Written for the Record. Childhood Dreams.

Childhood dreams and childhood waking from the sleep of peace.
With a breast that knew no aching at the release,
Sweet they were, oh! sweet and precious in
that forest home
Where I, tree from worldly meshes, no more
can come.

The silver light thro' casement sbining at the break of day, Softly, slowly undermining night's dull Tracing with a mystic finger in my tranquil Pictures, angels e'en might linger to illume. Pietures innocence might treasure in her snow white breast, Sent. as gifts from heaven's pleasure, love and rest. The silver changing into golden where the maple trees

The streets were full of people going and coming, or grouped about the fires roasting meat, and feasting and singing, and happy. The odour of scorching flesh mixed with the odour of cedar wood aflame and smoking loaded the air; and as this was the occasion when every son aflame and smoking loaded the air; and as this was the occasion when every son of Israel was full brother to every other son of Israel, and hospitality was without bounds, Ben-Hur was saluted at every step, while the groups by the fires insisted, "Stay and partake with us. We are brethren in the love of the Lord," But with thanks to them he hurried on, intending to take horse at the khan and return to the tents on the Cedron.

for him to cross the thoroughfare so soon to receive sorrowful Christian perpetuation. There also the pious celebration was at its height. Looking up the street, he noticed the flames of torches in motion streaming out like pennons; then he observed that the singing ceased where the torches came. His wonder rose to its highest, however, when he became certain that amidst the smoke and dancing sparks he saw the keener sparkling of burnished speartips, arguing the presence of Roman soldiers. What were they, the scoffing legionaries, doing in a Jewish religious procession? The circumstance was unheard of, and he stayed to see the meaning of it.

The moon was shining its best; yet, as if the moon and the torches, and the fires in the street, and the rays streaming from windows and open doors were not enough to make the way clear, some of the processionists carried lighted lanterns; and fancying he discovered a special purpose in the use of such equipments, Ben-Hur stepped into the street so close to the line of march as to bring every one of the company under view while passing. The 'orchee and the lanterns were being borne by servants, each of whom was armed with a bludgeon or a sharpened stave. Their present duty seemed to be to pick out the smoothest paths among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the rocks in 'he street for certain dignitaries among the would be some signal exhibition of for certain dignitaries among elders and priests; rabbis with long beards, heavy brows, and beaked noses; men of the class potential in the councils of Caiaphas and Hannas. Where could they be going? Not to the Temple, certainly, for the route to the sacred house from Zion, whence these appeared to be coming, was by the Xystus. And their business—if peaceful, why the soldiers?

why the soldiers?

As the procession began to go by Ben-Hur, his attention was particularly called to three persons walking together. They were well towards the front, and the servants who went before them with lanters appeared unusually careful in the service. In the person moving on the left of this group he recognized a chief policeman of the Temple; the one on the right was a priest; the middle man was not at first so easily placed, as he walked leaning heavily on the arms of the others and carried his head so low uponess to be a state to hide his face.

low upon this appearance was that of a prisoner not yet recovered from the fright of haing taken to something arrest, or being taken to something dreadful—to torture or death. The dignitaries helping him on the right and left, and the attention they gave him, made it clear that if he were not himself

the object moving the party, he was at least in some way connected with the object—a witness or a guide, possibly an informer. So, if it could be found who he was, the business in hand might be shrewdly guessed. With great assurance, Ben Hur fell in on the right of the priest, and walked along with him. Now if the man would lift his head! And presently he did so, letting the light of the lanterns strike full in his face, pale, dazed, pinched with dread; the beard roughed; the eyes filmy, sunken, and despairing. In much going about, following the Nazarene, Ben Hur had come to know his disciples as well as the Master; and now at sight of the dismal countenance, he cried out:

resignation and waiting.

It was the Nazarene!

Behind Him, next the gateway, were the disciples in a group; they were excited, but no man was ever calmer than He. The torchlight beat redly upon Him, giving His hair a tint ruddier than was natural to it; yet the expression of the countenance was as usual all gentleness and pity.

Opposite this most unmartial figure steed the rabble, gaping silent, awed,

But with thanks to them he hurried on, intending to take horse at the khan and return to the tents on the Cedron.

