

The Duel.

From morn to eve they wrestled—Life and Death. At first it seemed to me that they in mirth Contended, or as foes of equal worth, So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath;

IRISH CONVENT LIFE.

A TALK WITH THE NUN OF KENMARE—THE LIFE AND WORK OF SISTER MARY FRANCES CLARE—WHY YOUNG WOMEN ENTER CONVENTS—THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A NUN'S LIFE—INTERVIEWING THE NUN OF KENMARE.

[From the Special Correspondent of the New York Tribune.]

Dublin, Aug. 30.—The most famous Irish lady of our day, and the most Irish nun since the time of St. Bridget, is Sister Mary Frances Clare, of the Convent of Kenmare, in the County Kerry. In religion she is called Sister Frances; in literature she still retains her family name of Cusack; but in the hearts and the homes of the Irish race, in every clime and country, she is known only and honored and beloved as "the Nun of Kenmare."

Now, a woman who has written so much and so well is entitled to the gratitude of her coreligionists and fellow-countrymen; and equally from both, for she has been no less a Catholic than an Irish-woman, and she has rendered services equally brilliant to her native land and her adopted faith.

The Nun of Kenmare comes from an old Protestant family that for some 500 or 600 years has produced people of note in every generation. As long ago as in Queen Elizabeth's time there was a Lord Chancellor Cusack. It was an Anglo-Irish family, and many of its members held high administrative positions under the government of "the Pale."

When on my return to Ireland, I received a cordial invitation to visit the Convent of Kenmare, I did not hesitate to accept it. I had wanted to describe life in a convent, and Kenmare is the most famous convent in Ireland. The convent adjoins the church—a splendid building for so small a town, and a monument to the energy of the old Archdeacon O'Sullivan, of whose contests with the land-agners I wrote in a previous letter.

At the convent door I was met by the Reverend Mother, as the Abbess or Lady Superior is styled, and by "the Nun of Kenmare." The Reverend Mother formed a striking contrast to her famous "Sister Frances," for the Superior is a woman of ample and noble figure—ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed, blonde, the very embodiment of robust and vivacious health, with such a cheery and hearty welcome in her voice and manner that her "welcome to Ireland" sounded rather like the utterance of a nation's hospitality than an individual salutation.

waists and rosaries hanging from them. The welcome of the Nun was as cordial as the welcome of the Reverend Mother, and I visited the convent often enough to know that it was as sincere as it was generous.

There are twenty-two nuns in the Convent of Kenmare. I became well acquainted with most of them, and I was greatly disappointed with them. For a brighter, a more intelligent, a better educated, or a happier group of women I have never met anywhere before. They answer to none of the descriptions that I lumbered up in my mind with in my early youth; and as I had only seen nuns since then on dress parade, so to speak—in public and on duty—I had never once questioned the veracity of these pre-Kennareite records.

But I am keeping the Reverend Mother and the Nun of Kenmare standing all this while!

INTERVIEWING A NUN.

The Nun of Kenmare is in delicate health. I had a dozen interviews with her. I obtained from her at these interviews this account of life in an Irish convent, and I shall give it in her own words. She said she was perfectly willing to answer any question I would ask, and would take no offence at the most sceptical questions.

"Well, then, Sister Frances, what induces young girls to crush out every instinct of womanhood—to abjure the prospect of love and motherhood—and shut themselves up within the walls of a convent?"

The good Nun's eyes twinkled with humor as I asked this rather brusque question. She laughed, and said: "I know that your Protestant notion is that we nuns entered convents because we were crossed in love, or have had some great trial. But indeed it is a wrong idea. I know the history of every nun in this convent, and in not one case had love or sorrow anything to do with their adoption of a religious life. Excepting one—and she has never regretted it."

"Why, a convent would be a fearful place to live in," continued the Nun, "if all the inmates were unhappy, disappointed, soured women. A great many nuns are girls who have been educated in convents, and you know girls are very chary, and you may be quite sure they would not want to enter a convent if they saw, when they were growing up there, that the nuns had been unhappy or soured or discontented. I know the general Protestant theory is that nuns shut themselves up and are of no use to anyone; but a little thought would show how absurd this is. Why, their whole time is occupied in being of use to everyone, and, surely, if they like that kind of life—as it is for the public good—everyone should be satisfied."

