

dropped several notes lower—"the Nazarene will be here to-morrow, and Ben-Hur to-night."

Either struggled to maintain her composure, but failed; her eyes fell, the tall tale blood surged to her cheek and forehead, and she was saved sight of the triumphant smile that passed, like a gleam, over the face of the Egyptian.

"See here is my promise."

And from her girlish she took a roll, saying:

"Rejoice with me, O my friend! He will be here to-night! On the tier there is a house, a royal property, which he has pledged to me; and to be its mistress is to be—"

A sound of someone walking swiftly along the street below interrupted the speech, and she leaned over the parapet to see.

Then she drew back, and cried, with hands clasped above her head, "Now blessed be his name! Ben-Hur himself! That he should appear while I had such thought of him! There are no gods if it be not a good omen. Put your arms about me, Esther—and a kiss!"

The Jewess looked up. Upon each cheek there was a glow; her eyes sparkled with a light more nearly eager than over her nature emitted before. Her gentleness had been too roughly overriden. It was not enough for her to be forbidden more than fugitive dreams of the man she loved; a boastful rival must tell her in confidence of her better success, and of the brilliant promises which were its rewards.

Of her, the servant of a servant, there had been no hint of remembrance. And she could show him her letter, leaving her to imagine all it breathed. So she said:

"Dost thou love him so much, then, or Rome so much better?"

The Egyptian drew back a step; then she bent her haughty head quite near her questioner.

"What is he to thee, daughter of Simonides?"

Either, all thrilling, began, "He is my—"

A thought blinding as lightning stayed the words: she paled, trembled, recovered, and answered:

"He is my father's friend."

Her tongue had refused to admit her servile condition.

It was a moment more lightly than before. "Not more than that?" she said. "Ah, by the lover gods of Egypt, that mayst keep thy kisses—keep them. Then hast taught me but now that there are others vastly more estimable waiting me here in Judea; and"—she turned away, looking back over her shoulder—"I will go get them. Peace to thee."

Either saw her disappear down the steps, when, putting her hands over her face, she burst into tears; they ran scalding through her fingers, tears of shame and choking passion. And to deepen the pangs so strange to her even temper, up with a new meaning of withering force rose her father's words—"Thy love might not have been vainly given had I kept fast hold of all I had, as I might have done."

And all the stars were out, burning low above the city and the dark wall of mountains about it, before she recovered enough to go back to the summer-house, and in silence take her accustomed place at her father's side, humbly waiting his pleasure.

To such duty it seemed her youth, if not her life, must be given. And, let the truth be said, now that the pang was spent, she went not unwillingly back to the duty.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Church in Mexico.

From the Boston Pilot.

From time to time, since President Juarez began his war on the Church in Mexico, sundry non-Catholic religious organizations make fervent appeals for their Mexican missions, and give vague, but enthusiastic accounts of the conversions they are effecting among the benighted Catholics of that land. They give no figures, however, but figures of speech; and have always some specious explanation of the fact that they are so slow to root in Mexican soil.

"They have but scratched the surface of the ground," writes "F. R. G." Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, and himself a Protestant. And he further says: "This nation of ten million souls, largely Indian, are no more to be won to the cold idols of Protestant denominationalism, than they are to become Theosophists."

The people are nothing if not Catholic. Without the Catholic, the Indians will return to their Aztec idols and human sacrifices; the educated men will become indelible pure and simple."

The tendency in both cases is already strong enough to frighten the State which finds now that the blow struck at the Church is rebounding upon itself. Juarez thought he had crushed the Church when he deprived it of its temporalities, but as "F. R. G." candidly acknowledges, he only crushed its external shell; he could not harm its inner self. "The Church temporal received a deadly blow; the Church spiritual remained intact and animated by the zeal of all persecuted bodies of men."

Patriotic Mexicans are questioning, "Has it been good policy to alienate the mightiest force in Mexican society from the cause of the civil government?" The State and not the Church suffers. The State wants the Church back as the conservator of public order, and is willing to meet it more than half-way in a policy of reconciliation.

