Yesper Music.

Written on a visit to the Sacred Heart onvent. Machattanville, N. Y., 1868. Mrs. axton (Fannie Fern) was a sister of N. P. 71ilis, and R. S. willis, now of Detroit; she ed in 1871, a Protestant.

Ow the evening shadows Jengthen, and the twilight shadows fall im and softly, while we watch them, o'er the pictures on the wall.

It eses saintly image beading seems in rapt and carnest prayer, like the musis of the anthem floats upon the Sabbath air.

The faithful servant had at last his The faithful servant had at last his fitting reward. His broken body might never be restored; nor was there riddance of the recollection of his sufferings, or recall of the years embittered by them; but suddenly a new life was shown him, with assurance that it was for him—a new life lying just beyond this one—and its name was Paradise. There he would find the Kingdom of which he had been dreaming, and the King. A perfect peace fell upon him.

Over the way, in front of the cross, however, there were surprise and consternation. The cunning casuists there put the assumption underlying the

put the assumption underlying the question and the admission underlying the answer together. For saying through the land that He was the Messiah, they the land that He was the Messiah, they had brought the Nazarene to the cross; snd, lo! on the cross, more confidently than ever, He had not only reasserted Himself, but promised enjoyment of His Paradise to a malefactor. They trembled at what they were doing. The pontiff, with all his pride, was afraid. Where got the man His confidence except from Truth? And what should the Truth be but God? A very little now would put but God? A very little now would put them all to flight.

The breathing of the Nazarene grew harder; His sighs became great gasps. Only three hours upon the cross, and He

was dying!
The intelligence was carried from man The intelligence was carried from man to man, until every one knew it; and then everything hushed; the breeze faltered and died; a stifling vapour loaded the air; heat was superadded to darkness; nor might any one unknowing the fact have thought that off the hill, out under the overhanging pall, there were three millions of people waiting awestruck what should happen next—they were an still!

Then there went out through the gloom, over the heads of such as were on the hill within hearing of the dying man, a cry of despair, if not reproach:
"My God! my God! why hast Thou

"My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The voice startled all who heard it. One it touched uncontrollably.

The soldiers in coming had brought with them a vessel of wine and water, and set it down a little way from Ben-Hur. With a sponge dipped into the liquor, and put on the end of a stick, they could moisten the tongue of a sufferer at their pleasure. Ben Hur thought of the draught he had had at the well near Nazareth; an impulse seized him; catching up the sponge, he dipped into the vessel, and started for the cross.

"Let Him be!" the people in the way shouted angrily. "Let Him be!"

Without minding them, he ran on, and put the sponge to the Nazarene's lips.

Too late, too late!

The face then plainly seen by Ben-Hur, bruised and black with blood and dust as it was, lighted nevertheless with a sudden glow; the eyes opened wide, and fixed upon some one visible to them alone in the far heavens; and there were content and relief, even triumph, in the shout the victim gave.

finished! It is finished!" ero, dying in the doing a great lebrates his success with a last

The substance of the series of

the Nazarene was upon them all!

When the sunlight broke upon the crucifizion, the mother of the Nazarene, the disciple, and the faithful women of Galilee, the centurion and his soldiers, and Ben Hur and his party, were all who remained upon the hill. These had not time to observe the flight of the multitude; they were too loudly called upon to take care of themselves.

"Seat thyself here," said Ben-Hur to Esther, making a place for her at her father's feet. "Now cover thine eyes, and look not up; but put thy trust in God, and the spirit of ,yon just man so foully slain."

"Nay," said Simonides reverently, "let

"Be it so," said Ben-Hur.

Presently a wave of the earthquake struck the hill. The shrieks of the thieves upon the reeling crosses were terrible to hear. Though giddy with the movements of the ground, Ben-Hur had time to look at Balthasar, and beheld him prostrate and still. He ran to him and called—there was no reply. The good man was dead! Then Ben-Hur remembered to have heard a cry in answer, as it were, to the cry of the Saviour in His last moment; but he had not looked to see from whom it had proceeded; and ever after he believed the spirit of the Egyptian accompanied that of his Master over the boundary into the kingdom of Paradise. The idea rested not only upon the cry heard, but upon the exceeding fitness of the distinction. If faith were worthy reward in the person of Gaspar, and love in that of Melchoir, surely he should have some special meed who through a long life had so excellently illustrated the three virtues in combination—Faith, Love, and Good Works.

