ee! there in the place of honor aged artist sits in state. y him for the cruel past of fate

not this one hour of power alize youth's widest dreams? hark! to those commencing chor me Heavenly music through

ning;
1º how slow those uncertain strains,
groping about in total darkness,
by seek the chords of those grand re

look! look! at the aged artist, is face is flushed, his bosom heaves, aged, worn out form is shaken she autumn blast shakes the with

lified are his trembling hands, lie streaming eyes to Heaven are raised, fot unto me—not unto me— lato Thy mame, O Lord, the praise!"

chair, th looks so strangely bright and crim-As it pillows that head with the snow white hale.

Gentle hands carry that weary form,
While many eyes are wet with tears;
They feel that they're gasing their very last
On him they've loved through all those

His heart had been stirred to its very depths And his failing strength could ill sustain That tide of feeling that heaved his breast As he listened to the familiar strain.

From that one night his strength fone, faded so rapidly from day to day. n asked if he feared not approachin n asked if he leared and death, answered as only a "good servant"

No. I am happy—I've not lived in vain; I've done the work that was given to me, and now. O Lord, I await that death That will bring me safely and giadly to

BEN HUR:

THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

IMMORTALITY.

The tent was costly pitched beneath a tree where the gurgle of the stream was constantly audible. Overhead the broad leaves hung motionless on their stem; the delicate reed-stalks off in the pearly haze stood up arrowy-straight; occasionally a home-returning bee shot humming athwart the shade, and a partridge creeping from the dank sedge, whistled to his mate, and ran away. The restfulness of the vale, the freshness of the air, the garden beauty, the sabbath stillness, seemed to have affected the spirits of the elder Egyptian; his voice, gestures, and whole manner were unusually gentle; and often as he bent his eyes upon len-Hur conversing with Iras, they softened with pity.

with ofty.
"When we overtook you, son of Hur," he
said at the conclusion of the repast, "it
seemed your face was also turned towards
Jerusalem May I ask, without offence, if you are going so far ?"
"I am going to the Holy City."

"For the great need I have to spare my-self prolonged toil, I will further ask you, Is there ashorter road than that by Rabbath-Ammon?"

there a shorter road than that by Rabbath-Ammon?" A rougher route, but shorter, lies by Gerava and Rabbath-Gilead. It is the one I design taking." I am impatient," said Balthasar. "Latterly my sleep has been visited by dreams-or rather by the same dream in repetition. A voice—it is nothing more—comes and tells me, 'Haste—arise: He whom thou hast so long waited is at hand."
"You mean He that is to be King of the Jaws?" Ben-Hur asked, gazing at the Egyptian in wonder.

Egyptian in wonder.
"Even so"
"Then you have heard nothing of Him?"
"Nothing except the words of the voice in the dream."

Here, then, are tidings to make you glad From his gown Ben-Hur drew the letter received from Mailuch. The hand the Fgyptian held out trembled violently. He read aloud, and as he read his emotions increased; the limp veins in his neck swelled and throbbed. At the conclusion he raised his suffused eyes in thanksgiving and prayer. He asked no questions, yet had no doubts.

prayer. He saked no questions, yet had no doubts.

"Thou hast been very good to me. O God," he said. "Give me, I pray Thee, to see the sayiour again, and worship Him, and Thy servant will be ready to go in peace."

The words, the manner, the singular personality of the simple prayer, touched Ben-Hur with a sensation new and abilding. God neyer seemed so actual and so near by; it was as if he were there bending over them or close at their side—a Friend whose favours were to be had by the asking—a Father to whom all His children were aliks in love—Father, not more of the Jaw than of the Gentle—the universal Father, who listened to and answered the prayers of all men. The idea that such a God might send mankind a Faviour instead of a king appeared to Ben-Hurin a light not merely new, but so plain that he could almost discern both the greater want of such a gift and its greater consistency with the hast owne, O Balthasar, you still think He is to be a Saviour, and not a king."

Balthasar gave him a look thoughtful as it was tender.

