

Sometime, Somewhere.
BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years? Does fate begin to fail? Is hope departing,
And think you sit in vain those falling tears?
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known:
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,
The work begun, and stilling, and stilling,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the house burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un-answered,
Heeds were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands un-der-standed,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries: "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
BILLY HEFFERNAN'S TRIUMPH.

"O, is that you, Billy?" exclaimed Father Hannigan. "Come, sit down here and play that tune you made yourself, for Mr. Flaherty. He's not inclined to believe that you made it at all."

"Begor, I don't know whether I did or not, sir," replied Billy, as he sat down. "T was to thrane id id, sir."

"Come, do ye sit down, and rest for awhile; we're going to get a tune from Billy H. Heffernan," said Father Hannigan, addressing those who had taken their places for the next dance, and were patiently waiting for the music. "Sit over here, Mr. Lowe," he continued, "and listen to this."

Mr. Lowe left Mrs. Lloyd's side, and sat near Billy H. Heffernan.

"May be, sir," said Billy Heffernan, looking reverentially at the silver-mounted bagpipes, "may be Mr. Flaherty wouldn't like me to play?"

"O, play," said the old man, patronisingly.

Billy looked at his flute, and seemed to hesitate. The rustle of Mrs. Lloyd's dress was plainly audible, as she left her chair and sat on the corner of a form, intending to resume operations against Mr. Lowe as soon as possible; and this stillness added to the music's embarrassment.

"Come, Billy, don't you see they're all waiting? Up wid id," said Mat the Thrasher.

"Give us a tune yourself," returned Billy, affaring him the flute.

"I thought Mat only understood the big drum," said Father Hannigan.

"Fith, then, he do, sir, and a right good player he is," replied Billy.

"Don't mind him, sir," returned Mat Donovan. "I'm on'y a whitened garden player." By which Mat intended to convey that his music was only suitable for the open air and the harvest field.

"I believe every one in Knocknagow is a musician," said Father Hannigan. "But what's delaying you, Billy? I never saw you so long about it before."

"Well, you see, sir," he replied with another glance at the silver keys and the crimson-velvet bag, "Mr. Flaherty is such a fine player, I feel somewhat daunted."

"O, don't mind, don't mind," returned Mr. Flaherty.

Thus encouraged, Billy Heffernan commenced to play; and as he went on the incredulous expression in the old blind man's face gave place to a look of surprise, which quickly changed again into one of delight. He caught up his chanter, but without lifting the velvet bag, and mentally accompanied the performer, who soon gave his whole soul to the melody; and, as he concluded, Mr. Flaherty exclaimed with emphasis, with his face turned up towards the ceiling:

"Billy Heffernan—you are a musician."

"What did I tell you?" said Father Hannigan, who was evidently proud of his judgment. "I always said Billy was a first-rate player."

Everyone was delighted at Billy Heffernan's triumph—particularly Nelly Donovan, who stood leaning against the door with her arms a kimbo, and could scarce resist the impulse to jump into the middle of the floor, and call for "three cheers for Knocknagow, and the skilfuler it."

Mr. Flaherty adjusted his pipes, and Father Hannigan held up his hand as a sign for silence. And now it was Billy Heffernan's turn to be astonished; for the blind musician played the tune in a manner which almost made the hair of the composer's head stand on end.

"By God Almighty's sake, sir," Billy exclaimed importantly, "didn't you ever hear of it before?"

"No, I never heard it before," replied Mr. Flaherty.

"O, it's a beautiful tune," said a deep sigh, "I never med it."

"That's the name of it," said Father Hannigan to the crowd. "For Father A. Billy Heffernan felt that he was a musician."

Mr. Lowe found it impossible to keep quiet any longer. She left her seat with a gasp, and sat down upon Billy Heffernan's knee, who occupied the nearest seat to Mr. Lowe.

Mrs. Lowe will be so delighted, she has been listening to the conversation which Father Hannigan had interrupted, "when I told Mrs. Lowe we remember her."

She looked anxiously at Billy Heffernan, who was looking at her; and Mrs. Lowe could not help smiling at the thought that poor Billy Heffernan was quite as possessed by the honour she had done him. She even stole a look at Mr. Lowe, to see if he did not envy Billy Heffernan's success.

