HERBERT'S CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings Divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER X.

"WINGS AS A DOVE."

It was "the time of the first ripe grapes" in the Cevanol hills. Every morning, the gatherers went out to the vintage; every evening they came home laden. All day, the mellow sunshine brooded upon the purpling clusters, making wine. Agnes Chevalier sat on the cushioned window-seat of the old hall at the chateau, with a volume of sermons upon her lap. The quiet afternoon sunshine filled the room. The rusty armor and antlered spoils upon the walls glowed with passing brightness. An aged greyhound slept at her feet. For nearly an hour there had been no sound but the rise and fall of her low voice as she read, and the slow pacing to and fro of monsieur's feet as he listened. Not once had the young eyes wandered from the page, but now the old man laid his hand tenderly on the bent head.

"Put up the book, and come out upon the terrace, child. Henri says I keep you too much in the shadow of my own serious thoughts, and perhaps he is right. The evening is fair, and we will walk to meet him. Ah!" as she sprang up with a willing smile, "I thought that would console you, little book-worm. My soldier has won your heart by his praises of Rene's doings at La Rochelle."

A flush of shy delight suffused the child's face.

"Rene will not let me talk about it, monsieur, but M. Henri says it was as brave a thing as he ever saw done upon the field."

"I can well believe it, little one."

"And my mother is sure it is because the people offered no resistance, that the good old minister has not suffered more."

"Has Rene learned his sentence?"

"He had a letter before he went away to Anduze this morning. They have banished him from France, but my brother says that is better than being kept in prison, or sent to the galleys."

"Far better." There was a slight quiver in monsieur's voice. "We have all cause to thank God that our good doctor is safe at home after his adventure. But look you, my child. Dame Martineau says she saw you talking yesterday with that strange, half-crazy fellow who hangs about the ruins of the old temple. I like it not. Why, not one of our maids would go near him."

"Do you mean Ishmael? Oh, I am not afraid of Ishmael," answered the child, glancing up quickly. "He used to be afraid of me, and steal away, when I took my knitting to sit in the sunshine on the old steps, but now he will stand and watch me, though he will never touch the food my mother sends him. I do not think he is crazy," she added, thoughtfully, as she and her old friend strolled down the flower-bordered terrace toward the gate. "Only weighed down with some secret sin or trouble. Yesterday, when I found him, he was sitting with his face in his hands, muttering 'No forgiveness—no blotting out,'—and when I told him that though our sins were as scarlet, God could make them white as snow, he shook his head and went away. I am sure, though, he would not hurt any one. The other day, when farmer Daroy's cow came after me, he ran out and helped me."

Monsieur shook his head.

"Nevertheless, the old temple is but a mournful place for thee to take thy work, and this stranger not a meet companion for thee. Henri shall walk with you this evening to the cottage-gate. Look! there is a cloud of dust down the road now. If my old eyes do not cheat me, it is our horseman back already, and not alone."

"He brings M. Rey with him, monsieur."

"What! Rene's friend, the young pastor from Guienne? That is indeed good tidings. But see, child, they stop at the gate. He is shaking his head, and Henri beckons to thee."

The child flew like an arrow from a bow, and as he followed more slowly down the steps of the terrace, monsieur saw the young minister step from his saddle and place a packet in the child's hand.

"I would like to stop and see Rene, but I am due at a preche in the northern Cevennes to morrow, and must ride hard all night," he was saying, as the old gentleman joined them.

"How speeds your work among those desolate hills?" inquired the sieur la Roche.

The face of the pastor saddened, as he turned to grasp the outstretched hand.

"Slowly, monsieur. The persecution has been so severe, that it is with difficulty I can persuade the people to assemble for religious service. I can but speak wherever and whenever I find opportunity, and hope the panic-stricken hearts will finally gain courage. The presses of Paris are not still," he added, his dark eyes kindling with enthusiasm, as he pointed to the packet in Agnes' hand.

"You have seen the bishop's letter to our ministers, demanding recognition of their spiritual rule, and submission to their authority. There is an answer from Charenton, bold and ardent, yet prudent, which will soon be scattered broadcast throughout France. The pamphlet is entitled 'A Circular Letter to the Clergy,' and is published anonymously. But enemies and friends alike will recognize the hand that has already dealt such fearless blows for the truth."

"M. Claude's? His pen is ever ready to defend the truth. But we have been troubled lately by what we heard of the offer from the University of Gronigen."

"He has refused the invitation, monsieur. Flattering as was the offer, it could not tempt him to desert our Church in her affliction."

