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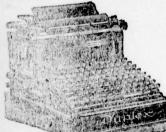
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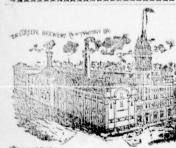
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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XV.-CONTINUED. "Oh, ay! I do see, I think," broke in the other, with a laugh that was an in-sult. "Those fellows fight hard some times. They will be furious as a hive stinging-bees, if their priest is meddled with. If there is a hole or two to be

stinging-bees, if their priest is meddled with. If there is a hole or two to be made with pitchfork or pike, better through Hempenstal's hulking carcase

through the precious person of your lordship. But have you taken all precautions; is the game sure?"
"Perfectly," replied Lord Dulwich, ignoring the insult in the other's voice and manner. "We have certain tidings that trict, though the exact spot is not known. But there are not so many coverts that will hold priest and coopregation that we need trouble much about that. We hope to take them red-handed, so to speak. By this time Hempenstal and his men are on the move. They have orders not to hesitate to shoot at the least show of resistance or flight. Moreover, they have a private hint that your friend, the priest. trict, though the exact spot is not known private hint that your friend, the priest, will be, at least, as acceptable at head-quarters dead as alive." "Right," cried Mark fiercely, "I drink

to Father O'Carroll's speedy salvation, and he drained a bumper. "There's a pious toast for his reverence. I should not wonder, Dulwich, if another friend of not wonder, Dulwich, if another friend of mine, 'my elder brother,' as you are kind enough to call him, were also of the party, for he is a notorious head centre. If a stray bullet comes in his way, I, for one, shan't grudge him it. But I don't envy the man at whom he aim. You envy the man at whom he aim. Your lordship was right to keep out of range of

his pistol barrel.

"But come," he went on, shuffling the cards rapidly, and letting two or three straggle out of his hands on the floor, "we waste time, and at to-night's rate time is worth ten pound a minute to me."

worth ten pound a minute to me."

Before the first card of the new deal had fallen on the table, Christy was out in the picture-gallery, and the panel closed behind him. For a moment or two he was bewildered at the imminence of the danger. He knew right well where the Mass was to be said, and knew, too, that Maurice Blake had started two hours before to be present. After Mass hours before to be present. After Mass there was to be a meeting, and Father O'Carroll had promised "the boys" that they should have news from Dublin t warm the veins of their heart. Worsstill, if worse might be, Peggy Heffernar was also gone to bring the priest's bless-ing home to the old folk, who had grown

No wonder Christy stood for a moment dumb-founded at the thought of those three whom he lovest best in the world in such deadly danger, and he ten miles

way, with no power to help.
But his wits had been trained in a hard
chool to do their work rapidly.
Setting his lamp upon the broad library

table, across which it threw a widening path of yellow light, he hastily scribbled a few lines on a sheet of paper, tied it up and sealed it with a wafer. The note was short and to the point.

"The Yeos' will be upon you at daybreak," it ran. "Pass the warning to Father O'Car roll and Master Maurice. I will be in a boat at the corner of Stoney Island to take off his kee erence if he is hard pressed.

Christy." . Christy.

He had already determined on hi nessenger. The distance was ten good niles by the nearest way from Cloonlara. path lay at parts over rough, at parts through thick woods im

possible for a horseman.

There was but one man in all Ireland who could cover the distance in the time Luckily, that man was, at that moment fast aleep in the stable-yard at Cloonlara Christy knew where to find him. He made straight for the doghouse where the huge mastiff, whose office was a sinecure

At the sound of steps the great brute itself and gave a deep, muffled But his eyes and nose recognized a friend, and he wagged his lazy tail, and

dropped off to sleep again.
In the uncertain light Christy could In the uncertain light Christy could make out the dark outline of a man's figure stretched cosily beside the dog's on he clean straw. Here was the messe

Stooping down, he touched the sleeper with his hand, and, in an instant, Thad O'Flynn, whose slumber was as light at weasel's, stood, wide-awake, before

Coristy handed him the letter. It suddy disappeared. For Thady had a dred tricks of concealment, and many missive he had carried to its destina after he had been searched thorough the yoemen.
t a word yet had been spoken on

ther side. Thady stood still waiting is instructions, with cheeks pale as the noonlight, and restless blue eye scanning the other's face eagerly,
"Thady," said Christy, " it is a matter

Thady nodded.
" Father O'Carroll, Master Maurice, the hole county side are depending on you

It was wonderful to see the eagerness n that thin, white face. It lit up when Father O'Carroll's name was mentioned

and kindled to a flame at the mention of Maurice Blake. The flashing eyes questioned Christy impatiently.

