

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK EIGHTH. CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Your coming is timely, O Son of Hur," she said in a voice sharply distinct. "I wish to thank you for hospital- ity; after to-morrow I may not have the opportunity to do so."

Ben-Hur bowed slightly without taking his eyes from her.

"I have heard of a custom which the dice-players observe, with good results among themselves," she continued.

"When the game is over, they refer to their tablets and cast up their accounts; then they libate the gods and put a crown upon the happy winner. We have had a game—it has lasted through many days and nights. Why, now that it is at an end, shall we not see to whom the chaplet belongs?"

Yet very watchful, Ben-Hur answered lightly, "A man may not balk a woman bent on having her way."

"Tell me," she continued, inclining her head, and permitting the prince to become positive—"tell me, O prince of Jerusalem, where is He, that Son of the carpenter of Nazareth, and Son not less of God, from whom so lately such mighty things were expected?"

He raised his hand impatiently, and replied, "I am not His keeper."

The beautiful head sunk forward yet lower.

"Has he broken Rome to pieces?" Again, but with anger, Ben-Hur raised his hand in deprecation.

"Where has he hidden His capital?" she proceeded. "Canst I go see His throne and His lions of bronze? And His palace—He raised the dead; and to such a One, what is it to raise a golden house? He has but to stamp His foot and say the word, and the house is, pillared like Kurak, and wanting nothing."

"There was by this time slight ground left to believe her playing; the questions were offensive, and her manner pointed with unfriendliness; seeing which, he on his side became more wary, and said with good humor, "O Egypt, let us wait another day, even another week, for Him, the lions, and the palace."

She went on without noticing the suggestion.

"And how is it you in that garb? Such is not the habit of governors of India or vice-kings elsewhere. I saw the satrap of Teheran once, and he wore a turban of silk and a cloak of cloth of gold, and the hills and seaboard of his sword made me dizzy with the splendor of precious stones. I thought Oeiris had lent him a glory from the sun. I fear you have not entered upon your kingdom—the king- dom I was to share with you."

"The daughter of my wise guest is kinder than she imagines herself; she is teaching me that Isis may kiss a heart without making it better."

Ben-Hur spoke with cold courtesy, and Ira, after playing with the pendant solitaire of her necklace of coins, re- joined, "For a Jew, the son of Hur is clever. I saw your dreaming Cesar make His entry into Jerusalem. You told us He would that day proclaim Himself King of the Jews from the steps of the Temple. I beheld the procession descend the mountain bringing Him. I heard their singing. They were beau- tiful with palms in motion. I looked everywhere among them for a figure with a promise of royalty—a horseman in purple, a chariot with a driver in shining brass, a stately warrior behind an orbid shield, rivaling his spear in stature. I looked for His guard. It would have been pleasant to have seen a prince of Jerusalem and a cohort of the legions of Galilee."

She flung her listener a glance of provoking disdain, then laughed heartily, as if the ludicrousness of the picture in her mind were too strong for contempt.

"Instead of a Sesostris returning in triumph or a Cosar helmeted and sworded—ha, ha, ha—I saw a man with a woman's face and hair, riding an ass's colt, and in tears. The King! the Son of God! the Redeemer of the world! Ha, ha, ha!"

In spite of himself, Ben-Hur winced.

"I did not quit my place, O prince of Jerusalem," she said before he could recover. "I did not laugh. I said to myself, 'Wait. In the Temple He will glorify Himself as become a hero about to take possession of the world.' I saw Him enter the Gate of Shebana and the Court of the Women. I saw Him stop and stand before the Gate Beautiful. There were people with me on the porch and in the courts, and on the cloisters and on the steps of the three sides of the Temple there were other people—I will say a million of people, all waiting breathlessly to hear His proclama- tion. The pillars were not more still than we. Ha, ha, ha! I fancied I heard the axles of the mighty Roman machine begin to crack. Ha, ha, ha! O prince, by the soul of Solomon, your King of the World made no proclama- tion of His Royal Power, though the Temple murmured with Hallelujahs and children's voices; the Roman machine is running yet!"

