## BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

MESSALA AND JUDAH.

With the foregoing explanation in mind, the reader is invited to look into one of the gardens of the palace on Mount Zon. The time was noonday in the middle of July, when the heat of summer was at its highest.

The garden was bounded on every side by buildings, which in places arose two stories, with verandas shading the doors and windows of the lower storey, while retreating galleries, guarded by strong balustrades, adorned and protected the upper. Here and there, moreover, the structures fell into what appeared low colonnades, permitting the passage of such winds as chanced to blow, and allowing other parts of the house to be auch winds as chanced to blow, and allowing other parts of the house to be seen, the better to realize its magnitude and beauty. The arrangement of the ground was equally pleasant to the eye. There were walks, and patches of grass and shrubbery, and a few large trees, rare specimens of the palm, grouped with the carob, apricot, and walnut. In all directions the grade sloped gently from the centre, where there was a reservoir, or tions the grade sloped gently from the centre, where there was a reservoir, or deep marble basin, broken at intervals by little gates which, when raised, emp-tied the water into aluices bordering the walks—a cunning device for the rescue of the place from the aridity too preva

ent elsewhere in the region.

Not far from the fountain there was a small pool of clear water nourishing a clump of cane and oleander, such as grow on the Jordan and down by the Dead Sea. on the Jordan and down by the Dead Sea.
Between the clump and the pool, unmindful of the sun shining full upon them
in the breathless air, two boys, one about
nineteen, the other seventeen, sat engaged in earnest conversation.
They were both handsome, and, at first
glance, would have been pronounced
brothers. Both had hair and eyes black;
their fees, were dearly browned; and,

brothers. Both had hair and eyes black; their faces were deeply browned; and, sitting, they seemed of a size proper for the difference in their sges.

The elder was barchead. A loose tunic, dropping to the knees, was his attire complete, except randals and a light blue mantle spread under him on

the seat. The costume left his arms and legs exposed, and they were brown as the face; nevertheless, a certain grace of manner, refinement of features, and culture of voice decided his rank. The tunic, of softest woollen, grey tinted, at the neck, sleeves, and edge of the skirt waist by a tasselled eilken cold, certified him the Roman he was. And if in speech he now and then gazed haughtily at his companion and addressed him as an interior, he might almost be excused, for he was of a family noble even in Romea circumstance which in that age justified any assumption. In the tertible wars between the first Casar and his great enemies, a Messala had been the friend of Brutus. After Philippi, without sarribee of his honour, he and the conqueror became reconcited. Yet later, when Octa waist by a tasselled silken cord, certified him the Roman he was. And if in speech of his honour, he and the conqueror te-came reconcuted. Yet later, when Octa-vius disputed for the empire, Messala sup-ported him. Octavius, as the Emperor Augustus, remembered the service, and showered the family with honours. Among other things, Judea being reduced to a province, he sent the son of his cli-client or retail er to Jerusalem, charged with the received and management, of client or retail er to Jerusalem, charged with the receipt and management of the taxes levied in that region; and in that service the son had since remained, sharing the palace with the high priest. The youth just described was his son, whose habit it was to carry about with him all too faithfully a rememberance of the relation between his

white linen, and of the prevalent style in Jerusalene; a cloth covered his head, held by a yellow cord, and arranged so as to fall away from the forehead down low over the back of the neck. An observer in the world. His subject was Disputaby a yellow cord, and arranged so as to fall away from the forehead down low over the back of the neck. An observer skilled in the disjunctions of race, and skilled in the distinctions of race, and studying his features more than his costume, would have soon discovered him to be of Jewish descent. The forehead of the Roman was high and narrow, his nose sharp and aquiline, while his lips were thin and straight, and his eyes cold and close under the brows. The front of the Israelites, on the other hand, was low and broad; his nose long, with expanded nostils; his upper lip, slightly expanded nostrils; his upper lip, slightly shading the lower one, short and curving to the dimpled corners, like a Capad's bow; points which, in connection with the round chin, full eyes, and oval cheeks

The Roman smiled as if complimented, reddened with a wine like glow, gave his face the softness, strength, and beauty peculiar to his race. The comelines of the Roman was severe and chaste, that of the Jew rich and voluptuous.

Ingaer.

O my solemn Judah, we are not at Dodona or Pytho. Drop the oracular, and be plain. Wherein have I hurt of the Jew rich and voluptuous.

