THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

6

CHRISTMAS.

IT IS COMING-THE BEGGAR GIRL AND WHAT NEW YEARS BROUGHT HER.

Soon very soon, bright joyous, welcome Christmas will be upon us with this seemed to comfort her. Then its wealth of presents, its big dinners, May tried music, and sang by the its sociability, convivality and popcorn balls; its good cheer, "Merry Christmas," its hot drinks and mixed candies. All these scenes of childish expectancy and old folkish anticipation will soon be realized. Christmas trees will glisten like an evergreen sprinkled with snowflakes, with minature angels and loads of gifts peeping out between the branches, and countenance was convulsed with suflittle bright, gravish eyes, and bluish fering. eyes, and all kinds of pretty eyes will By d sparkle brighter than the brilliant gas jets as the curtain is lifted and the gorgeous enchanted tree is unveiled. It is pleasant to anticipate Christmas hard to bear as the excited condition. from this standpoint. But there is another view not so full of promise and pleasure, and a little newspaper waif, by Emerson, describes this view better than we dare attempt.

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

"Nothing for me," and the child of want Murmuring sat in a doorway cold; "Nothing for me," and the wintry winds Crept through her garments thin and

"Nothing for me," but another year Of pain and mis'ry, want and woe, With stores of gifts on every side; "Nothing for me but tears to flow."

"Nothing for me," and I wonder why, There beams such joy from every face While I'm in want of a piece of bread, And cold, so cold, in this cold place.

"Nothing for me," and they little know. That pass me by that I am here, Dying for want of a piece of bread, Caring not for another year.

"Nothing for me," how they mock my pain, That gaze awhile then pass me by;

I loathe the thought of another year And only long to die- to die!

"Nothing for me," and the aching head At last sunk lower upon the stone; The poor ears listen to music sweet, That she can hear and she alone.

Something for her! He is coming now He who giveth the weary rest: The new year dawns, and the child of

Sweetly sleeps on the Saviour's breast.

Serial. JIM, THE PARSON. Author of "Brightside." "Hilds

"If I can only save him, and keep him from coming."

Mrs. Montgomerie and May were fertile in expedients for relief. The room was kept brilliantly lighted, and hour ; while she sang Kate was quiet. If her husband sang, she burst into tears-" There, he has come after all and she is so tired ;" but all the while she held his hand. He never left her, though the veins stood in knots on his broad, fair forehead, and his whole

By degrees the overwrought brain became composed; then the exhaustion and stillness was almost as For hours even the breathing was scarcely perceptible. Only for his Sunday duties was her husband away from her. Every one spared him; one of his parishoners even deferred his marriage, and all was ready to do whatever was possible.

Weeks passed; then one day Kate opened her eyes with her own beautiful light in them, and put out her hand to her husband. He was afraid to speak, but fell on his knees with a fervent "I thank thee, my Father." "I have had a dreadful dream," she said; "part of the time angels sang to me, then they floated away, and horrors surrounded me. It is all over now. How weak I am; I do not generally wake like this."

" My darling, your dream has been llness. It is nearly a month since it began."

"You must be mistaken, dear; we came down the mountain, and-ask May."

"It is nearly a month ago, Kate. See, it is spring-time now; listen to the birds."

healthy, dreamless sleep.

When she again awoke, her mind was clear, and only the body weak. Her recovery was repaid : soon she

could sit up and feel anxious in her that it is so hard to live without

an angel it frightens me."

perhaps she will be enough for you." "What can you mean ?"

"You do not need me, as once you did."

"It would be hard to do without you, May."

"Would you mind very much if I go away ?

feel cut in half."

you were gone; I asked Rover how he would feel; he wrinkled up his forehead, and sympathized with his tongue and tail. Don't laugh, Jim; I'm very serious !"

"That don't prevent me making you laugh."

"It ought to; I'm trying to ask you if you would mind my being married ?"

"Married! What on earth for ?" "On account of Dick," said May, demurely.

"What is the matter with Dick; and who is he ?"

"He has waited so long."

"What for? What does he want?" "Was there ever such a darling old goose! Dick wishes to be married. There!"

"I don't wish to prevent him." "Oh, Jim! I mean Dick Wright, whom we met at Catskill."

