It's done me a power of good. What sort of stuff is it, and where do you get it? I'd like to have some, gin another turn comes on.

to have some, 'gin another turn comes on.' Oh, you can keep that," said little gentleman Jack, who, apart from all clinatiable considerations, felt his pretty gift had been profaned for dainty Nell's now.

"I can," and the man, who was rapidly regaining strength and voice, looked at the little silver-topped, orystal top as if it were a talisman; "koop this here? What do you ask for it?" ropeated Jack, "why—why—nothing."

keep this here? What do you ask for it?

"Ask for it?" repeated Jack, "why—why—nothing.
"Dyou mean to give it to me?" was the amazed question.

"Why, yes, of course." laughed Jack. "It isn't worth much, it's just a little stuff to ke people from realing over. Keep the bottle tight corked and when you feel your spell coming on, open it and take a good whiff—that's all."

The man looked from boy to flask in dull amazement. Happy, sheltered, home-blessed Jack—could not guess what a bitter story of hopeless, friendless, sunless life that look conveyed.

It was as if the hacked and blacken od rock, under which the wretched being lay, had suddenly found on its strong breast a flower of spring.

"Lord!" he said, with a harsh, strange laugh, "that's a curious youngster. I've had to beg, and buy, and sarn, and borrow and steal—and I've done them all, but it's the first time anybody ever gave me anything—the very first time."

"That's a pretty tough show for a follow," said Jack. "Never had a Christmas gift when you were a boy?"

"No; never had nothing but kicks and lioks, any time."

"Well, I'll break your record with a look, any time."

"Well, I'll break your steed with a fagain, are you? Let me help you up; better tale another sniff before you start of. There's your stick; keep to the road under the bridge if you are going to town; you'll find it's not so much of a climb—so good-bye and Happy Christmas!" muttered the man, his face lowering again as the

straight sweep down the shining river home.

"Happy Christmas!" muttered the man, his face lowering again as the boy's blithe figure disappeared around a bend of the stream. "Happy Christmas! Mebbe I ain't going to make it happy for some folks I know;" and gripping his knotted stick, he thrust his hand in his side pocket as if to assure himself of something hidden there, and then passed under the shadow of the blackened rocks towards the town.

The beautiful drawing room of the Lawrence home was a very bower of greenery, a Yule log snapped and blazed jovially on the tiled hearth, the garlanded chandelier, with its pendant crystals flashed and cleamed like an Arctic sun. For Jack's family held to the old German custom, and the "Christkindehen" came on Christmas Eve.

"Ohristkindehen" came on Ohristmae Eve.

Dolla, tea sets, baby carriages, horns, trumpets, rocking horses and bioyoles were arranged about the tree, which, y twinkling with tiny tapers, glittering with tinsel ornaments, arose in all its splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the centre of a miniature of the splendor in the season of t

me on carth, I feel it will open to me at the payor of my wife.

"God and the county," but, oh' John. I do not know why," but, oh' John. I do not know why," but, oh' John. I do not know when the county as a strange shadow with the county as a strange shadow with the county as a trange shadow with the county as a strange shadow with the county as a strange shadow with the county as a feature of the county as a strange shadow with the county as a feature of the county as a strange shadow who." a light shudder passed through her frame, "as if something dark, some ovil or danger near."

"It was the county of the co

world.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine
rose the sweet chorus in unfaltering
faith. The scoptio's heart stirred
strangely. Was there light revealed
to these babes that he was too blind

Gloria, Gloria,

In Excessiss Deo
rose the transplast chain caught from
angelic choirs. Gloria. Gloria.
and all the voice that made earth's
music seemed to echo book the rapturof song. Gloria Gloria,
went swelling through the Christmay
gladness as doeanly of the room and
pulsing into the darkness without,
when suddenly the harmony was
broken by a shot, a crash a moffled
cry. Mrs. Lawrence stated from he
organ, the children clung to ber in
terror, the Judge sprang to the wind
ow, swept ande the curtain and flung
open the sash,

"Jack, quick. Brandy from the
sidebaard—some one in hurt out here,"
and he leaped from the low sill to the
ground where a dark figure lay moaning pitcousty.

"What hurt you, my man?" saked
the Judge, bending over the writhing
figure "Who fired that shot?"

"Mo." was the harsh answer.

"Me, Mr. John Lawrence, but you
in each the skeered. It was fired in
air, but it was loaded—for you."

"For me," repeated the Judge in
amazement.

"Look close," gasped the man;
"mebne you won't remember me for,
I guess you've done the same job for
many a chap since. Mebbe you don't
know Pete Wright. the lifer in State's
prison."

"Where you put him when you
was persecuting attorney seven years

"Pete Wright, the lifer in histor's prison."

"Where you put him when you was persecuting attorney seven years ago," panted the speaker. "I swore 1'd be even with you for it, if I ever got the chance. Swore it on my knees day and night, swore it harder and deeper when the pain gripped me here," he struck his breast fiercely, "and they lot me loose—to die. To die, but I swore I wouldn't die until I sent you to death before me, and that's what I come here to do to-night, and I'd a done it. I had the drop on you through the window, and Pate Wright is a dead shot yet. I could have done it. Mr. John Lawrence, but I.—I didn't. Mebbe," and the dim, bleared eyes fixed themselves on Jack, who had reached the soene with the brandy, "mebbe, youngater, you can tell why?"

"My!" exclaimed Jack, staring in breathless smazement, "it's you again, is it? Father, it's—it's the man I told you about that I met on the river bank this evening."

"It's—it's that—that chap of yourn that saved you, Mr. John Lawrence. He came across me when I was most—most gone. He was good on me, and he a boy, too. He was good on me, and he a boy, too. He was good on he gave me this," the trembling hand showed the little vinaigrette in its icy clutch. "Good stuff; it gave me back my breath again, it helped me to get—get hers. And—and when I got hero—with—with murder in my heat and that pistol loaded to the muzzle for you, John Lawrence; when I had the drop on you through that window and saw—saw the boy's face at your cide, that boy's hand on your shoulder, when I knowed he was yourn—well, I fought it out with the old spite and the old hate for a minute, and ther—then I give up, John Lawrence, and I fired my pistolin air. And now—now I'm—I'm dead beat rout. No, I don't want no luque, and the cond hate for a minute, and the crime and it is give me back my breath and the old hate for a minute, and the crime and it is give me back my breath and the old hate for a minute, and the crime and it with the first give you your—well, if ought it out with the old s

been spared to-night. If Jack had not been pitful to that wretched man this evening—"

"I tell you I did not feel much like it," said Jack frankly, but you see I had just left Father Neville, and he was so sick himself, and so kind and so jolly, and he talked to me about being good to everylody, so that somehow, just then I could not have turned away from a dying dog."

"God bless father Neville then, let us all pray to-night," said Mrs. Lawrence in a trembling tone.

"G'ory to God, and good will to man," has been the text of his life. He preaches it to the last.

To the last, indeed, for the Christimas chimes sounded through the mid night as he spoke.

Spire after spire caught up the joyous peals, until the starry darkness seemed to thrill and throb with triumphant Glorias. Then suddenly through the glad carillens a despanced solem note came from the tower of St. Asaph's.

The tolling bell for a departed soul—Father Noville had "gone home."

If the may is Custing Teeth
Be sure and use that old, and well-tried
remody, Mas. Wisslow's Scothing Starr,
for children teething. It southes the olding
softens the gums, allays all pains, cutwind colic and is the best remody for
diarrhoss. Twenty-live cents a bottle. It
is the best of all.