

the next note said. "He seems the first time to comprehend that he is in danger. He looks like a lion. I am sure he will have some of a strength, for his chances are all in."

Chevreuse handed the paper to brother priest, who had been out come in again, and watched his while he read it.

Will you tell me frankly your opinion of this?" he said then. "O'Donovan dropped his eyes, however, evidently, no mind to be frank on subject. "I cannot have a settled opinion on a question of which I have not one side," he said. "I have in court this morning, and talked with some people there, and the chances at present seem for a conviction. But we cannot tell the strength of the defence as yet."

In spite of his reserve, there was no taking his belief in the prisoner's innocence.

Chevreuse shut his book decisively. "Since I am not needed here, I may well go and see the bishop," he said. "I have to have gone this week to settle some business with him, but he is not to be allowed to leave Crichton. Can you take care of my people some days longer?"

"A week will be enough—two to three, and come, two there. You will now where to telegraph for me, if I could be wanted. I will go straight to the bishop's house, and stay there."

"How glad I am that you did not get 'episcopal residence'!" remarked companion.

F. Chevreuse was already making preparations for the journey. He intended to go rather imperiously from the house he was packing.

"Why should I say it?" he demanded. "Never used such an expression in my life. And this reminds me of that you have been criticizing me for to-day, calling me superstitious and I don't know what else. In one line corner of my mind I have been thinking the matter over ever since, and have arrived at these conclusions: persecution, being nothing but erratic madness, should be treated with great kindness; and, besides, you were right when I was at that reading the Roman classics; furthermore, Rome itself was not born in the faith, but a converted pagan, and she stands there, a Christian Juno, with all Olympus kneeling before her feet; and well for any form is good that is capable of holding a Christian soul. Still further, I have concluded that young O'Donovan, whose hair still looks, across the room, quite black, should be a becoming reverence for Chevreuse, who has long since ceased to be a young man, and begun to be an old man, and I am an elder, and a better, and I did say better, did not I, God bless you!"

And he was off, glad of the noise and of the change of face, and of the scenes of anything that would help to ease his mind by a momentary distraction. Yet, in spite of every effort, the thought haunted him of Mr. O'Donovan rousing himself to do battle with his life. Call up whatever image would to entertain his mind, that he intruded. He pictured to himself the first dawn of apprehension in the prisoner's face rapidly intensifying to a flash of angry terror, the reddening of the whitening color, the gathering of the brows. He tried to guess that he would do and say, by what he had heard he would at last fling off the poor man's attention which he had that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

It was quite understood, then, that one was to tell him anything relating to the trial, nor mention the subject to him; so that when, on the evening of the third day, he started for his room, he knew no more of the progress of the trial than he had known on leaving Crichton.

There were but few passengers that evening, and F. Chevreuse established himself in a corner of the car, put his ticket in his hat band, that he might not be disturbed by the conductor, and closed his eyes, and shut his eyes, and he was not to be talked to by any one else, and took out his books to exercise his outburst thoughts and invoke holy thoughts. It was a saying of his that the roads, when rightly used, had always been and fastened to the girder of Mary, and she was a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God.

They proved so to him in this case, and one after another the joyful mysteries were budding and blossoming under his touch, when presently he found himself somewhat disturbed by the voices of two men who were talking behind him. At first the sound reached him through the long vista of that lonely abstraction; but soon it came to distance lessened, and then a single word brought him down with a shock.

"He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."

It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken. "His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from distress of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the fortune for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it aside into Mrs. Macon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only unclasped somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the woods. Seeing Mrs. Macon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of F. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that she was a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.

"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlucky push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution. Nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

single word brought him down with a shock.

"He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."

It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken. "His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from distress of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the fortune for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it aside into Mrs. Macon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only unclasped somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the woods. Seeing Mrs. Macon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of F. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that she was a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.

"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlucky push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution. Nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

It was quite understood, then, that one was to tell him anything relating to the trial, nor mention the subject to him; so that when, on the evening of the third day, he started for his room, he knew no more of the progress of the trial than he had known on leaving Crichton.

There were but few passengers that evening, and F. Chevreuse established himself in a corner of the car, put his ticket in his hat band, that he might not be disturbed by the conductor, and closed his eyes, and shut his eyes, and he was not to be talked to by any one else, and took out his books to exercise his outburst thoughts and invoke holy thoughts. It was a saying of his that the roads, when rightly used, had always been and fastened to the girder of Mary, and she was a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God.