To make the place, it was necessary for him to cross the thoroughfare so soon to receive sorrowful Christian perpetuation. There also the place is the place of the

Defend Himself? And how? A word—
a breath—a thought were sufficient. That
there would be some signal exhibition of
astonishing force beyond the natural BenHur believed, and in that faith waited.
And in all this he was still measuring the
Nszarene by himself—by the human
standard.
Presently the clear voice of the Christ

"Whom seek ye?"

"Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth," the priest replied.
"I am He."

At these simplest of words, spoken without passion or alarm, the assailants fell back several steps, the timid among them cowering to the ground; and they might have let Him alone and gone away had not Judas walked over to Him.
"Hail Master"

"Hail, Master!"
With this friendly speech, he kisse Him.
"Judas," said the Nazarene mildly

"Judas," said the Nazarene mildly,
"betrayest thou the Son of man with a
kias? Wherefore art thou come?"
Receiving no reply, the Master spoke
to the crowd again.
"Whom seek ye?"
"Jesus of Nazareth."
"I have told you that I am He. If,
therefore, you seek me, let these go their
way."

wounded man, and enemies were confounded—on one side that He could do such a thing, the other that He would do

founded—on one side that He could do such a thing, the other that He would do it under the dircumstances.

"Surely, He will not allow them to bind Him!"

Thus thought Ben-Hur.

"Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" From the offending follower, the Nazarene turned to His captors.

"Are you come jout as against a thief, with swords and staves to take me? I was daily with you in the Temple, and you took me not; but this is your bour, and the power of darkness."

The posee plucked up courage and closed about Him; and when Ben Hur locked for the faithful they were gone—not one of them remained.

"The posee plucked up courage and closed about Him; and when Ben Hur locked for the faithful they were gone—not one of them remained."

"Who answered?"

"Who answered?"

"They—the priests and people—'His blood be upon us and our children.'"

"Holy father Abraham!" cried Ben-Hur; "a Roman kinder to an Israelite than his own kin! And if—ah, if He should indeed be the Son of God, what or children? It must not be—'tis time to fight!"

And he clapped his hands.

"The horses—and quickly!" he said to the Arab who answered?"

"And bid Amrah send me fresh garments, and bring my sword! It is time to die for Israel, my friends. Tarry without till I come."

He ate a crust, drank a cup of wine,

the hair fell thickly over His face, and He stooped more than usual; apparently He was oblivious to all going on around Him. In advance a few steps were priests and elders talking and occasionally looking back. When, at length, they were all near the bridge in the gorge, Ben-Hur took the rope from the servant who had it, and stepped past him.

"Master, Master!" he said hurriedly, speaking close to the Nazarene's ear.

"Doet Thou hear, Master? A word—one word. Tell me"—

there than elsewhere, received him safe.

Reclaiming his handkerchief and outer garments from the orchard wall, he followed back to the city gate; thence he went to the khan, and on the good horse rode to the tents of his people out by the Tombs of the Kings.

As he rode, he promised himself to see the Nazarene on the morrow—promised it, not knowing that the unfriended man was taken straightway to the house of Hannas to be tried that night.

night.
The heart the young man carried to The heart the young man carried to his couch beat so heavily he could not sleep; for now clearly his renewed Judean kingdom resolved itself into what it was—only a dream. It is bad enough to see our castles overthrown one after another with an interval between in which to recover from the shock, or at least let the echoes of the fall die away; but when they go altogether—go as ships sink, as houses tumble in earthquakes—the spirits which endure it calmly are made of stuff sterner than common, and Ben-Hur's was not of them.

In plainest speech, he was entering

was not of them.

In plainest speech, he was entering upon a crisis with which to morrow and the Nazarene will have everything to do.

CHAPTER IX, NEAR THE END.

NEAR THE END.

Next morning, about the second hour, two men rode full speed to the doors of Ben Hur's tents, and dismounting, asked to see him. He was not yet risen, but gave directions for their admission.

"Peace to you, brethren," he said, for they were of his Galileans, and trusted officers. "Will you be seated?"

"Nay," the senior repl'ed bluntly, "to sit and be at ease is to let the Nazarene "Hark! they are coming now," said one of His friends.

intent, some of the disciples for whom He interceded drew nearer; one of them out off a man's ear, but without saving the Master from being taken. And yet Ben-Hur stood still! Nay, while the officers were making ready with their ropes, the Nazarene was doing His greatest charity—not the greatest in deed, but the very greatest in illustration of His forbearance, so far surpassing that of men.