Baithear gave him a look thoughtful as it was tender.

"How shall I understand you?" he asked in return. "The Spirit, which was the Startiat was my guide of old, has not appeared to me since I met you in the tent of the good abulk; that is to say. I have not seen or heard it as formerly. I believe the voice that spoke to me in my dreams was it; but other than that I have no revelation."

"I will recall the difference between us," said Ben-Hur with deference. "You were of opinion that the would be a King, but not as Cesar is; you though; His sovereignty would be a sum of the world."

"I will recall the for the world."

"I will recall the sound the action of the same opinion may be a few world."

"I would be a same opinion meet see the divergence in our faith. You are joing to meet a King of men. I a Saviour of souls."

He paneed with the look often seen when people are struggling, with introverted effort, to disentangle a thought which is either too high for quick discernment or too subtie for simple expression.

"Les me try, O son of Hur," he said directly, "and help you to a clear understanding of my belief; then it may be, seeing how the spiritual kingdom I expect Him to set up can be more excellent in every sense than anything of mere Cewaren epiendor, you will before understand the reason of the interest I take in the mystericus Person we are going to welcome.

"I cannot tell you when the idee of a Soul

men alive as you and I are. Was his last breath the end of nim ?

"To say yes would be to accuse God; let us rather accept his better plan of attaining life after death for us—actual life, I mean—the something more than a place in mortal memory; life with going and coming, with acli appreciation; life terms in term though it may be with knowledge, with power and ali appreciation; life terms in term though it may be with changes of condition.

"Ask you what God's plan is? The gift of a Soul to each of us at birth, with this simple law—there shall be no immortality except through the Soul. In that law see the necessity of whiteh I spoke.

"I,et us turn from the necessity now. A word as to the pleasure there is in the thought of a Soul in each of us. In the first place it rose death of its terrors by making dying a change for the better, and burial but the planting of a seed from which there will apring a new life! In the next place, behold me as I am—wery weak, ald, shrunken in body, and eebe; lost at my wrinkled face, think of the y failing senses, listen to my shrilled volce. An i what hap places to me in the promise that when the worn-out husk I call myself, the now view-out husk I call myself, the now view-out husk I call myself, the now view-less doors of the universe, which is but the palace of God, will swing wide ajar to receive me, a liberated imm risal Soul:

"I would I could tell the ectacy there must be in that life to come! D not say I

wors-out husk I call myself, the now view-palsee dors of the universe, which is but the palsee of God, will swing wide sjar to receive me, a liberate dimm rival Soul!

"I would I could tell the ectacy there must be in that life to come! Do not say I know nothing about it. This much I know and it is enough for me—the being a Soul implies conditions of divine superiority. In such a being there is no dust, nor any gross thing; it must be finer than air, more impalpable than light, purer than essence—it is life in absolute purity.

"What then, O son of Hur? Knowing so much, shall I dispute with myself or you about the unnecessaries—bout the form of my soul? Or where it is to abide? Or whether it eats and drinks? Or is winged, or wears this or that? No. It is more becoming to trust in God. The beautiful of this world is all from His hand declaring the perfection of taste; H is the author of all form; He clothes the lily, He colors the must of nature; in a word, its organised us for this life, and imposed its conditions; and they are such guarantee to me that, trustful as a little child, I leave to Him the organization of my Boul, and every arrangement for the life after death. I know He loves me."

The good man stopped and drank, and the hand carrying the oup to his lips trembled; and both Iras and Bon Hur shared his emotion and remained silent. Upon the latter a light was breaking. He was beginning to see, as sover before, that there might be a spiritual kingdom of more import to men land and earthly empire; and that after all and the greatest that he as more gody gift than the greatest the parties of the human life, so troubled and brief, is preferable to the parfect and everlasting life designed for the Boul? But take the question, and think of it for yourself, formusating thus: Supposing both to be equally happy, is one hour more desirable than one year? From that then maning of the fact I present you next, to me the most amazing of all events and in its effects the most sorrowful; it is that the very idea of li

be sure, a philosopher may be found who will talk to you of a Soul, likening it to a principle; but because philosophers take nothing upon faith, they will not go the length of admitting a Soul to be a being, and on that account its purpose is compressed darkness to them.

