

dollar that Brady dare not go in the dark and bring a human skull from the vault in the church under the pulpit. Brady at once accepted the bet, and after twelve o'clock the keys were handed to him, and he started at once on his mission. During his absence all the members of that convivial circle, save Mr. Flynn, who was not present, entertained each other by telling ghost stories, until the women were afraid to look out of the window.

"If I see anything worse than myself, I will 'ting' me hat at it," said Brady, as he went out of the shanty and directed his steps towards the church.

He was unalarmed at the white frock spread upon the bushes to dry. The cat which crept stealthily across the road did not alarm him. The fluttering of an owl which flew hooting from tree to tree did not frighten him. There stood the white church like a sheeted ghost before him. The walls were dumb—the bell was silent. The air seemed to hold its breath so that he might hear the church clock tick. The pendulum swung to and fro, and almost articulated these words: "Wake not the dead that sleep here—wake not the dead that sleep here." What cared Mike Brady for the words of the old clock? He had often looked it in the face, and seen the sexton wind it up. It was true it could strike, but it could not reach him, and he knew that it had more brass than brains, and always had its hands on its face as though it were ashamed because it kept late hours and sometimes run down and told lies whilst it belonged to the church.

Mike did not stop to moralize, but stooped down to find the key-hole. Whilst his ear was down in close proximity to the key-hole, he heard something rustling and trailing upon the church floor. Nothing daunted, he continued at the operation of opening the door, fumbling about to fit the key to the lock, thinking the while that some go-to-meeting dog had been wicked enough to sleep in church, and had been left and locked up there. Soon the door was opened and Mike walked slowly up the echoing aisles, feeling his way so that he might not blunder against the pews and injure his person. When he reached the dark door of the vault, he had considerable difficulty in finding the way to open it. He was not afraid, but he longed for a light. If Guy Fawkes had suddenly risen with a taper of brimstone, he would have been thankful for the light. But his reputation and his dollar were at stake, and he determined to persevere in spite of the obstacles in his way. He finally succeeded in opening the door of the vault.

He grouped about in that lonely vault amid mouldering skeletons and the dust of the departed. After a long and resolute search he succeeded in finding a skull, and was proceeding homeward with the prize, when a sepulchral voice from one of the side pews somewhat surprised him.

"Who are you?" inquired Mike. "I am a spirit."

"Well, ye'd better be ather leaving this place, for meeting is out, and there will be no praching until next Sunday," said Mike.

"I will have revenge," was the answer.

"What for?" inquired Mike. "You have got my skull."

"Och, and if that's all, be aisy, for I can go and get another."

Away he went to the silent, slumbering chamber of death once more, and commenced feeling about among the clattering bones for another skull, holding the first firmly in his hand, secretly determining to take that if he could not find another, and risk the consequences. After a laborious effort he found the object of his search, and started for the church door again. Before he reached the centre of the building, the voice addressed him again.

"What do you want now?" inquired Mike.

"I am unhappy," was the reply.

"Faith, you are most uncomfortable here, all alone; just follow me to Mr. Maloon's, and see some of your old friends."

"I am a departed spirit," said the voice.

"Then ye'd better depart from this, or its meself that will lock ye up in the dark."

"You have got my skull," said the voice.

"By my soul you are a liar, for no man has two skulls."

"It is my skull," continued the strange voice.

"Bad luck to ye, you thafe—you spalpeen—you lying spirit."

Mike left the church in high dudgeon, and hurried home with the prize, the proof of his courage. His friends at the shanty who had become somewhat alarmed at his long absence, were glad to see him return home in safety. Even the man who had lost the wager paid him the amount most cheerfully.

"Now," said Mike, "I want two or three of ye to go back with me and see the son of a thafe who says he is a departed spirit. I heard him in the church."

Some of the party who did not know the nature of the trick that had been turned on Mr. Brady, accompanied him to the church with a light, and they were not a little surprised when they found that Mr. Flynn, who had concealed himself in the church, had unfortunately fallen from the window on the stones in his effort to escape, and the fatal fall deprived him of life.

His girl, Bridger, mourned for him, but threw away her weeds two years afterwards, when Mike Brady the brave Irishman led her to the altar.

[From the Bytown. (C. W.) Orange Lily.] DURATION OF THE PAPACY!

Sta.—Now that the Pope is again in his seat, (a very tottering one, as it is poised on a French bayonet) the following remarks of a learned writer of the last century, Dr. Gill, on the probable duration of the Papacy, may not be uninteresting to those of your readers who are not in possession of the work, from which the following extract is made. I shall premise that its date is 1766.