"Father O'Carroll says Mass at daybreak on the top of Cloonascre," Christy went on, slowly, in spite of his impatience to impress his meaning on the wandering o impress his meaning on the wandering mind of the other. "The Yeos have got the hard word from some black-hearted traitor. It's yourself that must give the

"You know Peggy Heffernan?"

The other nodded — "Master Mark's

Christy raised his hand angrily as if to strike him. "Your own, then," said Thady.

The hand dropped by his side.

"There is no time for fooling, Thady,"
he said very earnestly. "You must give the said very earnestly. "You must give this letter into the colleen's own hand on the hill of Cloonascre, where the Mass is to be. The bloodhounds have a long start of you. Every minute is worth a man's life. You must race as if the devil was behind you and heaven in front

Now go."
Swift as a bird and as silently, Thady fled away, a quick gliding shadow in the

Christy's face brightened as he watched Christy's face prightened as he watched him from the gate of the courtyard. A five-foot wall bounded the paddock. He leaped lightly to the top, throwing out his arms to balance himself, so he stood for one moment outlined against the white night, then plunged down and disappeared.

peared.

Then Christy turned to the house to make ready for his own part in the desperate effort to rob the bloodhounds of heir victims. For over an hour Thady flew as a bird

flies, straight and tireless. Now down through by the water's brink, now through the dark recesses of the woods speckled with moonshine, now over rough

and rocky ground, that even in the day-time demanded caution, he leaped lightly forward. No sound broke the silence of the night No sound broke the stellar of the light save the hare that sprang from the covert at his feet, or the wild duck that bustled up from the bullrushes by the lake's edge, and vanished a dark speck in the still air that whistled to the beating of

is stout wings.

The light was fading from the moon, a cold greyish glow began to dabble the edge of the eastern horizon, and the breath of the early morning blew faint and chill when Thady's quick ear caught the measured tramp of men in the woods in front of him. Then he knew that the first half of his task was accomplished. The first heat of this terrible race for life

r death was won. or death was won.

Peering cautiously through the
brambles he could see the yeomen, fifty
strong, marching steadily forward. The
scarlet uniforms, indeed, looked black in
the waning moonlight, but here and there
the steel of their accourtements glittered

coldly.

Their officer was a man of colossal Their officer was a man of colossal stature, whom Thady recognized with a choking sensation in his throat as Hempenstal, "the walking gallows." He moved like a moving pillar, taking but one step to every two his men took.

Thady slipped away to the right, and then headed again for the hill of Cloonswaran for the selection of th

ascre as fast as before.

Two miles more and he reached the

wood's edge. The sleepy birds were be-ginning to rustle in the branches, and call to each other with drowsy chirp, and the sun's upper edge, a flaming red crescent, just showed over the lake, when he eaped out still with the same even, steady speed, on the open space of smooth sod that now stretched between him and Cloonascre.

The space between, and the hill itself sem quite deserted. A round low mound seem quite deserted. A round low mound clad in close green turf, scarcely a hundred vards high, and double that in diameter at the top, the hill of Cloonascre and plainly been fashioned and used in distant days as a military encampment. A ridge six feet high thrown up around the outer edge, converted the entire table-land on the top to a shallow flat-bottomed pasin where a thousand men might lie ncealed.

Even now, while to the quick eye of the anxious runner who sped across the plain the hill stood out dark and lonely n the golden dawn, five hundred men and women were gathered on its summit earnestly absorbed in the celebration of he great sacrifice which is the crowning lory of the Catholic faith.