"That is indeed a gleam of light on this dark and cloudy day. It was but this afternoon the child read to me from his sermons, and I sighed to think we might lose so bold and wise a leader. I will hear this new paper of his before I sleep. Henri," turning to his son, who sat moodily up on his horse, flicking at the daisies in the grass, "hear you the good news?"

"Ay, my father, the pastor gave it to me as we came along. I wish, monsieur," he added, glancing at the young minister, "you could persuade my father that such grave treatises are not meet studies for a fair young head of thirteen. Agnes knows more theology now than I."

"That is not saying much," interposed the sieur La Roche with a sad smile. "And yet perhaps he is right, Fulgrand. The child is so like her father that I sometimes forget I am talking to her, and not to him."

The minister laid his hand tenderly on the sunny head. It was in his father's house in Nismes that Monique Chevalier and her children had taken refuge in the days of their first sorrow. He was but two years older than Rene, and at once there had sprung up between them one of those rare spiritual friendships which overlap the ties of blood, and glance forward to the time when the circumstances of birth shall be forgotten, and the bond that binds heart to heart shall be the bond that unites each heart to the Master.

"She has chosen the good part—it shall not be taken from her," he murmured, as he stooped and set a solemn kiss on the grave, pure brow. Something in the sweet eyes, lifted to his, had suddenly made her as dear as Rene himself. How could he know she would keep the words in her heart, like a gift—far less divine, that those tender, girlish feet were to outrun him in the race, and that when years hence, his martyr-soul should pass in rejoicing through the gates, Rene Chevalier's young sister should await him before the throne, palm in hand? Yet, as he rode slowly away, he turned once and looked back, with strange prescience. The three still stood at the gate—monsieur in his quiet evening dress, with white uncovered head, the picture of stately rest after labor—the young soldier seated upon his horse, instinct with life and energy—and between the two, the fair slight girl, with her eyes lifted to the circling hills, and her golden hair falling like a halo about her face. What was to be their lot? Through what several doors would they enter in,—by what long and toilsome ways would each reach the goal? The question rose involuntarily to his lips, but quick as thought came the answer: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." And the young pastor put spurs to his horse, and sped upon his way.

"Your brow is more overcast than usual," M. La Roche said to his son, as they walked slowly back to the house. "What has gone wrong with you to-day, Henri?"

"It is enough to make a man look grave to hear the sad tales M. Rey hath been telling upon the road," answered the soldier evasively; but as he and Agnes walked home together in the twilight an hour later, he asked suddenly:

"Who do you think I saw in Nismes to-day, Agnes? Nay, not our good doctor," as the name nearest her heart rose indistinctively to the girl's lips, "and yet some one very near to Rene, too. Mistress Eglantine, or Mademoiselle Bertrand, as they call her now. My cousin Renau sent me word he would reach the the city by to-day, and when I went down to meet them, where should I find him and his friend, but at M. Laval's. Mademoiselle and her aunt travelled down in their company, it seems, and Madame Cartel and my kinsman hath struck up a great friendship, and our merry young abbe hath discovered that he and mademoiselle are near of kin. I wonder I never suspected as much, when I knew his name was Bertrand."

The little hand in Henri's trembled suddenly.

"I thought my cousin Eglantine had no relations on her father's side," said Rene Chevalier's young sister.

"So M. Laval was informed, but it seems there were two children of the elder son, who were placed in the cloister at their father's death, of whom his informant had lost sight. Our good-humored abbe was the eldest, and was brought up for the church, but his pretty sister Natalie was married last year to the count, to whom she was betrothed in childhood. Madame Cartel knows her very well, it appears, and mademoiselle has also met her in La Rochelle, and is quite fond of her. But she is uneasy as to how your mother and brother will take the tidings, and I promised to break the news. You must help me, Agnes. You know better than I what words will pain them least.

"I am afraid Rene will be very much distressed. He will be afraid of the priest's influence for my cousin."

"Oh, as to that, do not let him give himself any anxiety. Louis will never make a bigot. He is an idle, good-humored fellow, who likes to be comfortable, and see people comfortable about him. And I fancy the handsome young countess is of the same stamp. Madame says she lives in a whirl of pleasure."

There was silence for several seconds before Agnes asked

"Did you have much talk with Eglantine to-day?"

"I saw her for a few moments. The house was full of people. M. Laval is very proud of his grand-daughter, and Mademoiselle Bertrand seems very happy. She sent her dear love to you all, and said tell Madame Chevalier she would soon be up to make her a visit."

