

The Bishop's Adventure A TRUE STORY

Twilight was falling over a beautiful garden, in which stood a modest but neatly appointed cottage. The whole surroundings indicated a love of refinement grateful and refreshing to the weary traveller; all the more welcome because unexpected in that particular region, which was wild and thinly settled. And if the passer-by, pleased with these outward evidences of taste and culture, had wished for a glimpse of the inmates, his curiosity would have been equally gratified by the sight of the young girl who now opened the door of the cottage and passed forth into the fresh evening breeze.

Fairer than any flower in that garden of luxuriant bloom, the most unassuming critic could scarcely detect an imperfection in the classic chiselling of her features or the richness and purity of her complexion. Her large dark eyes would have been serious and melancholy but for the starry light which nestled in them. Her magnificent hair was arranged with the greatest simplicity; and, as is the custom in India, she was robed in spotless white, without a single ornament to detract from the simplicity of her attire.

Two years before, this young girl had become a Christian; and when the waters of baptism had been poured upon her brow, she had received with the name of Caroline. Her mother had been baptized at the same time. She was altogether different in temperament and character from her daughter. While she had long been weary of the horrors of paganism, her intellect was weak, and she shared neither Caroline's enthusiasm nor ardor. One might say she had sneakingly followed whether the daughter led.

The young girl passed through the garden till she reached a small stream at the extreme end of the inclosure; and there, seating herself upon a stone which nature had fashioned into the semblance of a chair, with back and sides, she drew a copy of the New Testament from her bosom and began to read. The book had been given her by the guide who had opened her eyes to the truth. She soon became so deeply engrossed in her occupation that she did not notice the gathering twilight, nor observe the cloud of dust which began to arise from the highway, running parallel with the stream some two hundred yards distant.

The dust increased, and now the noise of approaching horses could be heard. In another moment the foremost of the cavalcade, numbering fifty or sixty men, rode up to the stream. For the purpose of watering their horses. In the centre of the corps were five large elephants, magnificently caparisoned; and on the most superb of these rode the Indian Prince, Abubeker—a handsome and commanding personage about twenty-five years of age, but with a stately and gravity of demeanor which made him appear much older.

As soon as Caroline perceived the cavalcade she endeavored to escape notice by stealing behind a large tree. But the eyes of the Prince, sweeping the landscape, soon caught sight of her white robe; and as her marvellous beauty became revealed to him, his ardent gaze remained fixed upon her graceful, shrinking figure. She turned her head away. He did not make any further advance, or speak to her; and when she saw him dismount from his elephant, remount an Arab horse and ride away from his party, her heart forebode no evil.

Retracing her steps immediately, she was soon at a considerable distance from the travelling party; feeling half provoked at herself for her momentary perturbation. When she reached the cottage she related her alarm and her subsequent feeling to her mother, who replied with a confusion and emotion which she could not conceal, and which caused her abruptly to leave the room. "Poor mother!" murmured the young girl. "She is not well, and the thought of danger to me distresses her much. I was wrong to dwell upon my foolish fears." And, banishing all thoughts of the occurrence, she set about preparing the evening meal.

Travelling along the high road, about three months after the foregoing event, might be seen a small party, the leader of which was seated upon an elephant. It was he who at that time and in that neighborhood was universally known as "the good prelate," on account of the amiable virtues which endeared him to all who knew him. Good he was, and great, noble by birth and noble in character; great in his erudition and scholarship; but greater in the humility which led him through the vast wilderness, leading untutored, savage souls to the knowledge of the true God. Forgetting it would seem the cultivated society into which he was born, adapting himself with infinite tact to the strange associates he found about him, inspiring love and reverence wherever he went, he continued on his mission of mercy and charity, as though that were his only purpose and pleasure—as indeed it was.

Suddenly the party perceived that some horsemen were following them with great rapidity.

"We come from the bedside of a dying woman, who entreates you, as you love your God, to go to her. She is on the verge of insanity from the weight of a secret, the horror of which has caused her to take poison. To you alone, my lord, can she reveal it, and she begs that you will come to her side. It is a ride of forty miles."

The jeopardy of a single soul was enough to decide the good prelate. By daylight he had reached the dwelling of the unhappy woman, to whom remedies had been administered. Dismissing her attendants, she threw herself at the Bishop's feet.

"My lord," she cried, "my crime is so great that I can bear my misery no longer. For me there can be no peace in this world nor pardon in the next. It is only the hope that you will aid me that has induced me to take an antidote to the poison I have already swallowed. If you will not, I have at hand a potion which will speedily put an end to my existence. Promise me, then, as you love the great God, that you will grant my prayer or leave me to die in sin and misery."

