

Rest and Pray.

Autumn slowly steals upon us! Over hills and valleys... The landscape seems like dreams... Choked by the richest gleams.

CURING HARD DRINKERS.

TREATMENT BY SISTER BAPTISTA AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.—HOW A DELICATE LITTLE WOMAN HANDLES DELIRIUM TREMENS PATIENTS.

What should be the treatment of victims of alcohol is a question which has been discussed and argued for many years and is still undetermined. Various forms of treatment have been offered as the best and safest, but as yet there has been no specific remedy accepted by the world.

A Free Mason Converted.

A curious report is going the rounds of the Italian press to the effect that the aged Giuseppe Petroni, Grand Master of Freemasonry in Rome, has retired into a convent at Terni.

A Distinguished Archbishop.

Rev. Henry Shomburg Kerr, S. J., has been designated Archbishop of Bombay. The new archbishop is son of the late Lord Henry Kerr, an early life was a captain in the Royal Navy.

CREED, BUT NOT REDEEMED.

There are not a few who have been sent out by Sister Baptista restored health and recuperated for the duties of life more than once to have returned in a few months or a year, again wrecked by rum.

PRESENTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE TEMPLE

For those who easily persuade themselves that the first and best years of their life must be given to the pleasures, the joys, the amusements and pursuits of the world, it will be no waste of time to pause a while and bestow some attention to the example which the Blessed Virgin Mary has given us in her Presentation in the Temple.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Priest-Ridden."

The epithet "priest-ridden" is not unfrequently applied to Ireland. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Would not 'pope-ridden' be a more appropriate one to a country where the proportion of Catholic clergy is 1 to 1,178 of the Catholic laity, while the proportion of police is 1 to every 230 inhabitants?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRIESTS OF THAT TIME

The priests of that time wrote in their duty what they witnessed, and the revelation has lived. So I come to the one unrecorded secret. In my country, brethren, we have, from the day of the Greeks, always had two religions—one private, the other public; one of many gods, practiced by the people; and one of one God, cherished only by the priesthood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Writings of Menno, our first king.

Passing an instant, he fixed his large eyes kindly upon the Greek, saying, "In the youth of Hellas, who, O Gasparr, were the teachers of her teachers?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Shepherd and the Fold.

Far down the ages now, Each of her journeys done, She plumes her purple wings, And from the golden throne, Comes up before her view: How well it seems to her still— Old, and yet ever new!

TO BE CONTINUED.

BEN HUR;

OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIRST.

CHAPTER IV.

MELCHIOR.

The Egyptian and the Hindoo looked at each other; the former waved his hand; the latter bowed, and began: "Our brother has spoken well. My my words be as wind, I flattered a moment, then resumed: "You may know me, brethren, by the name of Melchior, I speak to you in a language which, if not the oldest in the world, was at least the soonest to be reduced to letters—I mean the Sanscrit of India. I am a Hindoo by birth. My people were the first to walk in the fields of knowledge, first to divide them, first to make them beautiful. Whatever may hereafter befall, the four Vedas must live, for they are the primal fountain of religion and the fruitful seed of wisdom. From them were derived the Upan Vedas, which, delivered by Brahma, treat of medicine, archery, architecture, music, and the four- and sixty mechanical arts; the Ved Angas, revealed by inspired sages, and devoted to astronomy, grammar, prosody, pronunciation, chiasm, and incantations, religious rites and ceremonies; the Upan Vedas, written by the sage Vyasa, and given to cosmogony, chronology, and geography; therein also are the Karmyas and the Mahabharata, heroic poems, designed for the perpetuation of our gods and demigods. Such, O brethren, are the Great Shastras, or books of sacred ordinances. They are dead to me now; yet through all time they will serve to illustrate the budding genius of my race. They were promised to quicken the dead, to show why the promises failed? Alas! the books themselves closed all the gates of progress. Under pretext of care for the creature, their authors imposed the fatal principle that a man must not address himself to discovery or invention, as Heaven had provided him all things needed. What condition became a sacred law, the lamp of Hindoo genius was let down a wall, where ever since it lighted narrow walls and bitter waters.