

"And there is nothing," he added, dropping his voice, but not his eyes—"there is nothing now that may not do."

The moment was one of absorbing interest to all present. Simonides crossed his hands upon his breast again; Esther was anxious; Ildemir nervous. A man is never so true as in the moment of excessive good fortune.

Taking the roll, Ben-Hur arose, struggling with emotion. "All this to me a light from heaven, sent to drive away a night which has been so long I feared it would never end, and so dark I had lost the hope of seeing," he said with a husky voice. "I give first thanks to the Lord, who has not abandoned me, and my next to thee, O Simonides. Thy faithfulness outweighs the cruelty of others, and redeems our human nature. There is nothing in this my hour of such mighty privilege be more generous than I serve me as a witness now, Sheik Ildemir. Hear thou my words as I shall speak them—hear and remember. And thou, Esther, good angel of this good man! hear thou also."

He stretched his hand with the roll to Simonides.

"The things these papers take into account—all of them: ships, houses, goods, horses, money; the least as well as the greatest—give I back to thee, O Simonides, making them all thine, and sealing them to thee and thine for ever."

Esther smiled through her tears; Ildemir pulled his beard with rapid motion, his eyes glistening like beads of jet. Simonides alone was calm.

"Sealing them to thee and thine forever," Ben-Hur continued with better control of himself "with one exception, and upon one condition."

The breath of the listeners waited upon his words.

"The hundred and twenty talents which were my father's thou shalt return to me."

Ildemir's countenance brightened.

"And thou shalt join me in search of my mother and sister, holding all thine subject to the expense of discovery, even as I will hold mine."

Simonides was much affected. Stretching out his hand, he said, "I see thy spirit, son of Hur, and I am grateful to the Lord that He hath sent thee to me such as thou art. If I served well thy father in life, and his memory afterwards, be not afraid of default to thee; yet must I say the exception cannot stand."

Exhibiting, then, the reserved sheet, he continued:

"Thou hast not all the account. Take this also—read—read aloud."

Ben-Hur took the supplement, and read it.

"Statement of the servants of Hur, rendered by Simonides, steward of the estate. 1. Amrah, Egyptian, keeping the palace in Jerusalem. 2. Simonides, the steward, in Antioch. 3. Esther, daughter of Simonides."

Now, in all his thoughts of Simonides, not once had he entered Ben-Hur's mind that, by the law, a daughter followed the parent's condition. In all his visions of the sweet-faced Esther had he figured as the rival of the Egyptian, and an object of possible love. He shrank from the revelation so suddenly brought him, and looked at her blushing; and, blushing, she dropped her eyes before him. Then he said, while the papyrus rolled itself together:

TO BE CONTINUED.

DONAL KENNY.

BY JOHN K. CASEY.

"Come piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel,' Or else the 'Lasse on the Heather,' And Mary, lay down once more together. At fair and pattern oft before. Of reels and dances the rattle leaves. But ne'er again this loved old knee. Will feel the foot of Donal Kenny."

Sothly she rose and took his hand, And softly glided through the measure, While clustering round the village band. Looked half in sorrow, half in pleasure. Warm blessings flowed from her mouth; As ceased the dance the rattle leaves. Oh, blessed Virgin guide the ship Which bears thou Donal of the ocean!

"Now God be with you all," he sighed, "Down his face the bright tears flowing. 'God guard you well, avic,' they cried, 'Upon the strange path you are going.' So full his breast, scarce could speak. With burning grasp the stretched hands taking. He pressed a kiss on every cheek; And sobbed as if his heart was breaking."

"Boys, don't forget me when I'm gone, For sake of all the days passed over. The days you spent on health and beauty, With Donal Kenny, the rattle leaves. Mary, agra, your soft brown eye Has willed my fate (the wretched slowly); 'A far beyond the rattle leaves, by Heaven grant you take his blessing holy!'"