It was a strange wild scene as ever eye

ooked on. An altar of stones and green sod, even such as that on which the Pa-triarch bound his son, stood at one end of the oval space, level and green as the illiard-table, which formed the summi

At that simple shrine Father O'Carroll lebrated the august mystery, his youthful face all aglow with devotion. He was clad in faded vestments which ad served generations of persecuted priests. There was a dark stain over the eft breast of the chasuble which tradition told had been dyed into the texture by the oozing life blood of a former weare stabbed at the altar. The vestments were a relic hallowed by a hundred asso they have borne through the thick of many battles are to the hardy veterans of the regiment, that, and a thousand times more, were those faded vestments to the devoted priest, and the fervid congreration grouped round the altar. They added, if ought could add, to the intensity of their devotion. Never surely since the first parents knelt reverently in the fair garden of Paradise to praise and thank the Giver of all good things, was purer or more self-forgetting homage offered to the Creator than now by those poor and per-secuted peasants, ragged for the most part and starving, on the bleak summit of the lonely hill. The very peril which surounded them, the shadow of death in hich they prayed, brought their sould oser to the unseen world with which they so earnestly communed. Right well they knew that at any moment the Mass might be converted into a martyr-

Old men were there, white-haired and haggard, whose feeled limbs had toilfully carried them up the steep ascent to hear Mass again before they died. Children were there, round-eyed with reverence and wonder, to remember that day, standing out clear and vivid from the misty background of infamy, even to the end of their lives.

The men, however, who formed the congregation were for the most part, in the full prime of life, broad-chested and cleaned-limbed fellows, ready and eager when the hour called to carry a pike in defence of the land and faith they loved; the women, bright-faced and virtuous, worthy to be the wives of such men. Peggy Heffernan knelt at the outskirts

of the crowd, with her check shawl drawn nodestly over the masses of her shiny hair, absorbed in her devotions, and little dreaming of the trial and the peril that

approached so rapidly.

Thady came on apace, but even his endurance was beginning to yield at last under the terrible strain. As the long shadow from the rising sun at his back glided in front, and began to climb the bill, his breath came thicker and faster; and a pain like an iron band gripped his

Yet he boldly breasted the steep ascent, following in the track of his shadow. and plain, and said, with a coarse laugh—
"In heaven or hell," he asked, "for there is no sign of them on the earth's This final strain was terrible. The beads of perspiration stood out on his white face, he breathed in quick sobs that half choked him. But with head bent almost level with the sod he strained up and up till the outer edge of the embankment was won, and he slipped down quietly and unnoticed on the outskirts of the congregation.

The first Gospel was just over at the moment, and the standing groups about the altar were settling down again to Then Peggy found her tongue again in the midst of her terror.
"What is the likes of you going to Mass for?" she asked.
"To say our prayers, in course," intertheir knees on the green sod. In the movement all around his movements

rupted the sergeant, before Hempenstal This was a red-headed, big-boned sav

were not heeded. For a moment it seemed as if his mission would prove in vain. With rest, reaction came. His over-wrought frame shivered like a ship that has just struck; his brain was dizzy, and the scene spun round him, a wide circle of bright color. His heart beat like a hammer against his side; a weight on his chest seemed to stifle him. If he had not leaned against the inner surface of the embankment he must have fallen. age. He was a "jumper," too, and was the more hated on that account by the people, and hated them back freely in re-turn. turn.
"To say our prayers, in course," he said, "and maybe serve the Mass itself, and lend a hand with the music. Won't you help Father O'Carroll to a good con-

of the embankment he must have gregation, miss?

"Hurry uo," said Hempenstal, savagely, his innate brutality breaking out.

"There is no time for further fooling. The With a great effort he filled his laboring lungs with air; another deep breath, and another, then relief came. His strength returned and his keen in-

is no hope at all, at all.'
She glanced round at the women and children who were scattered so thickly amongst the congregation; her eyes went

on to the priest at the altar. "They can-not escape," she thought. "They cannot escape; they will be slaughtered where they stand." She sought some plan in

her quick mind with a fruitless eagerness that was an agony. The awful moment of the Consecration came, she bowed rev-

erently to the earth and breathed a silent

She rose up calm, but very pale. 'Thady,' she said, "listen to me and atend. I'm going down to meet them.
lere is the note back; don't let
our mind go weekerkheid.

your mind go wool-gathering; watch over the edge of the bank;

over the edge of the bank; watch as ye never watched before, and the first red coat ye see steeping out of the wood give the note to Master Maur-

hard to climb. But I'm trusting to the good Lord that all will be well yet and no

nnocent blood spilt."
"Except my own, maybe," she uttered

n a lower voice, as she drew her shaw

devoutly. Then she slipped over the embankment at the side furthest from tha

on which the yeomen were approaching

nd ran like a goat to the bottom of the

But no thought of fear or flight was in

that brave young heart. She flitted round the base till she faced the point of the woods to which Thady had pointed.

woods to which Thady had pointed. Stepping out bravely she walked swiftly and steadily right into the mouth of the

The brightly-dressed, rapidly-moving

of the woods. The moment his eyes li

on the approaching figure Hempensta cried "Halt!" in a muffled voice.