"Well, Sister Frances," I said, "you've answered the Protestant theory, but you have not stated the Catholic theory—why do Catholic girls become nuns?"

"Well," replied the nun, "we Catholics have a word to express this. We call it a 'vocation' when any young lady wishes to enter a convent. I need not tell you that vocation means a 'call,' and the Catholic opinion is that Almighty God gives certain persons a call—or vocation—or desire—to live this particular kind of life. Obviously, if the call is from God, it would be sinful not to follow it."

"An old Catholic lady at the hotel," I said, "told me she had two daughters who were nuns, and that she wished everyone of her daughters had been nuns. Is this a common sentiment among the Catholic mothers?"

"It is common," replied the nun, "but not universal. Catholics often object to their children being priests or nuns because they have plans for their worldly advancement. But it is quite clear that no Catholic parent can conscientiously refuse leave to a child to enter a convent or to become a priest. The great principle of the Catholic faith is that God should be first in everything, that His service should come before the service of the world. Indeed this is simply the teaching of the Bible—'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.'"

"What is the Catholic answer, then," I asked, "to the argument I remember hearing advanced when I was a boy, that it is contrary to the teaching of the Bible to be a priest or nun?"

"If Protestants," said the nun, "would study the Bible more and not take a text here and a text there, they would not think so. Our Blessed Lord says that He will reward us even if we do such a trifling act of charity as to give a cup of cold water to a thirsty man, and He tells us that our doing or not doing works of charity will be the very ground on which He will judge us the last day. So, clearly, it cannot be contrary to Scripture for us to give our whole time to works of charity, and certainly it is a very great advantage to other people. If a lady enters a convent and gives up her whole time to nursing the sick and teaching the poor, clearly the public gain by her doing so. The only person who can lose or suffer any inconvenience is herself. How often we hear men praised for having sacrificed themselves for their country. May we not claim a little praise, too, for sacrificing ourselves for God's poor and little children?"

"How are convents supported, Sister Frances?"

"In two ways," said the nun of Kenmare. "Every young lady who enters a convent brings, as a general rule, some means with her, generally about £500. The interest on that money supports her, as we live in a very plain way. In most convents there are pupils who pay for their education, and their fees help to support it. We here in Kenmare have none of these resources, because the people are so poor that they can pay nothing for their education, and we are in too remote a place to take young ladies. The misfortune of the last few years have left few young ladies with any fortune. So, for several years past, we have not been able to take any of the young ladies who wanted to come here, as we have no means of supporting them. This is a great loss to the poor here, as we want five or six young nuns to help in the large school."

DAILY LIFE OF THE NUNS.

"Now, Sister Frances," I interrupted,

"ever since I read in Shakespeare the advice Hamlet gives to Ophelia—'Go get thee to a nunnery; I have just been dying, so to speak, to know the daily routine of a nun's life. Will you tell me?"

I inferred from the nun's laugh that I was not using the established formula of speech, but I frankly admitted I was a novice, and the good nun went on:

"Oh, yes. The nuns rise at five in the morning. Each nun who is able to do so, takes it in turn to call all the rest. Indeed she has to get up before five, as it takes nearly half an hour to call all the Sisters and open all the doors. Every nun is in the church at six o'clock, and then we have prayers for an hour, which helps us to do God's work during the day and gives us good thoughts of heaven and other things. At half-past 7 we have mass. At half-past 8 we have breakfast, and, as we live as much as possible like the poor people, we use only bread and tea for breakfast. At dinner we have meat, except on fast days, which, you know, are pretty frequent. If the Sisters choose, they take some bread and cocoa in the middle of the day, and I assure you they need it after so many hours teaching. The Sisters all teach in the schools. They go to them at 9 o'clock, and are on duty until 3. Some of the Sisters are only half an hour out of the school during this time."

"We dine at 3:30. We do nearly all our own work—make our own beds and wash our own plates and dishes. At 4:30 we all meet together to enjoy ourselves for an hour and talk over the events of the day. This is what we call recreation, and I can assure you we enjoy ourselves. If those who think a convent a gloomy place and a nun's life an unhappy one, could come to a convent recreation for a few days they would soon be undeceived."