A kiss from her brow of snow, A rush across the moonlit meadow, Whose brown-clad sails, stretching slow. The mossy brown wrapped in shadow; Away o'er fully bounding rill. As far beyond the rattle leaves. One cheer on Carrick's rocky hill, And Donal Kenny's rattle leaves.

The breezes whistled through the sails, Or Gullaway Bay the ship was heaving. And smothered groans and bursting wails Told all the grief and pain of leaving. One form among that exiled band Of parting sorrow gave no token. Still was his breast and cold his hand; For Donal Kenny's heart was broken.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs, and pulmonary complaints.

Don't do it. Don't rack and ruin your lungs with a tight, harrowing, distressing cough, when a few doses of Hagar's Pectoral Balm will loosen the phlegm, soothe the irritation, and heal the sore throat and bronchial pipes, and may avert that destructive disease, consumption.

P. M. Markell, West Jeddore, N. S., writes: "I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I had a horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble was in the knee; and two or three applications completely cured him."

Humorous. The most humorous man is not always the happiest; the man who has scrofulous humor or any obstinate humor of the blood, does not feel very lively, at least not until he is cured; which, by the way, Burdock Blood Bitters will do in the most troublesome of blood humors.

MR. HEALY'S SPEECH.

In the course of the debate in the English House of Commons on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address, Mr. T. M. Healy delivered the following characteristic speech:

Mr. T. M. Healy, who was received with loud cheers from the Irish and Opposition benches, and cries of "divide, divide" from the other side, said—Mr. Speaker, the right hon. gentleman who has just sat down complained of the length of time occupied by this debate, and no doubt, from his point of view, that complaint is well founded; but he must at least admit that this debate may have been of some service to that party in this house of which he has seen so much reason to complain—namely, the Irish Party, for they are getting so many lessons in honesty, and all those warm virtues of which the Tory party claim a monopoly, that at least unless the other side disbelieves in the virtues of their own speeches they are bound to recognize that we may get some benefit from them (laughter). I would like to ask one or two questions of the right hon. gentleman when he attacks the Irish Party with regard to the Plan of Campaign. He has stated that the Irish tenants wish to deprive the Irish landlords of their rights. I would ask him how he ever considered how much per annum the Irish Land Bill and the Irish agitation have taken off the rents of the Irish landlords? I should say something like two millions per annum. In other words the Irish landlords have been robbing two million tenants for generations of the millions per annum of their hard won earnings; and I would like to ask the right hon. gentleman whether, when he brings in any bill or makes any amendment in the law, he will propose that those two millions per year of which the tenants have been robbed in the past for generations will be allowed off their rents, and, if he will not do so, I would like to know on what this complaint of dishonesty is founded (Irish cheers). The Plan of Campaign is at its very worst a mere set off for your robbery of us in the past, and the Irish tenants so regard it (Irish cheers). But, sir, there is another aspect. We hear, that law and order must be maintained. Now, sir, no doubt, law and order in the mind of Englishmen, and sent something, and ought to be maintained. But those law and whose order? We don't recognize your laws—we don't recognize laws made here in London by gentlemen of the political ability of Mr. Warton, the