made, and raise behind the gate Of pride some newer attars in the shade of first dead hopes. Such women, it is said, it ever wailing o'er their faithless dead,

twain, devermore a knell by the ghastly wrath of hope belied, requiem of undying pain, soves the crushed dead at the altar While the dull blasts of ruined love and and in clouds the by-gone's dust!

Of crambling altars, sink to rise mo

Which are the noblest sou's-those who for-

Or those who mourn their first sweet idols

THE MARTYR'S ROSARY.

Messenger of the S.cred Heart. It was near midnight on March 9 Through the frosty air the moonlight fell, clear and cold, upon the high-pitched roofs of ancient Glasgow; making the over-hanging gables of the tall houses seem "carved of ebon and ivory." One side of the open space in front of the Arch-bishop's palace was in deep shadow, while the other was flooded with

But what uncooth and gloomy object does the pale moonlight show, in the middle of that open space? A scaffold, surmounted by a gallows-tree. And he who is to die upon it, on the morrow, lies in a dungeon beneath the palace hard by, a prisoner of the Archbishop Spottiswood. The Sheriff who is to preside at the execution, nobles, also, of the Privy Council trom Elinburgh, are the Archbishop's guests. The guards and men at arms have feasted and drunk themselves drowsy, discipline is relaxed, while doors and gates are left unwatched. A woman, who was up at that late hour, chanced to open her casement. She looked out upon the silent and deserted square, and on the dismal erection in its midst; thinking, may be, of the doomed priest, the tale of whose heroic fortitude under repeated torture had thrilled all Scotland. As

her eyes wandered to the palace where he lay, she saw a tall figure, clad in a long linen garment, issue from it, and cross the square to the The man's hands were oined, and uplifted somewhat, as if in prayer. On reaching the scaffold he knelt down, and so remained a considerable time. Then the woman heard him say, aloud:

Maria. Mater Graite: Mater Misericordiae Tu nos ab hoste brotega. Et hora mortis suscipe!

after this he arose and returned whence he had come. The wo.nan was very ignorant, a Protestant, and not knowing a word of Latin, but the scene, and the words which she heard distinctly, so impressed her that she never forgot them. This strange captive who, when he

might have escaped, returned of his own accord to his prison, was Father John Ogilvic, S. J. After twentytwo years spent in foreign universities and parochial work, he had received the desire of his heart in being appointed to the Scottish Mission, which was then a post of the utmost danger. The Calvinists, on the one hand, and King James' new Protestant bishops on the other, though they quarrelled about everything else, agreed in persecuting the Catholics, whose churches they had seized, whose monasteries they had ruined, and whom they were resolved to exterminate from the land. The few priests left were hiding amongst the mountains, in caves or hollow trees. The faithful who dared to give shelter to a priest, incurred from this act of charity, which was called "high treason," the penalty of death, or, at least, imprisonment, with loss

of all they possessed.

Father Ogilvie, who came of a noble and warlike race, had the frank and fearless bearing of a soldier, as well as the zeal of a devoted priest. "He seems," wrote one who knew him, "to have but one thought and aim-to inspire the fainting Catholics with courage, and to convert the heretics." The people loved him Holy Mass, and commands me to greatly. At the risk of his life, he 'Do this' I will prove it to you when risited and cheered those who lan- you like." guished in the prisons, and recon-ciled many persons of all classes to the Church. At Glasgow, whither he had come from Edinburgh, he was closely watched by the Protestant Archbishop and the ministers. They engaged a man named Adam Boyd, on the promise of large payment, to pretend submission to the Catholic Church, and place himself under the

When brought before the false Archbishop, the latter struck him on the face, asking how he dared come and say his Masses in a "reformed" city? This blow was a signal tor all Spottiswood's attendants to fall upon their defenceless victim. "A storm of blows," the Father wrote in his journal [which has been preserved] "fell upon me from all sides. They pulled out my beard, and tore my face with their nails, until Lord Fleming, struck with horror, compelled them to cease so much violence. The to cease so much violence. The order was then given to strip me of my garments. . . They took away everything, even to my brev-

Night being come, the Father out into the prison called the Tilbooth, and Spottiswood wrote in all haste to King James, boasting of the prize he had taken in this Jesuit Father, together with "fourteen of the townspeople, convicted of having heard Mass."