"Everything animate has a mind measurable by its wants. Is there to you no meaning in the singularity that power in initidegree to speculate upon the future was given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves given to man alone. By the sign as I see it, God meant to make us know ourselves, as if the present were the all in all, and go about saying. There is no to-morrow after death; or if there be, since we know nothing about it, be it a care unto itself. So where the calls them, 'Come,' they may not pent to the propose of man was everlasting life in the society of God. Alass well you seeping camel constant in such society as the holiest priest this day sorving the highest altars in the most renowned temples. So much are men given to this lower earthly life! So nearly have they or gotten that other which is to come!

"See now, I pray you, that which is to be as aved to us.

For my part, speaking with the holiness of such,! would not give one hour of life as a such as a policy of the common and the such as a su

temptes. So much are men given to this lower earthly life! So nearly have they forgotten that other which is to come!

"See now, I pray you, that which is to be saved to us.

"For my part, speaking with the holiness of tiuth, I would not give one hour of life as a Soul for a thousand years of life as a soul for a thousand years of life as a man."

Here the Egyptian seemed to become unconscious of companionship and fell away into abstraction.

"This life has its problems," he said, "and there are men who spend their days trying to solve them; but what are they to the problems of the hereafter? What is there like knowing God? Not a scroll of the mysteries, but the mysteries themselves would for that hour at least lie before me revealed; even the innermost and mort awful—the power which now we shrink from thought of the hour of the light of the most away in the second of the hour, it should please would be opened. I would see alled with shores, and lightly the second of the hour, it should please would be copied. I would see alled with divine knowledge; would see alled with divine knowledge; would see alled with divine the ord of the hour, it should please and of the life, it should please would be tell me, "I take the into my service forever," the farthest limit of desire would be passed; after which the attainable ambitions of this life, and its juys of whatever kind, would not be so muon as the tinkling of little belia."

Balthasar paused as if to recover from very ectacy of feeling; and to Ben-Hur it seemed the speech had been the delivery of a Soul speak ing for itself.

"I pray pardon, son of Hur," the good man continued, with a bow the gravity of which was relieved by the tender look that followed it, "I meant to leave the life of a Soul, its conditions, pleasures, superiority, to your course of colours that the service which was reserved for us after death, and give heed to the feelings and impulses the thought is sure to awaken in you—heed them, i say, because they are your own Soul astir, doing what it c

rior with a sword of crown.

"A practical question presents itself—How shall we know Him at sight? If you continue in your belief as to His character—that He is to be a king as Herod was—of course you will keep on until you meet a man clothed in purple and with a sceptre. On

re of the Sour.
The company sat a moment in silence,
hich was b Otton by Builthaar.
"Let us arise now" he said—"let us arise
ad set forward again. What I have said
as caused a return of impatience to see my daughter—he that my excues."

It is signal the slave brought them wine in this signal the slave brought them wine in this pottle; and they poured and drank, and shaking the lag cloths out arose.

White slave restored the tent and white the beauther the boundar, and the arab brought up the horses, the three practicals event themselves in the pool.

It a little white they were retracing their steps back through the wady, intending to overtake the caravan if it had passed them.

CHAPTER IV. CHAPPER IV.

AN EVIL INFLUENCE.

The caravan, stretched out upon the desert, was very picture que; in motion, however, it was ike a lazy serpent. Be and yy is stubborn dragging became, as he was; no, at his suggestion, the party determined to go on by themselves. If the resulting production of the romance of a sympathetic recollection of the romance of a sympathetic recollection of the romance of the resulting of the planning of the planning

on by themselves. If the reader be young, or if he has yet a sympathetic recollection of the romance of his youth, he will understand the plassure with which Ben Hur, riding hear the camel of the Expylians, gave a last look at the bead of the straugling column almost out of sight on the shimmericg plain.