late member for Bridport (laughter), and by the gentlemen like those on the opposite benches, who know nothing whatever about our country (Irish and Opposition cheers). You may talk about law and order. So far as we are concerned, we believe that, that every one of your laws violated by the fact that you have no power whatever to impose them upon us, and we merely adopt them so far as it is convenient to do so, and no farther (Irish cheers). With regard, sir, to what has been said as to the right of the landlords in the soil, it appears to me that the fact is lost sight of that we have never recognized this right (Irish cheers). We have always maintained that the right of the tenant of the soil is the dominant right; that the right of the landlord to the soil is a mere accidental right; acquired by confiscation, by plunder, and by robbery, and maintained by this house by foreign bayonets (Irish cheers). I should like to know, that being our view, if we were inclined to press it to any great degree, how it would suit many of the landlords opposite? (Hear, hear). But we are not inclined to press it. We are willing that the landlord should have a fair rent, or, being bought out, that he should get a fair purchase money for his interest in the soil (hear, hear). We do that for the sake of what has come to be recognized as policy (laughter). The Government propose to extend the purchase clause of Lord Ashbourne's Act to still greater extent. That, in my opinion, is really the ground of the action of the government with regard to the Plan of Campaign. The reason is this—Because the Plan of Campaign has taught the Irish people how easy it is to combine against the landlords, and it will teach them how easy it will be afterwards to combine against a foreign Government, if the foreign Government makes itself the landlord's place of an existing one. This really is the secret of the tremendous opposition to the Plan of Campaign. You put out the right hon. member for Midlothian (Mr. Gladstone) on the plea that you would not accept his purchase scheme, and yet you are now going to use it yourselves (hear, hear), and you are going yourselves by this system of criminal procedure as you like to call it—this system of jury packing and conspiracy—negative the Irish tenants of the only weapon they would have—the weapon of public opinion for resisting this imposition (hear, hear). This is a very serious matter for the Unionist party and for gentlemen like the right hon. member for West Birmingham (Mr. Chamberlain); and if it is proposed force on the Irish people a scheme of purchase by a government such as the landlord Government now in power, that bill will not recognize in the tenant right to improvements he claims. Of course it will be repudiated by the tenants in the future (Irish cheers). I would warn the Liberal Unionists, I would warn the right hon. gentleman the member for Birmingham and the noble lord the member for Rosendale that if they attempt to thrust down the throats of the Irish people any scheme of land purchase, such as the Plan of Campaign, the Plan of Campaign which imposed such a scheme upon them would be a greater and more serious one (cheers). In the first instance no scheme of purchase would be tolerated by the Irish people or by their representatives which did not fully recognize in the tenant the right to all his improvements (cheers). The Governments may pack juries, they may suppress, perhaps, *United Ireland*, they may crush out public opinion, they may suppress public meeting, and when they have reduced the country to silence—when Ireland has been reduced to what you call quiet, a quiet which, perhaps, would be only broken by the Ribbonmen of the Ribbon Lodges—some of these evenings by and by (cheers), when you have got all the conspirators in jail, then you may succeed in passing your land purchase scheme and the country