Next day, Father Ogilvie, ill fro the violence he had received, as well as from cold and hunger, for it was twenty six hours since he had tasted food, was brought before his judges, examined at great length, and then sent back to priscn.

As he steadily refused to acknowle

As he steadily refused to acknowledge the King as the Head of the Church, or to betray any of his people, he was put to the torture of "the boots;" horrible instruments made of bars of iron, in which the legs were tightly screwed until, sometimes even the bone was crushed and broken. This cruel torture was renewed day after day. All through these hours of agony the patience and sweetness of the holy confessor amazed his tormentors. "Lord Jesus," he was heard to murmur, grant that I may be found faithful to Thee in Whom I have believed and forgive them, for they know no what they do !"

Spottiswood was furious; but some of the Kirk ministers who witnessed the Father's fortitude were touched by grace, and afterwards became

Early in December an order came for the prisoner to appear before the Privy Council of Scotland at Edin-

Spottiswood had given out that, while under torture, the Jesuit had betrayed his acquaintances. When, therefore, he appeared outside the prison, guarded by the Archbishop's men-at-arms, he was assailed not only by a storm of maladictions, but by showers of mud, stones, and snow balls, from a crowd of the poorer people, who believed that he had played them false. As he took no notice, but rode on cheerfully through the town, one man asked him how he could take abuse so calmly. The Father smiled, and answered by quoting a Scotch proverb "It's past joking, when the head's off." To an old woman who shricked at him more loudly than the rest, he said courteously: "Good mother, may Heaven bless your pretty face!" The astonished dame straight-way begged his pardon, and declared she would never speak an ill word of him again.

After riding more than forty miles through the snow the Father reached Edinburgh on December 8, 1614. He was at first imprisoned in the Archbishop's palace, but after three days was removed to one of the castle dungeons.

To this day "the priest's dungeons" are shown in Edinburgh Castle, and very horrible they are, dark and foul, and in one there is no opening whatever for air when the door is

At length Father Ogilvie was brought before the Council, It answer to their questions he related his conversion, and gave his reasons for it, to the great confusion of the ministers, but not a word could be extorted from him which might imperil any other person.

"When you arrived in Edinburgh, where did you lodge?"
"I answer, that I am not bound to

tell you. Judges have the right to know my crime, if I have committed one, but not to know where

"You refuse to obey the King, then ?"

"Ask me what the King has right to ask, and I will obey. "The King forbids you to say

Mass, and yet you say it. "Well; and whether I ought to obey Christ or the King in this, judge for yourselves. The King, you say, torbids me to say Mass; and Christ, in the twenty second chapter of St. Luke testifies, instituted the

In vain they threatened him with fearful torments; his calm unconcern seemed to defy the rage of his ene_ mies. They next tried to tempt him by offers of a rich marriage, and the living of Moffat, the richest in the country-offers which he laughed to

scorn. The examination, of which a full and most interesting account is left Father's instruction, so as the more surely to ensnare and betray him.

Thus, like his Divine Master, Father whether he would obey the King or already said."

The Father being remanded to his

The Father being remanded to his dungeon, his judges deliberated as to the kind of torture most likely to reduce him to a state in which he would say anything they wished him to say; and finally decided on a forced vigil. During eight days and nine nights without interruption the holy confessor was kept awake by torments, inflicted by successive relays of executioners—he was pinched, bruised with blows, pricked with pins and needles, especially with pins and needles, especially under the nails. These men threw him on the ground, shouted in his ears, twisted his limbs, and continued their diabolical cruelties until on the ninth day their victim appeared to be dead. A physician was called in, who, feeling his pulse, said he had not three hours to live.
The object of the Government be-

ing to deprive him not of life, but of his self-command; he was allowed a few hours of sleep in the hope that when suddenly awakened and dragged before his judges, all exhaus-ted and bewildered, he might make some avowal to their advantage. This was what they desired; but in vain. His marvellous force of will and presence of mind disappointed all their satanic calculations.