"And now, Mr. Lowe, won't you promise to come and see us before you leave the country?"

"You're an inconvenience to me miss," said Billy Heffernan.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Lloyd, turning round, and staring at the speaker.

"You're an inconvenience to me," he repeated quietly.

Mr. Lowe, in spite of all he could do, was obliged to laugh.

"O, really!" she exclaimed, jumping up, and retreating backwards, with her eyes fixed on Billy Heffernan, as if he had been miraculously metamorphosed into a bottled goose.

And Billy Heffernan, having got rid of the "inconvenience," quietly unscrewed the joints of his flute and put them in his pocket.

On seeing Father Hannigan look at his watch, Mat Donovan started up and hastily left the room. He soon returned with a plate in each hand.

"Here, Mr. Hugh," said he, presenting one of the plates to Hugh Kearney, "let us not forget the music."

"That's right, Mat," said Father Hannigan; "make the collection for the music class before we go. 'Tis near twelve o'clock."

Hugh took the plate and went round to make the collection, Mat keeping close to him, and transferring to his own plate the half-crowns, and shillings, and six-pences—we don't mind including the fourpenny-bits, they were so few—as fast as they were dropped on Hugh's. Each person's contribution was thus plain to be seen, which would not be the case if the silver were allowed to accumulate on the plate upon which it was dropped.

"'Tis a fine collection," said Mat. "We won't mind the barn for another hour or two; but what about the beggars?"

"Don't mind the collection for the poor people," said Nelly, "fill by and-by. Sure there's no way got away but the Miss Lloyds, an' the priest, an' the two Mr. Kearneys, an' the strange gentleman."

The collection for the beggars was accordingly put off to a later hour, and Mat beckoned to a genteel looking young man, who was scribbling his time to the grocery business, to help him with the account.

"May be Mr. Lowe an' yours'f would like a drop uv somethin' before goin' out in the cold," said Mat Donovan to Hugh Kearney, who was standing near the door with Miss Isabella Lloyd's shawl on his arm.

"Will you have something?" Hugh asked.

"O, no, no," Mr. Lowe replied. "I'd rather not."

"Let us be all together as far as the cross," said Father Hannigan. "Come, Mr. Flaherty."

When they were gone, it was agreed upon all hands that one of the fiddlers should be brought in from the barn, and the dance kept up in the parlour. Jugs of punch were "shared" round at intervals, and, on the whole, Ned Brophy's wedding gave general satisfaction. It was somewhat remarkable, however, that the two principal dramatic persons were almost entirely lost sight of.

"Where is Ned?" Mat asked, looking around in every direction for the bridegroom.

"Smokin' at the kitchen fire wud Phil Morris," replied his sister. "An' there's heres'f in the corner beyond, an' not a stir in her."

"Bring a glass of this to her," said Mat. "Wishes, faith I won't," returned Nelly, who was under the impression that the bride slighted her as a poor relation.

"His mother told me to have an eye about me, and lend a hand to keep things to rights; but the new mistress, I'm thinkin', thinks I'm makin' mys'f too busy. If she knew but the half uv id!" added Nelly, with a toss of her head.

The white muslin jacket fitted by while Nelly was speaking, and Mat gazed after it, and, catching the eye of its owner, he beckoned to her.

"Come over here," said he, "an' bring a glass of wine to Mrs. Ned, an' talk to her; and if anything will put her in humour that will."

Mr. Lowe rubbed after the white jacket with a view of getting possession of it for the next dance.

"Here, be off wud ye!" exclaimed Mat. "'Tis the last I can have her for a minute to mys'f. How do you think she can hold dancin' always?"

The "boys" laughed; and, scratching their heads in their disappointment, went in search of partners elsewhere.

"I didn't taste a drop uv anything to-night," said Mat; "an' here, now, sweeten this for me."

She took the glass, and with her eyes laughingly raised to his, put it to her lips.

"A little sup," he continued.

She took a sip and handed back the glass to him.

"Here is luck," said Mat Donovan. "An' that we may be all alive an' well this day twelve-months," he added, laying the empty glass on the table.

"There was something in his tone which brought that serious, inquiring look, we have before noted, into Bessy Morris's eyes.

"Is there anything the matter with Mat?" she asked in a whisper, turning to Nelly.