may be quiet for two or three years, but I don't think a Tory Government are always going to remain in office, and when you are gone to your reward (laughter), that is to say to the constituents, another Government which probably will be a Liberal Government, will come in, and upon that Government will be imposed the impossible task of trying to restore law and order and contentment and peace in the country (cheers). The hon. member having referred to the statements of the Chief Secretary and Home Secretary with respect to the selection of jurors, and to the answer which he had got from the Solicitor-General on the subject to-night, said in the case of Joe Poole, who was hanged, they challenged sixty jurors. There is not a man in Ireland at the present moment who believes that the man Poole was guilty. He was defended by a Tory lawyer, and that Tory lawyer told me that he went to one of the jury who convicted him and asked him "How could you find that man guilty of murder?" The juror said "Oh, if Poole had been proved to have been in Australia at the time we would have had to convict him," (cheers), and these were the men of independent thought! And why had they to convict him? Because intimidation prevails in our courts (cheers). I would like to know how it is that Her Majesty's Government are able to know the names of the jurors who were actually sworn in for the trial of the Hon. Secretary able to defend the action of the sheriff in having for the first time for centuries empaneled a jury of 250, when even under the Crimes Act 200 was the highest number summoned. Of course they are in league with the sheriff (cheers). The house should remember when the Chief Secretary declares that the usual course will be adopted, the house should remember that it is exactly the course pursued by the Government to secure conviction in this matter. No body knows more about jury packing and how juries work than the right hon. bart the Irish Secretary (hear, hear). I will remind him it was he who altered O'Hagan's Act. Lord O'Hagan under the Liberal Government of 1871 passed an act by which juries were to be chosen alphabetically in certain order, and at a certain qualification, but the moment the Tories got into office they saw this would not suit their book in Ireland, and, although there was no agrarian agitation at the time, the right hon. gentleman the Chief Secretary made the alteration in the law, enormously increasing the qualification of jurors (Irish cheers); and what did he do in the city of Dublin? He adopted one of those tricks which we very difficult for laymen to understand, which have to be seen in working to see how they tell against traversers such as my hon. friend the member for East Mayo. Had these men been tried in Dublin, in the city in which they were originally indicted, they would have been tried by jurors of £20 qualification; but what is the qualification for the county of Dublin as arranged by the right hon. baronet, because it is his work, and it is a special qualification, for lands of a £40 qualification. Now, what does that mean in the county Dublin? Most farmers in Ireland are rated at £20, and in every instance the Arrears Act only applied to farmers under £30 a year, which included five-sixths of the farmers. Therefore you will scarcely get any Irish farmer in the county Dublin on the popular side who will be rated in £40 (Irish cheers). Council it is a villa owned by the merchants of the city, who leave the city and go outside the limits of the municipal boundary, and at the house qualification they take in the officers of Rathmines, Kingstown, and Drumcondra—all the Civil Servants, men in Government employment, so that by means of this qualification and the change from the city to the county they hit exactly the qualification (Irish cheers). The kind of jury they want (cheers). The Home Secretary said the traversers should not object to being removed to the county, as in that case they would get a larger population. Well, sir, I am surprised at the right hon. gentleman, who for so long a period himself an Irish member, although only perhaps for Dungarvan (laughter), making such a statement; he should know that there is a larger population in the county of Dublin than there is in the county (Irish cheers). For instance, under the redistribution scheme, which goes by population, there were four members for the city and only two for the county (cheers). Therefore I think the right hon. gentleman was a little out when he stated that there was a larger population (hear, hear); but I will assume that you will get your conviction, I will assume that the last work of the Chief Secretary is granted, and I will assume that he has my hon. friend and his companions—Mr. William O'Brien and others—I will assume he has them in jail for two years. Well, after all, the Tory party are a Constitutional party, they are fond of repeating history, but I would ask them whether the late Mr. Forster felt so particularly comfortable the first day the key turned in Kilmalbinham on his hon. friend's door, than there for Cork. Why, sir, his troubles were only beginning (cheers). And whereas you have the Plan of Campaign adopted now on only forty estates out of nine thousand, perhaps when my hon. friend is convicted and the March rents come to be paid the Plan of Campaign may spread from forty to four thousand (Irish cheers), and the Irish landlords who were so glad to see the hon. member for Cork released will be putting up an amnesty; because of all animals in the world the Irish landlord is the most selfish (laughter). He cares nothing for State policy; he only wants to get his rents (laughter and cheers). Furthermore I would ask hon. gentlemen whether they think in this jubilee year of Her Majesty the Queen that the way to promote the acceptance by the Irish people of those splendid measures promised by the Government is by beginning the new year by putting five or six members of this house, representatives of the Irish people, in jail (Irish cheers). I venture to say, sir, this. We said it before in the case of Mr. Forster's bill; we were not believed; we appeal again now and we won't be believed on that (Tory) side of the house, though we are beginning to be believed on this—we tell you now plainly if you put these men in jail by a packed jury (cheers), such as you evidently intend to do, that your difficulties will be in-