Captain La Roche was glad of the twilight that hid the hot flush upon his cheek. The world had not changed since Madame Cartel was young. Eglantine's manner had been as gracious and sweet to-day as it had been briery and sharp on their last interview in La Rochelle, and his carefully nursed resentment had gone down before the girlish pity in her eyes, as a bank of snow goes down before a warm sun. For a golden half-hour he had forgotten everything, and then had torn himself desperately away; he had been consumed with remorse and mad longing ever since. It troubled him, even in the darkness, to know that the innocent eyes of Rene's little sister were fixed upon him. Agnes did not ask any more questions. They were now in the shadow of an overhanging cliff; the mountain road had grown steep. Close at hand the child caught the rush of unseen waters, and felt the damp, sweet breath of the green things upon its banks. A vague sense of trouble, near but intangible, stole upon her. She pressed closer to her friend, and the next moment she and Henri had both stumbled over some object in the road. The soldier uttered a sharp exclamation, and putting the child hastily aside, bent down. It was the body of a man, apparently lifeless. For a second he thought some foul murder had been committed, and the corpse left upon the highway, but a swift recollection of the cliff above, suggested a different story.

"I fear some one has fallen over the cliff, Agnes. I cannot tell whether he lives or not. Would you be afraid to run home for Rene?"

Before she could answer, Rene's welcome voice hailed them, as he came scrambling down the side of the precipice.

"I am here, monsieur." The next moment he was bending over the mangled mass, his hand on the man's heart. "I saw him walk right over the edge of the rock," he whispered. "I was too far off to stop him. Yes, there is a throb of life in his breast. We must get help, and have him taken at once to the cottage. I do not recognize him, and there is no time to make inquiries."

But Agnes, who had drawn near once more, interposed, sobbing:

"It is Ishmael, my poor grief-crazed Ishmael, Rene." And as if in recognition of the name, the bleeding man moved and moaned.

"We must act promptly," said the surgeon. "Monsieur, if you will go on with Agnes to the cottage, and ask my mother to have a bed made ready, and bring men and a litter, I will watch by him until you come."

The unfortunate creature was groaning piteously when Captain La Roche returned ten minutes later with the needful assistance. He even tried to resist, as the four steady peasants, at Rene's bidding, lifted him upon the improvised stretcher. But the doctor bade them not heed him, and in fifteen minutes more he was lying on a mattress in Madame Chevalier's only guest-chamber.

Rene shook his head after his professional examination.

"He cannot live more than an hour. We ought to know if he has friends, and if he has made his preparations for an other world."

Monique Chevalier wiped the beads of suffering from the cold brow.

"My poor fellow, can you tell me your name? Is it really Ishmael?"

He stared at her stupidly.

She repeated the question in a gentler tone.

"Is your name Ishmael? Have you any other name? Have you made your peace with God?"

He made a hideous grimace of suffering, and turned away.

Rene laid his hand upon his heart.

"You are dying," he said gravely. "If you have anything to settle in this world, or any preparations to make for another, you have no time to lose."

A convulsive shudder shook the form upon the bed.

"Dying!—and after that the judgment!"

"Yes, your moments are numbered, and you stand face to face with the realities of eternity. My brother, if you have any burden upon your soul, let me point you to Him, who is able to save unto the uttermost."

"Ha! you do not know me then?" cried the sufferer with a wild, hysterical laugh. "You call me brother; how the devils must laugh to hear the word."

"Are you not Ishmael, the man who hangs about the ruins of the old temple, and whom my little sister was interested in?"

Once more the sufferer burst into a hideous insane laugh.

"I am Judas, the betrayer, the murderer!" he hissed. "Will you speak to me now of the mercy of your God, M. Chevalier?"

Godfrey Chevalier's widow and son started. Henri, standing at the foot of the bed, uttered a sharp interjection. A sudden suspicion of the truth had flashed upon them. Henri alone uttered the name between his set teeth.

"Armand, the traitor!—the murderer of our good pastor."

The wretch regarded him contemptuously.

"We meet at last, monsieur! They told me you hunted for me high and low, that my life would not be safe if you found me, but I took good care to keep out of your way. Ha! I had forgotten him who said: 'I will recompense.' I had forgotten the avenger in my breast from whom I could not flee. It lay down with meat night, and rose up with me in the morning; it walked with me by the way, and sat down with me to meat. Before a year had passed I would gladly have met your sword, monsieur. The woman I loved had turned from me with loathing; my old mother had died cursing me with her last breath; the good name my father left me was a reproach among our people. Worst of all, one face followed me everywhere, his face, white, patient, suffering, as I had seen it last, the day they took him to the galley ship. I tried to forget it at the gaming-table; I tried to drown it in the wine cup; it would not down; it dragged me back at last to haunt the place where he had lived; the temple I had destroyed, and where I had set the trap that had ensnared him. Would any torture you could have inflicted upon me, monsieur, been equal to this?" He had kept his eyes riveted upon Henri as he spoke; now he sank back white and writhing.