'Did you not say the new procurator you?"

younger of the friends, and was couched in Greek, at the time, singularly enough, the language everywhere prevalent in the politer circles of Juden; having passed from the palace into the camp and college; thence, nobody knew exactly when or how, into the Temple itself, and, for that matter, into precincts of the Temple far beyond the gates and cloister—pre-cincts of a sanctity intolerable for a Gen-tile.

E. Evans, president of the Lumber Exchangee Bank, Tonswanda, N. Y, writes: 'January 15, 1886, I was entirely prostrated, and was reduced from 176 to to 126 lbs. I thought I had inflammation of the large bowel. The pain was relieved only by morphine forced under the skin. My doctor treated me for inflammation and catarrh of the bowels, so offection aymenthetic with disorder of an affection sympathetic with disorder of the left kidney. I had distressing pain, with night sweats, and could keep noth

"Yee, to morrow," Messels meswered.

"Who told yeu?"

"I heard Ishmael, the new governor in the palace—you call him high priest—tell my father so last night. The news had been more credible, I grant you, coming from an Egyptian, who is of a race that has forgotten what truth is, or even from an Idunæin, whose people never knew what truth was; but, to make quite certain, I saw a centurion from the Tower this morning, and he told me preparations were going on for the reception; that the armourers were furbishing the helmets and shields, and regilding the eagles and glober; and that apartments long unused were being cleansed and aired as if for an addition to the garrison—the body guard, probably, of the great man."

A perfect idea of the manner in which the answer was given cannot be conveyed, as its fine points continually escape the power behind the pen. The reader's fancy must come to his aid; and for that he must be reminded that reverence as a quality of the Roman mind was fast breaking down, or rather, it was becoming unfushionable. The old religion had nearly ceased to be a faith; at most it was a mere habit of thought and expression, cherished principally by the priests who found service in the Temple profitable, and the poets who, in the turn of their verses, could not dispense with the familiar deities: there are singers of this age who are similarly given. As philosophy was taking the place of religion, satire was fast substituting reverence; insomuch that in Iatin opinion it was to every speech, even to the little distribes of conversation, salt to vianda, and aroma to wine. The young Messala, educated in Rome, but lately returned, had caught the habit and manner; the scarce perceptible movement of the outer corner of the lower eyelid, the decided curl of the corresponding noatril, and a languid utterance affected as the best vehicle to convey the idea of general indifference, but more particularly because of the opportunities it afforded for utterance affected as the best vehicle to convey the idea of general indifference, but more particularly because of the opportunities it afforded for certain rhetorical pauses thought to be of prime importance to enable the listener to take the happy conceit or receive the virus of the stinging epigram. Such a stop occurred in the answer just given, at the end of the allusion to the Egyptian and Idunman. The color in

given, at the end of the allusion to the Egyptian and Idunæan. The color in the Jewish lad's cheeks deepened, and he may not have heard the rest of the speech, for he remained silent, looking absently into the depths of the pool.

"Our farewell took place in this garden.
"The peace of the Loid go with you!"—your last words. 'The gods keep you! I said. Do you remember! How many years have passed since then?"

"Five," answered the Jew, gazing into the water.

the water.
"Well you have reason to be thankful

Judah bent his large eyes upon the questioner; the gazs was grave and thoughtful, and caught the Roman's, and held it while he replied, "Yes, five years. I remember the parting; you went to Rome; I saw you start, and cried, for I loved you. The years are gone, and you have come back to me accomplished and princely—I do not jest; and yet—yet—I wish you were the Messala you went away."

went away."
The fine nostril of the satirist stirred, and he put on a longer drawl as he said, "No, no; not a Ganymede—an oracle, my Judah. A few lessons from my teacher of rhetoric hard by the Forum—I will give you a letter to him when you about with him all too faithfully a rememberance of the relation between his grandfather and the great Romans of his day.

The associate of the Mes a's was slighter in form, and his garments were of fine white linen, and of the prevalent style in white linen, and of the prevalent style in the sound of your solemn white linen, and of the prevalent style in the prevalent style in the sound of your solemn white linen, and of the prevalent style in the preval tion. One saying I remember-'Under

speech carries a sting My Messala, when he went away, had no poison in his

and raised his patrician head a toss huher.