creased fourfold, and that, in fact, you will render the country completely un-governable (Irish cheers). I do not propose, sir, this period of the night to occupy the time of the house. I only desire in the plainest terms to say that when you find out by and by exactly what has occurred, you cannot say you acted without warning. The fate of Mr. Forster, the fate of his Government, has had some effect—an enormous effect—upon the Liberal Government in this country (cheers). Some members of it, such as the noble lord the member for Rosendale, has not yet come round (laughter). The noble lord won't join the Government himself, but he sends his Chancellor of the Exchequer to join them (laughter). His reluctance to join the Government reminds me very much of Punch's butler, who said after attending on a certain dinner party of Cockney, according to a weekly amuser of London circles, "I don't mind writing on 'em but I should not like to have to dine with 'em." (laughter). The noble lord's mind had yet to be penetrated by these truths and by these lessons, which have sunk into the minds of other members of the Liberal Party. I believe, sir, even time itself will tell upon the mind of the noble lord. I believe this experiment into coercion, which the Tory Government are making now, and the consequent failure will tell upon his mind. It is not to be used as the Tory party as a boon. I believe their experiment in coercion will simply lead to disaster, and that a united Liberal Party, under the member for Midlothian, will once more come into office to restore peace and order to Ireland (Irish cheers).

AN ACUTE PHASE OF THE LABOR QUESTION IN FRANCE.

THE MONK AND THE WORKINGMAN.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. The Monk—"You have said to me, and doubtless you believe it, that I am a do-nothing, that I eat your bread and live by your sweat. That was true of me forty years ago. I was young, I was rich; I passed my life leisurely, in luxury and in the corrupt joys of the world. One day I was present at the death of one of my brethren. I was struck by this great lesson; I reflected; I formed the resolution of taking life seriously, that is to say, to make it serve to the gaining of Heaven. I bade farewell to my family, I renounced my great fortune; I became a priest, and afterwards a Capuchin. I wish to be poorer than the poorest among our workmen; to sleep on the ground, to walk barefoot, girt with the cord of St. Francis, and to devote myself to the salvation of sinners and of the wretched. That is how I am a do-nothing and how I eat your bread. But look, let us make up both our accounts. At what hour do you rise?"

Workingman—"At half-past five. Sometimes later, when the evening before I stayed too long in the bar-room."

Monk—"In what kind of a bed do you sleep?"

Workingman—"Oh! as for that my bed is not bad. I have a good mattress, and I am warmly covered."

Monk—"What food do you eat?"

Workingman—"When I have work, my food is good; bread, coffee, beer, potatoes, cheese, and the most part of the time meat."

Monk—"How many hours make up your working day?"

Workingman—"Ten hours."

Monk—"Very well; let us balance accounts. As for me, I rise every day at four o'clock. I sleep on a board covered with straw. My covering is thin, and often I am cold. I never eat meat; and during our Advents, our Lent, and our numerous days of abstinence we deprive ourselves of butter and milk. Your working day is ten hours; mine is fifteen hours."

Workingman—"Oh! I say, but I have the work of the factory. And you, what do you do?"

Monk—"What I do I am going to tell you on my knees to pray for those who do not pray and who blaspheme God. We recite the breviary and our offices in a church which would be very cold in winter, if the presence of the Blessed Sacrament did not warm our hearts. After saying the Holy Mass, we go to the confessional and during long hours, which are the longest in the evening, we listen to the groans of sinners who come to pour into our bosoms their faults and their repentance. Nothing is more fatiguing than the preaching which is done in the confessional, in a low voice, with strained ears and close attention, and a heart deeply moved. The day is employed in preaching in the parishes to which we are called, in missions which we give almost constantly, and from which we cannot be torn out with weariness. When we are not on the mission, we divide our time between study in our cells and visiting the poor and sick. In the evening we have long offices to read and meditations and prayers in common. We terminate these prayers with the *Pater, Dominus—Spare, Lord, spare Thy people!* And we ask particularly for grace and mercy for those who insult us. We take equal care of the boards and straw. These are our days and our nights. Do you find that we are useless men, that our work is not worth yours, and that you still venture to call me a do-nothing, eating the bread of poor people? Ask the men who declaim in your clubs—Mr. B. the lawyer, Mr. R. the physician, Mr. X. the journalist and free thinker—how they pass their days, how they breakfast and dine and sleep; and you will convince yourself that they breakfast, that they dine and sleep much better than you or I; and that if any one eats the bread of the people and drinks their sweat, it is not the monk."