They proved so to him in this case, and one after another the joyful mysteries were budding and blossoming under his touch, when presently he found himself somewhat disturbed by the voices of two men who were talking behind him. At first the sound reached him through the long vista of that lonely abstraction; but soon it came to distance lessened, and then a single word brought him down with a shock.

"He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."

It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken. "His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from distress of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the fortune for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it aside into Mrs. Macon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only unclasped somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the woods. Seeing Mrs. Macon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of F. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that she was a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.

"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlucky push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution. Nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

It was quite understood, then, that one was to tell him anything relating to the trial, nor mention the subject to him; so that when, on the evening of the third day, he started for his room, he knew no more of the progress of the trial than he had known on leaving Crichton.

There were but few passengers that evening, and F. Chevreuse established himself in a corner of the car, put his ticket in his hat band, that he might not be disturbed by the conductor, and closed his eyes, and shut his eyes, and he was not to be talked to by any one else, and took out his books to exercise his outburst thoughts and invoke holy thoughts. It was a saying of his that the roads, when rightly used, had always been and fastened to the girder of Mary, and she was a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God.

They proved so to him in this case, and one after another the joyful mysteries were budding and blossoming under his touch, when presently he found himself somewhat disturbed by the voices of two men who were talking behind him. At first the sound reached him through the long vista of that lonely abstraction; but soon it came to distance lessened, and then a single word brought him down with a shock.

"He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."

It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken. "His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from distress of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the fortune for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it aside into Mrs. Macon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only unclasped somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the woods. Seeing Mrs. Macon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of F. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that she was a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.

"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlucky push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution. Nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

It was quite understood, then, that one was to tell him anything relating to the trial, nor mention the subject to him; so that when, on the evening of the third day, he started for his room, he knew no more of the progress of the trial than he had known on leaving Crichton.

There were but few passengers that evening, and F. Chevreuse established himself in a corner of the car, put his ticket in his hat band, that he might not be disturbed by the conductor, and closed his eyes, and shut his eyes, and he was not to be talked to by any one else, and took out his books to exercise his outburst thoughts and invoke holy thoughts. It was a saying of his that the roads, when rightly used, had always been and fastened to the girder of Mary, and she was a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God.

They proved so to him in this case, and one after another the joyful mysteries were budding and blossoming under his touch, when presently he found himself somewhat disturbed by the voices of two men who were talking behind him. At first the sound reached him through the long vista of that lonely abstraction; but soon it came to distance lessened, and then a single word brought him down with a shock.

"He fought hard at last," one said, "but it was of no use. Everything was against him."

It needed not another word to tell the priest who and what were meant; but other words were spoken. "His defence was a mere mass of sentimentalism," the speaker went on. "He owns to having walked the streets the whole night of the murder, but he says that it was from distress of mind. He had to decide before the next day whether he would abandon all hope of the fortune for which he was contending, and lose with it all that he had expended, or else throw into the chasm the few hundreds he had retained that an accident might not find him penniless. He declared that the state of his mind was such that he could not sleep, nor keep still, nor stay in the house. Now, that part of the story would not have been so bad if he had not been seen near the priest's house, hanging about there, and going away when he was observed, and if he had not declared that, when he went away from Crichton in the morning, he had not heard of the murder. The tracks were not a strong point, for Newcome makes everybody's boots just alike, and there are a good many men in Crichton who have as neat a foot as Schöninger. But the rest of the defence was nonsense. The shawl was what convicted him. It was his shawl; he owned it; and the fragment found in Mme. Chevreuse's hand just fitted the torn corner, thread for thread. I could see that he was confounded when that came up. He says he left the shawl in Mrs. Ferrier's garden in the evening, and went for it early in the morning before anybody was up, and that he found it just where he had left it. He owned, too, that he put it aside into Mrs. Macon's carriage. He said he knew her and what she was collecting for; had heard all about it at Madison. When he left his broken harness—which, by the way, was not broken, appears, but only unclasped somewhere—and went to Mr. Grey's, he took his shawl over his arm absent-mindedly, and found it a nuisance while he was going through the woods. Seeing Mrs. Macon's carriage there full of parcels, some gray blankets among them, it occurred to him to add his shawl to the pile without putting any one to the trouble of examining him. He said that he believed those nuts to be very good women, and that he felt a respect for them for the sake of F. Chevreuse, who had been very polite to him. Fancy a Jew taking off his shawl to give it to a nun, and that she was a priest! The story is too ridiculous, you see. Oh! it is clear. There never was a clearer case of circumstantial evidence. No one could have a doubt. But the verdict is too hard."

"You think it should not have been murder in the first degree?" another voice asked.