The other drew a long breath, and The question proceeded from the ounger of the friends, and was couched in Greek, at the time, singularly enough, he language everywhere prevalent in the holiter circles of Judea; having passed

The other drew a long of the wait, and said, pulling at the cord about his waist, "In the five years, I too, have learned somewhat. Hillel may not be the equal of the logician you heard, and Simeon Shammai are, no doubt, inferior to your master hard by the Forum. Their learning goes not out into forbidden paths; those who sit at their feet arise enriched simply with knowledge of God, the law, and Israel; and the effect is love and reverence for everything that pertains to them. Attendance at the Great College, and study of what I heard there, have taught me that Judea is not as she used to be. I know the space as she used to be. I know the space that lies between an independent kingdom and the petty province Judea is. I were meaner, viler, than a Samaritan not to resent the degradation of my country. Ishmael is not lawfully high priest, and he cannot be while the noble Hannas lives; yet he is a Levite; one of

with night sweats, and could keep nothing on my stomach, especially liquids, and was intensely thirsty. Feb. 19 I was in intense agony with pain in my lett kidney. I then began Warner's safe cure. In 20 minutes I was relieved, I refused the doctor's medicines thereafter. I finally passed a large stone from the bladder, then my pains ceased." If you write Mr. Evans, enclose stamp for reply.

W. H. Rhodes, 118 E. Gay St., Columbus, O., in 1879, was taken ill with palpitation and neuralgia of the heart, consequent on diseased kidneys. "Horrible Dyspepsia" also afflicted him. He spent hundreds of dollars for relief in vain. He took 50 bottles of Warner's safe cure and was fully restored to health, gaining 70 pounds while using that great remedy. Write him and enclose a stamp. He'll tell you the welcome story.

he devoted who for thousands of years ave acceptably served the Lord God of ur faith and worship. His"— Messala broke in upon him with a liting laugh. "Ob, I understand you how. Ishmael,

biting laugh.

"Ob, I understand you how. Ishmael, you say, is a usurper, yet to believe an Idumean sooner than Ishmael is to sting like an adder. By the drunken son of Semele, what it is to be a Jew! All men and things, even heaven and earth, change; but a Jew never. To him there is no backward, no forward; he is what his ancestor was in the beginning. In this sand I draw you a circle—there! Now tell me what more a Jew's lite is? Round and round, Abraham here, Isace and Jacob yonder, God in the middle. And the circle—by the master of all thunders! the circle is too large. I draw it sgain"— He stopped, put his thumb upon the ground, and swept the fingers about it. "See, the thumb spot is the Temple, the finger lines Judea. Outside the little space is there nothing of value. The arts! Herod was a builder; therefore he is accursed. Painting, sculpture! to look upon them is sin. Poetry you make fast to your altars. Except in the synsgogue, who of you attempts eloquence? In war all you conquer in the six days you lose on the seventh. Such your life and limit. altars. Except in the synsgogue, who of you attempts eloquence? In war all you conquer in the six days you lose on the seventh. Such your life and limit; who shall say no if I saugh at you? Satisfied with the worship of such a people, what is your God to our Roman Jove, who lends us his eagles that we may compass the universe with our arms? Hillel, Simeon, Shammai, Abtalion—what are they to the masters who teach that everything is worth knowing that can be known?

The Jew arose, his face much flushed.

"No, no; keep your place, my Judah"

his hand.

"You mack me."

"Listen a little further. Directly"—
the Roman smiled derisively—"directly
Jupiter and his whole family, Greek and
Latin, will come to me, as is their habit,
and make an end of serious speech. I am
mindful of your goodness in walking from
the old house of your fathers to welcome
me back and renew the love of our childhood—if we can. 'Go,' said my teacher,
in his last lecture—'Go, and, to make
your lives great, remember Mars reigns
and Eros has found his eyes.' He meaut
love is nothing, war everything. It is so and Eros has found his eyes.' He meant love is nothing, war everything. It is so in Rome. Marriage is the first step to divorce. Virtue is a tradesman's jewel. Cleopatra, dying, bequeathed her acts, and is avenged; she has a successor in every Roman's house. The world is going the same way; so, as to our future, down Eros, up Mars! I am to be a soldier; and you, O my Judah, I pity you; what can you be?"

The Jew moved nearer the pool; Messala's drawl deepened.
"Yes, I pity you, my fine Judah.
From the college to the synagogue; then
to the Temple; then—oh, a crowning
glory!—the seat in the Sanhedrim. A
life without opportunities; the gods help

you! But I'
Judah lookod at him in time to see the
flush of pride that kindled in his haughty

face as he went on.

"But I—ah, the world is not all con-"But 1—ah, the world is not all con-quered. The sea has islands unseen. In the north there are nations yet unvisited. The glory of completing Alexander's march to the Far East remains to some one. See what possibilities lie before a Roman."