"No; why so?" Nelly replied, looking surprised.

"He's not so pleasant as he used to be," said Bessy Morris.

"Why then, as you spoke uv that?" returned Nelly, "I noticed the same thing mys'f this while back. He's gettin' careless about diversion an' everything. All he wants is an excuse not to go to the hurlin' or a dance, or fun uv any sort. Thanks be to God 't isn't his health at any rate," she added, turning round to look at him, "for I never see him lookin' better."

Bessy Morris looked at him, too, and thought that he was not only looking well, but that he was the finest and honestest looking fellow in the world. But why that scrutinizing, and at the same time melancholy glance with which she regarded him? Did she think that she herself had anything to do with the change she noticed in him?

"How do you like Ned's wife?" Nelly asked.

"I on'y spoke a few words to her," replied Bessy. "She seems in bad spirits."

"I wonder is id Ned's story wud her?" said Nelly.

"What is that?"

"Well, I think he had an ould gin for Nancy H. gin."

"O, I see," said Bessy Morris, thoughtfully, as she looked earnestly at the bride, who was sitting alone near the bed-room door. "After all, Nelly, marrying for money is a queer thing."

"Bring her the glass uv wine," said Nelly, "an' 't'ry an' cheer her up. If any wan can get good uv her 'tis yours'f."

The comment was really deserved, for it could be easily seen that Bessy Morris was a universal favourite. The only exception to this rule, so far as the present company were concerned, was a stout young lady, chiefly remarkable for yellow kid gloves, which she did not take off during dinner. This young lady regarded Bessy with sulky looks because a certain young man from the mountain would keep gadding after the white jacket, though the yellow-gloved hands and four hundred pounds were at his service for the asking. But Bessy Morris had had experience enough of the world to enable her to estimate the "warring sighs" and amorous glances of the young man from the mountain at their true value. They simply meant that the young man from the mountain was sorry—all but heart-broken indeed—that it wasn't she had the four hundred pounds; and if it was \$3, &c., &c.

"Well, we must try what we can do for Mrs. Ned," said Bessy.

Mrs. Ned took the glass of wine and folded her hands about it, but showed no symptom of any intention to drink it.

"This is a pleasant night we have," said Bessy, sitting down next the bride.

Mrs. Ned looked straight before her, and made no reply.

"Ah," thought Bessy, "I fear it is Ned's story with her."

"I don't like this place very much," she continued, "when you become acquainted with the people. They are very nice and neighborly."

Mrs. Ned said nothing.

"To be sure one cannot help feeling lonely after leaving one's own home," said Bessy. "But it must be a great comfort to you to have your family so near you."

"What soart is the cows?" said Mrs. Ned, turning round suddenly, and looking straight into Bessy Morris's face.

"O, they're all right," said Bessy, taken by surprise, "I really don't know."

"Because," rejoined Mrs. Ned, "I never see such miserable calves as them two that was in the yard when we wor comin' in. Maybe 'tis late they wor," she added, after a short silence, and looking anxiously at Bessy again.

"Perhaps so," Bessy replied, not well knowing what to say.

"I'd be long sorry to rear the likes uv 'em," said Mrs. Ned.

"Won't you drink the wine?" said Bessy.

Mrs. Ned did drink the wine; and hazarded a hope that the two-year-olds were not the same breed as the two angli shores she saw in the yard.

"There's no fear of her," said Bessy Morris to herself, as she took the empty glass back to the table. "She won't die of a broken heart."

In fact Mrs. Ned Brophy was a very sensible young woman. Matches innumerable had been proposed and rejected, and "made" and "broke of" for one reason or another, in her case; which gave her very little concern, as she knew there was wherewithal in the old sweeney to secure her a husband—or rather "a nice place"—sooner or later. There were two competitors in the field this Shrove-tide; and, in the difference, she was better pleased that Ned Brophy was the one "blest" with; "though the fact that the other "had an uncle a priest" gained him the favour of her mother. But Ned's lease carried the day with old Lady Clancy. The circumstances which made the young woman herself incline more to Ned Brophy than to the priest's nephew was that Ned wore a cravat and was more respectable-looking than his rival. Strange to say, however, the rejected wooer of the old sweeney actually fell in love afterwards with a young lady—we use the word advisedly—in his uncle's parish, who had been educated in a convent, and had married her. And though she did bring him a single sovereign, her husband was wont to declare that she was worth her weight in gold—which he persisted in pronouncing "good," in spite of all she could say to the contrary.