" I remember-an artist-nice fellow, high toned."

"Yes, very. He came afterwards to the old parsonage; and finally asked me to marry him."

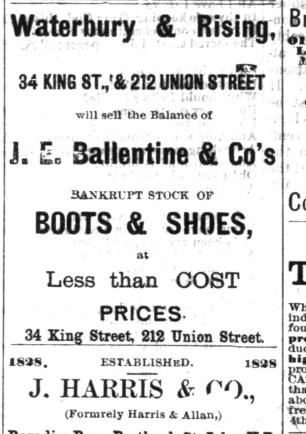
"You! Why, May, that was years ago."

"Yes-years;" and May's eyes filled with tears. "I put him off till our grandparents died ; then he came "I do not understand," she said, for me, but I thought you needed wearily, closing her eyes again in me; then came that winter; then Kate's illness-but now-"

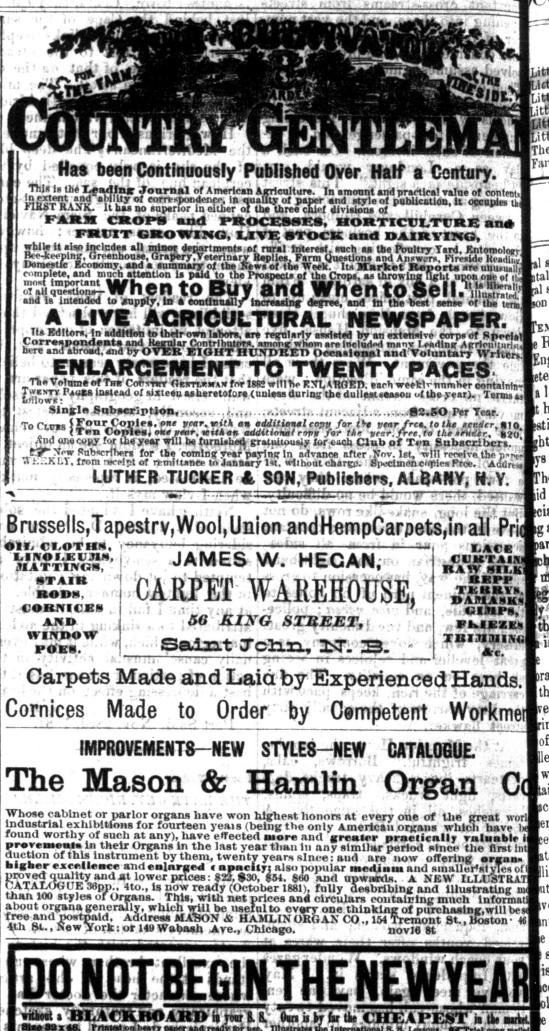
"I would be a selfish fellow if I said a word. I did not know this little sister. Oh May ! but I am glad

"May," whispered her brother, in believe in insanity. De insane buran awe-struck voice, "she is so nearly glar who enters my cabin will miss de top of his head. De lunatic who "Such a true ministering spirit, that draws a knife on me, am a gwine to get hurt. I keep a dog to bite the insane thieves who want to plunder my garden. If I am drawn on a jury, I shall vote to send ebery insane prisoner to de penitenshary for de longest possible period. When a man steals I shall call him a thief; when he robs I shall call him a rob-"Go away !--Mind it ?-- I would ber; when he kills I shall call him a murderer an' hold dat de jury who "That's exactly how I felt when lets him off am entitled to thirtylashes apiece at de whippin' post."

> been dangerously ill, but now she is! danbeen dangerously ill, but now she is dan-gerouslyn well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept killing, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.



Paradise Row, Portland, St. John, N.B. New Brunswick Foundry and Railway Car Works, Manufacturers of all Kinds of



December

"Glenarchan," etc. BY E. REDELL BENJAMIN.

CHAP. XIV .--- THE SEARCH.

When they reached the parsonage, Kate made a great effort to go to her room, where Sarah, without questions, helped her to undress, and persuaded her to lie down; the comfort and rest were grateful to her, and the loving smile with which she turned to her husband, and the wonderful brilliancy of her eyes, relieved the load of anxiety he had borne for so many hours.