The sophists and rhetoricians who thronged the public resorts of Rome, almost monopolizing the business of teaching her patrician youth, might have approved these sayings of Messals, for they were all in the popular vein; to the young Jew, however, they were new, and unlike the solemn style of and unlike the solemn style of the popular vein; to the young Jew, however, they were new, and unlike the solemn style of the follies of Moses and the traditions; see the situation as it is. Dare young Jew, however, they were new, and unlike the solemn style of discourse and conversation to which he was accustomed. He belonged, more-over, to a race whose laws, modes, and habits of thought ferbade satire and humour; very naturally, therefore, he listened to his friend with varying teelings; one moment indignant, then uncer-tain how to take him. The superior airs assumed had been offensive to him in assumed had been change to him in the beginning; soon they became irrita-ting, and at last an acute smart. Anger lies close by this point in all of us; and that the satirist evoked in another way. To the Jew of the Herodian period patriotism was a savage passion scarcely hidden under his common humour, and so related to his history, religion, and God, that it responded instantly to derision of them. Wherefore is it not speaking of them. Wherefore is it not speaking too strongly to say that Messala's pro-gress down to the last pause was exquis-

ite torture to his hearer; at that point the latter said with a forced smile: "There are few, I have heard, who can afford to make a jest of their future; you convince me, O my Messala, that I am not one of them."

The Roman studied him; then re-

plied. "Why not the truth in a jest as well as a parable? The great Fulvia went fishing the other day; she caught more than all the company besides. They said it was because the barb of her hook was covered with gold."

Col. Joseph H. Thornton, of Cincinnsti, O., an honored war veteran, was for 18 years a victim of that old soldiers' complaint, chronic diarrhea. Two dezen bottles of Warner's safe cure restored his liver to health and cured his ailment. His daughter was very ill of an obstinate disorder, which the best physicians failed to relieve. She had also palpitation of the heart, intense pains in the head, nervous dypopola, and all her vital organs were involved. By three months' faithful home treatment with Warner's safe cure, alone, she was fully restored to heath. COL. JOSEPH H. THORNTON, of Cincinalone, she was fully restored to health. That was two years ago. The cure was permanent. Col. Thornton will tell you it is true if you write him and er close stamped envelope.

his eyes sparkling. "When I am prefect, with Judea to enrich me, I—will make you high priest."

The Jew turned off angrily.
"Do not leave me," said Messala.
The other stopped irresolute.
"Gods, Judah, how hot the sun shines!" cried the patrician, observing his perplexity. "Let us seek a shade."
Judah answered coldly:
"We had better part. I wish I had not come. I sought a friend and find a—"
"Roman," said Messala quickly.
The hands of the Jew clenched, but controlling himself again, he started off. Messala arose, and, taking the mantle from the bench, flung it over his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder, and followed after; when he gained his side, he put his hand upon his shoulder.

"The complacency of the Roman was superb. Mentor lecturing the young Telemachus could not have been more at ease.
"Do you believe in the Parcæ? Ah, I

sified with the worship of such a people, wast is your God to our Roman Jove, who lends us his eagles that we may compass the universe with our arms? Hille!, Simeon, Shammai, Abtalion—what are they to the masters who teach that everything is worth knowing that can be known?"

The Jew arose, his face much flushed.
"No, no; keep your place, my Judah keep your place," Messala cried, extending his hand.
"You mock me."
"Listen a little further. Directly"—the Roman smiled derisively—"directly Japhter and his whole family, Greek and Latin, will come to me, as is their habit, and make an end of serious speech. I am mindful of your goodness in walking from the old house of your fathers to welcome me back and renew the love of our childhood—if we can. "Go," said my teacher, in his last lecture—"Go, and, to make your lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant to my lives great, remember Mars reigns and Eros has found his eyes." He meant he grindle for the Essences at each each of the Essences of the beoper in the Parca ? Ah, I be force, you are a Sadducee : the Essences of the Essences of the Essences of the Essences of the

Messala put on his drawl.

"The Parce have believers outside the Essenes. Welcome, Judah, welcome to the faith!"

"No, Messala, count me not with them.

My faith rests on the rock which was the toundation of the faith of my fathers back further than Abraham; on the covenants of the Lord God of Israel."

"Too much passion,my Judah, How my master would have been shocked had I been guilty of so much heat in his presence! There were other things I had to tell you, but I fear to now."

When they had gone a few yards, the Roman spoke again.

When they had gone a few yards, the Roman spoke sgain.