"Some good men, in the last age, fixed the time of Christ's second coming, of his personal reign, and the millennium; in which being mistaken, it has brought the doctrine into disgrace, and great neglect; their mistake arose greatly from their confounding the spiritual and personal reign of Christ, as if they commenced together, namely, upon the destruction of Anti-christ, Pope, and Turk; the calling of the Jews, and the large conversions of the Gentiles; whereas there is a vast space between the one and the other, and which is entirely unknown; the spiritual reign, indeed, will take place upon the above events, and there are dates given of them; namely of the reign of Anti-Christ, the witnesses prophesying in sackcloth, the holy city being given to the Gentiles to be trodden under foot, and the church in the wilderness; and the dates of these are the same, 42 months, or 1260 days, which are alike; for 42 months, reckoning 30 days in a month, as was the usual reckoning, are just 1260 days, and which design so many years; so that these things took place, go on, and will end together; see Rev. XI, 2, 3,—and XII, 6,—and XIII, 5.

Now these dates are given to exercise the minds, the study, and diligence of men; and though men, good and learned, have hitherto been mistaken in fixing the end of these dates, arising from the difficulty of knowing the time of their commencement, this should not discourage a modest and humble enquiry into them; for for what end else are these dates given? could we find out the time when Anti-Christ began his reign, the end of it could easily be fixed to a year. There is a hint given of his first appearance in 2nd Thes. II, 6, 7, 8. "Now ye know, what withholdeth that he (Anti-christ before described) might be revealed in his time; for the mystery of iniquity doth already work;" it was not only in embryo, but was got to some bigness, and was busy and operative, though secret and hidden; "only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed," the man of sin, or Anti-christ. Now that which let, seems to be rightly interpreted by many, of the Roman Emperors, who stood in the way of the Bishop of Rome appearing in that pomp and power he was thirsting after; and which seemed to bid fair to be fulfilling, when Augustulus, the last of the Emperors, delivered up the Empire to Odoacer, a King of the Goths, and the seat of the Empire was removed from Rome to Ravenna, whereby way was made for the Bishop of Rome to take his seat, and appear in the grandeur he was aiming at. Now this seemed to be a probable era to begin the reign of Anti-christ; and as this was in the year 476, if 1260 are added thereto, the fall of Anti-christ must have happened in the year 1736. This some learned men were very confident of, particularly Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, a great calculator of times, affirmed, that all the devils in Hell could not support the Pope of Rome, longer than 1736. But we have lived to see him mistaken; more than 20 years have since passed, yet the Popish Anti-christ is still in his seat, though his civil power has been weakening, and still is weakening, so that it might be hoped he will, ere long, come to his end.

There is another era which bids fair to be the beginning of the reign of Anti-christ, and that is, when the Emperor Phocas gave the grant of universal bishop to the Pope of Rome, and this was done in the year 606, and the rather this date should be attended to, since within a little time after, Mahomet, the Eastern Anti-christ arose; so that as they appeared about the same time, and go on together, they will end together. Now, if to the above date are added 1260, the end of Anti-christs reign will fall in the year 1866. According to this computation, Anti-christ has almost 100 years more to reign; and if the date of his reign is to be taken from his arriving to a greater degree of pride and power, or from the year 666, which is the number of the beast, Rev. XII, 18, it will be protracted still longer.

It may be observed, that the dates in Daniel XII, 11, 12, and in the Revelation, somewhat differ; they are larger in the former. Instead of 1260 as in the latter, it is 1290, 30 days, that is, 30 years more, which, after the fall of Anti-christ, may be taken up in the conversion of the Jews and the settlement of them in their own land, and the date is still further increased in the next verse; "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the thousand three hundred and thirty five days," which makes 45 days or years more, and may be employed in the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, and in the spread of the Gospel through the whole world, and therefore happy will be he that comes to this date, these will be happy, halcyon days in deed!"

From the above it will be observed that there are two epochs stated by Dr. Gill, at one of which he thinks it likely that the reign of Anti-christ will terminate, viz: one hundred years after he wrote, now reduced by the swift march of time to sixteen, that is, the year 1866, and the year 1926; although he seems to incline rather to the former. Considering the strong hold which Popery still has on the hearts and understanding of men, it does not seem probable that it will terminate in 16 years. But 76 years more, three fourths of a century, may work a wonderful change in the human mind, and the year 1926 may therefore witness its full emancipation from Anti-christian slavery.