"My poor woman," answered the Bishop, "you know that if I can conscientiously assist you, I certainly will. Open your heart to me at once and remember that the mercies of God exceed in magnitude His most wonderful works. No crime, however great, but can be cancelled by repentance."

But it was not of forgiveness or repentance that the Indian woman wished to speak.

"It is to rescue the victim of my sin—my own child—from the living death I have brought upon her that I have sent for you here," she said.

"About three months ago Prince Abubeker passed through this country, and while watering his horses caught sight of my daughter. He saw her in her wondrous beauty, galloped back to my cottage, and with professed jewels and shining gold tempted me to exchange his treasure for mine. The next evening, according to arrangement, I went with Caroline for a walk; and when we reached a lonely wood they seized her and bore her away insensible to her doom. I watched them disappear, while I held in my hands the bag of gold and glittering jewels they had given me; and the fiend in my heart mocked me, for he kept shrieking in my ears, 'Aye, clutch it tightly! It is the price of thy immortal soul!'"

During this recital the Bishop had grown pale. The mention of the name Caroline had revealed to him that it was his young neophyte who had been thus consigned to a living death. For a short time he sat deeply horrified at the dreadful picture placed before him by the iniquitous mother, who soon exhausted herself with cries and sobs. But by degrees his usual calmness and presence of mind returned. He soothed and comforted her, hushing with his gentleness her passionate emotion, and endeavoring to awaken in her heart sentiments of true contrition and hope of pardon for the deed she had done. When he left her, it was with her soul lying at the feet of Jesus, and her mind unshaken by the promise that he would use every effort in his power to rescue Caroline from the cruel fate which was now hers, and to which purpose his every thought was directed.

The capital of Prince Abubeker was about one hundred and fifty miles distant; and the first act of the good prelate was to write him a courteous letter, asking permission to pass through his dominions. With this object in view, he set out for the confines of the Prince's possessions; and while there, in a small village, was fortunate enough to find among the residents an old friend.

When the answer to his letter arrived it was couched in the usual hospitable terms of the Mussulman, inviting him to pass a few days in the palace. This was more than the Bishop had hoped for. But it behooved him to be wary; and on leaving the house of his friend he requested him to have fresh and swift horses in readiness, should subsequent events necessitate speedy flight.

He was welcomed at the palace with royal magnificence. The day was passed in examining a marvellous collection of curios, consisting of exquisite carvings, and delicately embroidered so shaded and outlined as to resemble beautiful paintings. Night had fallen before the Bishop had leisure to compose his thoughts or formulate his plans.

When he was shown to his apartment, attended by the slave who the Prince had designated as his special valet, he was seized with a sudden inspiration, which he afterwards gratefully regarded as a direct answer to the many prayers he had offered to God. Sounding the man on his views of religion, he found him to be an ultra-fanatic on the subject of the Mohammedan creed.

"My friend," said the Bishop, "you have spoken so much of your religion, and seem to be such a strict and faithful Mussulman, tell me what you think of my religion—of the Christians."

"Dogs of Christians!" answered the slave, with more force than politeness. "None but dogs should associate with them. They worship three gods, when the holy Koran says 'There is but one god, and Mohammed is his Prophet.' Yes, they are dogs and worse than dogs!"

"Then, if you think so poorly of a Christian, what would be your opinion of one who should take a Christian maiden for his wife or concubine?"

"He would be as vile as one himself."

"Well," said the Bishop, in an earnest and impressive manner, "I have a plan to propose by which you may free one of your countrymen from a great crime. On yonder table I see a copy of the Koran; bring it to me."

The slave obeyed.

"Now," continued the prelate, "place your hand upon this book and swear that what I am about to reveal you will breathe to no mortal."

"I swear," replied the slave, solemnly.

The oath taken, the Bishop said: "The Mussulman to whom I allude is no other than your Prince, the great Abubeker. His favorite in the harem is a Christian woman whom he purchased. Now, while such a crime exists in the land, how can Mohammed smile upon it, I ask you?"

He then prepared to divulge his plans.

The slave seized the Koran, turned over the leaves, and pointed to the lines: "A drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer." Then, laying down the book, he said:

"I will begin my inquiries at once, and to-morrow night may have much to disclose."

The next day seemed a long one to the Bishop. So unfitted did he feel for the pleasures prepared for him that he could scarcely feign an interest in them. He welcomed the night and Omar. From him he learned that among the many eunuchs who guarded the harem he had a particular friend.

