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The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XXIV .- (CONTINUED.)

"Denny has made the mistake we all made-failed to manipulate negroes and lead them in the way they should go. His failure was the result of natural indifference : ours, the false pride and blind prejudice. They were compelled to have leaders of some sort and we left them to the worst sort. are more to blame, by long odds, than

"Oh, go on, go on, if you deriv any satisfaction from abasing yoursels and your old neighbors in order to ex alt the new man at Rossmere. Your humility is as refreshing as it is rare. Your Only I can not emulate it

Denny has done a deal more fo this county than it has ever done or ever will do for him," says Mr. Southmead, hovering over a recital.

Mrs. Southmead sniffed scornfully Saved a levee, and been worshipe

Wife, you are an ingrate."

"Mr. Southmead, you are positively abject. After which interchange of connubial courtesies, Mr. and Mrs. South-mead turned their backs on each other in a huff, and silently addressed them-

selves to slumber.

Mr. Southmead redeemed his promise of telling all that he had to tell the next morning at the breakfast table. A somber silence fell upon the group as he told the awful story of Manton Cray-craft's violent death. 'Sula broke it by asking:

"And what became of Squire Thorn?" "Robert Owens, who rowed me across the lake last night, tells me that his grief for his friend and remorse for his own instrumentality in causing his death became so violent that he had to be removed to Doctor Taylor's office, and placed under the influence o opiates. He was in the village when I left, Bob says."

"Then that unfortunate woman wa alone all night, and perhaps not mercifully spared the horror of this news as

you spared us, uncle."
"I shouldn't be surprised if she were a lunatic by this time," said Mrs. South-mead. "I'm sure I should be, in her

Sula rose from the table with he sweet face full of trouble. Mrs. South-mead watched her hurried movements uneasily and disapprovingly. She was folding up the sewing she had laid out

"What are you going to do, 'Sula?'

she asked, finally.
"I am going to Mrs. Thorn as soon as I can get a horse saddled. Fred, will you kindly see to it for me? And please tell Uncle Ephe I want him to go with me. I wish I had known it last night; I would have gone to her at once. Auntie," she said, a little later, after a hasty getting into her hat and habit, "we haven't been good neighbors to that poor woman. have lightened her lot more.

"Mrs. Thorn selected her own husband and her own lot, and I really de not feel called on to condole with her on her bad taste in the selections. I think your going there now, 'Sula, is the act

of a crazy woman. I must go," 'Sula said, walking restlessly about in her long habit. should never forgive myself if I did not. I never thave forgiven myself Sula blushed furiously to the

roots of her hair. 'Ursula "-Mr. Southmead looked in perplexity from the saddled horse that Ephe just then led into sight, to for it. Dey'd give a good deal to ondo where Sula was eagerly tying her hat-strings under her back hair—"this is can't."

this morning."
"Why?" Sula asked, in genuine

If I could go with you, or-say, suppose you take Fred.

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NEAR BIRKENHEAD TORONTO

"But Fred has lots laid off to do today. I heard him tell about it last night."

"If I could go with you myself," her

uncle began, hesitatingly.
"Which you certainly shall not do,"
says Mrs. Southmead, positively. "I
know Carl—poor little dear—and I are
not of much importance in the world, but I decline being left alone to be murdered in cold blood." Mrs. Southmead's handsome face was dispropor-tionately placid as she dwelt upon this

blood-curdling possibility.
"Why, Uncle George, I am in no danger alone! If I were in any trouble, I would call on our colored people to protect me, and they would do it, too. You dear old fogies, you do it, too. You dear old fogies, you and Aunt Amelia, have been looking for a 'general uprising' ever since can remember, and it hasn't come yet come to the gallery with me.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Southmead, following her as she swept out of the dining-room to the

"I am going to talk to Uncle Ephe about that awful affair.'

"Sula, you are insane."
"Sula, this is very indiscreet."
She heard them both, but she called down to the old man who was holding "Uncle Ephe."

"You were at the village yesterday, weren't you?" Ephe shook his head lolorously, and answered dejectedly:

"I wuz dere, Miss 'Suly. "Your people were very much excited, weren't they?"
"'Cited ain' de word fur it, chile dey wuz crazy, plum' crazy! Wot wid mean whisky, en mean talk wid er passel er po' w'ite trash, en der heads kase of Sam's 'lection, dey

done went plum' out'nt dar senses, en a black day's work dey done, too!"
"But they've had time to come t their senses by this time, haven't Sula asked.