"I think you can hear me now, especially as what I have to say concerns yourself. I would serve you, O handsome as Ganymede; I would serve you with real goodwill. I love you—ail I can. I told you I meant to be a soldier. Why not you also? Why not you step out of the narrow circle which, as I have shown, is all of noble life your laws and customs allow?"

allow?"
Judah made no reply,
"Who are the wise men of our day?
Messala continued. "Not they who ex one. See what possibilities lie before a Roman."

Roman."

Next instant he resumed his drawl.

"A campaign into Africa; another after the Scythiau; then—a legion! Most careers end there; but not mine. I—by Jupiter! what a conception!—I will give up my legion for a prefecture. Think of life in Rome with money—money, wine, women, games—poets at the banquet, intrigues in the court, dice all the year round. Such a rounding of life may be—a fat prefecture, and it is mine. O my Judah, here is Syria! Judea is rich; Antioch a dapital for the gods. I will succeed Cyrenius, and you—shall share my fortune."

The sophists and rhetoricians who The sophists and rhetoricians who At hand see—Rome, as ready to help

up the follies of Moses and the tradi-tions; see the situation as it is. Dare look the Parcæ in the face, and they will tell you, Rome is the world. Ask them of Judea, and they will answer, She is

what Rome wills." what Rome wills."
They were now at the gate. Judah stopped, and took the hand gently from his shoulder, and confronted Messale, tears trembling in his eyes.

"I understand you, because you are a Roman; you cannot understand me—I am an Israelite. You have given me am an israelite. You have given me that suffering to day by convincing me that we can never be the friends we have been—never! Here we part. The peace of the God of my fathers abide with

ou!" Messala offered him his hand; the Jew walked on through the gateway. When he was gone, the Roman was silent awhile; then he, too, passed through, say-ing to himself, with a toss of the head: "Be it so. Eros is dead, Mars reigns!"

CHAPTER III.

JUDAH'S HOME.

From the entrance to the Holy City, equivalent to what is now called St. Stephen's Gate, a street extended westwardly, on a line parallel with the northern front of the Tower of Antonia, though a square from that famous castle. Keeping the course as far as the Tyropcon Valley, which it followed a little way south, it turned and again ran west until a short distance beyond what tradition tells us was the Judgment Gate, from whence it broke abruptly south. The traveller or the student familiar with the sacred locality will recognize the thoroughfare JUDAH'S HOME.

ty will recognize the thoroughfare "My DOCTOR'S BILL for the past four years has not been \$10," writes F. G. Bailey, of 30 South 9th street, Dayton, O. He had Vertigo, Indigestion, Great Nervousness, Inflammation of the Bladder, Kidney Disease and Bleeding Piles, Eighteen bottles of Warner's safe cure permanently cured him, as he will tell you if you write and enclose a stamped envelope. Ask your friends and neighbors about Warner's safe cure. "MY DOCTOR'S BILL for the past four

described as part of the Via Dolorces—with Christians of more interest, though of a melancholy kind, this any street in the world. As the purpose in view does not at present require dealing with the whole street, it will be sufficient to point out a house standing in the angle last mentioned as marking the change of direction south, and which as an important centre of interest, needs somewhat particular description.

The building fronted north and west, probably four hundred feet each way, and, like most pretentious Eastern structures, was two stories in height, and perfectly quadrangular. The street on the west side was about twelve feet wide, that on the north not more than ten; so that one walking close to the walk, and looking up at them, would have been struck by the rude, unfinished, uninviting, but strong and imposing, appearance they presented; for they were of stone laid in large blocks, undressed—on the outer side, in fact, just as they were taken from the quarry. A critic of this age would have pronounced the house a fortress in style, except for the windows, with which it was unusually garnished, and the ornate finish of the doorways or gates. The western windows were four in number, the northern only two, all set on the line of the second story in such a manner as to overhang the thoroughfares below. The gates were the only breaks of wall externally visible in the first story; and, besides being so thickly riven with iron boits as to suggest resistance to battering-rams, they were protected by cornices of marble, handsomely executed, and of such boid projections as to assure visitors well informed of the people that the rich man who resided there was a Sadducee in politics and creed.

Not long after the young Jew parted from the Roman at the voters.

who resided there was a Statucee in pointies and creed.

Not long after the young Jew parted from the Roman at the palace upon the Market place, he stopped before the western gate of the house described, and knocked. The wicket (a door hung in one of the valves of the gate) was opened to admit him. He stepped in hastily, and failed to acknowledge the low salaam of the porter.

the porter.