This man had told him that persuasion would be needed to induce the Christian girl to attempt a flight, for she seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether she lived or died. In spite of her ingratitude, however, the Prince was said to be patient and kind toward her, hoping finally to bring her to a willing submission. Omar told the Bishop that he must disguise himself as a eunuch if he wished to have speech with this obstinate woman; and a key had been obtained to the entrance of a small private garden where she was accustomed to walk.

Assuming the disguise, the Bishop followed the slave, and they were soon outside the gates of the palace. The Bishop bade the man remain in the vicinity, in order that he might be able to render assistance if needed. Having received instructions, he now proceeded alone, fearing every moment to be challenged by a sentry. When he reached the place indicated, he found that the key which had been given him failed to turn in the lock. He then endeavored to force the door with all the strength of a powerful man, but in vain.

Terror seized his heart. What if he had been the dupe of Omar, the Mussulman slave! Finally he returned to the spot where he had left him, and found him waiting. The man seemed so surprised and discomfited that the Bishop had no reason to doubt his sincerity. It was learned later that the friendly eunuch had, in his excitement, taken the wrong key, and the next day another was procured. That night he set forth again on his merciful errand, and the gate opened at once.

He now found himself in the most beautiful garden he had ever beheld. Fountains and streams, grasses and flowers, with untold varieties of rare and spicy plants, combined to make a vision of loveliness unsurpassed. The harem was a building of exquisite gracefulness and beauty. Columns of crimson and green porphyry intersected with jasper, with walls and doors of ivory and mother-of-pearl, formed a wondrous and harmonious Temple of Beauty.

After wandering about for some time, the Bishop at length perceived a female form, magnificently attired, seated upon a grassy bank, and at once recognized her whom he had come to seek. Her face had become very thin, and she sat with downcast eyes. Suddenly she spoke her name: "Caroline!"

"Who are you that call me by that name?" she exclaimed, as she stood before her in his disguise.

"Caroline!" he repeated. "It is your father, the Bishop, come to rescue you and bear you hence."

For answer she fell fainting at his feet.

The Bishop was alarmed. Time was precious; for any moment might bring discovery. He ran to a fountain, filled his turban with water, and lifting her up, bathed her temples and brow. As soon as she recovered her senses she cast herself at his feet and cried out: "Oh, my Father, leave this place! In the name of Him whom you taught me to love, I beseech you to go at once!"

He had already overstayd his allotted time at the palace, and he fancied his host had grown colder in his friendly demonstrations. But he was obliged, under the circumstances, to remain one day longer; and when he announced his approaching departure his host became very gracious. Toward evening he set forth, accompanied by the Prince's guard, who had welcomed him on his arrival. When they left he repaired, with his few attendants, to a dense grove, where they awaited the coming of night. When at length the signal was given, and they hastened to assist the hapless girl from the top of the wall, they learned that she had fainted from terror and weakness. After some difficulty they succeeded in bearing her insensible form to the ground where restoratives which the Bishop had thoughtfully provided were applied, and she soon returned to consciousness.

He now took leave of Omar, after thanking him for his kind offices; but the weakened condition of Caroline made rapid progress impossible. They were obliged to remain at the house the friendly native until the following day; and it was only by slow and easy stages that they reached the once happy cottage home, from which the innocent girl had been torn by the evil passions of the Prince and the cupidity of other mother.

But Caroline had no reproach for the unnatural act which had sold her into a slavery worse than death. The gates of heaven were too near for aught but rejoicing that the day of deliverance was coming; and she knew that the man had which had forged her chains had also been instrumental in breaking them asunder.

And that patient, remorseful mother—how can her anguish be described? Vainly she had endeavored to bring back health and vigor to that wasted form; the end was at hand, and the Bishop, aware of what lay before them, put off his departure until the next day.

The shades of twilight were descending once more over that lovely valley when the soul of Caroline took its flight to God, refreshed and strengthened for its journey by the life-giving Sacrament, which was held to her pall lips by the gentle hand of her father, rescuer and faithful friend.

He ever kept in memory in his heart, fresh as a stainless dewdrop. By his own lips the story of the unfortunate girl was related. And even after the lapse of years, when his labors were unreported and his anchor fixed in a land far distant from those harrowing scenes, he often repeated, and never without emotion the sad history of Caroline, his Indian neophyte.—From The Ave Maria.