Criticism. A lady in Brockville states—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing cold in my head that was pronounced Catarrh. The balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so pleasant and so easy to use that at first I thought it "no good." I now use it with my children for colds and stoppage of the nasal passages.

Imitation. Is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only Corn Extractor. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine "Patnam's." Safe, sure and painless. All druggists.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

The Church and Society.

A NOBLE APPEAL TO CAPITALISTS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

We give the text of the speech of Archbishop Ryan at the Catholic Club's dinner, in Philadelphia, on February 8th. The Archbishop was introduced by the President of the club, Mr. Stephen Farrelly. He said:

GENTLEMEN: I, in common with your president and yourselves, regret deeply the absence of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. We have one consolation, however; we can speak of him more freely than if he were present, because praise would rather pain him, and he is a very modest man. I wish to say to you that, in addition to the very highest qualities which he possesses, and which fit him for the exalted office of Cardinal, he is remarkable for a thorough knowledge of the genius of this country, and he has also a knowledge of the spirit of the Church, and, knowing both, he sees the harmony that exists between the spirits of both; and he understands the Church and he understands the country, and he sees that there is no antagonism between the institutions of the Church and the institutions of the country.

In no country of the world is the Church more at home than in this country. It is important to have as its ecclesiastical leaders men who are thoroughly imbued with the genius of our free institutions. The President has said, that the Cardinal is a man who is in favor of education and Christian civilization and being good. As a great ecclesiastic he must be in favor of education. Education, to be perfect, should be Catholic in the sense of being universal. It should extend to all the great elements of our nature, and therefore should, we believe, take cognizance of the religious element which is found in intellect and memory, and especially in the will. Look at the history of Catholic churches and education, and learn that a great ecclesiastic must be a patron of Education.

The second portion of the sentiment is that the Cardinal is the representative of that higher civilization which the Church has always promoted. Now, gentlemen, the most remarkable fact in the history of our race is the establishment upon this earth of a new civilization called the civilization of Christianity. It was not merely a religion that regulated Christian life, arts, science and literature, and it changed the whole face of human society, and no man can for a moment question but that influence was a beneficent one. And as in this land, when the Spaniards would oppress the natives, fearless ecclesiastics stood between the Spaniards and the natives and protected them; so in every land—in England, when the Normans would oppress the Saxons, the Norman Bishops protected the Saxons against their own country. So shall it be now, when the great conflict seems to come between capital and labor. Now she will be found true to her mission. She speaks to both. Her Founder saw at His feet the kings of the East and Joseph, the carpenter, and the shepherds of Judea. He gives us the embodiment of faith. He was the King of kings, Lord of lords. He was the Being to whom the earth was given as His inheritance, and He was the carpenter's Son, and He worked at the carpenter's bench. He was capital and labor united in His sacred self. She continues the mission which is to teach both the Eastern kings and the shepherds of Judea, both the poor and rich; her mission is to teach both and bring them nearer to each other, and make them understand one another in that incarnate Deity, which as they approach Him and as they learn His genius, which is His Spirit communicated, they will learn not to be in antagonism but to love one another. Our mission I can better describe by an illustration which occurred to me. You know that in the Roman amphitheatres brother had to fight with brother, and butcher each other to make a Roman holiday. On one occasion when two gladiators met and fought in mortal combat; when the amphitheatres was crowded from the lowest to the highest tier; when the people looked with savage joy upon the bloody combat below, a monk, a Catholic monk, bounded from the audience into the midst of the arena, stood between the combatants and said: "In the name of the God of Peace I command you to desist!" The gladiators, the whole amphitheatres was filled with cries of indignation, calling for the death of the monk, and he spoke. They rushed upon him, they tore him to pieces and drank in the blood of another Christian martyr, but the gladiator contest ended. The act went to the hearts of the people, and by his death he achieved the fulfilment of his command that in the name of the God of Peace they should desist. Now the amphitheatres of the world is crowded from the lowest to the highest tier. Men are assembled and they look at the ecclesiastic, the monk, comes in again and says to them: "You are brothers in God; you are creatures of the same Father; you are children of the same Country; in the name of the God of Peace I command you to desist. Labor might say the foxes had their covers, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. Remember Him who said: 'Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Improve your condition, but by no dishonest means. By no fierce means. Remember that there is a Trinity in which you may be rewarded and imitate the carpenter's Son."