"Suffer ye thus far," He said to the wounded man, and healed him with a touch.

"The cross!" was all he could for the moment say.

"They took Him last night and tried Him." the man continued. "At dawn they led him before Pilate. Twice the Roman declared that he found no fault in Him. At last he washed his hands, and said, "I sm innocent of the blood of the wounded man, and healed him with a touch. "The cross!" was all he could for the moment say.

"They took Him last night and tried Him." the man continued. "At dawn they led him before Pilate. Twice the Roman declared that he found no fault in Him. At last he washed his hands, and said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it;' and they answered."

The pose plucked up courage and closed about Him; and when Ben Hur locked for the faithful they were gone—not one of them remained.

The crowd about the deserted man seemed very busy with tongus, hand and foot. Over their heads, between the torch-sticks, through the smoke, sometimes in openings between the restless men. Ben Hur caught momentary glimpees of the prisoner. Never had anything struck him as so piteous, so unfriended, so forsaken! Yet, he thought, the man could have defended Himself.—He could have defended Himself.—He could have slain His enemies with a breath, but He would not. What was the cup; His Father had given Him to drink? And who was the Father to be so obeyed? Mystery upon mystery—not one, but many.

Directly the mob started in return to the city, the soldlers in the lead. Ben Hur became anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the beams anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the beams anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the beam anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the beam anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the beam anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torchest were in the city, the soldlers in the lead. Ben Hur looked slowly from one man the bring off his long outer garment and the handskrechief from his head, he threw them upon the orchard wall, and started after the posse, which be boldly joined. Through the stragglers he made way, and by degrees at length reached the man who carried the ends of the rope with which the prisoner was bound.

The Nazaren was bound.

The Nazaren was bound.

The Nazaren was bound.

The Nazaren was bound behind; Him; the hair fell thickly over His face, and He was oblivious to all going on around Him; the hair fell thickly over His face, and He was oblivious to all going on around Him; the hair fell thickly over His face, and He was oblivious to all going on around Him; the hai

and wonderful sight!

Half an hour—an hour—the flood surged by Ben Hur and his companions, within arm's reach, incessant, undiminished. At the end of that time he could have said: "I have seen all the castes of Jerusalem, all the sects of Judea, all the tribes of Israel, and all the nationalities of earth represented by them." The Libyan Jew went by, and the Jew of Egypt, and the Jew form the Rhine; in short, Jews from all East countries and all West countries, and all islands within commercial connection; they went by on foot, on horseback, on camels, in litters and chariots, and with an infinite variety of costumes, yet with the same marvelof costumes, yet with the same marvel-lous similitude of features which to-day particularizes the children of Israel, tried particularizes the children of Israel, tried as they have been by climates and modes of life; they went by speaking all known tongues, for by that means only were they distinguishable group from group; they went by in haste—eager, anxious, crowding—all to behold one poor Nazarene die between felons.

These were the many, but they were not all.

These were the many, but they were not all.

Borne along with the stream were thousands not Jewr—thousands hating and despising them—Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Syrians, Africans, Egyptians, Easterns. So that, studying the mass, it seemed the whole world was to be represented, and, in that sense, present at the crucifizion.

The going was singularly quiet. A hoof-stroke upon a rock, the glide and rattle of revolving wheels, voices in conversation, and now and then a calling voice, were all the sounds heard, above the rustle of the mighty movement. Yet

voice, were all the sounds heard, above the rustle of the mighty movement. Yet was there upon every countenance the look with which men make haste to see some dreadful sight, some sudden wreck, or ruin, or calamity of war. And by such signs Ben-Hur judged that these were the strangers in the city come up to the Passover, who had had no part in the trial of the Nasarene, and might be his friends.

The people in the street halted to hear; but as the cry rang on over their heads, they looked at each other, and in shuddering silence moved along.

The shouting drew nearer each moment; and the air was already full of it and trembling, when Ben-Hur saw the servants of Simonides coming with their master in his chair, and Esther walking

"Peace to you, O Simonides—and to you, Esther," said Ben Hur, meeting them, "If you are for Golgotha, stay until the procession passes; I will then go with you. There is room to turn in by the house here."

The merchant's large head rested heavily upon his breast; rousing himself, he answered: "Speak to Balthasar; his pleasure will be mine. He is in the litter."