In simple homage to a hope that instant lost—a hope which, as it began to fall and while it was falling, he unconsciously followed with a parting look down to its disappearance—Ben-Hur lowered his eyes.

"At no previous time, whether when Bal- thasar was playing him with arguments, or when miracles were being done before his face, had the disputed nature of the Nazarene been so plainly set before him.

The best way, after all, to reach an understanding of the divine is by study of the human. In the things superior to men we may always look to find God. So with the picture given by the Egyptian entered the Temple; its central theme was an act utterly beyond performance by a man under control of merely human inspirations. A parable to a parabole- loving people, it taught what the Christ had so often asserted—that His mission was not political. That was not much more time for thought of all this than that allowed for a common respiration; yet the idea took fast hold of Ben-Hur, and in the same instant he followed his

hope of vengeance out of sight, and the man with the woman's face and hair, and in tears, came near to him—near enough to leave something of His spirit behind.

"Daughter of Balthasar," he said with dignity, "if this be the game of which you speak to me, take the chaplet—I accord it yours. Only let us make an end of words. That you have a purpose I am sure. To it, I pray, and I will answer you; then let us go our several ways and forget we ever met. Say so; I will listen, but not to more of that which you have given me."

She regarded him intently for a moment, as if determining what to de- pendably she might have been measuring his will—then she said coldly, "You have my leave—go."

"Peace to you," he responded, and walked away.

As he was about passing out of the door, she called to him.

"A word."

He stopped where he was and looked back.

"Consider all I know about you."

"O most fair Egyptian," he said, re- turning what she knew about me, "I swear I tremble to think of you, so brave and generous, under the hand of the remorseless minister. You have left a portion of your youth in the straits of the great capital; consider, as I do, what the desert will be to you in con- tract of life. Oh, I give you pity—pity! and if you but will say, 'I will save you,' that, also, I swear, by our holy Isis!"

Words of entreaty and prayer, these, poured forth volubly and with earnest- ness, and the mighty sanction of beauty.

"Almost—almost I believe you," Ben- Hur said, yet hesitatingly, and in a voice low and indistinct; for a doubt remained with him protesting against the yielding tendency of the man—a good sturdy doubt, such a one as has saved many a life and fortune.

"The perfect life for a woman is to live in love; the greatest happiness for a man is the conquest of himself; and that, O prince, is what I have to ask of you."

She spoke rapidly and with animation; indeed, she had never appeared to him so fascinating.

"You had once a friend," she contin- ued. "It was in your boyhood. There was a quarrel, and you and he became enemies. He did you wrong. After many years you met him again in the Circus at Antioch."

"Meesala!"

"Yes, Meesala. You are his creditor. Forgive the past; admit him to friend- ship again; restore the fortune he lost in the great wager; rescue him; and you will be as good as a bud lost upon a tree already in full leaf; but to him— Ah, he must go about with a broken body; wherever you meet him, he must look up to you from the ground. O Ben-Hur, noble prince to a Roman descended as he is, beggary is the other most odious name for him."

If the rapidly with which she spoke was a cunning invention to keep him from thinking, either she never knew or else had forgotten that there are convic- tions which derive nothing from thought, but drop into place without leave or notice. It seemed to him, when at last she paused to have his answer, that he could see Meesala himself peering at him over her shoulder; and in his expression the countenance of the Roman was not that of a mendicant or a friend; the me- mor was as patrician as ever, and the fine edge of the hauteur as flawless and irat- ing.

The appeal had been decided then, and for once a Meesala takes nothing. I must go and write it in my book of great occurrences—a judgment by a Roman against a Roman! But did he—did Meesala send you to me with this request, O Egypt?"

"Yes, he has a noble nature, and judged you by Ben-Hur took the hand upon his arm.

"As you know him in such friendly way, fair Egyptian, tell me, he do for me, there being a reversal of the con- ditions, that he asks of me? Answer, by Isis! Answer, for the truth's sake!"

There was insistence in the touch of his hand, and in his look, and in his voice.

"Oh!" she began, "he is!"