REQUEM MASS FOR THE LATE MRS. KIELY, OF DUNGARVAN, IRELAND.

N. Y. Catholic Review, Feb. 5.

Last Sunday, February 20, the esteemed rector of Transfiguration Church, Rev. John M. Kiely, received a cablegram from Dungarvan, Ireland, announcing the death on that morning of his mother, Mrs. Mary Kiely, at the residence of her son-in-law, Captain Kirily, of the Square, Dungarvan.

Much sympathy was felt for Father Kiely throughout the city, although the advanced years of the lamented lady had rendered it not improbable that at any moment the summons might come to her. She was not unprepared. The many Brooklyn people who knew of her, or had met her, knew that she was always ready.

On Tuesday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung for her eternal repose in the Church of the Transfiguration, Marcy avenue, of which her eldest and only surviving son is the distinguished and popular rector. The sad occasion drew together a large number of the Right Reverend and Reverend clergy, who came to express their sympathy with Father Kiely and to show through their respect for the memory of his mother, the high honor and appreciation in which they held her son.

The Bishop of the Diocese, attended by the Vicar General, Very Rev. Wm. Keegan, presided at the Solemn Mass. There was present in the sanctuary, Right Reverend James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ontario, accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Gauthier, P. P., Brockville, Ontario. The Celebrant of Mass was the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Rector of St. Anthony's; Deacon, Rev. D. J. Sheehy, Rector of St. Ambrose's; Sub-deacon, Rev. Maurice Hickey, of the Church of the Visitation; first Master of Ceremonies, Rev. G. H. O'Dougherty, second Master Ceremonies, Rev. M. G. Flannery.

At the close of the Mass, Right Reverend James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ont., assumed cope and mitre and gave the last absolutions, first preaching an address of great power and erudition, teaching the lesson suitable to the sad occasion. He said that with the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese, the illustrious Bishop of Brooklyn had undertaken to say a few words of edification and consolation on this sad occasion. He had been traveling all night and the preceding day from his distant diocese, and on arriving at the house of his dear friend, the Rector of the Transfiguration, on that morning, he found him in mourning. Sad as was the occasion he could not but be gratified by the sweet providence of Almighty God that had given him that opportunity of saying a word of praise for the lifelong virtues of the deceased lady. She had been his friend from her childhood. They were born in the same town. Their relatives were friends. When, after many years, he returned to his native town as its parish priest, she was one of the most devoted and exemplary of his flock. God had blessed her by giving her eldest son a call to the holy ministry, and she willingly, like a Christian mother, made the sacrifice of her first born to that holy priesthood. Every morning winter, summer, autumn, spring, she attended daily Mass and practiced all the duties of her religion. Therefore it was that while we mourned her, we mourned already as was joy, in the belief that she was on her way to a place of refreshment, light and peace.

Bishop Cleary then, for the edification and instruction of the large numbers of non-Catholics who were present, proceeded to explain at great length, but with sustained interest, the historical, theological and Scriptural reasons why that morning vespers and the tremendous sacrifices for the repose of the holy soul. It was enough, he said, that Holy Church had ordered it, but it would be profitable to consider that it was no new invention, no novelty that might be accepted or rejected as the proposition of theorists in politics or statecraft. He therefore traced the history of prayer and sacrifice for the dead, from the very days of Christ, through the history of the Catacombs, in the light of the emancipated Church in the days of Constantine, and in the days of the Patristic Church represented by St. Augustine and Ambrose. It was an elaborate and perfected address that showed the well-known scholarship of the Bishop of Kingston. In conclusion he renewed his appeal for devout and lasting prayers for the soul of his deceased friend, the mother of a good priest. *May she rest in peace.*

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife; A bed, the bitterest cure of earthly life." How many wives who to-day are almost distracted because of their many ailments, all tending to make home unhappy, would become the best of all earthly goods if they got rid of their troubles by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy for the diseases and weaknesses which afflict the female sex. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on these diseases, illustrated by numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, writes: I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other.

age. Embrace your brother who labors, and then the benediction will be given to both.