Ben. Hur hastened to draw aside the

son of Hur, alas for the city of Solomon!"
The band of legionaries fully armed followed next, marching in sturdy indifference, the glory of burnished brass about them the while.

Then came the NAZARENE!

vulsively as he spoke, and his head sank upon his breast. He had borne his part in Ben-Hur's labours well, and he had been inspired by the same hopes, now blown out never to be rekindled.

Two other men succeeded the Nazarene bearing cross-beams.
"Who are these?" Ben-Hur asked of

the Galileans.

"Thieves appointed to die with the Nazarene," they replied.

Next in the procession stalked a mitred figure clad all in the golden vestments of the high priest. Policemen from the Temple curtained Him round about; and after Him, in order, strode the Sanhedrim, and a long array of priests, the latter in their plain white garments overwapped by appears of

garments overwrapped by abnets of many folds and gorgeous colours. "The son-in law of Hannas," said

"The son-in law of Hannas," said Ben-Hur in a low voice,
"Caisphas! I have seen him," Simonides replied, adding, after a pause during which he thoughtfully watched the haughty pontiff, "And now am I convinced. With such assurance as proceeds from clear enlightenment of the mirit with absolute assurance—now ceeds from clear enlightenment of the spirit—with absolute assurance—now know I that He who first goes yonder with the inscription about His neck is what the inscription proclaims Him—KING OF THE JEWS. A common man, an impostor, a felon, was never thus waited upon. For look! Here are the nations—Jerusalem, Israel. Here is the ephoc, here the blue robe with its fringe, and purple pomegranates, and golden bells, not seen in the street in the day Jaddua went of the day Jaddua went

is King. Would I could

Ben-Hur listened sur directly, as if himself awakening to his unusual display of feeling, Simonides said impatiently:

"Speak to Balthasar, I pray you, and let us begone. The vomit of Jerusalem

is coming."
Then Esther spoke.
"I see some women there, and they are weeping. Who are they?"
Following the pointing of her hand, the party beheld four women in tears; one of them leaned upon the arm of a man of aspect not unlike the Nazarene's.
Presently Ben-Hur answered:

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"Drunk again! Oh, God! Give me strength to bear this burden." This was the exclamation of pretty Isoline Hunter, as she saw her husband come stumbling along the highway, his head lolling from side to side, and his general appearance being that of a man who has been rolling in the dust. On he came, laughing and muttering to himself, as if he had not a care in the world.

What a change! Three years before

Ben. Hur hastened to draw aside the curtain. The Egyptian was lying within, his wan face so pinched as to spear like a dead man's. The proposal was submitted to him.

"Can we see Him?" he inquired faintly.

"The Nszarene? yes; He must pass within a few feet of us."

"Dear Lord!" the old man cried fervently. "Once more, once more! Oh, it is a dreadful day for the world!"

Shortly the whole party were in waiting under shelter of the house. They said but little, afraid, probably, to trust their thoughts to each other; everything was uncertain, and nothing so much so as epinions. Balthasar drew himself feebly from the litter, and stood supported by a servant; Esther and Ben. Hur kept Simonides company.

Meantime the flood poured along, if anything, more densely than before; and the shouting came nearer, shrill up in in the air, hoarse along the earth, and cruel. At last the procession had passed. "See!" said Ben. Hur bitterly; "that which cometh now is Jerusalem."

The advance was in possession of an army of boys, hooting and scresming, "The King of the Jew!"

Simonides watched them as they whirled and danced along, like a cloud of summer insects, and said gravely, "When these come to their inheritance, son of Hur, slas for the cuty of Solomon!"

The band of legionaries fully armed followed nort merching: in study in the worley has a preadise to them for a few years. Then, instead of coming home evenings, as usual, Charley began the village, and the world was a paradise to them for a few years. Then, instead of coming home evenings, as usual, Charley began the activation of summer insects, and said gravely, "Simonides watched them as they whirled and danced along, like a cloud of summer insects, and said gravely, "When these come to their inheritance, son of Hur, slas for the cuty of Solomon!"