The servants of Balthasar had deserted the measurements of the strucks and the servants of the servant struck the hill. The shrieks of the it hieves upon the reeling crosses were terrible to hear. Though giddy with the movements of the ground, Ben-Hur had time to look at Balthasar, and beheld him prostrate and still. He ran to him and called—there was no reply. The good man was dead! Then Ben-Hur remembered to have heard a cry in answer, as it were, to the cry of the Saviour in His less moment; but he had not looked to see from whom it had proceeded; and ever after be believed the spirit of the Egyptian accompanied that of his Master over the boundary into the kingdom of Paradise. The idea rested not only upon the cry heard, but upon the exceeding fitness of the distinction. If faith were wortly reward in the person of Gaspar, and love in that of Melchoir, and the struck of the word of the Messia, and kissed them both. Rising of the should have some special meed who through a long life had so excellently lituatrated the three virtues in combination—Faith, Love, and Good Works.

The servants of Balthasar had deserted their master; but when all was over, the militer back to the city.

The servants of Balthasar had deserted their master; but when all was over, the militer back to the city.

The servants of Balthasar had deserted their master; but when all was over, the time that the conditions of the palace of the Hurs about the set of sun that memorable day. About the same hour the body of the Messiah was taken down the body of the Messiah was taken down the body of the Messiah was taken down the had in anywise to do; but when they help the bulness oo long centred in the went out in the morning."

The remains of Balthasar were carried to the guest-chamber. All the servants hastened weeping to see him; for he had help the had in anywise to do; but when they had been greated the conditions of the palace of the Hurst of the H

little bells cebeing within, he had no response; he called her name, and again he called—still no answer. He drew the curtain aside and went into the room; she was not there. He ascended hastily to the roof in search of her; nor was she there. He questioned the servants; none of them had seen her during the day. After a long quest everywhere through the house, Ben-Hur returned to the guest-chamber, and took the place by the dead which should have been hers; and he betbought him there how merciful the Christ had been to His aged servant. At the gate of the kingdom of Paradise happily the afflictions of the life, even its desertions, are left behind and forgotten by those who go in and rest.

rest.

When the gloom of the burial was nigh gone, on the ninth day after the healing, the law being fulfilled, Ben Hur brought his mother and Tirsah home; and from that day, in that house the most sacred names possible of utterance by men were always coupled worshipfully together, God the Father and Christ the Sox.

CHAPTER XL

CHAPTER XI.
THE CATACOME.

About five years after the crucifixion,
Esther, the wife of Ben-Hur, sat in her
roc m in the beautiful ville by Misenum.
It was noon with a warm Italian sun
making summer for the roses and vines
outside. Everything in the apartment
was Roman, except that Esther wore the
garments of a Jewish matron. Tirzh
and two children at play upon a lion's
skin on the floor were her companions;
and one bad only to observe how carefully
she watched them to know that the little
ones were here.

she watched them to know that the little ones were hers.

Time had treated her generously. She was more than ever beautiful, and in becoming mistress of the villa she had realized one of her cherished dreams.

In the midst of this simple, home-like scene, a servant appeared in the doorway, and spoke to her.

"A woman in the atrium to speak with the mistress."

"Let her come. I will receive her here."

Presently the stranger entered. At sight of her the Jewess arose, and was about to speak; then she heattated, changed color, and finally drew back, saying. "I have known you good woman. You are"—

are"—
"I was Iras, the daughter of Balthasar.

"I was Iras, the daughter of Balthasar."

Esther conquered her surprise, and bade the servant bring the Egyptian a seat.
"No," said Iras coldly. "I will retire directly."