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

A HINT WORTH HEEDING. Life loses half its zest when digestion is permanently impaired. Surely then a speedy means of restoring this essential of bodily comfort is worth trying. Every rack, every profusion, bears its quota of evidence to the beneficent influence upon the stomach, and also upon the liver, bowels and kidneys, of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, or celebrated Blood Purifier. What is the course suggested to the sick by this testimony? We leave them to decide.

CATHOLICS IN PROTESTANT CHOIRS.

A Young Lady Resigns Her Position at the Request of Her Pastor.

THE RELATION OF CATHOLIC MUSICIANS TO PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

The question of Catholics singing professionally in Protestant choirs is just now agitating social and religious circles. One of the sweetest soprano singers in Newark, Miss Mary J. Dunn, a Catholic young lady, daughter of a prominent and wealthy plumber, resigned from the choir of the Sacred Heart to accept an engagement to sing in the quartet of the North Reformed Church at Newark, N. J. Miss Dunn sang for three years without pecuniary compensation in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and then received \$200 a year, having through conscientious motives refused an offer of \$1,100 a year to sing in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, and another offer to sing in the Trinity Church, Newark. Her resolution to resist these professional calls faltered a few weeks ago, and, as already stated, she gave up her position at the Sacred Heart Church to become one of the paid quartet in a Protestant church.

When Mr. Doane of Newark heard of the matter he communicated with the young lady's parents and besought them to exert their influence to have their daughter remain a faithful member of the Church. This had the desired effect. The young lady in deference to her parents' feelings gave up her position in the Protestant church and declared her voice would not again be heard in any church choir in Newark. Mr. Doane, on last Sunday, not having heard of the decision at which Miss Dunn had arrived made the following reference to the case which will be of interest to our readers as showing the relation of Catholic musicians to Protestant religious worship:

"As it has been publicly announced that a member of this parish is to sing in the choir of a Protestant church in this city, it becomes my painful duty to express my disapprobation of the fact which I have been unable to prevent, but which by silence I should seem to sanction, and to make known to you the law of the Church on the subject, lest others may think they are free to do the same. It is simply a question of right and wrong. The Church forbids her children taking any part in Protestant worship as a communication in sacred things, and the theologians enumerate singing in a Protestant church or playing an organ as among the things forbidden under that head, though some say that in case of extreme necessity they may be tolerated when there is no danger of perversion."

"It is allowed as an act of civil respect, or at least, not considered a sin, to be present at a Protestant funeral, provided that no part is taken in the religious ceremony. Such is the teaching of the theologians, according to the circumstances of this country, though in other countries they are more rigorous, and even that is forbidden. There is a great principle underlying this, and that is that no Catholic has a right to tolerate, by personal participation or sanction, religious acts which he believes to be the Catholic Church is the one only Church of God it is evident that we cannot co-operate with those religious bodies that refuse to submit to her authority and deny her doctrines, and that have raised the standard of revolt against her. Socially, our relations with those of our faith, should be of the most friendly character. We wish them well, serve them every way in our power, pray for them, but not with them, and do all in our power to bring them to a knowledge of true faith."

"Beyond that we cannot go. They can come to us, but we cannot go to them. Many a poor servant girl has had the moral courage to refuse to join in family worship when her conscience forbade. The true Catholic obeys instantly the voice of the Church as the voice of God. Obedience to her prelate, obey those who rule over you by divine appointment and right. No temporal advantage can ever justify our exposing ourselves in any way to lose our faith, which, as St. Peter says, is more precious than gold. So we must be on our guard against any Protestant association which holds out any temporal advantage when the condition is taking part in any form of religious worship but our own."