To be definite as may be, Ben-Hur found a certain charm in Iras's presence If she looked down upon him from her high place, he made haste to get near her; if she spoke to him, his heart beat out of its must lims. The desire to be agreeable to her was a constantimpulse. Objects on the way, though ever so common, became interesting the moment she called attention to them; a black swallow in the air pursued by her pointing finger went off in a haic; if a bit of quariz or a fiske of mica was seen to sparkle in the drab sand under kissing of the sun, at a word he turned aside and brought it to her; and if she threw it away in disappointment, far from thinking of the irrouble he had been put to, he was sorry it proved so worthiess, and kept a look-out for something better—a runy, perchance a dismond. So the purple of the far mountain became intensely deep and rich if she distinguished it with an exclamation of praise; and when, now and then, the curtain of the houdsh fell down, it seemed a sudden dullness had dropped from the sky darkening all the landscape, Thus disposed, yielding to the sweet influence, what shall save him from the dangers there are in days of the close companionship with the last Fgytlian inclient to the solitary journey they were entered upon.

For though here is no logic in love, nor though here is no logic in love, nor the supplement it is simply were and the supplement it is simply.

to attend. Jas Brady, Esq., of Ingersoll, is to be chairman.

Andrew Bell, an Orangeman from the North of Ireland, after an illness of several months, was received into the true church on May 6th. He was anointed on the 7th inst. and died on the following day. A controversial letter, published in the Both well Times, helped to put Mr. Bell on the right track, and, as he lived in the midst of an Orange s-ttlement, the news of his conversion fell like thunder in a clear sky. Hundreds of the brethren followed the corpse to the church to hear what the priest had to say, and they heard it, too.

Five years ago ex-Protestant Monk (?) Widdows came here and harangued a crowd on the subject of Romanism. Since then Widdows and the minister that in vited him have both fled away in disgrace; and the church in which they publicly and solemnly lied is now being used as a black-smith shop. Widdows and Gifford came here for the purpose of killing Romanism and taking up a collection. Sequel: Their collection was pocketed, their debts are left unpaid, and, up to the time of going to press, "Romanism" still flourishes. T. S.

It is a remarkable fact, also, that the church in which Widdows held his entertainments in this city was, shortly after, brought to the hammer, and was for a time used as a theatre. It after, brought to the hammer, and was for a time used as a theatre, It has now been transformed into private dwellings .- ED, RECORD.

An Irishman's Bull.

An Irishman's Bull.

We are surrounded by difficulties and dangers, said Pat, from the cradle to the grave, and the only wonder is that we ever live long enough after leaving the one to reach the other. The greatest danger lies in allowing the seeds of disease to be sown in our system. If you feel dull and drowsy, have frequent headache, bad taste in mouth, coated tongue, poor appetite, you are suffering from a torpid liver. Take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." If you would destroy those seeds and avoid reaping a harvest of suffering and death.

A BROTHEN'S ANGUME.

STORY OF THE COMPRSSIONAL, INVOLV-ING THE MOST ROMANTIC CIRCUM-

There were two brothers, scions of a noble but impoverished Irish family, who though devotedly attached to seeh other, were compelled to separate by the exigencies of circumstance. The younger one, who had received Holy Orders in Dublin, was appointed viear of one of the principal parishes of the city, and the elder brother entered the French army. After a time the letter, having obtained a furlough to visit his old mother and his brother, returned to Ireland. At the expiration of his leave of absence, he was induced to resign his commissio., on account of the political events of the period (1792), which filled serious minds with uncertainty and dread.

The young officer's resignation was ac-

period (1792), which filled serious minds with uncertainty and dread.

The young officer's resignation was accepted, and for a time he gave himself up to innocent recreation; but idleness, as too often happens, led him at last into laxity and occasional acts of dissipation. His mother, and brother urged him to marry, hoping that this change in his condition would result in a more regular manner of life.