The two gazed at each other. We know what Esther presented—a beautiful woman, a happy mother, a contented wife. On the other side, it was very plain that fortune had not dealt so gently with her former rival. The tall figure remained with some of its grace; but the face was coarse; the large eyes were red and pursed beneath the lower lids; there was no color in her cheeks. The lips were cynical and hard, and general neglect was leading rapidly to premature old age. Her attire was ill-chosen and draggled. The mud of the road clung to her sandals. Iras broke the painful silence.
"These are thy childrer?"

Esther looked at them and smiled.
"Yes. Will you not speak to them?"
"I would scare them," Iras replied. Then she drew closer to Esther, and seeing her shrink, said, "Be not afraid. Give thy husband a message for me. Tell him his enemy is dead, and that for the much misery he brought me I slew him."
"The Meesals. Further, tell thy husband that for the harm I sought to do him I have been punished until even he would pity me."

Tears rose in Esther's eyes, and she was about to speak.
"Nay," asid Irss; "I do not want pity or

about to speak.

"Nay," said Irss; "I do not want pity or tears. Tell him, finally, I have found that to be a Roman is to be a brute. Farewell."

She moved to go. Esther followed her.

"Stay and see my husband. He has no feeling against you. He sought for you mended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheu-

reening against you. He sought for you everywhere. He will be your friend, I will be your friend. We are Christians." The other was firm.

"No; I am what I am of choice. It will be over shortly."

"But"—Esther hesitated—"have we nothing you would wish; nothing to—to"—

"All the Parthians took from him in the great battle in which they slew him of that they are the first of the tribe of liderim, to Jadah, son of Huz.

"Know, O friend of my father's, how my father loved you. Read what is herewith sent, and you will know. His will is my will; therefore what he gave is thine.

"All the Parthians took from him in the great battle in which they slew him I have retaken—this writing, with other; things, and vengeance, and all the brood of that Mira who in his time was mother of so many stars.

of that Mirs who in his time was mother of so many stars.

"Peace be to you and all yours.

"This voice out of the desert is the voice of "ILDREIM, Sheik"

Ben Hur next unrolled a scrap of papyrus yellow as a withered mulberry leaf. It required the daintiest handling. Proceeding, he read:

"Ilderim, surnamed the Generous, sheik of the tribe of Ilderim, to the son who succeeds me, "All I have, O son, shall be thine in the day of thy succession, except that property by Antioch known as the Orchard of Palme; and it shall he to the son of Hur who brought us such glory in the Curcus—to him and his for ever.

"Dishonour not thy father.

ILDERIM THE GENERGUS, Sheik."

"What say you?" asked B:n-Hur of Simonides.

"Dishonour not thy father.

ILDERIM THE GENEROUS, Sheik"

"What say you?" asked B:n-Hur of Simonides.

Esther took the papers pleased, and read them to herself. Simonides remained silent. His eyes were upon the ship; but he was thinking. At length he spoke.

"Son of Hur," he said gravely, "the Lord has been good to you in these latter years. You have much to be thankful for. Is it not time to decide finally the meaning of the gift of the great fortune now all in your hand, and growing?"

"I decided that long ago. The fortune was meant for the service of the giver; not a part, Simonides, but all of it. 'The question with me has been, How can I make it most useful in His cause? And of that tell ma, I pray you."

Simonides answered:

"The great sums you have given to the Church here in Antioch, I am witness to. Now, instantly almost with this gift of the generous sheik's, comes the news of the persecution of the brethren in Rome. It is the opening of a new field. The light must not go out in the capital."

"I'll me how I can keep it alive."

"I will tell you. The Romana, even this Nero, hold two things sacred—I know of no others they so hold—they are the ashes of the dead and all places of burial. If you cannot build temples for the worship of the Lord above ground, then build them below the ground; and to keep them from profanation, carry to them the bodies of all who die in the faith."

Ben-Hur rose excitedly.

"It is a great idea," he said. "I will not wait to begin it. Time forbide waiting. The ship that brought the news of the suffering of our brethren shall take me to Rome. I will sail to morrow."

He turned to Malluch.

"Get the ship ready, Malluch, and be thou ready to go with me."

"It is well," said Simonides.