"Nelly, will you be home wud Phil Laby, an' have an eye to him," said Billy Heffernan to Nelly Donovan, who was busy preparing tea—or "the tay," as Nelly herself was pleased to call that pleasant beverage.

"Will, I'll shortly take a walk over," said Nelly.

"Won't you be wud him, yours'f?" "I must be goin'," he replied. "I ought to be on the road an hour ago."

"You'll be kilt," returned Nelly, in a softened tone, "wudout gettin' a wink uv sleep. Couldn't you put id off for wan day?"

"Well, as they're reglar customers, I wouldn't like to disappoint them."

"Well, you won't go till you're after takin' a sup uv this at any rate," returned Nelly. "You that never drank a drop uv anything."

She filled out a cup of tea, and, after testing it and pronouncing it "hot, strong, and sweet," presented it to Billy Heffernan.

"The old woman," she continued, while Billy was drinking his cup of tea, "wants me to stop a day or two, and help to put the place to rights, an' pack up the borrowed things. But I'll warn Mat not to lose sight uv Phil till he leaves him safe at home."

"I won't take any more," said Billy, stopping her hand as she was about filling his cup again.

"Now, Billy, don't be makin' an omdahn uv yours'f," she replied, pouring out the tea at the risk of scalding his hand, with which he attempted to cover the tea-cup.

"Don't you be lonesome," she continued, lifting down near him, "sharvelin' be yours'f this way every night?"

"I don't mind id," he replied. "It's some way uneasy I do when I'm comin' near the town, an' I think every minute an hour till I'm out uv id gin."

"But sure 'tis lonesome in the summer time," she continued, "in the bog by yours'f from mornin' till night."

"That's what I do longin' for," said Billy Heffernan. "I'm King uv Munster when I'm in the bog, an' the pullibeen whistlin' about me. No,

begor," continued Billy, smacking his lips after emptying his cup; "when I'd sit on a bank, uv a fine summer's evenin', an' look about me, I wouldn't call the queen my aunt."

"But why wouldn't you sell your turf in Kiltubber, an' not be goin' all the way to Clonmel, in the highligh uv winter?"

"The devil a botther little town in Ireland to buy turf," replied Billy, "but there's too many goin' there."

"I'm looking for you this hour, Nelly," said a voice that made her start. "I'm after hidin' them all down. Come and have another dance."

"O! Mr. Lorr, I thought you wor gone home wud Mr. Kearney two hours ago."

"What a fool I am," replied Lorr. "Come."

"Sure I'm goin' to get the tay," replied Nelly.

"Leave that to the old woman," he exclaimed, catching her hand and pulling her off to the barn.

"Come, Mr. Lorr," said Lorr, "get a partner."

But just then he discovered that the dancing was suspended, and that Mr. Lorr, who had a good voice as well as a correct ear, was in the act of favouring the company with a song. Mr. Lorr's song was the "Soldier's Tear," and on coming to the refrain, "and wiped away a tear," at the end of each verse, Mr. Lorr suited the action to the word, by seeming to pluck out his left eye with his finger to rub it, and fling it on the floor, in a most moving manner.

Mr. Lorr's song was so highly appreciated that the cheering and clapping were kept up for several minutes, during which the vocalist uttered his hunting whip, and in the calmest manner possible commenced attempting the feat of snuffing a candle at the other end of the table with the lash.

"Well, will you dance now?" said Lorr, whose knees were beginning to work in voluntarily.

"Another song, Lorr. Sit down near me here, Nelly."

Nelly Donovan sat down near him, and Mr. Lorr sang "My Dark-haired Girl," casting admiring glances at her as he went on, particularly at the lines:

Thy lip is like the rose, and thy teeth they are pearls,
And thine eyes are the eyes of my dark-haired girl;

which really applied very well to Nelly Donovan.

A still louder storm of applause followed this effort, and Nelly exclaimed:

"Fith, 'tis no wonder that so many are dyin' about you, sir," as she jumped up to rejoin her partner.