Of all physical existences on or around this planet, there seems to be the most perfect and joyous. Never touching this dull earth, always out of danger, they seem to have no enemies, and to judge by their movements, there seems to be the most fraternal and unbroken affection amongst themselves. You never see them peck at one another and quarrel, like more terrestrial birds. They chase one another through the perfumed air, but it is in sheer joyance of spirit, like the play of children on summer evenings. You never see them wrestle with wriggling worms. They pass through a swarm of midges; and the midges feed them. But think of the freedom, the ecstasy, the sense of power and security, the physical delight with which they glide through the air, and dart and shoot almost of spirits; and dart and shoot through open rivers and meadows, over fresh budding trees and ancient forests, now almost invisible as a skylark ambushed in a cloud, and now almost touching your cheek as they sweep suddenly from the skies and pass like a gleam of light above your head. But it is in the evening and especially around old churches that they seem to be electrified with the very exuberance of existence. How they dart and flash in and out, crossing each other's path by a hair's breadth, and screaming in the mad convulsions of delight, as children in the market-place in the summer evening play! They, at twilight far up in the zenith, almost so far as to be invisible, they hold their diurnal parliament, grouped specks on the gray azure of the sky; and then sink down, one by one, to their mud cabins beneath the eaves, until the morning sun calls them forth to another day of boundless freedom and delight.

ALPHABETICAL MAXIMS.

Always ask your parents what is best for you to do.

Begin an active business life with noble things in view.

Care for those about you who are poor and in distress.

Don't take undue advantages when you're in power to oppress.

Endeavor to gain knowledge of the natural laws of health.

Forget not your honor while striving for great wealth.

Give only what you're able—you can do nothing more.

Have respect for the aged ones—be they rich or poor.

Indulge not in intoxicants, nor in language that's profane.

Just dealings are more profitable than underhand gain.

Kindness oftentimes purchases more than glittering gold.

GIVEN UP TO DIE

Mrs. John F. Sillis had Dyspepsia for Seven Years; Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured Her.

Spring fever is named often given to a stagnant stomach. When you have walked too much your legs ache and you know it's time to rest them. Use your stomach in the same way. When it is tired rest it. The stomach supports the body with heat. Its work is ended during the cold weather. With the coming of spring it is tired a worn. It needs to be rested and tid up. It needs Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They rest the stomach by do its work. They digest the food themselves. They thus bring the stomach (its normal state) to activity and health, and that means renewed energy in all parts of the body.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a natural remedy and a reliever of all stomach ailments, those who have used them are enthusiastic in their praises. Take Mrs. John F. Sillis, of Western Bay, Newfoundland, for example. She writes: "I have been cured of Dyspepsia by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. For seven years I suffered. I could not eat without suffering intense agony but had been given up to die before using them. I tried doctors but they gave me no permanent relief. Then I started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. From the first they gave me relief, and after these five boxes I was well and strong."

A SONG FOR EARLY MORNING.

There is an old Irish folk-legend that the sun dais with joy on Easter morning.

The Children Sing: Come rise up early in Easter morn, Come rise up early and see What marvel doth hills adorn With holy mystery!

The sonne, who did his countenance, When our blessed Lord Christe was slain, Right gayly doth Easter dance Now Christe be he agayne.

When our blessed Lord Christe hung on the tree,

The sonne was hidden for shame; So now he daunceth wonderly— Be praise to Jesu's name!

The Elder People Reply: Ah, so, even so, shall Mary's Sonne The blisse of Easter impart, And ever a charitee be done He daunceth in the heart!

Now banysh afar the hevynesse, And cheerily sing away. The gracious Sonne of Righteousnesse Hath risen for thee to-day—

Hath risen for thee and all mankind, Who follow in sweete accord, Who rise up early this morn to fynde The will of the living Lord! —Earnest Neal Lyon in The Independent.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D., writes thus delightfully of the return of the swallows, in his "Under the Cedars and the Stars," in The Dolphin for April:

Hip! Hip! hurrah! The first swallows have come. I had been watching for them these last few warm days in early April, and I scanned the sky every morning and evening for the white breast and black wings that cut the air like a knife. I was disappointed. I saw only a lazy crow winging his dreary way towards the west; or a great crane slowly laboring with his wide gray wings toward the sunset; or a thrush or blackbird whirring in alarm towards a sheltering tree; or an indolent sparrow who pecked at the ground between my feet. Then, one evening, the 18th of April of this year, I looked up suddenly from my book; and, no—yes, indeed, there were my pretty favorites, tumbling, tossing, gliding, flapping through the air, as in last September, when I bade them farewell, and without sign or warning they were gone! Gone, too, with some regrets and remorse, for my gardener and general servant, in a sudden and very unusual fit of tidiness, had torn down a mud nest beneath the eaves of my stable; and it was pitiable to see the young swallows swinging round and round their dilapidated home, having no longer, literally, a place whereon to lay their heads. Fortunately the weather was warm and the nights were mild, so that none perished; but I felt a kind of shame in thinking what ideas of our inhospitality these winged wanderers would carry away to sunny Spain or Algiers; and I was deeply anxious to know if they would forgive and forget, unlike ourselves, and grace our little garden and house once more with their gentle and gracious presence.