"And thou, Esther, what sayest thou?" asked Ben-Hur.

Ether came to his side, and put her hand on his arm, and answered:

To Assist Nature most effectually in her efforts to throw off or resist serious disease, it is essential that an impulse should be given to functions which growing ill health suspends or weakens, namely, the action of the bowels, bilious secretion, and digestion. Oftentimes, though this is impracticable by the use of ordinary remedies, it proves an easy task when Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is resorted to.

Arouse the Liver when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathar-tic, sugar-coated.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to cretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholers if they have a bottle

of this medicine convenient.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate, CHARMING REFECT.

Dr. J. R. SCHWARTZ, Harrisburg, Pa

Worms derange the whole system Worms derange the whole system, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Care." Others who have tried it have the same experi-

To Cure a Corn.

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any drug gist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putnam'a," and no other.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

I quickly went at his bidding,
And saw a pretty sight.
Of his downy little chickens,
Drinking with all their might.

"See, mamma," sg sin cried Freddie, A sober cast on his face; "See how they look up to Heaven; They must be saying grace."

"They are thanking God for the water, As we do for our food, Who could have told them to do it? Are not my chickens good?"

The Little Dark Closet.

The Little Dark Cleset.

The following story of a parrot, which by the help of a brave woman, prevented a robbery and a murder; and the moral drawn from it is that birds even are sometimes useful and should be treated in a kind manner. Let children remember:

When uncle Samuel and aunt Martha moved into their new farm house, saying a good by to the old log hut which had been their home and their children's home for thirty years, she had one fault to find. They were well-to-do, and Uncle Samuel had spent a good deal of money to get up a farm house which should be both comfortable and stylish. But cwing to the carelessness of architecture or builder, the kitchen pantry was only a hole in the wall instead of a large light room which Aunt Martha had looked for. They couldn't change it very well, and so the kitchen bedroom was turned into a pantry, and the little den was used as a store room.

room.

Aunt Martha growled and grumbled till she got tired, and then dreamed of the den and kicked about in her sleep until uncle Samuel wished himself back in the old house.

There was snother thing. Ma couring

uncle Samuel wished himself back in the old house.

There was another thing. My cousin Bill, who was a sailor, brought home a parrot from over the sea, and this bird was enough to set Christians by the ears. He was a fat, lszy, saucy fellow, swore all kinds of oaths, and there were times when the old people wanted to wring his neck. Bill was a good boy, and when they thought of him sailing thousands of miles far away, they put up with polly's ugliness on the boys account.

These two things I have mentioned were thought of by Aunt Martha to be terrible bardens; but I am going to tell you how both played a part in preventing robbery and murder.

One day in spring when uncle Samuel was ploughing down in the north lot, a down the said of the sa

"Cuss it! don't you hear? Get the gun I say!"

These words he had picked up on shipboard, but they had a great significance to the woman just then. Uncle Samuel had a shot-gun hanging to a hook behind the kitchen door; getting a shot at a hawk or crow occasionally, and the gun was always kept loaded. Aunt Martha pulled the door back, reached down the gun and placed it behind the door tremb ling as if some terrible event was at hand.

"That's right—that's right!" shouted

"That's right—that's right!" shouted

fellows said:

"Please gin us a bit of dinner, ma'am."

They were ugly looking rascals, and she dared not refuse them. She told them to sit down and she put down her work and raised a leaf of the table and made preparations to put on a cold lunch for them. As she moved between the pantry and the table they commenced a conversation in French, having not the slightest suspicion that she could make

But Aunt Martha had once been able But Aunt Martha had once been able to speak the language fluently, and as she passed to and fro and listened, she was able to get the run of the conversation. They were talking about robbing the house and their plans were to seize her as they rose to go over to the table, bind and gag her, and then one look for the money while the other kept watch.

"I guess we can make her tell where it is hidden," said one.

"And if we can't we can cut her throat," replied the other.

Of course Aunt Martha was badly frightened. She was afraid she might faint, but she made a great effort, shook off the weakness, and determined to foil

the robbers They had no weapons as far as she could discover, and she had the shot gun, and a little nerve was all she needed.

she needed.