My dear girl, I must protest, said Mr. Southmead, in a low voice. "My dear uncle, you find it harder than I do to recognize the right of discussion in your old chattels. I only wish you had talked a little more

Well, Uncle Ephe?' before. The old man was shaking his head

and chuckling.
"Dat Medger Denny fotch 'em to 'em, honey. He fotch 'em to der senses wid a round turn. I tell you, missy, he talk to 'em lak a book. Lak de book uv de Gospils at dat. He tole em dey wuz mouty anxious to be call citizens, but dey wuz'n no better'n de brutes uv de fiel'. He tuk out his watch, he did, and he 'lowed 'em jis so many minits, en no mo', to cl'ar out from dat co't-yard. De time wuz from dat co't-yard. De time wuz plenty long, chile. De wuz scart for der own devilishniss, an' he scart 'em wus, he did, ladies en gentlemin, h

done dat ve'y thing."

A soft flush had come into 'Sula's face as Uncle Ephe gave this rude resume of Stirling's harangue, and her voice quivered suspiciously as she asked:
"And what then, Uncle Ephe?"

de word wid de bark on it, chile, an dey made deyseff sceerce. "What's going on to-day, old man?" asked Mr. Southmead, joining in the conversation

"Cotton-pickin' and prayin' to de Lord for to forgive yisterday's devil-ment," said old Ephriam, promptly." "They are sorry for what they have

done, then, Uncle Ephe?" "Sorry, chile? Sorry ain' no word

best. I know our people, you know your 'hands.' They may be lashed into temporary fury by low and designing men, but their wrath is as

"You have proven yourself an apt

pupil," Mr. Southmead said, with a laugh.

"Denny's. I think I recognized the "Denny's. He seems to have imbued become the seems to have imbued becomes the seems to have imbue ou with his own dauntlessness, too, God bless you, dear ! Sula blushed, and, running lightly

down the steps, was soon mounted and cantering slowly in advance of Uncle Ephe on his unambitious mule. An hour's ride through the bare and

leafless woods brought her to the gate of Thorndale. The shutters and the doors were all closed on the front, giving the house, if possible, a gloomier look than ever. Two skiffs were moored to the stake at the landing, and the wet oars, lying crossed upor the seats, bespoke recent arrivals.

"The squire has come home, I suppose," Sula thought, and I'm sorry for it. I should so much rather see her alone."

She dismounted and found her way into the house without attracting any attention. Her knock on the front door remaining unnoticed, she turned the handle and passed into the silent hall. There she paused irresolutely a brief second. The stillness was so death-like it paralyzed her. She knew where the dining-room was. Mrs Thorn was probably there, for the sake of warmth. The door swung creaking on its hinges as she opened it. A tall form rose mechanically from a chair before the fire and stood motionless awaiting her approach. It was Agnes, with pinched, white face, and lackluster eyes. Sula swept impulsively forward and clasped her arms tenderly

the past that looked like cruelty.

Then the still, white pain in Agnes Thorn's worn face broke up into tem-pestuous sobs, and, dropping her head upon Sula's shoulder, she cried, and was saved.

"Thank God!" said an earnest voice behind them, which made 'Sula tremble under the weight of the sobbing

woman. Stirling Denny placed his hand upon hers as they clasped Agnes, for a second, and said, in a tone that thrilled her heart even in that moment of bewilderment: "This was good of you, and it was like you. I will come back presently." Then he left the two

Gently drawing Mrs. Thorn toward the lounge by the fire, 'Sula seated herself by her side and led her to talk of the events of the past day and night. Agnes told the pitiful tale of her night spent in the cabin of old Lottie, the Voudoo queen, and of her being found there by Stirling Denny, had come to take her to he husband, who, they told her, was in a very helpless condition. "It was good of him, wasn't it?" she said, imply, raising her head to look into 'Sula's eves.

"It was very good of him," Sula answered, looking far away toward the uncurtained window, at nothing in particular.

'But he is good to everybody, Agnes/said, dully, as if she were try ing to make talk.

"Yes; he is good to every body, ula assented. "Now suppose yo Sula assented. "Now suppose you go to sleep," she added, soothingly, "with me sitting by you and holding your hand. You need rest, poor dear. What a night of horrors you mus have endured

have endured.

Agnes shuddered, and clung to 'Sula's hands convulsively. "I cannot sleen. I wish I could. When I close sleep. I wish I could. my eyes, I see him - it - poor, poor Manton! You know it was all my husband's fault. That makes it mine, she said, claiming a dismal onenes with the squire. "We killed him be tween us. Put me to sleep if you can I must sleep! I have to go to the vil lage to my husband, but I am so tired I couldn't do any good just yet. couldn't think of anything to help him with my head hurting so badly. I

want to sleep, oh! forever and forever.
He, Major Denny, was writing something for me, I believe, when you
came in. Send for it, please. He said he was going to send for some-thing that would do me good. Jin Jim will go for it for me. I feel as if there was a fire here, and here.