Of all physical existences on or around this planet, there seems to be the most perfect and joyous. Never touching this dull earth, always out of danger, they seem to have no enemies, and to judge by their movements, there seems to be the most fraternal and unbroken affection amongst themselves. You never see them peck at one another and quarrel, like more terrestrial birds. They chase one another through the perfumed air, but it is in sheer joyance of spirit, like the play of children on summer evenings. You never see them wrestle with wriggling worms. They pass through a swarm of midges; and the midges feed them. But think of the freedom, the ecstasy, the sense of power and security, the physical delight with which they glide through the air, and dart and shoot almost of spirits; and dart and shoot through open rivers and meadows, over fresh budding trees and ancient forests, now almost invisible as a skylark ambushed in a cloud, and now almost touching your cheek as they sweep suddenly from the skies and pass like a gleam of light above your head. But it is in the evening and especially around old churches that they seem to be electrified with the very exuberance of existence. How they dart and flash in and out, crossing each other's path by a hair's breadth, and screaming in the mad convulsions of delight, as children in the market-place in the summer evening play! They, at twilight far up in the zenith, almost so far as to be invisible, they hold their diurnal parliament, grouped specks on the gray azure of the sky; and then sink down, one by one, to their mud cabins beneath the eaves, until the morning sun calls them forth to another day of boundless freedom and delight.

ALPHABETICAL MAXIMS.

Always ask your parents what is best for you to do.

Begin an active business life with noble things in view.

Care for those about you who are poor and in distress.

Don't take undue advantages when you're in power to oppress.

Endeavor to gain knowledge of the natural laws of health.

Forget not your honor while striving for great wealth.

Give only what you're able—you can do nothing more.

Have respect for the aged ones—be they rich or poor.

Indulge not in intoxicants, nor in language that's profane.

Just dealings are more profitable than underhand gain.

Kindness oftentimes purchases more than glittering gold.

HEAD BACK LEGS

ACHE

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"

JOHN LABATT
LONDON • CANADA

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

Labatt's Ale and Porter

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

TOMLIN'S LOAF

is a synonym for everything that is pure and wholesome.

We make bread in many different varieties

The Toronto Bakery, 420, 422, 424, 426 & 428 Bathurst St.
Phone Park 553
And have one of our waggons call with a sample loaf. It only costs 1c.

OUR BRANDS

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO.

Office and Yard
FRONT ST. NEAR BATHURST
Telephone No. 449

ESTABLISHED 1859

Office and Yard
PRINCESS STREET DOCK
Telephone No. 199

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL AND WOOD

Phone Main 131
Head Office: 38 King St. East

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale

Their other brands, which are very fine, are:

INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.

The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

Lay something by while young for your needs when old, More money spent than earned will always keep you poor, No amount of self-praise ever gets beyond your door. Obey your superior—'twill bring honor to your name, Profit by the example of all good men known to fame. Question well the motive of all workers without pay, Resolve to do your duty, no matter what others say. State the fact or nothing—don't indulge in lies. Teach those who are ignorant; take lessons from the wise. Unless you make the effort, there's nothing you can do, Virtue has its own reward—a maxim true and true. Wealth cannot purchase happiness in this world of strife, Except 'tis used to glorify the One who gave you life. Yield all unimportant things, for lawsuits do not pay, Zealously observe these rules—there is nothing more to say.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

ALPHABETICAL MAXIMS.

Always ask your parents what is best for you to do.

Begin an active business life with noble things in view.

Care for those about you who are poor and in distress.

Don't take undue advantages when you're in power to oppress.

Endeavor to gain knowledge of the natural laws of health.

Forget not your honor while striving for great wealth.

Give only what you're able—you can do nothing more.

Have respect for the aged ones—be they rich or poor.

Indulge not in intoxicants, nor in language that's profane.

Just dealings are more profitable than underhand gain.

Kindness oftentimes purchases more than glittering gold.

Empress Hotel

Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO

—Terms: \$1.50 per day—
Electric Cars from the Union Station every three minutes.

RICHARD GIBBETT PROPRIETOR

JAS. J. O'HEARN
House and Sign Painting

Graining in all its variety. Paper hanging, etc., etc.

SOLICITS A TRIAL

161 QUEEN ST. WEST
Opposite Osgoode Hall
Telephone Main

RESIDENCE
3 D'ARCY
Telephone Main 8778