The band of legionaries fully armed followed nort wrething in study in the dust. On he had not a care like re came to the village of Watersvilled ayout a was undertain, whose name was Charles Hunter. Tall, muscular and hands

Charley had become very boisterous, and the tavern-keeper, in trying to quiet him, accidentially knocked his hat off, whereupon Charley became worse and tried to strike mine host, who resorted to blows to defend himself, and striking Charley felled him to the ground. In falling Charley's head struck one of the tables, cutting a large gash in his forehead and rendering him unconscious. They picked him up and carried him to his ill-used, but still devoted wife, who, after they him up and carried him to his ill-used, but still devoted wife, who, after they had put him to bed, bathed his head, and sat anxiously awaiting the coming of and sat anxiously awaiting the coming of the priest and doctor, both of whom she had sent for. They arrived about the same time, and the doctor bandaged the head of the injured man, gave his orders for the night, and, after expressing his sorrow for the afflicted man, departed. But the man of God remained, and per-suaded the tired and careworn woman to take some rest, he offering to sit up all night.

all night.

Close on the morning the patient recovered consciousness, and asked what had happened. Why his head ached? What was the priest doing there? And why was his head so bandaged? To all of which the priest responded by saying: "Poor fellow, you have been hurt, he quiet, the doctor says you must not talk." At which the patient relapsed into silence, while 'he priest prayed for his reformation and recovery. Mrs. Hunter, as was to be expected, was up at daybreas, anxiously inquiring how her husband had passed the night, and the priest after telling her, departed, promising to return.

She remained at his bedside all through the long illness that followed, praying with the priest. He lay in this state about three or four weeks, when one morning after returning from the find him wide awake and asking all sorts of questions from the dame who was watching him in Mrs. Hunter's ab-ence. It took some time to tell him, the physician fearing the strain would be too him at different intervals until he had a vague idea of the whole affair and then the thought dawned upon him: "What the thought dawned upon him: "What a besotted rum-drinking beast I have been. Isy! Isy!" he called. Mrs. Hunter hurried to the bedside and asked what was the matter, thinking something fatal had happened. "Isoline, have you any ot the old love left?" he asked. And she with that tenderness that God gives all women, told him of her prayers, that he might be spard to lead a better and happier life. He was very much aurhappier life. He was very much sur-prised to hear of such devotion from one who had received such abuse at his hands, and sitting up in bed he clasped her hand in his and prayed in unison her hand in his and prayed in unison with her for God to grant him strength and courage to start lite anew, and reast all intoxicating liquors. God answered his prayers as our readers would see if they visited Watersville and had seen the Hunter's Machinery & Pully Co. Isoline is now one of the hangiest wives and is now one of the happiest wives and mothers in the town, all owing to her faith and devotion, thus showing that with the mercies of a just God one ought

Almost every person has some form of scrotulous poison latent in his veins. When this poison develops in scrofulous sores, ulcers, or eruptions, rheumatism, or organic diseases, the suffering is terrible. Hence the gratitude of those wno discover that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will eradicate this avil.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario.,
N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate
relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven
years. Have been obliged to sit up all
night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night
on a feather bed, which I had not been
able to do previously to using the Oil."

Fram Manitaba. From Manitoba.

I have been cured of chronic diarrhoss by the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I used about twelve bottles of it, and am now entirely free from the disease." William McLaren, Clearwater, Manitoba.

AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-biliou tio, sugar-coated.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, TORONTO.

select audience, who despite the inclemency of the weather, had hastened to witness the closing exercise of the scholastic year. Whatever inconvenience the vistors might have suffered in arriving at the academy, was more than compensated by the grand musical treat which greeted them. Among the guests we noticed a large number of Revelergy. Besides His Lordship, Bishop O'Mahony, there were present, Very Rev. H. P. Rooney, V. G., Very Rev. L. Laurent, V. G., Very Rev. C. Vincent, V. G., Very Rev. C. Vincent, V. G., Very Rev. T. Heenan, V. G., and Rev. Fathers Brennan, Egan, Cassidy, McCann, Chalandard, Cassidy, Frachon, Gavin, Shea, Finain Du Mochel, Corduke, Klauder, Murray, Desjoines, Cushing, Guimane, Boubat, McCarty, McGovern, Hand, Minuchan, and several others. A select and attractive programme composed of recitations, and vocal and instrumental music had been arranged with exquisite taste by the teachers. The most notable instrumental selections were a grand Fantasia from Eomaut, a trio by Litst, and a grand coronation duett which was warmly applauded, but perhaps the gem of the evening was a harp solo executed by the Misses Hastings and Maud Smith In the Duetts ten young ladies were negaged at pianos and two at harps the effect produced was magnificent. The young ladies who distinguished themselves in this department were the Misses Corcoran and Ida Hughes. In vocal muste the Misses McCann and Kennedy were the most prominent, bott young ladies possess pure, sweet, well cultivated voices.