To get an idea of the interior arrangement of the structure, as well as to see what more beful the youth, we will fol-

The passage into which he was admitted appeared not unlike a narrow tunnel with pacelled walls and pitted ceiling. There were benches of stone on both sides, stained and polished by long use. Twelve or fifteen steps carried him into a courtyard, oblong north and south, and in every quarter, except the east, bounded by what seemed the fronts of two story houses; of which the lower floor was divided into lewens, while the upper was terraced and defended by strong balustrading. The servants coming and going along the terraces; the noise of mill stones grinding; the garments fluttering from ropes stretched from point to point; the chickens and pigeons in full enjoyment of the place; the goats, cows, donkeys, and horses stabled in the lewens; a massive trough of water, apparently for the common use, declared this court appurtenant to the domestic management of the owner. Eastwardly there was a division wall broken by another passage-way in all respects like the first one. The passage into which he was admitted

man entered a second court, spacious square, and set with shrubbery and vines kept fresh and beautiful by water from kept fresh and beautiful by water from a basin erected near a porch on the north side. The lewens here were high, airy, and shaded by curtains striped alternate white and red. The arches of the lewens rested on clustered columns. A flight of steps on the south ascended to the terraces of the upper storey, over which great awnings were stretched as a defence against the sun. Another stairway reached from the terraces to the roof, the edge of which, all round the square, was defined by a sculptured cornice, and a parapet of burned clay tiling, sexangular and bright red. In this quarter, moreover, there was everywhere observable a scrupulous neatness, which, allowing no dust in the angles, not even a yellow leaf upon a shrub, contributed quite as much as anything else to the delightful general effect; insomuch that a visitor, breathing the sweet air, knew, in ad-vance of introduction, the refinement of vance of introduction, the refinement of the family he was about calling upon.

A few steps within the second court, the lad turned to the right, and choosing a walk through the shrubbery, part of which was in flower, passed to the stairway, and ascended to the terrace—a broad pavement of white and brown flags closely laid and much worn. Making way under the awning to a doorway on the north side, he entered an apartment which the dropping of the screen behind him returned to darkness. Nevertheless, he proceeded, moving over a tiled floor to a divan, upon which he flurg himself, face downwards, and lay at rest, his forehead upon his crossed arms.

About nightfall a woman came to the door and called; he answered, and she

went in.

"Supper is over, and it is night. Is not my son hungry?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

"Are you sick?"

"I am sleepy."

"Your mother has asked for you."

"Where is she?"

"In the suppress house on the reaf."

"In the summer house on the roof," He stirred himself, and sat up. "Very well. Bring me something to

"What do you want ?" "What do you want?"
"What you please, Amrah, I am not sick, but indifferent. Life does not seem as pleasant as it did this morning. A new ailment, O my Amran; and you who know me so well, who never failed me, may think of the things now that

MRS. J. T. RICHEY, 562 4th Avenue, Louisville, Ky., was a confirmed invalid for eleven years, daily expecting death. Doctors pronounced her trouble to be neuralgia, female complaints and every other known disease. For months her left side was paralyzed. Could neither eat, sleep nor walk. Finally the doctors gave her up. She then began to use Warner's safe cure, and November 18, 1885, she wrote "I am as well to day as when a girl, and feel about twenty years younger. Warner's safe cure has worked a miracle in my case." Mrs. Richey will gladly answer stamped inquiries. MRS. J. T. RICHEY, 562 4th Avenue

Amrah's questions, and the voice in which she put them—low, sympathetic, and solicitous—were significant of an endeared relation between the two. She laid her hand upon his forehead; then, as satisfied, went out, saying, "I will

After a while she returned, bearing on a wooden platter a bowl of milk, some thin cakes of white bread broken, a delicate paste of brayed wheat, a bird broiled, and honey and salt. On one end of the platter there was a silver goblet full of wine, on the other a brazen hand lamp lighted.

The room was then revealed; its walls smoothly plastered; the ceiling broken by great caken rafters, brown with rain stains and time; the floor of small diamond shaped white and blue tiles, very firm and eaduring; a few stools with legs carved in imitation of the legs of lions; a divan raised a little above the floor, trimmed with blue cloth, and partially covered by an immense striped woollen blantet or shawl—in brief, a Hebrew bedroom.

bedroom.

The same light also gave the woman The same light also gave the woman to view. Drawing a stool to the divan, she placed the platter upon it, then knelt close by ready to serve him. Her face was that of a woman of fifty, darkskinned, dark eyed, and at the moment softened by a look of tenderness almost maternal. A white turban covered her head, leaving the lobes of the ear exposed, and in them the sign that settled her condition—an orifice bored by a thick awi. She was a slave, of Egyptian origin, to whom not even the sacred fiftieth awi. She was a state, of Egyptian origin, to whom not even the sacred fiftieth year could have brought freedom; nor would she have accepted it, for the boy she was attending was her life. She had nursed him through babyhood, tended him as a child, and could not break the service. To her love he could never be a man.

a man.