"It should not," was the emphatic reply. It is almost an outrage to make it so. But people became ferocious the moment it was clear that he was guilty, and I believe they would gladly have taken him out and hanged him to the first tree. The fact undoubtedly is that he was pressed for money, and meant to help himself to the priest's. Mme. Chevreuse heard him, and started to alarm the house, and I think he gave her an unlucky push. But nothing of that sort would content the prosecution. Nor the people. They must have it that at the very best he killed him off, but he was like a thorn, and he hastily tried to mind something to banish it.

He remembered what F. O'Donovan had been saying of Rome, and tried to collect something of that old picture-book part of his life, to see again in the city its shady streets and sunny piazzas, to enter in spirit some dim church starred around with lamps, and with precious marbles; but when he had laboriously fashioned the scene, his hand was outstretched to put it aside as a painted curtain, and again he saw the Jewish gladiator, alive and alert, fighting desperately for his life.

"You can see that I have run away from a disagreeable scene and talk," he said. "And now to business."

It was quite understood, then, that one was to tell him anything relating to the trial, nor mention the subject to him; so that when, on the evening of the third day, he started for his room, he knew no more of the progress of the trial than he had known on leaving Crichton.

There were but few passengers that evening, and F. Chevreuse established himself in a corner of the car, put his ticket in his hat band, that he might not be disturbed by the conductor, and closed his eyes, and shut his eyes, and he was not to be talked to by any one else, and took out his books to exercise his outburst thoughts and invoke holy thoughts. It was a saying of his that the roads, when rightly used, had always been and fastened to the girder of Mary, and she was a flowery chain by which she led the soul directly to the throne of God.

dead, that he had no questions, or few, to ask.

"The law has decided," he said, "and, for the present, at least, I cannot question its decision. They know better than I how to arrive at the truth. At the same time, I never will say of a man that he is guilty till he has himself told me that he is, or till I have the evidence of my own senses. And now, what have you to tell me about my people?"

"It is well," was the echo. "The people had, indeed, settled into their usual quiet mode of life again with surprising readiness, as often happens to those who, giving themselves entirely up to an excitement, exhaust its force the sooner. The conviction and sentence of Mr. Schöninger had not only given them a satisfying sense of justice vindicated, but had impressed them with awe. The suddenness of his fall, when they had leisure to contemplate its accomplishment was startling. But a few weeks before, he had walked their streets with a step as proud as the proudest, and there was not one among them, whatever his prejudices, who was not pleased to rejoice his salvation; in a few months—months of misery and disgrace—he would be called on to suffer the extreme penalty of the law."

Some of them remembered, too, when all was over, the defence the prisoner had made, if defence it could be called, when he was permitted to speak for himself. They were bitter words, full of fierce and haughty defiance and denunciation, and at the time their sole effect had been to provoke still further against him the popular rage; but, for some reason, there was a thrilling pathos in the recollection of them, perhaps because they had been uttered in vain, and because they seemed with what horror he contemplated his impending doom.

"You seek my destruction because I am a Jew, not because I am a criminal," he exclaimed; "and you condemn me without proof. But do not flatter yourselves that I shall perish so. Do not believe that I shall fall a victim to your insane and presumptuous bigotry. It may triumph for a time, but the triumph will be short."

Not a very pleasant sort of address to be listened to by a judge who had tried to be impartial, and meant to be honest, nor to a jury who were fully convinced of the speaker's guilt, and who had moreover, as juries are likely to have, a more than judicial sense of their own dignity. Yet, for all that, there was not one of them that would have liked to face again those flashing eyes and that white hand pointing like a flame where his words should fall. They were rather afraid of the man, and looked with equal uneasiness toward the execution of his sentence and the possibility of rescue or escape, or of revenge even, which he had seemed to threaten.

For the present, however, the prison was strong and well guarded, and the convict, being of solitary confinement, had, no means of communicating with any friends he might have outside. He was still in Crichton, the state prison being near the city jail; and still, if he chose, he could look out from his grated window and see the Christ in air stretching out arms of loving invitation to him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Writings of St. Peter.

Great interest in the religious world attaches to the publication of a translation of the recently discovered manuscript of the alleged apocryphal gospel of St. Peter. It is a document of the early half of the second century and the copy was discovered in an Egyptian tomb. It is thought it was made in the eighth century.