The object of their choice was the daughter of a merchant, who united to the advantage of wealth a good education and excellent qualities of mind and heart. Notwithstanding his poverty and his somewhat equivocal reputation, the young man, by his charm of manner and address, succeeded in making himself preferred to a rival sultor, who became in consequence his confirmed enemy. Unhappliy, the ex officer had not sufficient force of character to abandon his evil habits entirely, and often visited the tavara, where he frequently met his rival, and where, on many occasions, they manifested their mutual hostility. Their animosity became notorious, and finally they sought occasions of quarrel, and a duel seemed imminent.

One evening, after a more then usually extended to the content of the seemed imminent.

man, whom the darkness of the church had preventing him from noticing, followed, begging him to hear his confession. At first the priest tried to put him off; he was utterly exhausted, and this man, not being one of his penitents, might apply to some other confessor.

At length, however, he yielded to the entreaties of the stranger, who declared that he could open his heart to him alone, and that he had been so moved by his discourse that he could not postpone

pentient that he was about to load his conscience with a second crime, worse than the first; he begged and implored him at least to make a declaration (first providing for his own safety) which would secure the release of the supposed culprit. But all was in vain. The unhappy priest was compelled to renounce all hope of touching this hardened heart, of drawing from it the least consolation.

solation.

Who can imagine the sufferings of the

the state of the s widely, and the words of Tertullian to the Pagans were then more applicable than ever: "We are but of yesterday and yet we fill all that you have—your towns, islands, fortresses, camps, the palace, the senate, the law courts; the only thing we leave entirely to you are the temples." Yet the victory of the church over imperial Rome was not without its alloy of evil. The errors of the Arians, Manichæ us and Donatists now engaged public attention, and in addition the luxury and corruption of the time seduced not a few of those who had been born in the faith. This was especially the case in Africa, where the widespread Donatist schiam had reduced the church to a condition of the greatest distress, and hindered her as well from discharging her ordinary duties as from promoting civilization and true progress. In such a time Augustine was born. Resred in the Pagan schools of Medaura and Carthage, the Christian sentiments instilled

BY HIS MOTHER, MONICA, BY HIS MOTHER, MONICA,

sentiments instilled

BY HIS MOTHER, MONICA,
were speedily obliterated, and corrupt
companions soon led him along the downward path of vice. It is not to be wondered at that, his morals once undermined,
the scant knowledge he possessed of the
Christian faith should fade from his mind,
and its place be taken by a host of errors
and absundities. For, indeed, the Maniche un doctrince which he then adopted,
although coming from a sect professing to
be guided entirely by the light of reason,
were such as only a darkened intellect or
a diseased fancy would invent or imagine
We have neither sufficient space nor
desire to enter into a detailed account
of what these principles were. But
the author of the life under review has
given an extract from St. Augustine's
work, "De Utilitate Ordendi," which is
not without its bearing upon some
theories of our own day: "Thou knowest,
Honoratus, that for this reason alone did
we fall into the hands of these mennamely, that they professed to free us all
from error, and bring us to God by pure
reason alone, without the terrible principle
of authority. For what else induced me
to abandon the faith of my childhood and
follow these men for almost nine years,
except their assertion that we were terffied by supersition into a faith blindly
imposed upon our reason, while they
urged no one to believe until the truth
was

FULLY DISCUSSED AND PROVED?
Who would not be seduced by such

Who can imagine the sufferings of the confessor in this sad emergency! After a sleepless night, he decided to abstain from visiting his mother, and passed the greater part of the day kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament.

At length the fatal day arrived for the unhappy gentleman whose unjust execution no effort could prevent. He was hanged, after being degraded from his rank, seeing his aword broken by the

The mother of the unfortunate man did not sufficient to the sufficient priest. All upon the sufficient to the sufficient priest, all upon the sufficient priest, all upon the sufficient pri

Guelph Herald, May 23 Guelph Herald, May 23.