But the news of this forced vigil and flown throughout Scotland, arousing indignation against the perpetrators. Many of the nobles who had apostatized came to see the Father, entreating him to do the King's pleasure and save himself from further torments, but Father Ogilvie's answers soon put them to

One day many great people cam to see him in his prison, and one gentleman loudly said that they had worse things in store for him; they would end by sticking his head on the West Port, to make an example of his obstinacy.

"Really," said the Father, "you

are worthy to be made hangman; but I do not mind you in the least. By God's help I am ready to suffer for the truth more than you can do to me; so keep your threats to frighten women with. I mind them no more than the cackle of geese." A dead silence ensued; the gentle-man slunk out of the cell, soon fol-

lowed by the rest.

When again placed before the Lords of the Council they bade him consider how merciful (!) they had been to him, in not putting him afresh to the torture of the "boots." To this the Father made answer "To serve Christ and His Church I need not my legs so much as my head. The forced vigil which they made me bear robbed me of my convert a reasonable man by first driving him out of his mind, and turning a Jesuit into a simpleton; faith? truly it is a conversion worthy of crime?" Protestant ministers!"

"If you will not obey the King," they said, "you shall see harder things to suffer yet."

"Oh," the Father answered show you by God's grace that I do not set such show on my legs as you do on your boots. My destiny is too noble to yield to force; there is the speed you may!" bring your boots, then; and I will

braided him, that he, a Scot, should thus refuse to obey the King.
"If I were the King," he said, "I would have you boiled in wax!"

The Father smiled. "Ah, but my good friend," he said, "if God had meant you to be King he would have

given you more sense!" The Royal Commissioners, despairing of getting one compromising word from this strange man, who ridiculed even their tortures, length sent him back to Glasgow, to

Spottiswood, the Archbishop.
"I returned to Glasgow," he wrote,
"on Christmas Eve, and was chained by both feet to an iron ring in the wall; but they feared I might fall sick, and I am now fastened by a

double chain to one foot only." Early in March arrived a letter from the King to the Archbishop, commanding that since the Jesuit persisted in his denial of the Royal

The rumour of the arrival of the letter spread through the town, and soon reached Father Ogilvie in his

"What news?" he one evening asked his keeper.

"None," said the man.
"Then," said the Father, joyfully, "I can tell you: to-morrow or the

day after a priest will die." To those who came to visit him that day he gave a joyous invitation to the festival. "To morrow," he said, "is my wedding-day."

The next day was appointed by the Archbishop for the judgment: and, as if to show all men that it was Thus, like his Divine Master, Father Ogilvie was sold into the hands of his of the scaffold and the gibbet was ordered at the same time.

The martyr spent the night in prayer. Being disturbed by the rude carousals of the guards, and finding the gates ill watched, he went out, as we have related, into the square, and prayed for some time at the gal-lows' foot.

trate arrived at the prison, he found the prisoner still in prayer. Asking the Father if he were ready, he answered that for a long time past he had been waiting for this moment.

A physician feeling his he had been, and that no tortures

the square and neighbouring streets, while from many a hat in the highlands men had come to catch a last word or look.

On his way to the scaffold Father Ogilvie was beset by one of the heretical ministers.

"That is just what I desire to do!

returned the minister, eagerly.
Father Ogilvie raised his vo "Listen, good people," he said, "to what the minister is going to say to

Then the minister proclaimed aloud: "I am authorized to promise Maister Ogilvie his life, the Archbishop's daughter to wife, and a rich living, if he consents to join us."
"You all hear?" said the Father.

"Yes, yes; we all hear! Come down, Maister Ogilvie; come down from the scaffold!"

"Then I am here only for my faith? My religion is my only

"Yes your religion-nothing but that. "Very well," exclaimed Orilvie

"This is more than I had hoped for. It is for my religion that I die; and if I had a hundred lives I would give

claimed that he died, not for his faith but for treason. The Father was no allowed to speak, but he shook his head, while his friend John Abercrombie, who was probably also a priest, said to him: "Don't mind their lies, John; the more wrong they do you, the better for you," a word which has passed into a proverb in the Highlands. Whereupon Abercrombie was seized by the Archbishop's servants and thrown headlong from the scaffold. He would have been killed by the fall, but that he fell upon the closely-packed

crowd. Then the executioner, humbly begging the Father's pardon, pro-ceeded to tie his hands behind his back; but, before they were bound, the martyr threw his Rosary into the crowd-the only largesse he had to give.

persisted in his denial of the Royal Supremacy, the Privy Council the Catholics, that he might be forshould proceed to judgment and exe Lady and the Saints, not only as an outpouring of his piety, but as a protestation of his faith; for, even on the gallows, a minister demanded if he still believed in the worship of the saints. "I believe all that the Church believes," said Ogilvie, and at once

now, on all sides, arose groans, a and murmurs, with prayers that Go would not visit this innocent blood upon the people, but only on the authors of that undeserved death.