"A Roman, you were about to say; meaning that I, a Jew, must not deter- mine dues from me to him by any mea- sure of dues from him to me; being a Jew, I must forgive him any wrongs because he is a Roman. If you have more to tell me, daughter of Balthasar, speak quickly, quickly, for by the Lord God of Israel, when this heat of blood, hotter waxing, attains its highest, I may not be able longer to see that you are a woman, and beautiful! I may see but the spy of a master the more hateful because the master is a Roman. Say on, and quickly."

She threw his hand off and stepped back into the full light, with all the vig- or of her nature collected in her eyes and voice.

"Thou drinker of lees, feeder upon haunts! To think I could love thee, having seen Meesala! Such as thou were born to serve him. He would have been satisfied with release of the six talents; but I say to thee, he will ask add twenty talents; dost thou hear? The six talents of my little finger which thou hast taken from him, though with my consent, shall be paid for; and that I have followed thee with affection of sympathy, and endured these so long, enter into the account not less because I was serving him. The merchant here is the keeper of money. If by to-morrow at noon he has not thy order acted upon in favour of my Meesala for six and twenty talents—mark the sum!—thou shalt settle with the Lord Sijanus. Be wise and—farewell."

As she was going to the door, he put himself in her way.

"The old Egypt lives in you," he said.

"Whether you or Meesala to-morrow the next day, here or in Rome, give him this message. Tell him I have back the money, even the six talents, he robbed me of by robbing my father's estate; tell him I survived the galleys to which he had me sent, and in my strength rejoice in the beggary of Balthasar; tell him I think the affliction of body which he has from my hand is the curse of our Lord God of Israel upon him more fit than death for his crime against the helpless; tell him my mother and sister whom he had sent to a cell in Antioch that they might die of leprosy, are alive and well, thanks to the power of the Nazarene whom you so despise; tell him that, to all my measure of happiness, they are re- stored to me, and that I will go thence to their love, and find in it more than compensation for the passions which you leave me to take to him,

tell him—this for your comfort, O cunning inhuman, as much as his—tell him that when the Lord Sijanus comes to depose me he will find nothing; for the inheritance I had from the duumvir, in- cluding the villa by Misenum, has been sold, and the money from the sale is out of reach, first in the marts of the world as bills of exchange; and that this house and the goods and merchandise and the ships and caravans with which Simonides piles his commerce with such princely profits are covered by imperial safeguards—a wise head having found the price of the favour and the Lord Sijanus preferring a reasonable gain in the way of gift to much gain fished from pools of blood and wrong; tell him if all this were not so, if the money and property were all mine, yet should he not have the least part of it, for when he finds our Jewish kids, and crosses them to give up their value, there is yet another report left me—a deed of gift to Cesar—so much, O Egypt, I found out in the straits of the great capital; tell him that along with my diamonds I do not send him a curse in words, but, as a better ex- pression of my undying hate, I send him what is supposed, with poorer reason, to be the site of the house where the Holy Family lived after their return from Egypt. St. Jerome and other early Chris- tian writers mention two churches as ex- isting in their times in Nazareth, one on the site of the Annunciation, and another built over the site of the house where our Lord was brought up, *ad eum nativitas*. An- toulph, a pilgrim, who visited Palestine in 1770, gives a minute description of this latter church. He says it was built be- tween two small elevations in the middle of the town, and that it rested on two tombs that were separated by a arcade, and that between the tombs a clear stream flowed from which the people used to draw water through a well in the church above. The Dames de Nazareth, in build- ing their new convent, have had lately to make some excavations, and in removing the heaps of rubbish accumulated after centuries of devastation and neglect, have come upon what appears to be the founda- tion of a large and important building, the subterranean grottoes and vaults, have further discovered two ancient tombs, over which can still be traced two ruined arches of an aqueduct, which would seem to prove that this lost and venerated sanctuary has been found again, and happily it is in the hands of the Latins.