"As I said last Sunday there is a spirit of schism and insubordination in the air. In New York, for example, Catholics are quoted as saying and writing things in utter contempt and defiance of ecclesiastical authority. Let us be on our guard against this moral misadventure. Keep up the discipline of the Church. Render a willing and docile obedience to her decrees, knowing that when we hear her we hear the voice of God. 'He that heareth you heareth Me,' and he that heareth Me heareth Him that sent Me.' The Catholic Church is our teacher in morals as well as faith; she teaches us the duties which are coming to us all as Christians and the things to be done and avoided peculiar to our state of life. She tells the Catholic physician what he may or may not do; so the lawyer, so all, in every estate of life, and her teachings will be found consistent with the general principles of truth and justice of which she is interpreter and guardian."

"A good many unjust and ungenerous things have been said about me during the past week. The defense has been heard before the complaint, a reversal of the ordinary course of proceeding. I know that I am doing an unpopular thing, that I expose myself to the charge of bigotry and intolerance, which in an age that, as was said of ancient Rome, tolerates every error while it rejects the truth, are recognized as an offence and while the truth cannot be betrayed, and while it should be spoken as the Apostles say, in love, it must be spoken, and that without fear or favor."

"If a pagan could say, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall,' how much more a Christian, and a Christian priest? I have not sought this quarrel; I shall never quarrel for any human motive from what duty requires, however painful and distasteful to me personally it may be."

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

PROOFS FROM REASON THAT A BENEFICENT CREATOR RULES ALL THINGS. From L'Abbe Segur.

Is there a God who cares for us? We are living in a strange age. Ideas most foolish and the most eccentric appear in broad daylight, are printed in the periodicals, romances and novels, and spoken in public discourses. Never, perhaps, did the world assist at such a spectacle. They speak of everything without knowing anything; they affirm or deny what they are ignorant of; and especially in matters of religion their impudence is beyond measure.

There have been wicked people at all times; but there are different kinds of wickedness. The impious of our century are such without knowing why, and, as they are more ignorant than their predecessors, they are also more violent than they were.

It is not enough for them to ridicule the priests, the pious people, the sermon, etc.; they go further and attack boldly that which constitutes the basis of all human beliefs, the foundation of all religion. We not seldom find men who pretend not to believe in God, and who have the strange desire to lower themselves to the level of beasts, by affirming that man is but an animal like the others, that we have no soul, that after death all is finished, etc.

We might shrug our shoulders at those hollow absurdities if it were not that, unhappily, many simple and uneducated minds are entrapped by those audacious lies, and gradually have their faith shaken. Faith remains always, somehow, because common sense and conscience clamor so loudly that it is impossible completely to crush their voice; but instead of the bright light which first illumined the intelligence, there remains only a faint glimmer that threatens us any moment to expire. Hence, coldness and uncertainty in the fulfillment of duty and the practice of good."

Who knows, dear reader, but this is your case. Who knows, but this sad history might become yours soon; for who can answer for to-morrow. He who has resisted ten assaults might be overcome by the eleventh, and would not have been conquered had he possessed weapons of defense. Allow me to offer you these pages as defensive weapons and armaments of war."

If the poison already has entered your mind, what I am going to tell you might perhaps paralyze the effects of the baneful venom, and save you; if, thank God, the evil is yet to come, then this antidote will make you invulnerable."

History tells us that an ancient king, of Asia, who was afraid that his enemies would poison him, so carefully secured his stomach against all poisons, that when his foes came, they were unable to dose him and had to give it up in despair. So, I hope, it will be, my dear friend, when wicked men try to corrupt your heart by evil doctrines."

We will not talk science or high philosophy; we are going to have a good, sensible chat together, like brothers and friends. It is common sense we will invoke to solve this most profound, most sublime and most actual of all problems: Is there a God?

A good little boy of five or six summers was eating his breakfast under the eyes of his mother, and he was dipping contentedly the little crumbs of bread, which his mother cut for him, in a nice, fresh, soft-boiled egg.

"My son," said the fond mother, "do you know who made the egg you eat?"

"Yes, mamma," answered the little man, "it was the little white pullet which you gave me."

"And the white pullet, where does it come from?"

"From another egg,"

"And the other egg, who made it?"

"Well, another hen," said the child, laughing.

"And that other hen?"

"Well, it comes from another egg; and so it goes on always."