**X is Dunn deserves special mention for the excellent elecution displayed in her

Miss Dunn deserves special mention for

Cultivated voices.

Miss Dunn deserves special mention for the excellent elocution displayed in her recitation "Robert of Sicily." We must not forget the "little ones" who charmed the audience by their sweet childishnes in their cantata "Spring."

The Exhibition Hall of the Conven presented a beautiful scene. The wall were hung with paintings, and crayor drawings, the work of the pupils, while artistically arranged around were specimens of their industry in fancy work embroideries, etc. So much talen was displayed in many pieces, that on would deem them the work of a professional. The paintings of Miss Cora Reid who obtained a gold medal in this department, showed great talent which if she continues to cultivate promises great taste as also Miss Towner, whose life-lik heads were greatly admired. Miss Davis work in silk, arasene, and gold embroidery attracted considerable attention. Miss Maud Smith's piano cover with the musiof "Home, sweet Home," attracted the admiration of all. We congratulate the Community of St. Joseph on the great success of their Institute. Their Academy holds a first rank among the educationa seminaries of the Province; and each succeeding year but atrepthens its position. The appearance of the pupils of the Convent platform was in itself a proc of their superior mental and mural training. With the elegant deportment of the young lady, was blended that purity an innocence of countenance, which can be seen only in an atmosphere wholly religious. That education, which ignore the soul is a false education. The Sister of St. Joseph have given sufficient proc of their abilities as teachers in the fine are required to prepare pupils for Provincial artification. and in those more solid subjects, such a are required to prepare pupils for Pro

work of instructing the youth of you country; and in sending from their half mobile Christian women to greet society Before the distribution of prizes Mikennedy read her beautiful valedictor which needs no comment it speaks for which needs no comment, it speaks for

Nearer and nearer approaches the moment, when we must bid a last farewell tour beloved Convent home, and retur where is centred our souls fondest desirand brightest hopes—"Home awarent was and brightest hopes—"Home awarent was a second brightest below to be a second brightest brightest

But with the smile of joy at th prospect of future happiness, is mingle the tear of regret at the thought of leaving our dear teachers—those loving gua-dians of our youth, our fond companion those pleasant associates of our school lif-and last dear St. Joseph's itself, swe-hallowed abode wherein have been apper

hallowed abode wherein have been spee so many happy hours.

In the distant future, though far frot the spot where so many gladsome mements have fied; yet still shall for memory recall those days, and that remen brance shall sweeten the bitter draugi from life's cup of sorrow.

Those spacious halls, their sylvan su roundings, the merry play ground, to quiet study, we shall frequent no mor and all that now remains for us, is to st that saddest of all and words—"farewell Farewell dear Convent home of S Joseph, we must leave thy sacrad precinc perhaps forever, but memory, faithful memory will still be ours; and oft whe the wild storm rages and the anchor

memory will still be ours; and oft whe the wild storm rages and the anchor Hope seems lost in the foaming waters then, ah! then, shall the thought of o beloved "Alma Mater," be as a besc-illumining the darkness, the guiding st attracting us heavenward; and the tempe shall cease, for upon our spirit's ear shi fall the gentle voice, the loving count to seek before the silent Tabernacle the solace and strength which earth can nev solace and strength which earth can nev

aclace and strength which earth can her give.

Adleu, then, dear sister-friends to truest, the best. Adleu, fond companion of our vanished school-days. Farew bright Convent Home, may we ever true to thy teachings—may we ever worthy children of thes, sweet asylum religion and science, to which we now a sad farewell—dear St. Joseph's Farew.

Following are the honor and the prolists:

HONOR LIST.

Bronze medal—Presented by His Hones, Leo XIII., for Christian doctriand awarded to Miss Mary Kennedy.

Gold medal—Awarded to Miss No Corcoran, for lady-like deportment, supjority in instrumental music, and honable mention in the higher branches English.