My love. . . She is a daughter of Judah, and beautiful, and so unlike the Egyptian, for there it is all vanity, here all truth; there ambition, here duty; there selfishness, here self-sacrifice. . . Nay, the question is not do I love her, but does she love me? She was my friend from the beginning. The night on the terrace at Antioch, how coldlike she begged me not to make Rome my enemy, and bade me tell her of the villa by Misenum, and of the life there! That she should not see I saw her cunning drift I kissed her. Can she have for- gotten the kiss? I have not. I love her. . . They do not know in the city that I have back my people. I abrank from telling it to the Egyptian; but this little one will rejoice with me over their restoration, and welcome them with love and sweet services of hand and heart. She will be to my mother another daughter; in Thrash she will find her other self. I would wake her and tell her these things, but—out on the sorcer- ess of Egypt! Of that folly I could not command myself to speak. I will go away, and wait another and a better day to tell her. For my father, dutiful child, daughter of Judah!"

He retired silently as he came.

NO BE CONTINUED.

NAZARETH.

DISCOVERY OF THE SITE OF THE HOUSE WHERE OUR LORD WAS BROUGHT UP.

The Abbe Louis Monnier, writing from Nazareth to the editor of the *La Croix*, gives an account of an interesting discovery that has lately been made at Nazareth, the site of which, as we have seen, is supposed to be the site of the house where the Holy Family lived after their return from Egypt. St. Jerome and other early Chris- tian writers mention two churches as ex- isting in their times in Nazareth, one on the site of the Annunciation, and another built over the site of the house where our Lord was brought up, *ad eum nativitas*. An- toulph, a pilgrim, who visited Palestine in 1770, gives a minute description of this latter church. He says it was built be- tween two small elevations in the middle of the town, and that it rested on two tombs that were separated by a arcade, and that between the tombs a clear stream flowed from which the people used to draw water through a well in the church above. The Dames de Nazareth, in build- ing their new convent, have had lately to make some excavations, and in removing the heaps of rubbish accumulated after centuries of devastation and neglect, have come upon what appears to be the founda- tion of a large and important building, the subterranean grottoes and vaults, have further discovered two ancient tombs, over which can still be traced two ruined arches of an aqueduct, which would seem to prove that this lost and venerated sanctuary has been found again, and happily it is in the hands of the Latins.

CHAPTER VII. DISAPPOINTMENT.

When Ben-Hur left the guest chamber, there was not nearly so much life in his action as when he entered it, his steps were slower, and he went along with his head quite upon his breast. Having made discovery that a man with a broken back may yet have a sound brain, he was reflecting upon the discovery.

Forasmuch as it is easy after a calamity has befallen to look back and see the proofs of its coming strewn along the way, the thought that he did not even suspect the Egyptian as in Meesala's interest, but had gone blindly on through whole years putting himself and his friends more and more at her mercy, was a sore wound to the young man's vanity. "I remember," he said to himself, "she had no word of indignation for the perfidious Roman at the Fontaine de Gattalla! I remember she extolled him at the board- ing on the lake in the Orchard of Palm! And, ah!"—he stopped and beat his left hand violently with his right—"ah! that mystery about the appointment she made with me at the Palace of Idemea is no mystery now!"

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A MUSICAL REVIEW.

A PROGRAMME OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC AT THE CONVENT.

Peterboro' Review, June 17.

A musical review was held at the Con- vent of the Congregation de Notre Dame last night. His Lordship Bishop Downey presided. Rev. Fathers Conway, Fayolle and Radkins were also present. A pro- gramme of vocal and instrumental music was presented by the pupils, which oc- cupied about an hour and a half in the rendition. All the numbers were selected with care and played with skill, taste and finish. The rendition of "Charity," by the Rosini, by Miss Annie Dunn, K. Hurley and J. McCabe was especially well done, while Miss Kate Simons' "Silent, Oh, My!" by the rest of the "Waters" in excellent voice. The review was success- ful indeed, and all who participated are to be congratulated. The gentlemen who contributed this year to encourage musical talent by their generous donations of gold medals, are Messrs. G. F. Fitzgerald and A. L. Davis, and the Sister Superior and others whose names have been already men- tioned. The young ladies who had the honor of receiving the gold medals are Miss B. Fairweather and Miss A. Lynch, the silver medal going to Miss J. McCabe. The manner in which they acquitted themselves in the rendition of very difficult pieces deserves special notice. The first selections given by them were remarkably well executed, showing careful and correct technical training, brilliant execution and an appre- ciation and capacity for the grace of ex- pression. The gold medalists are well rewarded for their application and perse- verance, four or five hours having been devoted by them daily to all that was necessary to their success. Sometimes in deed six or seven hours has not seemed too long for them. They will now reap the benefit of these long, weary hours. Their musical education will be a source of continuous pleasure to themselves and their families, and to the public on oc- casions which require the services of edu- cated musical talent.