Sarah had to ask Mr. Montgomerie where the missing ones were found, and about the hard ride and anxious night which they had.

"Mrs. Thornton will be ill, mark my words," said Sarah. "You see, it's all been too much for her. Besides the nursing and broken this, she's ever been anxious about Master Jeems, and I tell you, Mr. Montgomerie, it's worry that breaks women. down. It's safe to scrub all day, but not to worry half a one. She was that miserable after the Morton fuss! For my part, I don't see that there's any call to take charge of all creation, She'll have a low fever, mark my words."

Mr. Montgomerie refused to take this dreary yiew of the case, but went to Burnside to confer with his mother, who did not lose a moment in reaching the parsonage, and in sending for May- Herson asked why she was so alarmed.

wound too tight, she can go no long- clergyman." er."

raving delirium.

It was agonizing to those who so dearly loved her. Her delirious and your text is Love." laughter was terrible, but it was worse sounds that passed through her mind; stances." she would go over the night at Morwould tell of the dying woman and

turn for those who had watched her. you. "Sister dear," she said to May, you are tired and grave."

"I will soon be rested, Kate. Life has come to me this winter in a new phase. I am grave, and feel old." "You need change. How would

you like to go to Cuba with Aunt Alice ?" "I would rather stay here ; it is late to her but in love.

for Cuba. Aunt Alice goes for Eilie, you know."

the eyes of little May. I will soon be down again, and everything will be and-but I must wind up sometime cheerful," said Kate.

May smiled and said : " It shall not fade."

That afternoon Mr. Thornton was sitting beside his wife, gazing in her dear eyes, and watching the fitful color as she spoke.

"What troubles May, dear? she is often in deep thought and restless." "Are you not mistaken, Kate? She has done little this winter but care for the sick; no wonder she is grave. Nothing can trouble her now you are well."

Kate laughed at this. "She is coming now," she said "take her to walk; perhaps she will tell you."

in arm. Kate followed with her eyes as far as she could see. On the walk May confided to Jim her trouble. CHAP. XV .--- MAY'S TROUBLE.

"I have opened the box of papers "Because I know Kate; her emo- left by Phebe Howson," said Mr. tional nature will not bear being Thornton to his sister, "there are a wound up to such a pitch. She is few letters and the certificate of our like a good clock, and will bear a good parents' marriage. The letters exdeal; but when the main-spring is plain that mother's father was

"That's the reason I always wanted As they entered the house, strange to preach-two elerical grandfathers laughter met thier ears. Kate was in were too much for you alone." laugh ed May.

"You preach daily, little sister

"Go on with the papers, Jim to hear of the horrible sights and my daily life is the effect of circum

Jim, thus admonished, continued ton's, would climb the hill to Phebe's, his story, after which May exclaimed: "Kate was like one inspired, the the horrors of the dark house, and night Phebe died; she was cornered Kate sang like an angel."

But I cannot tell all they said, nor

follow each life to its ending. One day soon after this, there was a quaint wedding in the Brighton church. The clergyman's voice faltered during the ceremony it was when the bride raised her eyes to have one look at the dear face that had never turned