" lie close. Here comes our guide

troop. Was it fear that aned her now Before she had gone ten paces, Hempen

though - business first, and pleasur

after. There will be time enough for that by-and-bye, and those red lips of your

all going to Mass, and we want you to

ke us there." With flushed cheeks and flashing eyes

grim joke.
"But I was not going to Mass mysel

"What's this," he interrupted, brutally

book, by Jove. You were not going to read this to the birds, Miss, I suppose?

read this to the brids, kits, it suppose: It is a comfort now to know we are not taking you out of your way. Come, stir yourself, or we'll be all late, and that'll be

mortal sin on our souls, won't it?"

Again his coarse followers laughed ad-

miringly. Half dizzy, as it seemed, Peggy took a

few steps back the way she had come.

But he again caught her roughly, and held her. "Where are you going?"

"Where the Mass is saying," she an-

She pointed vaguely in the direction of the Cloonascre hill, which was just vis-

Hempenstal looked at the naked hill

surface?"
"Face about," he added, turning her sharp round, "and go right on the way

you were going when you met us. We should be sorry to interrupt a pretty girl's

ible through the branches.

leasant walk.

But religion goes first: we're

stal recaptured her.

on't fade.

Down, boys !"

a muffled voice.

he whispered excited

oser about her head and blessed hersel

There are men wid him here to t, if fight they must, and the hill is I to climb. But I'm trusting to the

rayer was answered.

Here

for guidance from above. Her

Papish rebels may escape while we stand idling here." Peggy said never a word, made never a A little distance off he saw Peggy Heff-ernan. He stepped lightly and softly as a cat to her side, and put the note in her

Hempenstal grew furious. "Give the jade a touch of the spur, sergeant," he hand without a word.
She looked up quickly. A single glance at the pale face and wild eyes told her of danger close at hand. Her heart ceased

With the keen point of his bayonet the danger close at hand. Her heart ceased beating as she read the note.

"Where, Thady," where? she whispered trembling.

"There," he answered in the same tone, pointing towards the woods, "not a quarter of a mile from the edge now."

"So near! good God, so near! There is no hone at all, at all." brute prodded the wretched girl until the blood oozed through her clothes in patches of dull red. She writhed and groaned

or unified. She within and said no word.

"He may be tempted to drive it clean through," growled Hempenstal, "if you don't speak out, and step out as well." "If you were to cut me to pieces I'd never turn informer to please you," the brave girl sobbed defiantly. "If the spur won't do, try the halter,

Captain," said the sergeant, driving the point of his bayonet into the earth to clean the blood stain off it. "She may be clean the blood stain off it. "She led, though she won't be dhruv." Hempenstal took the hint. from his capacious coat-tail pocket the ominous cord, without which he never oved, and dangled the running noose in

the girl's face.

She dropped on her knees before him.

"Mercy!" she faltered out. "Do not

kill me."

"Faith, you kill yourself, my girl,' he said, coolly, "when you won't save your self. If other folks' necks are more precous to you than your own it is no affair of mine. You may take your choice of mine. of mine. You may take your choice.
Speak or choke."
He dropped the noose over her bent
head as he spoke, and tightened it till the
rough cord rasped her neck.

ough cord rasped her neck.
She leaped to her feet, trembling.
"Come," she cried. "Fill lead you."
"I thought so," said the brute, comlacently. "I thought when you felt th

placently. "I thought when you felt the squeeze of the rope you would not want much more pressing. Lead on."

She turned her back on Cloonascre, and led the troop at a rapid pace through the woods-straight away from their intended

They followed her confidingly. Her well-acted reluctance completely deceived them. Besides, she had been taught what to expect if she failed. They never doubted that she led them straight to the nest of the cursed Papishes." After a little time Peggy turned to the

right, and soon the party emerged from the wood out on a wet moorland that skirted the lake.