"We go to church again at half-past 5. At 7 o'clock we have tea. After that we again meet together for recreation. At 8 o'clock we go to the church again to think of our good God and to pray to Him for everyone; and you may be sure, Mr. Redpath," said the nun, "that we do not forget our good American friends, Protestants as well as Catholics. We go to our rooms—our cells as we call them—at half-past 9, and most of the nuns are asleep at 10 o'clock."

I don't remember what question it was I asked here, but my notes show that the nun said in response:

"No, a nun's life is not monotonous. People who know nothing about it are very apt to think it is, and that we must get very tired of doing the same thing every day. They forget that people in the world do the same thing every day! Why, your 'school ma-ams' have to go on year after year teaching the same things; and your professors, even in their highest colleges, do the same thing; and your great inventor and master-mind, Mr. Edison, even he must do the same kind of thing day after day. No, sir, our life is not monotonous. It has its own joys and its own sorrows—its own pleasures and its own anxieties—its desires and projects—all affording sufficient variety. And then our interest in our work is indeed very great. I can assure you we often wish the day was thirty-six long instead of twenty-four. You can hardly realize the amount of business to be done besides the actual teaching. There is the planning and arranging for the future of so many children. Then the poor people come to us for advice and often for temporal help, which we cannot always give; although, thanks to my generous American friends, we have been able to do a good deal this year. You must remember that in the rural districts of Ireland the poor have no one to look up to but the priests and nuns. I suppose that in all this world there is not another so utterly destitute race."

"You don't have schools on Sundays?"

"No," said the nun, "on Sundays and holidays we have more time, and then we look forward to our long holiday in heaven—where there will be no distress, and no famine years, and—God forgive me! I was going to say, no landlords!—but let us hope that they do not know all the evil of which they are the cause, not always by what they do, but by what they do not do for those who are dependent on them."

JAMES REDPATH.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH THE LONELY.

Happy is that mourner who, in the hour of most sensitive sorrow, has the company of the One who was the "Man of Sorrows," who in the time of deepest grief has near him the One who was "acquainted with grief." What a declaration is this concerning Jesus: he was "acquainted with grief." He took experience of it in all its power—its cutting, its rending, its depressing, its exhausting power. "A man acquainted with grief," whose heart is a book stored with experience of suffering, who understands all sorrow, who feels for it, who is Heaven's own sedative for it. He is the only one that, without any fear of disappointment, the heart can fully trust in its heavy trial-time of woe. But he who would have such a sympathy as this must deeply realize the personality of Jesus; he must know him as something more than the One whose name is to be found in creeds—who is the centre of a system of theology; he must know him as the man Christ Jesus. In grief the heart seeks sympathy, and this "abstractions are not capable of affording. A statue may be perfect in all its proportions, but cold and hard, it cannot feel. A truth may be perfect in all its bearings; but cold and hard, it may carry no influence, exert no power. Our Lord is not a statue, but a man; he is not merely a theological but a living truth.

The power and mastery over loneliness belongs only to One, and that one Jesus, who was alone in the mountain, alone on the sea, and alone in Gethsemane. 'Twas but "a stone's cast" that he withdrew himself from his disciples, yet that "stone's cast" brought him into deeper solitude than ever fell to the lot even of the most solitary man. Oh! what a comfort is it for the poor mourner that Jesus can enter into his loneliness, that he can compass it, that he can alleviate it. He was alone that he might comfort the lonely.—Power.

A LAND MEETING SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

The Freeman contains a lengthy report of the proceedings on Sunday at Durrow, Queen's County, consequent on the prohibition of the Cullohill meeting by Government proclamation:

At three o'clock on Sunday morning a military force of 200 men of the 20th Hussars, and between 300 and 400 of the 29th Foot, together with ammunition and ambulance waggons, reached Maryborough Station, whence they proceeded immediately to Ballyragget, the nearest station to Cullohill. They were under Colonel Parsons and Major Russell, 14th Hussars. The members of the Land League branch there had a hurried meeting as soon as they heard of the proclamation, and decided to remove the place of meeting to Durrow, a few miles off. About one o'clock a large and enthusiastic body of men, cheering lustily, bearing green banners, and headed by a band, was passing out of the square of the town of Durrow, just as a squadron of the Hussars came galloping into it from Cullohill down the Gallowhill Road. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, R. M., drove in a carriage in their midst. Bringing up the rear came a body of well-mounted Land Leaguers, with green sashes and Parnell medals, a distinct contrast to the Hussars, and they enjoyed the surprise of the military at seeing such a well-organized meeting in the square of Durrow. The Hussars having taken up a position at the corner of the square facing the Abbeyleix Road, a body of the Royal Irish Constabulary about 100 strong soon followed, under the command of County Inspector Bingham. A few minutes brought the infantry and Colonel Parsons, with the ambulance waggons.

Meanwhile Mr. Hamilton proceeded to the residence of the Rev. Father Ryan, P. P., where were Messrs. Richard Lalor, M. P., Mulholland Marum, M. P., Rev. Matthew Keefe, P. P., Aglaboe; Rev. Father Rowan, C. C., and others.

Mr. Hamilton having stated that he wished to have the contemplated meeting abandoned quietly and voluntarily, so that no collision between the military and people should take place, Mr. Marum explained that the meeting was to be held in Durrow had nothing to do with that which was proclaimed at Cullohill. The Durrow branch determined to hold a meeting entirely distinct from the other, and held purely and simply as a Land League meeting.

Mr. Hamilton: I have here the government communication which Mr. Butler, the senior resident-magistrate, and I received on the subject, and I can assure you it is very definite as to the instructions for preventing the meeting.

Mr. Marum: I may tell you that it is our determination to bring the whole of these proceedings before Parliament.

Mr. Hamilton: That may be, but I am sure you will give me the credit for carrying out the instructions I have received from the Government. My instructions are to prevent the holding of the meeting at Cullohill or elsewhere.

Mr. Marum: That is a most extraordinary order.

Rev. Father Rowan: All I can say is that the whole thing is a horrid violation of the constitution.

Mr. Hamilton: I have nothing to do with that, I will carry out the instructions I have received from Government.

Rev. Father Rowan: A pretty government indeed.

Mr. Lalor, M. P., said: Suppose we attempt to hold a meeting, will you prevent it by force?

Mr. Hamilton: Most certainly I will.

Rev. Mr. Rowan: By buckshot, I suppose?

Mr. Hamilton: I have never yet resorted to buckshot, but if necessary I shall do that or anything else I think requisite when the occasion arises.

Rev. Mr. Rowan: Why didn't you do it with the Zulus?

Mr. Hamilton: I did not happen to be there; but let me tell you, sir, that I am an Irishman as well as yourself, and just as anxious, perhaps, to prevent any breach of the peace.

Mr. Marum: I read you the notice dispersing the Cullohill meeting and the notice summoning this one. If you choose to act in the matter you must act advisedly, and be prepared—

Mr. Hamilton: Of course, for the result.

Mr. Marum: For the criticism we will make on the subject.

Mr. Lalor: There is a very large meeting assembled. Would it not be well if you would permit us at least to address the crowd, and advise them to leave?

After some conversation this was agreed to, on the condition that Mr. Lalor only would speak, and that he would not touch on the topic that was to have been the subject of discussion.

Mr. Hamilton: I must say you have all met us like gentlemen in the performance of an unpleasant duty.

Colonel Parsons: Undoubtedly, like gentlemen.

The Rev. Mr. Rowan: They dare not do these things in England, Colonel. It is a violation of the constitution—a direct violation of the constitution.

Mr. Lalor, M. P., together with Mr. Marum, M. P., proceeded to the square, where a vast assemblage of persons had gathered. There were some fifteen or eighteen bands from the counties of Kerry, Tipperary and most of the towns of the Queen's County, and there was an unusual number of banners and flags. The assemblage was bounded on the left by the Hussars and at the back by the constabulary, the left being flanked by the ammunition and ambulance carriages. The infantry were under orders in an adjacent street.