"And the first of all the eggs, who made it?"

"But, mamma, it is the first of all the eggs."

"Very well! but if the first hen has made the first egg, who, then, has made the first hen?"

The child stopped, thought for a moment and the good little philosopher, as he was, answered to his mother:

"It is the good God."

And, indeed, what else could he answer? Reason as much as you please; willing or unwilling, as sure as an egg cannot be made without a hen, and that a hen must come from an egg, as sure must we come to the first hen which laid the first egg. Well, who has made the first hen? If not that omnipotent Being, who made everything, who created everything out of nothing, and whom we call God!

An egg, you see, is sufficient to prove the existence of God; and that, in spite of all the reasoners and high-minded gentlemen; in spite of all the periodicals and infidels."

II.

Everybody knows that, but everybody doesn't think of that. I remember that I used once as a reasoning as simple, yet the more irresistible on account of its simplicity, to end a kind of religious discussion which I had with a young officer. He was fresh from the military academy, heard thousands of silly remarks at the saloon and mess house, and, dazzled by loquacity, or rather babbling of some of his comrades, he tried to place himself on their level, and boasted of strong-mindedness."

This good young man, who endeavored to become learned, was speaking one day with me of his pretended philosophical views. He seemed particularly infatuated with a certain theory, renewed from the Greeks, and which a very learned lieutenant of his company was, for some days, developing at table, between the cups. That theory was invaluable, for its object was to do away with God, neither more nor less."

"Men," said my little officer, "have been, for sure, monkeys in their origin; and it is by successive improvements and perfectionments that they arrived at what they are. Monkeys, in their turn have not been monkeys all at once, but

it has taken time, centuries upon centuries, to bring them that far; and so with all the other animals, even the lowest, even the toad, the snail, the oyster, etc."

"All those animals have started by being simply plants, which, themselves gradually became more perfect, detached themselves from the ground, became animated and finally lived. These plants themselves were dirt and stones before being plants, but through the action of the sun, the central fire of the earth, and I do not know what else, they grew in grade and grain. And," he added, "that is how all things are explained."

"But," said I, "the earth itself, and the sun, and the central fire, where do they come from?"

"They must be explained, too."

"Of course," he said, proud of his system; "they are vapors, or mists, or gases which combined and united themselves together little by little. You see, all is explained, every thing, and I do not see what is the use of a God."

"But, my poor friend," I retorted, laughing, "if you had nothing else left but your mists and your primitive gases, even that is something! Something must have made them!"

My brilliant second lieutenant nor his friend, the free thinking first lieutenant, had never thought of that."

"That is true," said he, simply, and coloring a little, "that is true." And he never spoke of his system again."

Our philosophers of the work-shop, of the barracks, and of the saloons are of the same stamp of my lieutenant. Listen to them, if you please; believe them if you can; you cannot do it."

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Ave Maria.

A missionary priest in the far Northwest, in a communication to the Monitor, states that he lately had the happiness of receiving into the true Church six adult Protestants. On Easter Sunday the same zealous missionary gave Holy Communion to 400 Indians. "These lovely children of Nature are so devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as to communicate on the first Friday of every month, which they distinguished from other Fridays calling it 'the great Friday.'"

A Sister of Charity in Italy recently found that a relic of the heart of St. Vincent de Paul had become detached from its covering in the reliquary which she wore. A priest of the archdiocese broke the seal, in order that it might be made more secure. The relic was allowed to fall on a clean sheet of white paper, and, as it was too small to be taken up with the fingers, a needle was used. The moment the needle pierced it a relic, a blood-red liquid flowed therefrom, and cooled the paper. The incident was related to the archbishop, who immediately ordered the sheet of paper to be preserved with care and respect, and sent a report to the Holy Father."