Cloonascre was then visible in the distance, standing out clear and lonely against the sky line. figure was conspicuous in the morning sun, shining clear on the lonely plain, with the lonely hill as a background. The veomen were now close to the edge

As she saw it Peggy quickened her pace ill a sharp turn brought the wood again between the party and the hill, and shut

They were getting in on wet bog now. where a man must sink to his ankles and might sink to his neck if he were not We must catch our decoy duck before we go a-shooting. A dainty duck she is, by George," he added, with an ugly leer, as ne came rapidly on.
Right into the midst of the enemy th

Their way lay between the lake on the one hand and the wood on the other. In front about two miles distant at the unsuspecting Pegry plunged, humming a hymn as she walked, with face as bright wood's edge stood the old abbey, whose great grey walls and shattered windows broke the sky line rising amid the trees. the sunshine and voice as sweet as the Rehind those vast walls five hundred Hempenstal, suddenly emerging from Papishes might shelter. There Hempen behind the huge tree that sheltered his huge bulk, stooped and coiled his arm round her waist, holding her fast. stal and his party were sure the Papist were concealed, and thither Peggy wa leading them straight through the strip A growl of hoarse laughter went up from his exultant followers.

"Welcome, my beauty," said the giant, his huge mouth grinning close to hers.

of open bog between the wood and lake.

The ground was soft and wet as a sponge—wetter and softer it grew as they advanced.

"Here are a lot of nice young men auxious to have a walk with you; but first come first served, and my turn is first." Here and there little green pools showed in the quivering morass. The men had to leap from one trembling knob to autother; and he whose eye or foot failed He offered to kiss her as he spoke; but she struck him on the broad expanse of cheek sharply with her clenched fist. Then ducking her head, and leaving the went down to his knees at least, some times to his waist in black slime. shawl still under his arm, by a dexterou Peggy spring from point to

twist she freed herself, and fled back the way she had come.

At another time the nimble-footed lightly and as safely as a squirrel through the branches. The brute Hempenstal had kept the Peggy could have outstripped the entire troop. Was it fear that ailed her now? rope still round her neck as a warning and as a restraint, holding her like a dog

in leash.

But she loosened the strangling core stal recaptured her.

"Fair and easy, sweetheart," he said as his hand closed like a vice on her arm you must not run away from your friends. You're right about the kissing with her hand, and held it beyond the

noose, and so felt no strain.
She felt no strain; but she made her persecutor feel it with a vengeance. Anyone who has seen a blind man follow a ively dog on a rough road can fancy what is state was. Peggy played him as light and as dexterously as an angler plays as salmon, that scarcely feels along the ne the subtle force of pliant wrist which

As Hempenstal balanced himself on a Peggy glanced round the rough group that sircled her, and read their purpose in their savage looks. "To Mass?" she faltered out, "the likes tuft that tottered under his weight, a faint strain on the cord turned the scale, and forced him to step out into black slime, as fluild as honey and as tenaci us. Like Falstaff, he had a "kind of alac

"To Mass?" she lattered out, "the likes of ye goin' to Mass!"
"Ay, ay, by Goorge," said Hempenstal, "to Mass, and to massacre," he added between his teeth, chuckling at his own goin idea. rity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell he would down." To say truth, he was more than once in danger of going prematurely to the devil, if theo ogians speak true as to the devil's head snatching the prayer-book she held with almost inviting carelessness. "A Mass uarters in the earth's centre.
But each time his troop gathered round

and drew him from his mud-bath, while the innocent Peggy looked on with de mure regret in her soft eyes.

The rescued savage would glare at her then, yet found no excuse to yent his ris

ng anger. But gazing on that fair face and trim figure, he swore in his own black heart that he would mingle pleasre and vengeance later on.

The men began at last to mutter and curse, as their way grew each momen nore treacherous.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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STORY OF AN ACTOR-SAINT.