She touched her heart and head, then turned her sad eyes toward the desk which stood behind the door through which Sula had entered That was the reason the major's pres ence was not noticed when she gave her first attention to Agnes. She walked over to the desk where he had been writing. The sheet of paper was lying as he had left it, and in big bold lettering she read and re-read and read again, without once realiz ing the shocking impropriety of her

own conduct, these words:
"My dear Mrs. Ralston: I feel confident that if you knew the sad condi tion of your neighbor, Mrs. Thorn, this request for your presence would not be needed. I regard her as in a very critical condition. She needs a

woman friend. I am sure—"
That was all. Her entra Her entrance had rought the note to a sudden termina 'Sula's usually pale cheeks

flushed rosy red. She, then, was what was to do this sorrowing woman "good." His thoughts had turned to her when he kindly thought of, and it sounds mean to curb your womanly impulse, but I don't like to have you take this ride this morning."

can't."

You see, uncle," says 'Sula, in discovery! She went back to Agnes's side, and her voice was ineffably soft best. I know our people, you know and soothing as she said. and soothing as she said: "Perhaps Major Denny has gone to send the order himself. But if you will lie down and let me try my mesmeric evanescent as the foam on the crest of powers on you, I do not believe you

will need any doctor's stuff.' Agnes obeyed with the docility of a tired child. Sula arranged the piltired child. lows of the lounge, and, laying ool, soft hand upon the fevered brow of the overwrought woman, she gentl soothed her into a profound and natural

When, half an hour later, Stirling Denny re-entered the room, 'Sula was standing by the fireplace gazing ab stractedly into the glowing heart of the He glanced at the sleeping woman on the lounge, then crossed the floor softly and stood beside 'Sula.

"My prescription has worked like a charm," he said.

'Sula blushed guiltily, and asked, eccitfully. "What did you predeceitfully.

"You!" he replied, with gentle boldness. "I came over here," he went on, quite as if it were his duty to explain matters to Mrs. Ralston, take Mrs. Thorn over to the village, by request of Mrs. Harris. Squire Thern has been so completely thrown off his balance by the shock of yesterday's tragedy that I should not be surpised if it ended in dementia. He has been removed to Lawyer Harris's, and it was thought best his wife should go to But I doubt her ability to be of any service at present.'

Sula walked over to the lounge laid her hand gently on Agnes's fore head, and came back to the fireplace. "She has considerable fever now but when she wakes up I suppose w ought to let her decide for herself whether she will go to the village or not. Why not bring her husband home?"
"He raves so wildly at any proposal

to remove him before the interment of my—unfortunate friend, that it has

"It is indeed hard to forgive him. His own suffering is tremendous, though. I would rather be in Manton's

place than his."
"What will become of her if the old man should lose his mind?" said 'Sula, reverting to the trouble nearest

"I can imagine her finding the strength to endure unto the bitter end. It was the suddenness of this shock and the medium through which it was com municated to her that threw her into her present helpless condition. What will we do if she is not able to accom pany me to the village?" he added presently, looking anxiously toward the sleeper on the lounge.
"You will return there without her,

Sula said, smiling at the perplexity in his face.

"And you?"
"Will remain here until my pres

ence is no longer needed."

Agnes mouned in her sleep, and
Ursula, hastening to her side, resumed
the mesmeric motion of a cool hand upon a hot brow, until the breathing of the sleeper became once more regu-lar as a happy child's, then went back to her chair by the fire.
"I have a confession to make," the

major said, very abruptly, quite as if he had been preparing it while she was over at Agnes's side. "I have wronged you in my thoughts, and I want to tell you all about it."

Sula sat with her hands lightly crossed on her lap, a graceful, listless attitude common with her when the busy hands were idle. Her eyes, clear, tender, honest eyes, were raised to meet his, as he stood leaning with his back against the mantle-shelf and his arms folded over his broad chest, somewhat as if her were forcibly confining some rebellious outburst of feel There was a look of such eager interest on her sweet face as she asked that laconic question, that the tempta tion to stoop and press his lips upon he

smooth white for headbeset him sorely "I have coupled you with other romen, and have been angry with you for making it possible for me fancied that you, too, had failed this lonely stranger in a strange land, by withholding the friendship that would have been such a priceless boon to her. I even imagined I saw you give your countenance to the cruel attempt to slight her that was made on a certain Sunday we both remember. I want to beg your pardon for wronging you.