The moment finally came when she had the table ready, and as she passed into the pantry one of the men said:

"Grab her as she comes out!"

But they had the wrong woman to deal with. When she came out she had the shot-gun in hand, and standing in the center of the kitchen, she levelled the weapen and said:

weapen and said;
"Go into the closet or I'll shoot you

dead!"
She meant the little dark closet, the door of which was open. Both men pulled out ugly looking knives as they rose up, and one shouted:
"Put down that gun or I'll cut your

throat ?"
"Go into the closet!" she repeated, the gun at her shoulder and her finger on the

They hesitated a moment, but they saw fire in her eyes, and cowed by the gun, they backed into the closet, which would not have held three men. They had their knives firmly grasped, and probably thought to dash at her as she lowered the gun to shut the door. But she stood still and said:

"Turn your face to the wall!"

Again they hesitated, but not for long, as had the gun been duscharged both would have received the shot, crowded together as they were. When they had turned to the wall she maie a sudden dash, alammed the door fast, but had only got her thumb on the latch when the fellows began kicking and trying to kick off the hinges or lock. They might have succeeded had it been an old door, but it was firm and fast against them. Aunt Martha pulled the ramred from its socket, broke it in two, and one of the pieces was pushed in over the latch to hold it firmly down.

The rescale had been taken by surprise, and chagrined and enraged they began hacking at the door with their knives, and they cut half a top panel in ten minutes. Aunt Martha stopped all further proceeding by threatening to fire through the orifice, and she sat there for a whole hour quarding, threatening and historical ornice, and she eat there for a whole hour, guarding, threatening, and listening to their terrible oaths. Then a neighbor's boy came on an errand, and was sent after Uncle Samuel, and in a

for the said. "I will not be all the said of the said

and caused them to engage in mortal com-bat, did not cause a ripple in her divine mission of charity to all, nor divide her ranks both North and South. She lives under all laws. The penal statutes of England and Germany did not divide her fold, the liberal laws of this republic only prove her majesty, for under them she flourishes in moral power and ancient grandeur. Her ministers, ever mindful of the great trust placed in their hands, devote their energies to the spiritual wel-fare of mankind and with careful judg-ment avoid all quarrels that divide politi-

"That's right—that's right!" shouted the parrot, as the woman returned to the sitting room, and then all at once he grew sulky, hung his head and would say nothing further.

Just at three o'clock two strauge men walked in by the back door without knocking; they were in the kitchen before Aunt Martha heard them. As she jumped up and faced them one of the fellows said:

"Please gin us a bit of dinner, ma'am."

They were ugly looking rascals, and she dared not refuse them. She told them to sit down and she put down her great extent are the products of our sys-tem of state secular education that dis-cards religion and robs Catholics of their rights under our constitution of equal liberty to all.

The infidel, Turk or Jew, who prefers to live without religion is preferable to the Catholic, who is ordered to live in obedience to divine and human law, and who will always be found in the front ranks of law-ablding citizens, while they live under the benign influence of our Holy Mother the Church.

My Not Yet.

AIR-"Fly Not Yet." To Prince Albert Victor, who landed in Ire land on Monday and departed on th following Thursday.

BY THOS. S. CLEARY.

Fly not yet! 'tis just the hour,
Coercion, with her vissge sour,
Shall spread shroad her wings of night,
And from our isle screen Freedom's light
Now shadowed by a Throne!
'Tis soon for guests who came at eve
Upon the Darr's approach to leave
In haste, as from some Feast returning,
That Death had turned from Mirth
Mourning.

That Dean man Mourring.

Mourring.
Oh, stay I oh, stay I stay and hear how stern the stave
That sings the vet unconquered slave,
The threat that's in his moan. Fly not yet! your festive cheer
Is spread upon a Nation's bier;
And the' your dance be o'er a grave,
As shroud as gay aloft we'll wave
As banner in the sun.
Oh, stay I and gasing andismayed
On wounds your brutal laws have mede.
Mark how we still can keep aglowing
Hopes like fun'rai tapers showing.
Oh, stay I oh, stay!
And hough o'er heroes dust you tread,
You'il find their spirits are not dead,
Nor has their race yet run.