Saturday evening the employees who worked under Mr. P. J. Woods, late farm foreman at the O. A. C., made that gentleman the recipient of a valuable present. They called on Mr. Woods at his residence, Waterloo avenue, in a body, and the purport of their visit was told by Mr. Thomas Cassin, who read the following address:

To Mr. P. J. Woods.

Sig.—Ca the occasion of your resigna-

To Mr. P. J. Woods.

Sig.—Ca the occasion of your resignation.

O. E. F., we, the employees of the department over which you presided, take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of your behaviour towards us, both in your official and social capacity. In that of the former though ever z-salous and exacting in the discharge of your official duties (which rendered your position no sinecure), we have always found you free from that over-bearing officiousness which unfortunately too often characterizes the bearing of officials towards employees, and in the latter a genial and thorough gentleman. To give a more tangible expression of our feelings toward you we desire your acceptance of this chain, not for its metallic value, but as a connecting link of friendship, which we trust never will be severed. We wish Mrs. Woods, yourof friendship, which we trust never will be severed. We wish Mrs. Woods, your-self and family continued health, pros-perity and happiness in whatever sphere of life you may be placed.

(Signed),
THOMAS CASSIN, GEORGE MCGILL, HENRY PENCHIN, MICH. RYLES, WILLIER PARKS, THOS. NORTON,
JAMES FITZGERALD.

Guelph, May 21st, 1887. Mr. George McGill made the presenta-

Guelph, May 21st, 1887.

Mr. George McGill made the presentation of a massive gold chain of beautiful design. The chain was purchased at Savze's.

The reply made by Mr. Woods was a most feeling one. He spoke of the pleasant relations that had always existed between the men and himself while he was at the farm. If, as they stated in their address, he had fulfilled his duties as farm foreman, it was principally because of the faithfulness, zoal and ability of those who had so kindly called to do him honor. He thanked them from the bottom of his heart, and said their present would ever be to him a reminder of the pleasant times he had spent with the farm hands at the O. A. C., and the warm feelings of friendship that existed between them and him.

People in the North-west

Room from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

Consumption Surely Cured.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named duease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy frame to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Ashma.

Persons who has suffered for years with Ashma, will flod a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Ashma Cure.

It Can Do No Harm to try Freeman's Worm Powders when your child is ailing, Worm Powders when your chi feverish or fretful.

BY THE NUN OF KENMARE.

Her Story of Lord Landowne's Tron-bie With His Tenantry.

A VISIT TO THE SISTER IN ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT IN JERSEY CITY—HER WORK IN IREAD—THE HEWSPAPERS AND THE IRINE CAURE.

"I see that William O'Brien, editor of the United Ireland, stops in New York on his way to Canada," said Sister Mary Frances Clare, better known as the Nun of Kenmare, to a Sun reporter, when he called upon her at St. Joseph's Convent and Home in Jersey City yesterday, "and he is coming to this country on a characteristic mission. He is going to Canada to show to the Irish there how little of a friend Lord Lansdowne; their Governor-General, really is to them, I think he will have an interesting story to tell, but I really think I can tell a more interesting one."

It was a cheery voice and it came from a woman under medium height, robed in the sombre garb of her order—the Sisters of Peace. Her keen gray eyes looked out upon the would through steel-rimmed spectacles, but behind the glasses could be detected the sparkle and twinkle that betrayed a happy, cheerful mind. As she walked across the floor to walcome the reporter her step was slow and labored. Her lack of strength came, she said, from a recent long and painful illness. But the confinement in a slck chamber had not disturbed the calm mind of the good Sister, nor had it taken away her interest in the affairs of the world about her.

"I am glad you have come to see me,

Sister, nor had it taken away her interest in the affairs of the world about her.

"I am glad you have come to see me, and I think I can tell better than any one else in America all about Lord Lansdowne's trouble with his tenantry," and ahe settled herself down in a rocking-chair in the plain reception room of the convent where she now presides.