A noble charity in Dublin is known by the pathetic name of the Hospices for the Dying. Not long ago two ladies visited the ward where men of all ages lie waiting for the coming of the consoler. There is sometimes a long period of waiting, and the poor fellows are glad to see a cheerful visitor who brings a little sunshine. One of the ladies had a guitar, and was playing for the patients, when a strange gentleman was ushered into the ward. He appeared to be much attracted by the scene, and presently volunteered to sing. And sing he did, to the delight of his audience. The singer was Mr. Santley, who, on the same night, all the poor fellows were glad to see him, and he was the subject of much interpretation of "Elizah." Many of our readers may not be aware that he is a devout convert.

Catholic Columbian.

The Catholic Church is not the Church of any class in society. In virtue of her divine mission, however, she is, ever has been, and ever will be, the special friend of the poor, the afflicted, the friendless, and the unfortunate. There are none of any class, beyond the reach either of her authority or of her sympathy. To the rich she preaches the necessity of sharing God's gifts with the poor; to the poor she teaches the lesson of compliance with whatever appears to be the will of God. Murmuring and discontent are feelings always repressed by her.

Too many Catholics contrive to be blind to the obligations of the first precept of the Church, that we should contribute to the support of our pastors. This is a great oversight. One command is as binding as another. He that preaches the Gospel for our benefit spiritually should receive a temporal maintenance. And certainly no man is so poor as to be unable to contribute a share of his means for his pastor's support. Although it is of obligation, nevertheless these contributions should be made cheerfully, and we will go so far as to say, thankfully."

Boston Pilot.

Honest Englishmen and Scotchmen are telling home truths just now. Professor Rogers, of Oxford University, made a speech in Glasgow on April 19, at a meeting over which Sir Charles Tennant presided, while those on the platform included Sir William Collins, Councillor Graham, Mr. John Ferguson and several Presbyterian clergymen. Professor Rogers said: "Two centuries and a half ago Scotchmen were Home Rulers for their own country. They knew that violated rights of conscience and rapacity and the plundering of a weak country by a strong one was generally the result of a reign of what some people called law and order (cheers and laughter). The Government were going to put down crime, and free from crime, and they had only 516 cases of outrage in Ireland, whereas in the London Marlborough Police Court alone they had 16,000 cases every year. If there cases happened in Ireland every one of these 16,000 cases would have been returned as 'outrages,' to say nothing of those the Times newspaper would have invented (laughter and cheers). There were ten of the cases in the Marlborough Court there would be 160,000 outrages every year in London (which had a population about the same as that of Ireland) in contrast to the 512 outrages put forth in support of the Coercion Bill (cheers)." With regard to the Parnell

letter [Professor Rogers said he had "no respect for the morality of the Times," that it was "grossly unfair," that it and other papers in their attacks on the Irish representatives had "got to the very depths of baseness." N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"The Freeman's Journal" very ably follows the attempt of certain high dignitaries to make the Catholic Church an American institution. It cannot do this so long as we Protestants remember that the Catholic Church originated the Massacre of Bartholomew and the Edict of Nantes." Mr. J. J. Beamer, "journalist," of Poughkeepsie, is kind enough to write this. The Catholic Church is the most American of all the admirable things called and mis-called "American institutions." It blessed America before the Puritans brought their un-Christian intolerance here. It has, since the founding of the American Republic, been one with the best impulses and efforts of Americans. It alone preserves the family among the wars of the sects. It is an American institution. In the sense that it is here to stay, that it is part of all that is good and stable in American life. We disapprove of slang; but as grammatical usage is good grammar, and as American slang by usage becomes idiomatically American, we may apply a certain bit of transformed slang to Beamer's reproach. The St. Bartholomew Massacre and the Edict of Nantes are "chestnuts"—fossilized in public school "histories."

Catholic Columbian.