The bridegroom sat all this time in the corner by the kitchen fire, listening to old Pat Morris's reminiscences of '98, and quietly smoking his pipe. But as the guests began to leave, and came to bid him good morning, he would start up suddenly to shake hands with them; and, after scratching his head with a puzzled look, Ned Brophy would seem to remember that he was at his own wedding, and then sit down again and forget all about it, till another "Good mornin', Ned, I wish you joy," would recall the circumstance to his mind.

At last, old Pat Morris himself thought it time to go home, and striking his stick against the hearthstone, he said:

"Mat, will you see about my ass, and tell that little girl uv mine to get ready. She ought to have enough uv the dancin' by this time, at any rate."

And to be sure, how Mat Donovan did start off, and how soon the ass was put to the cart, and what a quantity of fresh straw—oaten straw, too, for which he had run to the haggard—was packed into the said cart, and then shaken up loosely, and patted and smoothed, till a sultrian might have reclined on it.

Bessy soon appeared in her cloak and bonnet, looking, if possible more captivated than ever. Half a dozen "boys" contended for the honor of handing her into the car; one of whom contented himself with placing a chair for her to step upon, which he held firm with all his might, as if the slightest shake would endanger her life. Mat handed the reins to old Phil, and led the ass out of the yard, and a little way along the narrow bowen.

"Why don't you ever come to see us, now?" Bessy asked, when he stopped to say good night.

"I don't have time," he replied, "except uv a Sunday. And the days are so short yet."

"Well, they'll soon be getting long," said she, clasping his hand very warmly; "and I'm sure grandfather would like to have a shanahan with you."

"Well, I'll shortly take a walk over."

"Ned, Sunday," said Bessy, in a dis-tractingly coaxing tone.

"Well, the by's will be expectin' me to hurl o' Sunday," replied Mat. "An' besides, Captain French wants to have a throw uv a sledge wud me. He's askin' me ever since he came home to go over to the castle some week-day; and I couldn't spare time. And they're so d—n exact," he added, "about breakin' the Sabbath that he wouldn't agree to appoint a Sunday. But, now, as the regiment is goin' abroad, he wouldn't be satisfied wudout havin' a throw wud me."

"Is the regiment going abroad?" she asked, with an interest that took Mat by surprise.

"They're not the same sagers," he replied, "that's in Kiltubber. They're dragoons."

"O! I know. I know Captain French's regiment."

"An' who cares where they go?" old Phil exclaimed under his teeth, as he jerked the reins and dealt a blow of his stick to the ass—for which that patient animal had to thank the English army.

Mat Donovan slowly retraced his steps to the house, feeling as if Bessy Morris's departure had suddenly turned the wedding into a wake, and singing, almost unconsciously:

"O! I'd rather have that car, sir,
With B—ahem!—Peggy by my side,
Than a coach an' four an' gould galore,
An' a lady for my bride."

He turned into the barn, and stood with folded arms leaning against the wall.

"I didn't see Mat dance to-night," said Mr. Lorr to Nelly Donovan, as she sat down after another jig with Lory Hanley.

"I'll go mys'f and haul him in," returned Nelly, who was allowed to be the best dancer among the girls at Knocknagow.

"Sit yours'f, you big lassy fellow," she

exclaimed, taking hold of his arm and leading out to the middle of the floor.

This movement was hailed with general satisfaction, and a dozen voices at once called upon the musicians to play "The Wind that shakes the Barley."

It was really a slight worth looking at. The athletic, but at the same time like the graceful form of the Thrasher was set off to the best advantage by Phil Laby's *chef d'œuvre*, the blue body-coat with the gilt buttons; and his sister was a partner every way worthy of him.

"What is id?" a stranger to the locality asked on finding the barn-door blocked up by a crowd of eager spectators.

"A brother and sister," was the reply; and it could be inferred from the tone and look of the speaker that the relationship between the greater dancer, Mat Donovan, and his equally famous partner added greatly to the interest with which their performance was regarded. The excitement rose higher and higher as the dance went on, and a loud shout followed every brilliantly executed step. After each step the dancers changed places, and, moving slowly for a few seconds, commenced another which threw the preceding one quite into the shade, and, as a matter of course, called out a louder "bravo!" and a wilder "hurroo!" When the enthusiasm was at its height, two men carrying a large door crushed their way through the crowd. Two more quickly followed bearing another large door. And, without causing any interruption, the doors were slipped under the feet of the dancers, which now became an accompaniment to the music, as if a couple of expert drummers had suddenly joined the orchestra. There was a hush of silence as if the spectators were spell bound, till Mat Donovan joined hands with his sister, and both bowed at the conclusion of the dance. And while a Tipperary cheer is shaking the roof of Ned Brophy's barn, we let the curtain drop on Ned Brophy's wedding.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FREEMASON'S OATH.