He spoke but once during the meal.

"You remember, O my Amrah," he said, "the Messala who used to visit me

"I remember him."
"He went to Rome some years ago, and is now back. I called upon him to-

day."

A shudder of disgust seized the lad.

"I knew something had happened," she said, deeply interested. "I never liked the Messals. Tell me all."

But he fell into musing, and to her repeated inquiries only said, "He is much changed, and I shall have nothing more to do with him."

When Amrah took the platter away,

When Amrsh took the platter away, he also went out, and up from the terrace to the roof.

The reader is presumed to know some. what of the uses of the house-top in the East. In the matter of customs, climate is a lawgiver everywhere. The Syrian summer day drives the seeker of comfort into the darkened lewen, night, howinto the darkened lewen, night, how-ever, calls him forth early, and the shadows deepening over the mountain-sides seems veils dimly covering Circean singers; but they are far off, while the roof is close by, and raised above the level of the shimmering plain enough for the visitation of cool sirs, and sufficiently the visitation of cool airs, and sufficiently above the trees to allure the stars down closer, down at least into brighter shining. So the roof became a resort—became playground, sleeping chamber, boudoir, rendezvous for the family, place music, dance, conversation, reverie,

and prayer. The motive that prompts the decora The motive that prompts the decoration, at whatever cost, of interiors in
colder climes suggested to the Oriental
the embellishment of the house-top. The
parapet ordered by Moses became a potter's triumph; above that, later, arose
powers, plain and fantastic; still later
kings and princes crowned their roofs
with summer-houses of marble and gold.
When the Babylonian hung gardens in
the air, extravagance could push the
idea no further.

The led whom was refollowing walked

The lad whom we are following walked slowly across the house-top to a tower built over the north-west corner of the built over the north-west corner of the palace. Had he been a stranger, he might have bestowed a glance upon the structure as he drew nigh it, and seen all the dimness permitted—a darkened mass, low, latticed, pillared, and domed. He entered, passing under a half-raised curtain. The interior was all darkness, except that on four sides there were arched openings like doorways, through which the sky, lighted with stars, was visible. In one of the openings, reclining against a cushion from a divan, he saw the figure of a woman indistinct saw the figure of a woman indistinct even in white floating drapery. At the sound of his steps upon the floor, the fan in her hand stopped, glistening where the starlight struck the jewels with which it was sprinkled, and she sat up, and called his name.

"Judsh, my son!"
"It is I, mother," he answered, quickening his approach.

Going to her, he knelt, and she put

her arms around him, and with ki pressed him to her bosom.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor. The constipated should use them.

Worms often destroy children, but Freeman's Worm Powders destroy Worms, and expel them from the system The History of Hundreds.

Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N. S., was to seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropey was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

DEC 18, 1886.

On First Seeing a Statue of the Im-maculate Virgin. pla the bad

(Designed from Murillos.) BY S. M. S.

In Munich's famous city
So many infles away,
Abork of snow white marble
First saw the light of day;
And from that block was fashioned
with loving care and skill
An image of Our Ledy
For distant sloa Hill.

Far has our Mother traveled
Through regions rich and f.ir,
Yet on to Ireland hastened
Her chosen home was there;
Till on her own sweet birthdey
She rests, no more to roam,
Within her destined dwelling,
Her Irish convent home.

to ule volument ite

While stands the walls of Sion Through good and evit cheer, Through darkness and through st Our Mother will be here; Still with her rapt eyes gazing Uo through the szure sky, From earthly toils upraising Our hearts, our hopes on high.

What though no glance of kindness Se cast on us in prayer, Her eyes meet those of Jesus She reads our longings there; And oh! what gentle pleading! Her loving eyes then fill; And oh! how sweet His answer, "My Mother, have thy will!"

\*These lines will be read with more interest if we venture to reveal that S. M. S. is sister Mary Stanislaus a Dominican nunthe only surviving daughter of the Irish poet, Denis Florence McCarthy,

ERUDITE DR. CO XE.