To be "Evangelical" will soon come to the same as being devoid of both learning and good manners. Webster defines "To Evangelize" to "Convert to a belief of the Gospel;" and an "Evangelist," "A preacher who is authorized to preach but who has no charge," &c. To evangelize a la Jones, Small, et al., is simply to bring the Gospel into contempt. As to being preachers authorized to preach—none of them from the days of Luther downwards have been that; but they had a certain air of respectability in contrast with the modern brood of evangelists; among the latest, one Forrest has "bobbed up" at San Francisco, where he astonishes the Christian sense of decorum and smashes all grammatical rules at one and the same time. One of his first evangelical (?) utterances was that "Christ had dealt him a full hand and made him a winner every time." He dislikes the Episcopalians on account of the manner in which they "do the prayer act." This class of fellows were intended by nature to be clowns in some one-horse circus.

Buffalo Union.

"Rev. Sam Jones is a kind of rhetorical mud pot," says his exasperation at the Catholic Church he declared recently that "Rome is just half a mile from—Sheol." Well, half a mile is a safe distance if you stay there." N. Y. Herald. And she stays there, a stop-gap, as it were, to keep as many as she can from following the "mustard pot" pulpiter and tumbling in."

What a withering pen is Labouchere's. This is how he playfully crucifies the liberal Judas Chamberlain. In a recent number of his paper Truth, Mr. Chamberlain is now, I rejoice to know, at home, where he can receive all the attention which his case requires. The unfortunate gentleman is much shaken in nerve and body. He spends most of his time in reading fiction, which, as involving no great strain on the intellectual faculties, is permitted by his medical attendant. His favorite romance is "Paradise and Crime." He calls "Walker" (this confusion of names is a very common symptom in these cases) is the greatest of living men, and hopes soon to see him made a Peer by the title of Lord Mendax. He spends most of his time in the conservatory trying to produce a cross between the primrose and the orchid. If he succeeds, he proposes that he and J. see Collins should wear the hybrid in their buttonholes. He sleeps well, but always has the same dream—that he is Prime Minister." If the Birmingham Labouchere King be not already a madman, Labouchere's pen is enough to make him one.

Cleveland Universal.

The brave Irish editor and member of parliament, Mr. William O'Brien, spoke on Friday at Kingston, Ont., though lauded and some from the ruffianly Orange assault at Toronto. At Kingston the police coolly permitted a large Orange mob to gather and assault him, as he was leaving the place of lecture, and it is a miracle the plucky Irishman was not murdered outright. A friend hastily effected a change of hats with him, or he probably would have been a serious sufferer from his injuries. The American newspaper men were fiercely pursued, and were lucky in saving their lives. It is hard to picture demons of a more lurid hate than these Orange thugs. They should never more insult American soil by their off-native British parades in balled lobster habitments. As lovers of free speech their name is "mud."

Colorado Catholic.

Holy Church teaches no more consoling doctrine than that of the Communion of Saints. It breathes a wisdom that refreshes in the weary pilgrimage of life. It is a fountain of sweetness to the tired traveller in the arid desert of earthly existence. Far away where angels and saints enjoy life supernatural, a smile lights up the face of heavenly church at the vision of the noble pilgrim's toil, and the prayers of these blessed spirits are swelled by a friendly chorus from the voices of purgatory's patient souls who, in return for the sufferings of their militant brethren here below, offer the throne of mercy a sweet, a fruitful violence. How beautiful is the sympathy so helpful that binds together the three great divisions of the faithful who form the one, true, eternal church. Often, then, when our hearts are hushed in deep meditation in the solemn presence of this reflection of comfort and encouragement.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN WEAK STOMACH AND DYSPEPSIA. Dr. J. C. WINANS, Madison, O., says: "I have used it in many of the stomach, dyspepsia, and vomiting in pregnancy, and found it an admirable remedy; also in atonic conditions where phosphorus is required."

IT CAN DO NO HARM to try Freeman's Worm Powders when your child is ailing, feverish or fretful.

DAVITT DESCRIBES

REMARKABLE POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS AND THE IRISH FARMERS.

In an interview with a special correspondent of the Scottish Leader on the 7th inst., Mr. Davitt answered some very interesting questions arising out of his visit to the Highlands.

On being asked by the Leader representative how he was pleased with his visit, Mr. Davitt answered: "Oh, I'm immensely pleased with the entire tour," he replied. "Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy represented in the hospitality of the Highlanders."