At the close of the musical review an address of thanks was read by Miss Agnes Sullivan, to which His Lordship replied, expressing his pleasure and satisfaction at the manner in which the young ladies had rendered their respective pieces, and as a mark of his appreciation as well as to en- courage the cultivation of this beautiful art, he promised to give a gold medal annually to the most proficient pupil.

This (Friday) evening the young ladies of the Convent will give a musical enter- tainment for the benefit of those gentle- men who in past years have been such friends of the institution in encouraging education and art.

HERRARD'S Acid Phosphate A TONIC AND RESTORATIVE.

DR. H. K. CLARKE, GENEVA, N. Y., says: "It has proved of great value for its tonic and restorative influence."

Mr. George Tolen, Druggist, Graven- hurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vege- table Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used. It has indeed a wonderful influence in purify- ing the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organ, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system."

United Ireland. The Orange and rack renters are the pet rabbits of Lord Salisbury's famous metaphor, the National League is the boar-constrictor. The Orangemen may eat here the green paddock of Ireland and play their pretty pranks for the delicta- tion of the Tories. The League must be crushed without scruple or remorse. This is no fanciful description of the colonial policy, which is designed merely to give those pretty pet rabbits their own way. Would not mad dogs and hungry wolves be fitter titles, my Lord Salisbury, for your pampered pet? The Government of Ireland is in the hands of the Orange Association. The inventor of the jiffy fish, Balfour, has languidly confessed as much. The brutal and blundering King-Harmer, without a ray of intellect in his head or of pity in his heart, is at the head of the Irish Executive. His double qualification is that he is an Orangeman and a rack-renter. The Coercion Act, wanting to make the Orangemen and rack-renter's despotism in Ireland more absolute and secure. The last resource of English rule in Ireland is, to hand her over bound hand and foot to the savage bigotry and mar- shall greed of a miserable minority of the people. We need not hunt through Irish history for the records of Orange crimes. They meet us everywhere, they have left a blood-stain on every page. Friends and foes give heroic John Mitchell credit for honesty and intelligence. Only the other day we read in the *Daily Express* what sounded very like a panegyric of the sturdy Fenianism. There are in it, said two nations, both most truly French. *Il y a une France qui prie; il y a une France qui se bat*—"There is a France which prays; there is a France which fights." But we have in the midst of us an object which neither fights nor prays; a thing which has only courage to throw the bones from its plate in the face of Christ crucified. Is there room for such a thing as this in France?

Also, since that time, France has made room not only for one such thing, but has brought up generation after generation to emulate the horrible and cowardly cour- age of the Prince Napoleon.

There was at that period no room for doubt as to which of the two France's de Cassegras himself belonged to; for he was the most notorious duellist in France. One day he had been pitted against an unusually skilful swordsman, whom he wounded very severely. He naively expressed his regret afterwards, saying, that he had felt so ill, and found his hand so unsteady, that he really had feared, he should be obliged to kill the gentleman!

When it was heard that M. de Cassegras was going to be married, there was great curiosity in the French journals, as to whether or not he would go to confession. It showed the same disposition, which all felt, that he might some day see "the France which fights" in the arms of the French people. The wonder came to an end, however, when the marriage presently took place as became the marriage of good Catholics; and there was a story current of the nervousness felt by some humble country priest, when a huge swarthy man stamped into his confes- sional; and in stentorian tones said: *Je suis de Cassegras; je me confesse a Dieu, &c.* The fiery Deputy became then part and parcel of the *France qui prie*; though some- how, some of the old suspicious feeling lurks about still, lest he might some day yield to a temptation really had feared, he should be obliged to kill the gentleman!