A PRESBYTERIAN WRITER ADMITS THAT THE "BISHOP" OF WESTERN NEW YORK, DR. COXE, IS BADLY FLOORED—BUT BE LIEVES THAT THE JESUITS ARE KNAVES -WHO WILL PROVE THEM TO BE SO ? The following article on "Bishop" Coxe,

The following article on "Bishop" Coxe, of Buffalo, appears in the last number of the New York Evangelist:
"DIFFICULAY OF ATTACKING THE JESUITS — During the present autumn, the Jesuit Theology, or rather Casuistry, has been the subject of a very lively tilt between Bishop A. C. Coxe end the Roman theologians of Buffalo, in which city the Bishop dwells. This controversy, as remarkable for the feebleness with which the Protestant side of it was managed, as

Bishop dwells. This controversy, as remarkable for the feebleness with which the Protestant side of it was managed, as for the unexpected vigor displayed by the Romanists, contains a moral of much importance as to warrant a somewhat particular account of the fray.

"Some time in September, the Bishop, in a published address to the clergy of the diocese, took occasion to animadvert severely upon the Jesuits in view of the restoration of their order by the present Pontiff, and of the proposed establishment of a great Jesuit college in Washington. This, the Bishop feared, would be a centre of dangerous intrigue with our politics; and he proposed to depict the danger to our free institutions in very alarming colors. He pointed out the stupid indifference of our American people to the ever watchful, insidious and determined advances of Romanism. bearing with special severity upon the Jesuits and their growing power, and not scrupling to call them 'those burglars of the universe.'

"Immediately there appeared in the Profele Ferrence short, notified really to

"Immediately there appeared in the Buffalo Express a short, pointed reply to the Bishop, vindicating the Jesuits as the civilizers of the Indians, as more devoted missionaries than others, as eminent the world over for their neutoned and various world over for their protound and various learning, and for their remarkable skill

learning, and for their remarkable skill and success in the work of education.

"This drew the fire of the Bishop spain, in a letter in which he charged upon the Jesuita the old reproach of holding and practising by the maxim that "the end justifies the means." 'This,' he said, is one of the 'privileges' included in the wholesale restorations of Leo XIII. Nobedy acquainted with the Secreta Monita, or with Pascal's Provincial Letters. can have any

acquainted with the Secreta Monita, or with Pascal's Provincial Letters, can have any doubt as to their maxim, that 'the end justifies the means,' nor of their consistency in working under it.'

"A rejoinder to this letter came promptly, offering to pay the Bishop \$1,000 if he would make good his charge. Said the writer: 'If Bishop Coxe can show from the suthentic words of any one of the thousands of authors of the Society of Jesus, that the Jesuits teach the principle that the end justifies the means, he shall receive the reward of \$1,000, payable at receive the reward of \$1,000, payable at Canisius College of this city."

Canisius College of this city."

HERE NOW WAS THE PINCH.
Here was the point at which, if the Bishop was really able to substantiate his charge, he should come to the front with chapter and verse and sefficient quotation. But just here he really allowed himself, whether from fatuity or fatal weakness, to be ingleviously routed and driven off the field. For, instead of coming to the scratch with authorities, he loftily waved aside the whole controversy, said it was so aside the whole controversy, said it was so easy (?) to gratify his opponents, that he would not claim the reward, but told them would not claim the reward, but told them they were quite at liberty to psy the money to the Church Home on Rhode Island street. He referred them to the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XIII., p. 651, in which we are told that Pascal's censures have in the main been justified by the subsequent teachings of the Social and the subsequent teachings the social and the subsequent teachings the social and the subsequent teachings the social and the subsequent teaching the ety, and are given some quotations to substantiate the charge from leading Jesuit theologians.

THIS MANIFESTLY WAS A CONCLUSION SO

LAME AND IMPOTENT, that, as might have been expected, the that, as might have been expected, the Jesuit doctors began swamning in triumph about the vanquished Bisbop. Out came a bold and direct challenge to him from Theodore Van Rossum, S. J., President of Canlsius College, and this was followed up by an elaborate article from a place. Canisius College, and this was followed up by an elaborate article from a plucky young priest, who showed by abundani citation what the Jesuit Fathers really do teach, and appeared at least to make it

PROPRIETOR H. B. KINNEY, Weldon House, Earlville, N. Y., was run down by overwork and threatened with by overwork and threatened Will Bright's disease, followed by stone in the kidney and bladder, which produce intense pain and spasms. A council of physicians did him no good. He passe fresh blood from the urinary organs Everything else failing, he was finall fully restored to health by Warner's saf cure, as hundreds of thousands of othe cure, as numerous of thousands of othe acute sufferers have been. Don't tak Warner's word for it. Write Mr. Kinn (enclosing stamp), and ask your friend and neighbors about Warner's safe cure