"You did not wrong me," Sula said, bravely and honestly. "I have been very unkind to her. I have treated her worse than I knew it was in me to treat anyone. But," she flushed with sudden resentment, "why should I humble myself to you? What right have you to take me to task for my social short-comings?" "Pardon me," he answered, gravely

"How greatly you err! I was taking myself to task for having wronged Your presence here vou. proves that you were not among those who laid so cruel and unjust a ban upon the squire's wife, does it not?"

"I was guilty as the guiltiest among them all," she repeated, and the clear eyes grew troubled. "Will you not tell me why?" he per-

sisted.
"No, never!" Incautiously Sula had shed light upon a dark spot in the major's perception, and it illumined his face in a flashing smile, which, however, soon faded, and he asked,

"May I go on being impertinent?" 'Sula's

"If you can't avoid it, yes." smile was kinder than her words. "I want to ask you one point-blank question. Has any specific charge ever been brought against this un-happy lady? Two point-blank ques I should have said. Do believe her to be unworthy the sweet solicitude that brought you here and soothed her as all my clumsy man's sympathy could not do?" To his dis may, Ursula Ralston, the quietest, demurest, most self - sustained women, suddenly dissolved in a pas

sion of tears. "Don't," he said, in a choked voice. 'Every tear you shed scalds my heart. Irsula, you know that I love you You have known it for so many months that it sounds trite to put it into words. Darling, I have been trying you pur-I knew you would b est to sheiter yourself behind the flimsy network of excuses I manufactured

for you. I—"
"Please stop," said 'Sula, growing calm as suddenly as she had grown tempestuous. "I am too honest, I hope, to allow you to continue protestation

that can never result in anything. "Never result in anything? why? Do not forfeit your character for honesty by becoming ambiguous. I do not believe you would wantonly cause distress to the meanest thing that lives, Mrs. Ralston; therefore I must charge myself with being a consummate puppy for supposing I had gained any degree of favor with you." "Oh, no, no! You know that I like you. Ah! my dear friend, why

have you disturbed the placid current of our friendly intercourse?' "The placid current of friendly intercourse is not sufficient for me. It

must be more or less between us, Ursula.

Which shall it be? It was a masterful sort of wooingwooing in keeping with the man And Sula felt the fulness of a response that would have made them both very happy singing in her heart and crying ent of aloud for utterance. He was so strong, so self-sustained. Ah, what a restful

ward calmness, with only a drooping of the white lids over the troubl

Then let it be less." He turned and went away from her without another word, and presently she could hear the sound of oars, and she knew he was on his way back to the village. She sat very still, but every stroke of those oars strike upon a sore spot in her breast. Her eyes were turned upon the window that gave a small section of the lake to

She saw his little boat

past the narrow strip of water with the

swift motion of a picture upon the slide of a magic lantern, and then the

landscape ceased to interest her.

view

TO BE CONTINUED. THE TIDE OF THE CONTROVER. SIAL BATTLE.

Cleveland Universe. The thoughtful have observed a great change in the sphere of religious controversy in the past twenty years This change of themes is not confined to one locality. If we are to be up with the times and count for something in the "good fight," we must arm ourselves for the conflict. We commend to our readers the following oration delivered at the funeral of the Most Rev. William Smith, D. D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, by the Right Rev. Monsignor Munro, D. D., Provost of the Cathedral Chapter, Glasgow, at St. Mary's cathe dral, Edinburgh, last March. been issued in a pamphlet to be sold for the benefit of Tranent Industrial school. We quote from the Weekly