Mr. Lalor, V. P., mounted a waggonette in the square, and said: My Friends,—The people of the Queen's County were summoned by their leaders to meet at Cullohill to-day for the purpose of discussing the land question. But you are all aware before this time that the government—the good government of England—(groans)—that blessed government—(renewed and continued groaning)—which has been governing this country for the last 700 years—(a voice: Too long)—it has come to the decision that the people of Ireland shall no longer be allowed to meet peaceably and quietly to discuss their grievances—(a voice: They lie) (cheers). You are

aware that the government in power at the present moment are, or call themselves, a Liberal government (shams). When I was in the House of Commons a few months ago I heard some of the men there say they were a Liberal government (a voice: Another lie). I believe that they are a Liberal government in England; but a Liberal government in England is a Tory government in Ireland (loud cheers). They allowed the people to be called together to-day, and they thought they could have got you by that means together; and that they might use their buckshot—(groans)—to disperse the people, and to throw the Land League into confusion and terror. We are going to show the government and the people of England that we are able to fight them with their own tactics—(cheers)—and that we are organized to a man, but we are not going to be led into a trap—men without arms in their hands to contend against buckshot. Whenever the people of this country have got a hundred thousand breech-loading rifles they may contend against them (loud cheers). We will show them that we have tactics equal to their own, and tell them that the time may come when we may be able to use other tactics (loud cheers). Go home, then, quietly, and I will engage we will make the government answer for their conduct in another place.

The crowd continued for some time to remain in the square, and a few minutes after Mr. Lalor had concluded speaking a body of 100 mounted men, with green sashes, galloped briskly past, sweeping defiantly by the Hussars. At five o'clock only a couple of bands remained in town, all the people having dispersed. The most intense excitement prevailed.

USFUL CHARITY.

By visiting the hospitals, and speaking kind words to the poor patients, you can do noble work. It is not necessary to speak of religion on every occasion. Make the patients look forward to your visit, and gain a personal influence in your wards by remembering their names and home circumstances, and by showing them as much as possible that you enjoy visiting them. You will thus be able to speak with far greater power about the one thing needful when the opportunities arise. Remember also to be courteous to all the nurses, and do not pass even the scrubbing-girl without some word of greeting. It is a wise plan in visiting the free wards of any hospital, where, as a rule, the patients are very poor, to note down in your pocket-book something about their home circumstances. If possible, follow up the helpless cases to their own home, where, after leaving the hospital, they are generally in great want of some comfort. The gift of a small wicker chair, a couple of cushions, old linen, flannel, or whatever is most needed, is very valuable in supplementing the good gained within the hospital walls. Flowers and tracts do not cover all the needs of the poor sufferers.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends and good humor.

Make friends of those who can improve you, join those whom you can improve.—Seneca.

Affability is benignity and sweetness to all whether they be our friends or our enemies.—Gloss.

A friend is better than honours, to be loved is better than to be honoured.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

There is nothing so meritorious as virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.—Pope.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

He that speaketh evil of another is like to one who throws dust against the wind, which returns and covers him.—Buddhist Proverb.

Whatever your profession is endeavour to acquire merit in it; for merit is esteemed by everybody, and is so precious a thing that no person can purchase it.

If we would correct faults in our neighbours let us first turn to ourselves, for who is nearer to us than ourselves!—St. Augustine.

Whatever you attempt do with all your power. Determination and resolution will face any obstacles, and are sure to carry you through.

Praise has different effects, according to the mind it meets with. It makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.

A vast amount of labour is lost in this world by people being in haste. They go on at an undertaking without any previous reflection how best to accomplish the purpose in hand.

There is a sort of economy in the ways of Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men useful to each other, and mix them in society.

Ben Johnson says that no man is so foolish but that he may give another good advice sometimes, and no man is so wise but he may easily err if he takes no other counsel than his own.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadow future without fear and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

There is burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them.

True hospitality has its origin in the heart, and beautifies, like the sunlight on the cloud, everything it touches, and never goes beyond the circle of generous impulses.

Entertainment given with genuine hospitality means more than mere feeding of the body; it means a royal interchange of the gifts of the soul. This is the highest compensation which the intelligent mind can bestow or receive. It is pre-eminently social in all its manifestations, and wherever it strews its fruitage there you will find happy hearts and happy dwellings.

THE BIBLE.

The famous Dominican monk, Father Lacordaire, gave the following advice to one of his friends: "Read daily with attention two chapters of the Holy Scriptures, one of the Old Testament, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis; the other of the New Testament, beginning with the first chapter of St. Matthew."