And the martyr's Rosary?
The Rosary, in falling, struck the breast of a stranger, Baron Johann von Eckersdoff, a young Hungarian noble, who afterwards became Governor of Treves, and, in his old age, gave the following account to Father Balbinus, S. J.

"I was then," he writes, "travelling in Eagland and Scotland, as it is the custom for your real."

When they led him forth he was scarcely clothed; his dress was in rags: the Archbishop's house-steward had appropriated his mantle. A dense crowd filled the streets. There were no mockings and curses now. All knew now how true and strong he had been, and that no tortures had been able to wring from him a single name. On all sides arose words of encouragement, blessing, and prayer.

Father Ogilvie was first conducted to the Town Hall, which formed part of the Tolbooth, to receive his sentence, which was that he should be hung,drawn and quartered, and his head stuck on a pike over one of the gates. Sentence was pronounced at ten o'clock; an hour after mid-day it was put in execution; meanwhile the Archbishop and other personages went to dine.

The whole city was assembled in the square and neighbouring streets,

Peter Claver, S. J.:

After the beatification of the venerable servant of God I was continually engaged in giving missions, and at the end of every mission I was in the habit of applying the relics of Peter Claver to the sick. Numberless cures followed, among them several cases which seemed to be distinguished by the characteristics of real miracles. The occurrence of these striking cases induced me to ask Rome what course I should pure.

Wants anything its little face is red with anger at a refusal and screams go forth to conquer. The end is gained. The infant knows its power and how and when to use it wants all it sees. Its parents promise it everything, but not just now. "After a while you shall have it." "Now be quiet." "Be a good child." "God bless it." "There now; there now."

When such a child begins to talk it.

occurrence of these striking cases induced me to ask R) me what course I should pursue; for I knew that if new miracles occur after the beatification of a servant the step of canonization.

The answer received from Rome was, that two or three cases should be referred to the Sacred Congregation of Ries, and then to wait for an order and directions of the congregation, which would probably be that a court be convened by the diocesan bishop, with authority from Rome to examine the cases according to the string ent laws provided for such occasions, and that all the questions sent by the congregation be strictly answered, and the replies returned to R) me.

plies returned to R ome.

In consequence of this answer, I sent five cases to the congregation, of which three were selected for examination.

It may be remarked that for beatification it will be considered to the conduction of the conduction of

the poor girl's case was given up. Coming to confession at the mission, she explained to me her sad condition. The mother, given as he forgave all, he repeated that all his trust was in the merits of Christ his Saviour. He invoked our Lady and the Saints, not only as an Lady and the Saints, not only as an you can be saved with one arm as well as with two." But I encouraged her to have confidence in the intercession of Peter Claver, and, taking her to the sacristy, I applied the relic over the bandage on the arm. The same moment she was entirely cured. She went home, and, swinging her arm joyfully, said to her mother: "See, I am cured!" And to prove it, she began to load a wagon with hav.

began to recite the Litany of the Saints, first in Latin, then in Scotch, that all might understand him.

The executioner reluctantly withdrew the ladder, and the martyr hung in mid-air. Nothing would induce the man to leap on his shoulders, but, out of respect, he only drew the feet down, so as to hasten death. The rost of the barbarous sentence was emitted, "because they feared the people." For

Prema are reports of miracles, before they have been duly authenticated, only expose the cause of religion to the suspicion of toterating and encouraging credulity and superstition. But when the examination has been duly made, and the occurrences have stood the severe test of a Roman investigation, then the truth of a Roman investigation, then the truth of a real miracle shines forth with dazz'ing brilliancy, whereas the false character of pretended miracles is at once made mani-

FALSE LOVE OF PARENTS.

yet, from that moment, I never had an instant of repose. This rosary had left a wound in my heart. No matter where I went, I had no peace. My conscience was troubled, and the thought was always with me, 'Why did the martyr's Rosary strike me, and not another?'