Register, London:
Referring to the late Archbishop's
Book of Moses in its Authorship, its Authenticity, and its Civilization, the preacher said: "The author of this work felt that outside the Catholic Church the religious world was in a state of transition. The old themes and methods of controversy were about to give place to others of far different character and greater difficulty than those to which we had been accustomed. Rationalism was spreading its baleful influence in Germany and other Coninental countries, and symptoms were not wanting of its speedy invasion of our own. The Church's battle for the Faith once delivered to the saints was now to be waged not so much over is lated doctrines or historical events, but over the very fate of the foundations of the Christian religion. The tide of battle had begun to roll on to new fields, and unless the Catholic apologist were to be left outside the great struggle, in which he only can take an effective part, he must be prepared to follow the enemy to his own chosen ground. In the opening of this cam-paign it did not seem that the Catholic Church was immediately assailed by the new criticism, for it was directed against the Holy Scriptures rather than against the special dogmas of Divine revelation. Archbishop Smith saw that the questions arising were of mightier reach than those of criticism or interpretation which had hitherto been discussed. Sooner or later the Church would be called on to enter the new lists; to descend to the foundations and springs of human reason; to justify reason to reason itself; and to establish to reason the authority of the written as well as the spoken Word of God. Dr. Smith marked out for himself the lines of a vast work, the scope of which was to establish the authenticity, the genuiness, and the integrity of Christian records of Divine revelation. The first portion only, that dealing with the books of Moses, he was spared to complete. The immense value of this contribution of Christian apologe tics has been freely testified to by the learned world, without distinction of creed. Protestants and Rationalists, equally with Catholics, have spokeu in terms of highest praise of the ability, the learning, and the fairness of the work; and all who have looked into it regret the sad event which leaves us without hope of its completion. himself had hoped to finish his work. He was, indeed, arduously engaged upon it, I understand, till within a few days of his death. But his desire was not to be accomplished. soldier holds his post whether the issue is to be life or death, success or defeat for him. His is to do his work. may fall early in the fight. It is well. He has done his duty. Or he may come unwounded through all the perils of the battle, and share in the triumph which his grateful country awards him. Archbishop Smith fell in battle."

The Body of Pope Pius V.

The miraculously-preserved body of St. Pius V. is treasured in Rome, and is annually exposed to public veneration on May 5. The sarcophagus is opened, and the body, perfect even to the flow-ing beard, is seen, and all around are placed beautiful flowers sent from the Vatican gardens. This remarkable Pope saw many great events in his six years' reign (1566-72)—the victory of Lepanto, the fall of the Huguenots in France, etc. He revised the Missal and Breviary. He wrote to and consoled Mary Queen of Scots in her prison, and excommunicated Elizabeth, her persecutor. The likeness between the dead Pope and the grand statue above the tomb is remarkable. The statue is enthroned between statues of St. Dominic and St. Peter, martyr.

"When your heart is bad, and your hand is bad, and you are bad clean throught, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered iithe girl when sid mother had recan," she said. "I have not been to you what I might have been, but you must let me atone for every thing in the past that looked like cruelty."

present."

present."

"God help him and forgive him!"

"And is oad, and you are bad cleam throught, what is needed?" asked a know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recombined throught, what is needed?" asked a know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recombined throught. The impulse to say, "Let it be more," was mighty, and hard to resist. cently been restored to health by that

AN ALLEGOI (ALBA). CHAPTER When I first came

reason, I found myself ar

the well-known but unit of Sapless-land. It consi

barren and desolate n offered nothing in the v

ence excepting a few i

small number of the in

lously cultivated, withou

time went on, effecting ment in their flavor or i

perties. Even these ha lly brought by the first a more favored and now Of indigenous produc had absolutely none sa thorns. A chilling in overshadowed it; the seemed to have forgotte sources of enlivenment ling lights of the neig Mammon, and, when favorable, the occasions cal strains supposed to a Grove situated somew bidden Valley. N however, the drearine heath, the inhabitants selves perfectly conter speak of the olden ar inhabitants; the risi vainly strove to disser ible weariness and d elders read us many unreasonableness of de beyond what our b afforded; pointed out thankfulness that ou cast in such pleasant land being, they said, spot on earth. Our been cast in the dark that gruesome haunt goblins — that strong robbers and ruffians tion, whose black for to the beams of day.
apropos of this awf
King of the whole calong way off, held
in such abhorence th mined to raze it to transferring, at the own residence to Sa was the region of al far as to name day two-fold event ; but a in succession with usual, the predicti into discredit; and back settlements of matters would cont heretofore ad infinit tors supplemented us against straying innumerable dange Mammon they spoke couragingly; prom were good children visit it, and enjoy grew older, I perce commerce with the was kept up by the substituted private sively considered youth of the distri explain satisfactori tentment. Being of a refle ative turn, I freq these matters in m

> attention would b attracted to the Ci certainly present spectacle, especia palaces, porticoes ments were bri How I longed for I might, perchan dweller in one of a felicity by n range of possibil understand. Ag though rarely, t a certain crag in of the moor, n would wander a gloomy mists wh of the horizon wl City of Terror. strange fascina the mysterious although in my tinguish none place-nothing mist where it advanced in yea built on a rocky that I could, a momentary glir me like Palm tre outlines by no metry, though mentioned thes

imparting my cog

much charm for me

work was over, con

up and down the

looked the Forbidd

ing to catch such

wafted from the c

sipation, and dev

certain latent long

unknown pleasur

the same time ! felt sure I ha greatly surpris of Terror lay i ual darkness. pared for the innocent rem der. I am sure

task for daring