In the beginning of the fourth century there lived in Rome an actor and playwright named Genesius, whose histrionic achievements were by all lovers of the drama. He was, in fact, the brightest star in the constella tion of Roman actors of his day, and numbered among his audiences the Emperors of Rome and the Princes of

he State. This pagan actor was one day called upon to arrange a drama which should ridicule the Christian baptism. The drama was to be ready for representation on the occasion of the Emperor Diocletian's visit to Rome, who had condescended to be present at the celeoration of the twentieth year of the reign of Maximian Herculius. Genesius at once set out to find some one who might give him full informa-

tion upon the subject of his contem-plated drama. He found a friend who told him the manner of procedure and he applied himself assiduously to dramatizing the ceremony, and it was not long ere he had completed one of the most ludicrous plays on Christian baptisu, which could not fail to greatly divert the audience, who held this religion and its mysteries in the utmost contempt and derision. The characters of this ludicrous drama were a priest, an exorcist, a person to be baptized, two servants, the Emperor, attendants and soldiers. The person to be baptized was to feign sickness and request his servants to call upon a priest that he might die in the true The priest and exorcist are then summoned upon the scene, and after mimically going through the usual ceremony preceding the Christian baptism water is poured upon the person to be baptized, and he is there after clothed in a white garment. Soldiers would then hasten upon the scene, seize the neophyte and drag him before the Emperor's tribunal, who would order him to be imprisoned and martyred. The drama was well rehearsed by Genesius and his company and was to be staged in one of the large Roman theatres during the month of November, A. D. 303.

The day of the initial performance arrived. Seated in the spacious theatre side by side were the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, the Empress of Rome and their suites. A large number of Roman Senators, commanders of the Pannonian and Dacian troops, besides people of all classes, were also in attendance, ready to laugh and applaud heartily the least est and mockery cast upon a Christian ceremony.

The curtain rises. transformed into a Christian's bed-chamber. On the right side one may behold a cross and several emblems which were at one time the sacred treasures of Christians. cross stands a table covered with a snow white linen cloth, on which rests a vessal with water. On the left side there is a bed covered with the finest Asiatic spreads, and upon the bed lies the chief character of the drama, Genesius. He is feigning himself sick By his side are his two servants, who pretend uneasiness about his illness and are fanning him with large Egyptian fans and offering him wine to drink. At length the silence breaks; Genesius speaks faintly. "Ah, my friends, I find a great

weight upon me and desire to be eased.

Servants: "What shall we do to give thee ease, master? have us plane thee to make thee lighter ?

Genesius: "Ye senseless creatures am resolved to die a Christian, that God may receive me on this day of my death as one who seeks his salvation by flying from idolatry and supersti Go hence at once and bring me a priest, a priest!

After some moments' pause two players enter, one impersonating a priest, the other an exorcist. They make a jesting obeisance to the crossthis mimicry brings forth the first tremendous applause. The priest sits down by the bedside of the dying man. Priest: "My son, thou hast sent for

true Church ?" Genesius gives no answer. He lies there as one whose spirit has fied. actors become confused by his prolonged silence. The spectators grow impatient and murmurs are heard : They have forgotten their lines,

me and wishest to be received into the

'The play is a failure," etc.
During the painful suspense and confusion Genesius beheld a vision and being suddenly converted by divine inspiration opens his eyes and replies, not in jest, but seriously:

"Yes, I desire to be received into the true Church, and through the grace of Jesus Christ I wish to be born again that I may be delivered from my sins. I'he other players proceeding mimically go through the whole ceremony of baptism with him, but he answers all the usual interrogatories with such earnestness that many become suspicious. Genesius is now habited in a white garment amidst the cheers and applause of the spectators. a loud knock is heard at the door, two players dressed like soldiers enter, and, to carry on the jest, they seize Genesius and drag him off the stage.

The next scene opens. It represents the palace of the Emperor, who is seated upon his throne, surrounded by his guards and attendants. Genesius is led upon the scene and presented to the Emperor in order to be examined, as the martyrs were wont to

Emperor: "Art thou a Christian, Genesius? If so, thou must abjure thy creed and offer incense to the

Genesius, instead of addressing the assumed Emperor, here confronted the true Emperors lian, and spok 'Hear, O who are prese

philosophers. heard the nat with horror, relatives beca concerning C more despise the utmost co while I was beheld a visi angels over n of a book all from childho plunged the b stood on the t wards poured ence, they sh than snow. O great and I ye people her culed these me that Jesus

He is the ligh it is through Diocletian ordered the Genesius to l and most inh and then to Plautian, the that he mig to sacrifice to manded him rack, where hooks for a c burnt with dured these and persiste besides Him

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