"For several years this question pursued me, until at last conscience triumphed. I abjured Calvanism and became a Catholic Latentian and the carme a Catholic Latentian and th

"My dear Ogilvie," he said, "how deplore this obstinacy, which is leading you to an infamous death!"

The Father assumed an air, as it were, of one in tear. "As if," he said, "I could help dying, after they have condemned me to death for high treason!"

"Treason! Nothing of the kind, as I am to tell you. Only abjure Poperry and the Pope and you shall be loaded with honours."

"And will you venture," said Ogilvie, as if he doubted him, "to repeat aloud so that all may hear, what you have just said to me?"

"The Several years this question would open your eyes to many faults. They work fault of parents is that they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to correct. Even while at its mother's breast it knows enough to get angry and gratify its desire of revenge by slapping its own mother. Mothers generally pacity them by making all kinds of rash promises, which they never intend to fulfill. They blame the anger of the babe on a chair, table, or anything to hand; schnetimes on the other children, and slap these things and children while calling the attention of babe, and thus quiet it. That baby is master of the whole house. What wonder! When it wants anything its little face is red with anger at a refusal and screams go forth to a strength of the worst fault of parents is that they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to get angry and gratify its desire of revenge by slapping its own mother. Mothers generally pacity them by making all kinds of rash promises, which they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to correct. Even while at its mother's breast it knows enough to get angry and gratify its desire of revenge by slapping its own mother.

Mothers generally pacity them by making all kinds of rash promises, which they never correct the anger of infants. They say wait until the child has more sense; it is not big enough to

"There now; there now."

When such a child begins to talk it

show you by God's grace that I do not set such show on my legs as you do on your boots. My destiny is too not set such show on my legs as you noble to yield to force; though my trust is not in my own strength, but in God's aid."

As Father Ogilvie, worn out with long standing before the Council, was being conducted back to his cell, a certain lord—a sheriff of one of the certain lord. It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a Blessed only two are required—nay, even in the afternoon, and the martyr had neither eaten nor slept since the previous day, and could scarcely climb the scaffold. The minister again provides the congregation, or which there were selected for examination. It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a Blessed only two are required—nay, even in the afternoon, and the martyr had neither eaten nor slept since the previous day, and could scarcely climb the scaffold. The minister again provides that for beatification.

It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a Blessed only two are required—nay, even only one miracle of the first class may be suffice, if examined and found conclusive. The following are the cases above represent when an infant slapped its mother, and insisted on the mother and told the child it could not have it. It cation, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a Blessed only two are required—nay, even only one miracle of the first class may be remarked that for beatification.

It may be remarked that for beatification, four miracles are to be proposed and proved; whilst for canonization of a Blessed only two are required—nay, even only one miracle of the first was further cation, four miracles are to be proposed and prov

ferred to:

1. In the year 1861 there was an old woman, eighty years of age, in Milwaukee, who had a cancer in the face, from which she had been suffering for twelve years. On the Feast of St. Peter she came to me, and I applied the relic of Peter Claver to her cancer-eaten cheek, and the cancer disappeared instantaneously.

2. In the year 1863 there was in St. Louis, Mo., a man whose breast-bone, with some of his ribs, was in a state of decay, in consequence of the disease called caries. His throat was affected by bronchitis and laryngitis; besides, he had the two forms of consumption called by the doctors pulmonaria and pitutiosa. I applied the relic, and he exclaimed: "I am cured! I could dance!" In fact, he was at the same instant perfectly cared of all the above mentioned infirmities, and returned to his work in the bakery where he was formerly employed.

3. In the congregation at Valley Nippenose, in Pennsylvania, there was a girl of about twenty years of age, who had broken her collar-bone. In spite of the repasted efforts of the surgeons of Williamsport, the bone could not be made to join, and the poor girl's case was given up. Coming to confession at the mission, she explained

had retired. They simply said:

"Father, we never destroy each other's influence over our children. When my wife corrects I am silent, and when I correct she is silent. Our children obey us."