"Go down on your knees for a moment in order to prepare yourself for this reading and kiss your Bible affectionately on beginning and ending. You must get to esteem above everything else, every word of that book and to esteem other books, only in so far as they approach it. After having thus read the whole Bible, you would do well to confine yourself to the Psalms in the Old Testament and to the Epistles of St. Paul in the New. If you could learn those two parts by heart, it would be of great advantage to your soul."

ENGLISH PROTESTANTS AND FRENCH CATHOLICS.

A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. G. E. Mason, of Whitchall Rectory, near Chesterfield, England, recently forwarded to the Archbishop of Paris a letter of sympathy with the French Religious Orders, somewhat similar to that which had already been sent to his Eminence by the English Church Union. The promoters of the second letter of sympathy were the Anglican clergy of the rural Deanery of Staveley; and to them the Cardinal assent, through Mr. Mason, the following reply, which we translate:

"MONSIEUR THE RECTOR—I have received the address of sympathy which you have sent me. The members of our communities are very sensible of this mark of your interest, and very much edified by your zeal in the defence of religious liberty. Permit me to convey to your clergy my gratitude and the gratitude of the Religious."

CHILDREN PREACHERS.

Among many other good old customs of the Romans there is one which never fails to excite the curiosity and comment of American visitors to the Eternal City. I allude to the custom of allowing children of both sexes to appear publicly in church during the Christmas festivities and to preach in honor of the Babe of Bethlehem. I had often heard of this custom, but I was some years in Rome before I ever had an opportunity of witnessing a display of oratorical power from boys and girls. I happened, however, one year, to be making a visit to the celebrated crib of "Ara Coeli," a large church in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, when I noticed that a platform was prepared for a preacher. Thinking that I might chance to hear some good orator, I determined to wait until the appointed hour. My readers may judge of my astonishment when I saw a young boy, barely ten years of age, mount the pulpit with the confidence of an old hand. He was dressed in soutane and surplice, and was, I believe, one of the altar boys. His father accompanied him in order to cheer him, and after a few minutes he pronounced his text in Latin, and preached a sermon in Italian quite as good as you would hear from the mouth of a priest. What astonished me most was the ease and address with which the child behaved, quoting every now and then some long scriptural text in Latin.

"Every man woman and child," remarks an exchange, repeating almost a truism, "should endeavor to practice virtue. It matters not what may be our calling, or station in life, there is room, place and even necessity for a practice of this kind. It costs but little and the compensation is so great that one finds in the end he has drawn more than compound interest. Some are without doubt obliged from their calling to be virtuous and to set a good example. Thus the ministers of religion, the heads of families and teachers of the young, are ooked up to as the framers of minds and morals, and moulders of temperaments and dispositions. Virtue in such is indispensable. But others cannot be exempt from its practice, because it is only by being virtuous that salvation is attained. Yet there are many who look upon themselves as being models, examples for neighbors and co-religionists, who build up the notion that they are as good in every respect as the best, and who are willing to be judged, confident that they cannot be condemned. Those people appear to have lost sight of an old and true piece of advice, 'No man ought to be a judge in his own cause,' and from the very fact that they presume so much, it would be safe to deduce that they lack a very essential qualification, viz., humility. To be virtuous and proud is not possible. It will, however, be of little satisfaction to any one to look upon himself as exemplary, if he is not regarded so generally. But it seems that the present age is not a time in which it would be either honestly dispensed or piously inclined. Strictly speaking, amongst men qualifications which should be appreciated are not, the politician's stances and in return is slandered. The office-seeker bribes and the office-holder is bribed, and thus from the first to the last, from the private citizen to the choice of the people for any office, there is a common weakness. Nor are ministers exempt from the feelings peculiar to ordinary mortals. They to fall, and when they do, they go down like any weighty body falling from a high or lofty station. In their fall, they draw with them, too, hundreds of others who confided in their honesty and purity of life. It seems that in the world falls most occur, and it is pitiable that any sensible person should be scandalized at them. When people will learn that 'honesty is the best policy,' when immorality shall cease to exist, and virtue as it should be will be generally practised, then will peace and happiness abound. But when that time will come, it would take a far-seeing prophet to determine."

\$500 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.