I feel, gentlemen, that I owe you an apology for making so long a speech, and that in answering for the Cardinal this evening, I ought to have been animated by the Cardinal's virtue of prudence and have been more brief, but seeing around me some of the leading men of thought of this city, and of this country, and understanding the responsibilities of this time, I could not but say the things that were in my heart, and I feel that in saying them I also am a representative of that old Church that always advances education, that always was and always must be the friend of the poor man without being the enemy of the rich man—the Church which is the embodiment of that Christian civilization which we possess, and which we must take care not to lose.

On Tuesday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung for her eternal repose in the Church of the Transfiguration, Marcy avenue, of which her eldest and only surviving son is the distinguished and popular rector. The sad occasion drew together a large number of the Right Reverend and Reverend clergy, who came to express their sympathy with Father Kiely and to show through their respect for the memory of his mother, the high honor and appreciation in which they held her son.

The Bishop of the Diocese, attended by the Vicar General, Very Rev. Wm. Keegan, presided at the Solemn Mass. There was present in the sanctuary, Right Reverend James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ontario, accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Gauthier, P. P., Brockville, Ontario. The Celebrant of Mass was the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Rector of St. Anthony's; Deacon, Rev. D. J. Sheehy, Rector of St. Ambrose's; Sub-deacon, Rev. Maurice Hickey, of the Church of the Visitation; first Master of Ceremonies, Rev. G. H. O'Dougherty, second Master Ceremonies, Rev. M. G. Flannery.

At the close of the Mass, Right Reverend James Vincent Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, Ont., assumed cope and mitre and gave the last absolutions, first preaching an address of great power and erudition, teaching the lesson suitable to the sad occasion. He said that with the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese, the illustrious Bishop of Brooklyn had undertaken to say a few words of edification and consolation on this sad occasion. He had been traveling all night and the preceding day from his distant diocese, and on arriving at the house of his dear friend, the Rector of the Transfiguration, on that morning, he found him in mourning. Sad as was the occasion he could not but be gratified by the sweet providence of Almighty God that had given him that opportunity of saying a word of praise for the lifelong virtues of the deceased lady. She had been his friend from her childhood. They were born in the same town. Their relatives were friends. When, after many years, he returned to his native town as its parish priest, she was one of the most devoted and exemplary of his flock. God had blessed her by giving her eldest son a call to the holy ministry, and she willingly, like a Christian mother, made the sacrifice of her first born to that holy priesthood. Every morning winter, summer, autumn, spring, she attended daily Mass and practiced all the duties of her religion. Therefore it was that while we mourned her, we mourned already as was joy, in the belief that she was on her way to a place of refreshment, light and peace.

Bishop Cleary then, for the edification and instruction of the large numbers of non-Catholics who were present, proceeded to explain at great length, but with sustained interest, the historical, theological and Scriptural reasons why that morning vespers and the tremendous sacrifices for the repose of the holy soul. It was enough, he said, that Holy Church had ordered it, but it would be profitable to consider that it was no new invention, no novelty that might be accepted or rejected as the proposition of theorists in politics or statecraft. He therefore traced the history of prayer and sacrifice for the dead, from the very days of Christ, through the history of the Catacombs, in the light of the emancipated Church in the days of Constantine, and in the days of the Patristic Church represented by St. Augustine and Ambrose. It was an elaborate and perfected address that showed the well-known scholarship of the Bishop of Kingston. In conclusion he renewed his appeal for devout and lasting prayers for the soul of his deceased friend, the mother of a good priest. *May she rest in peace.*

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