"I was born just half a century ago today," she continued, "in county Meath. My people are all wealthy, and my worldly name is Cusack. The present head of the family is Sir Ralph Cusack. I went to live in England when a very young girl, and when about 21 years of age, through the influence of Cardinal Manning, was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, for my parents were Protestants. I was about 25 years old when I took the veil and became an inmate of the convent at Newry, county Down. In 1861 I went with several Sisters to found a convent at Kenmare, in Kerry. Lord Lansdowne's grandfather was then alive, and it was with great difficulty that I obtained ground for the convent. Here I spent many years looking after the poor in Kenmare.

"Lord Lansdowne's hereditary estates comprise most of the county Kerry. His tenantry number over 95,000 people. His

"Lord Lansdowne's hereditary estates comprise most of the county Kerry. His tenantry number over 95,000 people. His home, Dereen House, and a lovely spot it is, is about twenty miles from the town of Kenmare. Lansdowne spends nore of his time there, however. Most of the county is a grazing district, and is wonderfully fertile. The grandfather of the present Lord left the estates badly encumbered. He had spent most of his time in London, was a fast man, and so when the present Lord came into the property he found himself heir mostly to debts and heavy ious man, and by his care has been gradually relieving the estate of some of its lous man, and by his care has been gradu-ally relieving the estate of some of its burdens, though, goodness knows, it is encumbered enough now. The estate is under the management of Townsend Trench, whose father was manager before

him.

"It was at the request of Parish Priest O'Sullivan, afterward Archdeacon, and better known as Father John, that I came to Kenmare. I first had my attention called to the special suffering of the Irish people as a result of English governmental protection of the landlords about sixteen years ago.

years ago.
"I was looking from the window of the "I was looking from the window of the from Kenmare to Killarney, when I saw a very touching sight. A son and his family, who were going to America as the result of an eviction, was parting from his father, a gray haired, bent old man, I can never forget the grief of the son and the intense agony of the father at that parting. It was terrible, and I asked myself the question, 'Why is this so?' From that time on I made a study of the question. I looked on the matter from every side. I read the laws and acts of Parliament. I went among the Irish tenantry, saw their suffering and degradation, and I think I know from actual observation just to what depths of misery and want people are reduced on the little island.

"When Gladstone's bill for the protection of the Irish tenantry was passed in 1870, the landlords evaded its provisions by requiring their tenants to sign an agreement not to take advantage of the provisions of the bill before the land would be leased to them. This fact came out by the evidence of Lord Cork's land agent, Leahy, in a trial at Cork about a lease. Then Lord Landowne, through his agent, Trench, did as all the other landlords did at this time in this matter.

"In 1879 came the great famine. People absolutely starved to death. The crop were an entire failure throughout all Ireland. Even the farmers with the large farms were obliged to ask for aid. The suffering was intense and very general. It was at this time that the title by which I am known—the Nun of Kenmare—was given to me. There passed through my hands for distribution to the suffering and starving over \$75,000 that came from America alone. To this fund John Wana convent one day out toward the high road from Kenmare to Killarney, when I saw a very touching sight. A son and his

given to me. There passed through my hands for distribution to the suffering an starving over \$75,000 that came from America alone. To this fund John Wans maker of Philadelphia, the late Joh Kelly, and Gen. Sherman's wife contributed largely, though most of it cam from Cardinal McCloskey and the various American Bishops. This money I distributed, not through Kerry county alon but throughout all Ireland.

"During all this time Trench, Lot Landowne's segnt, was pressing the people for their fent. The heavy encur brances must be removed. Trench bold declared in the street at Kenmare or day that he had made £10,000 for Lot Landowne that day. 'How so?' wasked, for the assertion seemed foolish those starving times. 'By raising the reall around,' he replied. If the tensu were not able to pay the rent, then can eviction. This was possible because the custom known in Ireland as 'hang gale'—that is, every tenant owes to the custom known in freshid as hang gale'—that is, every tenant owes to landlord a fictitious half year's rent. matter if the rent is in reality paid up