"Does our Highland scenery compare well with the beauties of Ireland?" "It is of a different character. We have something approaching Highland scenery in Connemara and in Kerry, and also in several places on the east coast of our Hibernian island. In Connemara we have in a smaller area a larger number of cone-shaped mountains. But we cannot boast of the same number of picturesque valleys and straths as you have in the Highlands. To compensate, however, we have, I think, a larger number of lochs—of beautiful lochs especially—but, excepting the incomparable Killarney, we are not able to come up to Loch Lomond."

A TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

If, as a patriotic Irishman, I had not to stand by Ireland, I should certainly give the prize for scenic beauty to Scotland."

"Do you find the Highlanders in as satisfactory a condition as the scenery?" "No, hardly, but the crofters in Connemara and the neighboring mainland counties seem to be better fed and clothed and housed than the farming classes of similar standing in Ireland."

"About the Hebridean Islands?" "Here in Skye I notice the same miserable hovels with which I am so familiar in Connemara, the smoke coming out of the doorway, and with every appearance of poverty and degradation. The people of Skye, too, in other respects resemble the peasantry of Ireland far more than the crofters of the mainland of Scotland do."

"Very likely, then, the languages resemble each other?" "Yes, I can understand the Gaelic in Skye, and have found good Gaelic scholars who understood me when I spoke in native Irish. To me it is a matter of surprise that such a close resemblance in pronunciation, and in idiom should remain between the spoken Gaelic in the Highlands and the Gaelic of the west of Ireland, considering that the Celtic races in the two places have been separated for at least 2000 years. Of course, that is to me an interesting and a very agreeable circumstance, and I think if I remained in Skye for a month I would be able to speak the provincial Gaelic so as to be understood by the crofters."

HIS FONDNESS FOR GAELIC.

"You like the Gaelic language, of course?" "Certainly. It has been a very interesting feature of my meetings, both on the East and West coasts, to have speeches delivered by crofters in the Gaelic tongue. Speeches in Irish are often delivered at meetings along the west coast of Ireland. I find among the crofters here, as among the inhabitants of the islands off the western coast of Ireland, and in other parts of Ireland, the same tradition that the land formerly belonged to the people prevails."

"Does the language bear this out in any way?" "You will see whether it does when I mention that neither in Irish nor in Gaelic is there any word for landlordism."

"What do you think of Highland hospitality?" "A great deal, you may be sure. The peoples of Ireland and the Highlands and islands of Scotland are very much alike in the important matter of national hospitality. There is a natural courtesy among your crofters which reminds me forcibly of the poor and impoverished cottiers of Clare island, on the western coasts, and the way in which they greet strangers into their midst."

"Then, sir, we find that there is a similarity between the scenery of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands and islands. There is also a close connection evidently between the two native languages?" "Exactly, that is how matters, as it seems to me, stand."

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE.

"Well, is there not a third similarity? Do you think that the question to be settled in Ireland and the question to be settled in the Scottish Highlands are alike?" "Practically the demand in both cases amount to the same thing, the only difference being that the Irish have been longer trodden on in demanding home rule and land reform than the Celts in the Highlands."

"What opinion do you hold as to a remedy?" "It seems to me that the grievances on the land question being about the same in Ireland and your Highlands, the ultimate remedy in both cases will also amount to the same."

"Just so; the Highlands and the Hibernians are pretty nearly in the same hole more ways than one. Now what do you think of Mr. Chamberlain's tour?" "Mr. Chamberlain's Highland tour?"

"Have you any particular ideas about that matter?" "Well, the fact about that Mr. Chamberlain is this. He cannot possibly understand either the Irish or the Highland people; at least, that is my opinion of the right honorable gentleman. It requires a statesman with a great deal of heart fully to sympathize with the past sufferings, the present grievances and the honest aspirations of the peoples of Ireland and the Highlands."

"And Mr. Chamberlain's heart?" "I very much fear that Mr. Chamberlain has not shown himself to be overburdened with too much heart."

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.