The rare tears were flowing down Madame Chevalier's face.

"He forgave you freely, Armand," she whispered. "His last message to Henri was to bid him take no revenge. He bade me tell you if I ever saw you, that he hoped God would pardon you, as he did."

The dying man motioned her fiercely away.

"Do not speak to me; do not let me see you!" he implored. "Next to his face that follows me everywhere, your eyes stab me to the heart."

His strength was well-nigh spent. Rene put a glass of cordial to his lips.

"Drink," he said, in a quiet professional tone, to which the sufferer yielded instinctively. "Now," when the draught had been swallowed, "did you mean to kill yourself when you walked over the cliff? I shouted to you, but you would not stop."

"I did not know where I was going," moaned the miserable man. "I always fancy as soon as it gets dark that he is following me, and when I heard some one call it frightened me still more, and I did not care where I went, so I did not have to face him. Not but what I would have died long ago," he added, his voice rising to a shrill scream, "if I had thought I could put death between me and him, but I knew he would pursue me still, and meet me at the judgment-seat, and I dared not die."

It was evident that his reason had been seriously impaired by remorse. If Rene had not long ago forgiven the sin, he felt he must have done so then, kneeling beside that writhing form.

"Armand," he said gravely, "God has saved you from the sin of self-destruction. In His mercy He has given you a few moments to seek His mercy. Do not waste the precious seconds. Christ is mighty to save."

Armand shook his head. "He cannot save me," he whispered. "There is no forgiveness for a sin like mine."

There was a stir at the door, and before Rene could bid her back, Agnes was kneeling beside him. The face of the dying man changed strangely. His glance softened; his lip trembled. "She is like him, yet not him," he whispered. "There is no reproach in her eyes. Her voice does not upbraid me. Yesterday she spoke to me of forgiveness. What was it you said—white as snow? A sin as black as mine?"

Tremulously Agnes repeated: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The dying man watched her as if fascinated. The others held their breath.

"It is his voice," murmured Armand. "He said those very words to me once, and he looked just as you look now. But you do not know," his voice rising to a scream once more. "It was I who betrayed the good pastor, I who sent him to his death. Now you will not speak any more to me of pardon."

The tears rushed to the girl's eyes. She understood at last.

"Armand," she said in a trembling voice, "my father has been happy in heaven for many years. Put away that thought that he is following you. I am sure nothing hurt him so much that you did not really repent of your sin. I am sure it would make him happy even in heaven, if you would be sorry and let God cleanse you. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The death-chilled fingers closed upon hers.

"Do you believe it, do you believe it?" whispered Armand eagerly. "I will believe anything you tell me. You have been kind to me. Yours is the first face that has smiled upon me. All sin, did you say? Would the Lord Jesus really take in such a sinner as me?"

"Let us ask Him," said Monique Chevalier's sweet voice beside them.

And the three knelt around the low bed, while Rene committed the passing soul to Him who is "plenteous in mercy."

When the prayer was ended Armand's cold hands still clutched Agnes' dress, but the semblance of a smile lay on the frozen lips, and Madame Chevalier drew her child, weeping but rejoicing, from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

Downfall of a Banker's Wife.

ANOTHER VICTIM TO THE MORPHINE HABIT.

The wife of one of the leading financiers of the Dominion was taken to a private "Retreat" the other day. Finely educated and fitted to adorn the highest station in life, she was a victim to the morphine habit, acquired while seeking to deaden the intolerable neuralgic pain which made her life a burden.

The deadly drug has ruined the life and happiness of many whom neuralgia has driven well-nigh crazy. The London *Lancet* says, "The great prevalence of neuralgia should be regarded as a warning indication of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render those who are afflicted with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an agressive character. Neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and it is of the first moment that attacks of this affection should be promptly placed under treatment, and controlled."

There are several hundred cases on record where people have been drugged with morphine to kill the pains of neuralgia, but without a cure being obtained until Paine's Celery Compound was used. This wonderful discovery gave health to the diseased nerves, toned up the whole system, and made a positive and permanent cure. It is an entirely vegetable preparation that will restore the exhausted nerve force and put a stop to the intolerable pains of neuralgia.

— Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face.—*Emerson.*

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A Boy's Temptation.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said: "I will show you how we can take the castle," and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy that attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that only drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.—*Prof. Drummond.*

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.* The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicine have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

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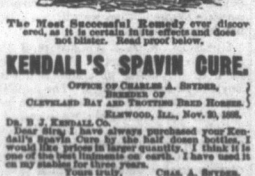

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

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Yours truly, A. E. OLMSTEAD, Manager Troy Laundry Machine.

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