There was also found a copy of the lost apocryphal of St. Peter. This is the most valuable discovery, for, as the translator indicates, it furnishes the origin of most of the early Christian ideas of hell. Much of the latter literature on the subject is traceable to this now restored document. A simple quotation shows its nature:

"And I saw also another place over against that other, and it was a place being chastised, and there were men being chastised and their raiment dark according to the atmosphere of that place. And there were some there hanging by their tongues, and these were they who blasphemed the way of righteousness. And I saw the murderers and him that had conspired with them to cast into a certain narrow place full of evil reptiles and being smitten by those beasts and wallowing there thus in that torment, and there were set upon them, as it were, clouds of darkness, and the soul of them that had been murdered were standing and looking upon the punishment of those murderers and saying, 'O God, righteous is thy judgment.'"

Everybody stands aghast at the enormous amount of information in the SPAR Almanac of Montreal. There is a scramble to get copies of it.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Ontario, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from him having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

Bordering on Consumption. When a cold is neglected it frequently develops into a bordering on consumption. No other remedy will so quickly relieve and cure cases of this dangerous kind as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, because no other remedy possesses such perfect curative powers as does this prince of pectoral remedies.

No Cold or Cough too severe to yield to the curative power of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

THE ORATORS AND ORATORY OF SOCIETIES.

By JOHN MAHONY.

Written for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Not long since I was greatly amused to hear a lawyer, who has more cheek than wit, telling the members of a very ambitious society that such organizations as theirs were cultivators of genius.

I should like to be able to agree with him; but should I differ from him, in the course of what I have to say, I shall simply be giving him the knowledge that many popularly accepted truths are very often extremely delusive, and that after all men are not bound to agree either to agree or disagree. An association of any kind which gives its members the opportunity to participate in debate has always been looked upon as a sort of a future. I am almost inclined to believe that the public men of to-day will hardly hesitate to declare that they owe very little indeed to the clubs and associations to which they belonged in youth.

On the contrary, I am of the opinion that such men have had to unlearn many things which seemed vitally necessary in the old days of the crude school of debate.

The active hour of their lives talent and strength and common sense tell. These, but a few have found in the petty debates of club or society. Rather have they found gibberish and superficiality. It is not now-a-days—in this day of clubs and societies—even action, action, action, but words, words, words. One or two, and only one or two, ever think of the word ideas.

A young man enters a society to become what? At first he himself does not know. Is it the companionship that draws him? The social features? The selfish, laudatory desire for office? To see his name for the first time in print? To be called upon to take part in the literary exercises? Or is it—sad to relate—to hear himself speak? To become the great man of the small society?

Men love to rule, and (to steal a thought) if they are dressed in that little bit of brief authority how wonderfully elated they become! They never pause in their march of vanity to try to think of themselves as others do, and to do that which is man's most difficult, yet best, task—to study life.

In all the world there are few really great orators—men who are orators. Why, we hear on all sides, of every city and town and hamlet having their several orators, but this fact only illustrates still more strongly that great weakness of the human race which persists in calling mostly everything by a wrong name.

So far as this subject is concerned I need only ask you to attend any meeting of any of the ordinary societies in your own city.

Is it not a fact that there are half a dozen men in every city, and once in the while, when any matter of importance is considered, are there not many more?

The good democratic idea of every man having his own say cannot be condemned, but when that say transpires a man, sensible in private, into a man, foolish in public, it is but fair to commence to believe that the training school of debate is in reality a training school of fools.

Of the graduates of that school I have often heard a certain class of persons enthusiastically cry out, "Aren't they clever?" "Aren't they fine speakers?"

Powerfully they fancy that anyone who can stand up before a number of his fellows and talk, talk, talk, ceaselessly, glibly and lengthily, is a fine speaker, a great orator!

Actual experience has made me quite sure of the fact that in nine cases out of ten, such speakers do not know what they themselves are saying; and, moreover, after they have finished their monologue, they are likely to find that they have made a complete fool of themselves.

In St. John I once knew a man who wanted to do a great deal with very little talent. As some persons say he was "a flow of using big words." He was shallow and superficial, but possessed the little quality of cunningness. Making the most of his small stock of ability he posed as the orator of the many societies to which he belonged.

It was really surprising to notice the manner in which this man improved in his own particular line. In a very short time he added to his already inflated vocabulary a vast number of many-syllabled words.

He did not know their meaning. He did not correctly pronounce them. But his cunningness helped him out so much that the words of his speech were made to fit as precisely almost as the squares in a tessellated floor. I often looked at him in wonder and, I must confess, admiration.

One night after he had delivered a very long speech on some matter of local interest I asked him to repeat an argument which he had used. He colored quickly; his eyes fell, and he became quite confused. Finally he raised his head and in his usual torrential way tried to make me believe that I was mistaken.