Nor is it improbable, if I may hazard a conjecture, that the year 1866 may likewise be marked by the final fall of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, thus depriving the church of which he is the head, of much of that outward splendour by which she dazzles the eyes of her adherents.—The present political state of Europe seems evidently tending that way. The oppression of the Pope's temporal power is becoming intolerable to those who are subject

to it, and were it not that it is backed by his infidel ally France, it would have been annihilated ere this. The fifth vial is still being "poured out," the kingdom of the beast "is still full of darkness," men are "gnawing their tongues for pain," "blaspheming the God of Heaven because of their pains and sores;" but alas! as yet "reputing not of their deeds." All this, however, may be very much changed before the year 1866, and even overbeighted Rome may "the son of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

Gill seems to be of opinion that the rise, progress, and fall of Mahomet and the Pope are simultaneous. This is very likely. The sixth vial is to be poured out on the Turkish Empire and Mahometan Powers. The statesmen of Western Europe, are trying hard to strengthen those rickety fabricks. But considering the pressure from without, particularly on the side of Russia, as well as their internal weakness, it is not likely they can form a barrier against the progress of Christianity, above 16 years more. If, therefore, the Pope and Mahomet are to stand and fall together, the former will at the end of that period, probably be divested of all temporal power; His efforts to regain it, will only bring on old ruin about his ears, the rubbish of which may be totally cleared away before the year 1926. All obstacles to the conversion of the Jews, their return to Palestine, and the evangelization of the world, being thus removed, these happy and glorious events will probably take place during the two latter periods of thirty and forty five years mentioned by the prophet Daniel.

Then will men beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.

VOX IN DESERTO.

THE BITTER BITTEN.—A few years ago, a farmer who was noted for his vaggery, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of stopping at, on his way from B—— to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner.—The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid, and while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem.

The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the frightful addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called, as was expected, and pussy was put upon the table, among other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal, and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill, he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost hers.

"What?" said he, "don't you know where she is?"

"Oh, yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it."

COUNTING THE LIVE STOCK.—An old farmer "out west," was in a mighty habit of counting his live stock, to see whether any had gone astray. Said he to his son, "John have you counted the hogs?" "Yes sir." "And the cows?" "Yes sir." "And the sheep?" "Yes sir." "And the geese?" "Yes sir." "And the turkeys?" "Yes sir." "Well, John, now go and wake up the old hen, and count her, then we'll go to bed!"

HOUSEHOLD ORDERS.

Rachel, go and comb your hair, Betsy, stop your laughing there! Kate, make haste and wash the dishes, And Susan, mend your father's—pantaloons! Sammy, run and feed the hogs, Jim, go out and bring some logs! I'll whip you, John, you know I will, If you don't stop a kicking Bill!

A lad, who had lately gone out to service, having had salted served up at dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied, "they made me yeast grass 'til the summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me yeast hay 'til the winter, and I would not stand that, so I wur off."

"Mother, why does Pa call you honey?"

"Because, my dear, he loves me."

"No, Ma, that isn't it."

"It isn't. What is it then?"

"I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, its because, you have so much comb in your head—that's why."

"I feel as if I had been put to the rack," as the horse said after standing all night at an empty crib.

"I feel as if I should fly," as the snipe said on seeing a sportsman approaching.

"I thought I should have split my sides," hissed a steam boiler on being refilled with water.

A CANADIAN GRACE DARTING.—We have received the following narrative from the scene of the noble action:

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On Friday night last, at about 9 o'clock, three boys aged 11, 8 and 6 years respectively, went out fishing in a leaky punt, on the Lake of the Two Mountains near Carleton Bay. The punt filled and they upset. Their cries for life and death were heard by Miss McDonald, 16 years of age, daughter of Mr. McDonald, late of the Hudson's Bay Company's Service, who lost no time in dispatching one of her little brothers in a punt of her own, to the relief of the sufferers; but, previously, had got herself, another young girl that lived in the family, and a younger brother, conveyed to a boat that lay at anchor outside. She speedily got up the anchor, laid on the oars, and was at the rescue as soon as her brother. Two of the boys were, on the keel of the punt holding the third by the hand, till rescued by this modern Grace Darling.—Montreal Herald.

PADDY AMONG THE QUAKERS.—A writer in Holden's Magazine, has an account of an Irishman, who, going for the first time to a Quaker Convention, was much astonished and puzzled withal on the manner of worship. Having been told that the "brethren spake even as they were moved by the Spirit," he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust, for their "haythen way of worship," till one young Quaker rose and commenced solemnly:—"Brethren, I have married."

"The devil ye hev!" interrupted Pat.—The Quaker sat down in confusion, but the spirit moved Pat no further: the young man mustered courage and broke ground again:—"Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord!"

"The devil ye hev that?" said Pat, "but it'll be a long, long while before iver ye'll see your father-in-law!"