A trial, which is soon to take place at New Haven, Conn., promises to furnish some revelations about Masonry of interest to the outside world.

Frank B. Fiske has brought an action against Elisha M. Trowbridge, in which he alleges that he, as president of the New Haven Binding Company, agreed to print for Trowbridge a pamphlet of forty pages profusely illustrated with woodcuts. When the proof sheets were sent to Trowbridge he refused to pay the advance of \$160 necessary to continue the work.

The contents of the pamphlet must come out in the trial, and here is where Masons are interested. The introduction consists of certificates of the compiler's standing as a Mason, and purports to be a complete description of the costumes worn, the lodge room and all accessories, the different degrees, from the Entered Apprentice degree to that of Royal Arch Mason, and all the secrets and ceremonials of Freemasonry.

The passwords of ancient Freemasonry are given as follows: "Braz," "Sabbath," "Jachin," "Tubal Cain," "Mah," "Hah," "Bon," "Meaning Marrowbones."

The oath of the apprentice is given as follows: "I, of my own free will and accord, in presence of Almighty God and this worshipful lodge, do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear that I will always sail, ever conceal, and never reveal any part or parts, art or arts, point or points of the secret arts and mysteries of ancient Freemasonry, which I receive, am about to receive, or may hereafter receive or be instructed in, to any person or persons in the world, except it be to a true and lawful brother Mason, or within the body of a just and lawfully constructed lodge of Masons.

"Furthermore I promise and swear that I will not write, print, stamp, indite, in deed, engrave on anything movable or immovable under the canopy of heaven whereby or wherupon the least letter, figure, character, mark, stain, shadow or resemblance of the same may become legible or intelligible through my unworthiness. Binding myself under no less a penalty than having my throat cut from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by the roots, my body buried in the rough sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows once in twenty-four hours."

The oath of a Master Mason is thus given: "I do most solemnly promise and swear, with a fixed and steadfast purpose of mind in use, to keep and perform the same, binding myself under no less a penalty than to have my body severed in twain and divided north and south, my bowels burned to ashes, scattered to the four winds of heaven, that there might not remain of me the least trace or track among men nor Masons of who I ever to prove guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath and obligation of a Master Mason."

Several Masons say that the alleged expose is not in accordance with the work of Freemasonry as at present practised.

WHY DO CATHOLICS CONFESS THEIR SINS?

Rev. Walter Elliott, the well known orator, made last week on the above subject. The speaker said "that the subject was a most important one, not only enough to those who practice it, but great mystery to those who know nothing of it. Who simply kneel at the feet of a priest, take up the ten commandments one by one and confess our mortal sins. All about it, however, there is a thought of suspicion. I have confessed every week for years, but I hate to do it. It is easy to kneel at the feet of a priest, but it is hard work to confess all our sins. But what I ever feel better—purified Confession is a good thing in that it tends to prevent offense. If a man commits a grievous sin against God he can not obtain the divine forgiveness without sincere repentance. Sorrow must be practiced in dealing with God. It's very well for a man to say: 'O, God, I am sorry I got drunk'; but it won't do; he must be sorry that he was fool enough to go near the rum shop. Even Martin Luther commended secret confession; the German church recommended confession and absolution, and to day in the High Church there is a confession laid down so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be were I ever to prove guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath and obligation of a Master Mason."

Several Masons say that the alleged expose is not in accordance with the work of Freemasonry as at present practised.

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pain? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerviline; or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

A Cure For Rheumatism.

I can recommend Hygard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time, and was cured by using part of one bottle. I can also recommend it for chilblains, burns, frost bites, sprains, bruises, etc. Mrs. H. PROUDLOCK, Glen Almond, Que.

Living In A Fool's Paradise.

Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. The nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' THIRD LENTEN SERMON AT BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore Cathedral was filled Sunday when Cardinal Gibbons preached the third of his series of Lenten sermons. His theme was: "The Holy Eucharist."

He opened his discourse by the declaration that there is no dogma of the Catholic church which rests in stronger scriptural authority than the doctrine of the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist, and then, taking his arguments from the Scriptures, went on to argue the real presence of Christ. He cited the texts which speak of the promise of the Eucharist, of its institution, and of its use among the faithful.

And why, he asked, is the Catholic interpretation of these words rejected? Because, he answered, those of the Church do not comprehend how God could perform so stupendous a miracle as to give His body and blood for our spiritual nourishment. They say it is a mystery beyond their comprehension. A religion that rejects a revealed truth because it is incomprehensible contains in itself the seeds of dissolution, and will end in rationalism. Is not everything around us a mystery? Is not the scripture full of incomprehensible mystery? Think of the trinity—a mystery not only above, but apparently contrary to reason! The Incarnation—the helpless infant in Bethlehem was God!

St. Paul declares that God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwells within every righteous soul. "Know ye not," he says, "that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth within you?" Does He not daily make devout souls the tabernacle of the Holy Ghost? And shall we deny, despite the Lord's plain declaration, that God, who works these wonders, is able to change bread and wine into his body and blood for the food of our souls?

One can understand why rationalists, who admit nothing above their reason, reject the real presence, but that Bible Christians should reject it is indeed the incomprehensible mystery. "This is my body." Do those who reject the Catholic interpretation explain this text to their own satisfaction? Not at all. Their burden but begins to weigh here. Why, only a few years after the early reformers had God's word rejected the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, no fewer than one hundred meanings were given to the words, "This is my body," etc. It is easy sometimes to ignore the truth, even to regret the truth. It is far easier to destroy than to build up.

The Cardinal then continued his argument in favor of the Catholic or literal interpretation of the words, "This is my body," holding that every circumstance connected with the delivery of them obliges us to accept them in their plain and literal sense. His authorities were the Holy Scriptures themselves and the fathers of the Church without exception: St. Peter Ignatius, who was a disciple of St. Peter; St. Justin, martyr in the second century; Origen in their century, St. Cyril in the fourth century, St. John Chrysostom and St. Augustine in the fifth century, and so on all through the centuries. Additional witnesses to the Catholic doctrine of the corporal presence were the Greek Church, the "separated" from the Roman Catholic Church a thousand years ago, and the Russian Church of to-day, and the schismatic bodies and oriental sects no longer in communion with the See of Rome.

WHY DO CATHOLICS CONFESS THEIR SINS?

Rev. Walter Elliott, the well known orator, made last week on the above subject. The speaker said "that the subject was a most important one, not only enough to those who practice it, but great mystery to those who know nothing of it. Who simply kneel at the feet of a priest, take up the ten commandments one by one and confess our mortal sins. All about it, however, there is a thought of suspicion. I have confessed every week for years, but I hate to do it. It is easy to kneel at the feet of a priest, but it is hard work to confess all our sins. But what I ever feel better—purified Confession is a good thing in that it tends to prevent offense. If a man commits a grievous sin against God he can not obtain the divine forgiveness without sincere repentance. Sorrow must be practiced in dealing with God. It's very well for a man to say: 'O, God, I am sorry I got drunk'; but it won't do; he must be sorry that he was fool enough to go near the rum shop. Even Martin Luther commended secret confession; the German church recommended confession and absolution, and to day in the High Church there is a confession laid down so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be were I ever to prove guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath and obligation of a Master Mason."

Several Masons say that the alleged expose is not in accordance with the work of Freemasonry as at present practised.

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pain? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerviline; or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

A Cure For Rheumatism.

I can recommend Hygard's Yellow Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism. I had it for some time, and was cured by using part of one bottle. I can also recommend it for chilblains, burns, frost bites, sprains, bruises, etc. Mrs. H. PROUDLOCK, Glen Almond, Que.

Living In A Fool's Paradise.

Many neglect slight symptoms of disease, hoping that nature will restore health. The nature will aid, but she must also be aided by using Burdock Blood Bitters, from 1 to 2 bottles of which is sufficient to cure any ordinary case of impure blood, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, debility, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.