We are not certain depicting this strange man as a model, nor as a saint. He is a son of the Church, who has cost his mother many tears. What, then, may perhaps be asked, is there to account for his appearance in the pages of the *Messen- ger*?

Well, our readers must think that the *Messenger* does not address itself to saints alone, which might be a serious thing for its circulation; but, especially, that the Apostleship of Prayer has the ambition to form men who, being in the world, pro- claim with no uncertain voice their attachment to the Church. Such men must ever command its admiration and its praise.

It is but lately that, on the death of one of the members of the French Cham- ber of Deputies—an atheist who had died in his sins—the Chamber wished to nomi- nate one of its body to officiate at the funeral. The funeral, it must be understood, was to be without priest and without religion. The choice fell upon Paul de Cassegras.

This was his answer: "Gentlemen, I had a father whom I loved, I believe, as devotedly as son can love; I love my children as dearly as father can love his child; but, if father or child of mine should die denying his faith, or renouncing God, I would not see a foot of his grave. I would not see a foot of his grave against religion; our faith is inviolable, our priests proscribed and robbed; the atheism of the State dishonors our churches, and smiles upon those who plunder them; it is then a day when the true Catholic must display without flinching his unwavering steadfastness of the days of faith. Were all Catholics thus resolved to come to no terms with the unbelieving world, and, no matter what were the tins of blood or friendship, to turn their backs on all wed- dings, and on all funerals unbanal by the priest, these godless ceremonies would soon cease to wound our sight, and perish away in their own shame."

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion; it is as palatable as milk. Dedicable people improve rapidly upon its use. For Con- sumption, Throat Affections and Bron- chitis it is unequalled. Dr. Theo. Fran- Ala, says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months old; he gained four pounds in a month." Fat up in 60c and \$1 size.

In Better Humor Now.

"My son aged eleven, was cured of an eruptive humor that covered his head and face with sores, by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills," testifies Mrs. Mary Fullford, of Port Hope, Ont.

Worth Remembering.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, Cape Breton, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave. It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal."

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

A STRANGE CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Monsieur Paul de Cassegras has long been a prominent figure in the world of Paris, and one of the fiercest combatants in her stormy political arena. His pen and his tongue are two such trenchant weapons, that there is no one, who does not get up a more serious man in the morning, if he remembers that yesterday he had offended M. Paul de Cassegras.

When the Prince Napoleon, in the latter days of the Empire, degraded his high station by his conspicuous impiety, nothing would at last content him, but to hold a great banquet on Good Friday itself, in order the more to dishonor Him, who on that day had shed His blood for him and the Cross. The obscene origin of that dinner, which degraded a nation still Catholic, are too revolting to tell; and as rumors of them were whispered about afterwards, all France sickened with dis- gust.

The Prince had been at the steps of Sebastopol; and while there had ac- quired the highest reputation for personal courage; M. Paul de Cassegras had not forgotten this.

In Easter week there appeared an article in his newspaper (for M. de Cassegras is a journalist as well as a politician) entitled: *Les deux France*. There are in it, said two nations, both most truly French. *Il y a une France qui prie; il y a une France qui se bat*—"There is a France which prays; there is a France which fights." But we have in the midst of us an object which neither fights nor prays; a thing which has only courage to throw the bones from its plate in the face of Christ crucified. Is there room for such a thing as this in France?

Also, since that time, France has made room not only for one such thing, but has brought up generation after generation to emulate the horrible and cowardly cour- age of the Prince Napoleon.

There was at that period no room for doubt as to which of the two France's de Cassegras himself belonged to; for he was the most notorious duellist in France. One day he had been pitted against an unusually skilful swordsman, whom he wounded very severely. He naively expressed his regret afterwards, saying, that he had felt so ill, and found his hand so unsteady, that he really had feared, he should be obliged to kill the gentleman!

When it was heard that M. de Cassegras was going to be married, there was great curiosity in the French journals, as to whether or not he would