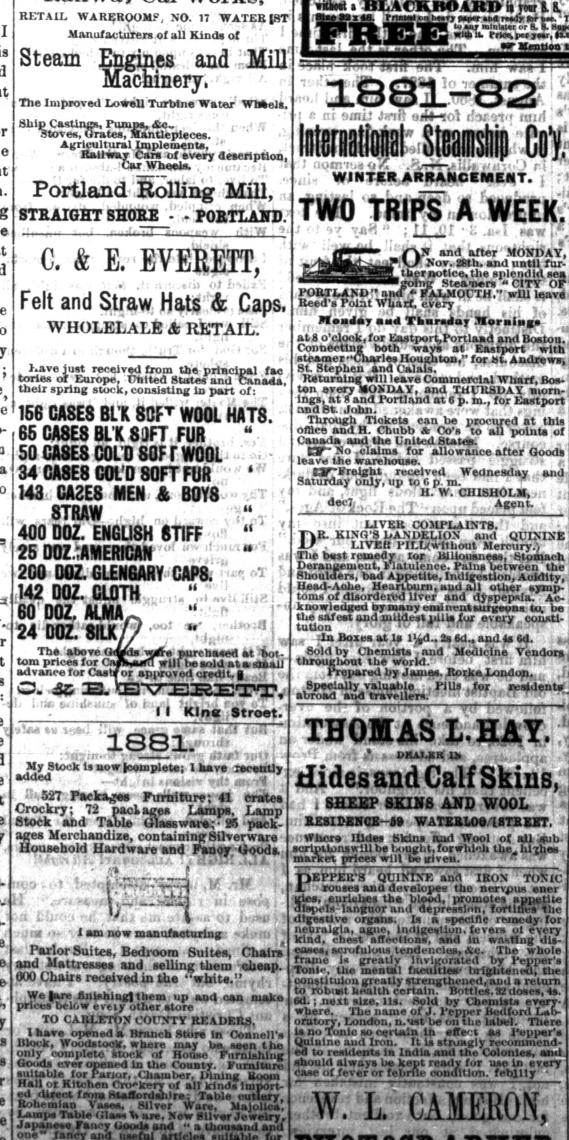
After the wedding tour, the bride and groom came back to Brighton, to "The sunbeam shall not fade from occupy Waterside while Mrs. Ray and her family was absent in Cuba; even if I have no climax. All are happy fellow-workers in this life, doing their nearest duty first. Blest in what "now is," they are sure of a greater blessing in "that which is to come." (THE END.)

Rumorous.

Conscience is a great mystery. Willie," said a good mother to her naughty little boy, " when you went to the cupboard to steal those tarts worn't you afraid of something ? "Yes, ma'am," was the reply of the demure youngster. Now was the time to enforce the moral lesson, and Jim and little May went off, arm the mother said, "Willie, what were you afraid of ?" " Afraid I souldn't find the tarts," said Willie, who since that little episode has became a very rich man.

> A colored Baptist preacher illustrated the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints," as held by Methodists and Baptists, as follows : " The Methodiss, my bruddren, is like de. grasshopper-hoppin', all de time hoppin'-hop into heaven, hop out, hop into heaven, hop out. But, my bruddren, de Baptiss, when he gets to heaven, he's dar! De Baptiss is like de 'possum. Hunter gets after him, he climb the tree; he shake de limb, one foot gone; he shake de limb, anudder foot gone ; he shake de limb, ebbory foot gone ; but tink you, my bruddren, 'possum fall? You know, my bruddern-you cotch too many-you know 'possum hang on by de tail, and de berry debil can't hake him off."

nearly break her husband's heart by by the words of the Bible, and then BROTHER GARDNER ON INSANITY. FACTORY : saying : "Let me say to you that I



JAS. G. MCNALLY, and Conpellial, Fredericky,

ov. 23d. 1880.

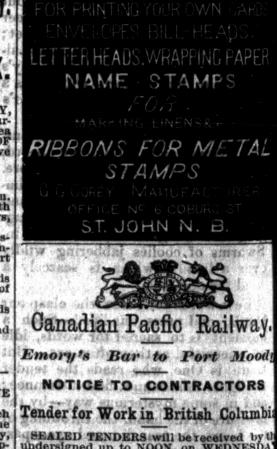


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SEALED TENDERS will be received by undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESD the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a ly sun, for the construction of that portion of road between Port Moody and the West-end Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a disance of bout 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract forms of tenders may be obtained on app forms of tenders may be obtained on appli-tion at the Canadian Pacfic Railway Office. New Westminster, and at the Chief Enginee Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January ne at which time plans and profiles will be op for inspection at the latter office. This timely notice is given with a view giving Contractors an opportunity of visith and Examining the ground during the fi-season and before the wint-r sets in. Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminits, er is instructed give Contractors all the information in the first opportunity of the first office of the the set of the set of the first opportunity opportunity of the first opportunity opportunity of the first opportunity opportunity opportunity of the first opportunity opp

ontractors all the information i

No tender will be entertained unless on or of the printed forms, addressed to F. Brau Esq., Sec. Dept. Railway end Canals, au marked "Tender C. P. R." F. BRAUN,

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. } nov2 12ins

J. S. JOTASON & 00. 7