Fly not yet! your,kindred's laws
Bhall open soon your prisons' jaws;
Oh, stay and mark the calm disdain
That makes your soourges fall in vain
on backs that will not bend.
Nay, stay and mark the role that tends
To make your House and ours such friet
And if you've baser chains prepare then
For with dignity we'll wear them,
Oh, stay i oh, stay!
Although o'erheed Dishonor lours,
The shame is England's and not ours—
'Tis those who break must mend.

Go not yet! for years may fice
Before our shores again you'll see;
A blund'ring Future may regret
You had not known our People yet,
Nor seen their hidden heart;
The hinds who've suivelled at your beel
From birth were formed to crouch Ah, woe! if in the days to come You think, like them, to find us dumb

Fou think, like thom, Oh, stay! oh, stay! Stay to find your mad control Stay to find your mad control Will fail to bind a Nation's soul By Terror, Fraud, or Art. — United Ireland.

CHRISTIAN TEACHERS. CARDINAL MORAN'S WELCOME TO THE CHRI

Recently, in reply to an address of the Irish Christian Brothers, who had got ent to his diocese, Cardinal Archbish Moran, of Sydney, spoke as follows:

"VENERATED CHRISTIAN BROTHERS:

Moran, of Sydney, spoke as follows:

"Venerated Christian Brothers:

With all my heart I welcome you to the diocese, and on the part of the zeal clergy and faithful people, as well as my own, I may address to you the far iliar words, 'Cead mille failthe.' You coming amongst us reminds me of the Celtic pilgrims who, mingling in a croof British merchante, visited the shoof France in the days of Charlemagn They were men incomparably skilled learning, human and divine, and where the interest of the form of the farm of the form of the farm of th attests that no nation has become trees whose greatness was not foun upon religion, and that to exclude reion from the guidance of youth is the sforerunner of a nation's decadence.

THE FATHER OF LATIN ELCQUENCE declared that the source of Roman grass was their devotion to religion; ness was 'their devotion to religion; this sole wisdom they subdued all nat and races.' Every institution of will be received by the statesman to whom great republic beyond the Pacific owe birth, in his farewell address to the Arican people, used the remarkable we'' Of all dispositions and habits which it to public prosperity, religion and morrare indispensable supports. A vol could not trace all their connection private and public felicity. Let it sin be asked, Where is the security for perty, for reputation, for life, if the sof religious obligation desert the owhich are the instruments in court justice? And let us with caution ind the supposition that morality can be mained without religion.' The secule of the present day would fain assign a beatitude, the beatitude of those who sue the paths of human acience. But Divine Lord does not proclaim blessedness of men of bright intelled who should have laid up rich storworldly knowledge, but 'Blessed are clean of heart, for they shall see God.'

LET THE YOUTH OF AUSTRALIA be educated without religion—what we have gained? We will have a nut of men, proud of their knowledge, ditations, puffed up with the wind of their knowledge, ditations, puffed up with the wind o

we have gained? We will have a nur of men, proud of their knowledge, di tations, puffed up with the wind of unwholesome conceit, indecile, viciou unbelieving. Experience teaches without religion the highest cultur intellect and the most laborious accum intellect and the most laborious accura-tion of knowledge may co-exist wit the vices and disorders of the soul. illustrious French philosopher, De Ma goes even further and writes that the no degradation so low or so pitial that into which men of knowledge. that into which men of knowledg precipitated when not guided and trolled by a spirit of religion. In that education may be complete, the should be directed whilst the her enlightened. The intellect may be to see with the eyes of the heart at the soul, and for it to think or r justly, these must be cleaned frodefilement. Two centuries sgo the jof English poets, Mitton, laid down golden rule that 'the great work of cation is to repair the ruin of our parents, by learning to know God at to love Him, to desire to imitate He best we may, possessing our souls it virtue, which, being united to true so makes up the highest attainable ption.'

THE HISTORIAN AND STATESMAN, G who guided the destinies of Fran difficult times, writes in the same