How could such children be otherwise than obedient? They heard lessons of obedience from their pastor, and their parents taught them to practice it at home. As a disobedient child is the shame so an obedient child is the glory of its parents. Parents, remember. "As the

For the Year 1886

No better resolution can be made than to resist buying any of the substitutes offered as 'just as good' as the great only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

Written for The Our deep Te Deum grand

MAY 29, 1886.

ve the Irish race, de And now from every zone sends back Response that shakes the li on its track! Our triumph is the world's; it so; And this stands first among 4 debt we fairly pay in kind Wherever on this globe an wherever on this globe and till,
Or Irish pen can write, this shall swell—
"You Eagland's clearest heter to right our wrong;
Her noblest hearts to give to long!"

We thank you England, the strove to tear From trish souls but sand deeper there, And, carried in an exiled a breast, Took root in every soil that est! Itiest Temples lift to-d O'er lands where but for your lands where but for your lands where but for your lands where lands with our lands with us.

For this the world, with us. A debt we fairly pay in kind That Faith your British isle, Will seize, till you yoursel

We thank you for the sons land's soil land's soil
To drive her own te allen h
toil;
Your blood is in your chi'd
veins this hour,
But beats with Ireland's tru your power!
You've sharply learned that
is on their names,
The proudest title their as The proudest title their arclaims
Is that of Irishmer, so clo have grown
To hers, the dearest mother
their own!
A debt we fairly pay in kind
Since Ireland lent her son
knew no pause,
To lead your hosts, adorn yo
your laws!

But, England, for the hard proffer now No thanks to you we pay—n we vow! No, in the name of generous and strong. and strong.
Who sided us to wrest what so long!
No, in the name of Irelan whose dust
Throbs 'neath her footste, faithful hand and just, She moves before the world splitch. epitaph; And tears bedew and victmonograph!
No; in the name of Truth an
No, in the name of Goo, wh Our sins delayed, no grate

To frieads that help, to dea God who frees,
Our hands we raise, our than
bendeu knees;
But, England, none—in justi Yet, Finglatia, none-in-justice, Fig. 19 Yet, for the Past's beques memory live,
The Present's joy that ble hearts in o. e.
The future's promise, rising Far over the Channel and far The Irish race holds out i hand and free, Your own to cleap, with mu In friendship firm, while Ire

tion true Implores, "God's blessing, day on you!" A PROTESTANT DOCTO

SION.

[The following commu Dr. Sterling, of Sag Harbo cent convert to the Church late issue to the Catholic l reply to a letter of a minis copal sect,—a letter "full prejudice, and denuncia Church," in which the w astonishment that the son of astonishment that the son of a regular communicant of Episcopal Church, for me nected with the vestry, and his "defection" senior war is "defection" senior war is "defection" senior war is to Sag Harbor, could ha step. After describing state of the parish at the tiversion, Dr. Sterling goes of unity of faith, unity of wor of authority are to be found

version, Pr. Sterling goes of authority are to be four of authority are to be held the benign influent religion—that he judges if fruits. The well chosen in concluding paragraph admit the converts present positions. But enough of the and, in some respects, a me in fine, so far as the Episco concerned, I became quite and thoroughly discount attempts that were being in so you must not wonder a be a member of that one will you choose to belong organization organized by is possible for a conscient fearing pastor to be hamp and dictated to in matters his seared calling, by a bod selves the vestry, and liab posed of men of all sharbelief, or of no religion at I have known them to do, ary truths of Christianit should be gratified and for ary truths of Christianit should be gratified, and I dicise the choice. "Is it not somewhat hu

degrading, to your ideas of your calling that, as the p date in the next vacant pa-ous ments, social, spiritual will be calculy discussed nent female members of nent female members of tion, duly assembled at the ted sewing circle or tea p not your fate as the ne-critically upon the favore you may have made upon senior warden? Should it your lot to be a vicar's other qualifications when other qualifications mig divine calling more accep mates of his household. daughters might wish to it yes as to your capabilities or inquire as to other ev muscular Christianity. A why should this not be so minister, not the Lord's.
fees that it is Parliament
you your credentials, an
feet the bills. But let us
ple, and direct our attenti