BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED tirred, and tossed his head. They back, but heard him mutter in his

in withdraw the hand: as he are in the continued the woman's. I set thou ?" he said he good heart made no answer in words, i fall upon his neck, crying for jour journey, and lifting sairt he put her arms away, and lifting sairt face wet with tears, kissed it. his you've little less than hers. Then those you've little less than hers. Then those you've little less than hers. way heard him say:

-Tirah -O Amrah, tell me of cal, speak, I pray thee!"

ouly oried afresh, beat seen them, Amrah. Thou hear seen them, Amrah. Thou here they are; tell me they are

"moved, but the mother, divining pose, caught her and whispered, go—not for life. Unclear, unclean!"
we was in a tyrannical mood, both their hearts broke, he should me what they were; and she conme Amrah, so entreated, only wept

antime Amrah, so entreated, only wept nors.

for thou going in?" he asked presently, go the board swuns back. "Come, then:

Il go with thee." He arose as he spoke.

From an an an antimeter of the Lord them in the Romans lied. The house rine. Rise Amrah, and let us go in."

moment and they were gone, leaving two in the shade to behold the gate ing blankly at them—the gate which might not ever enter more. They led together in the dust, say had due their duty, eir love was proven.

art moraning they were found, and en out the city with stones.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

ARRAH'S FIDELITY.

Nowadays travellers in the Holy Land looking for the ramous place with the beautiful name, the King's Garden, descend the hed of the Cedron or the curve of Gibon and Hinnon as far as the old well Energy, take a drink of the sweet living water, and stop, having essched the limit of the interesting in that direction. They look at the great stones with which the well is curbed, ask its depth, smile at the primitive mode of drawing the purling treasure, and waste some pity on the ragged wretch who presides over it; then, facing about, they are enjaptived with the mounts Moriah and Zion, both of which slope towards them from the north, one terminating in Ophel, the other in what used to be the site of the city of David. In the back ground, up far in the sky, the graniture of the sacred places ful dome; yonder the stalwart remains of Hinpings. defant even in ruins.

right hand, and then at the Hill Or Evil Comassi over on the left, in which if they be well up in seriptural history and in the traditions rabbinical and monkish, they will find a certain interest not to be over come by superstitious horror.

It were long to tell all the points of interest grouped around that full; for the present purpose, enough that its feet are planted in the vertiable orthodox Hell of the moderns—the Hell of brimstop—and fire—in the old nomenclaves, Gehann; and that now, as in the days of Christ, its bluff face opposite the city on the south and south—sat is seamed and pitted with tombs which have been immemorially the dwelling-places of lepers, not singly, but collectively. Therethey set up their sovernment and established their society; there they founded a city and dwelt by themselves, avoided as the accursed of God.

The second morning after the incidents of the preceding chapter, Amrah drew near the well En-regel, and seated herself upon a some. One familiar with Jerusalem, looking at her, would have said she was the favorite servant of some well-to do family. She brought with her a water-jar and a basket the contents of the latter covered with a snow-while napkin. Placing them on the ground at her side, she loosened the shawl which fell from her head, knit her firgare together in her lap, and gazed deputing which fell from her head, knit her firgare together in her lap, and gazed deputing the little dark-heed woman, he was the first to arrive at the well. Soon, however, a man came bringing a rope and a leathern bucket. Saluting the little dark-heed woman, he was the first to arrive at the well. Soon, however, a man came bringing a rope and a leathern bucket. Saluting the little dark-heed woman, he was a professional in the business, and waited customers. Others who choose to do so might draw the water for themsleves; he was a professional in the business, and would fill the largest jar the Stoulest woman could carry for a geral.

Amrah as at till, and had nothing to say, seeing the ja

ound his mother!

put the basket away, now laughing,

fring. Buddenly she stopped and

the Tit would kill him to be told that

ther and Tirsah were laper. He

go through the awful city over on the

of Evil Counsel-into each infected

he would go without rest, asking for

and the disease would catch him, and

fate would be bis. She wrung her

. What should she do?

From her seat by the well Amrah kept

hat they must come at the well were more, when the people at the well were served they would come.

Now, quite at the base of the bluff there was a tomb which had more than once attracted Amrah by its wide gaping. A stone of large dimensions stood near its mouth. The sun looked into it through the hottest hours of the day, and altogether i seemed uninabitable by anything living uniess, perchance, by some wild dogs returning from scavenger duty down in Gebeun ing from scavenger duty down in Gebeun Thance, nowever, and greatly to her su Thance, nowever, and greatly to her su

way!"
"And to think of her coming so far!"
said another. "I would at least make them
meet me at the gate."
Amrah, with better impulse proceeded.
If she should be mistaken! Her heart arose
into her throat. And the further she went

meet meat the gate."

Amrah, with better impulse proceeded. If she should be mistaken! Her heart arose into her throat. And the further she went the more doubtful and confused she became. Four or five yards from where they stood waiting for her she stopped.

That the mistress she loved! whose hand she had so often kiesed in gratitude! whose image of mationly loveliness she had treasured in memory so faithfully! And that the Tirzah she had nursed through babyhood! whose pains she had soothed, whose sports she had shared! that the smilling, sweetfaced, songiul Tirzah, the light of the great house, the promised blessing of her old age! Her mistress, her darling—they? The soul of the woman sickned at the sight.

"These are old women," she said to herself. "In ever saw them before. I will go back."

Bat turned away.

"Amrah," said one of the lepers.

The Egyptian dropped the jar, and looked back, trembling.

"Who called me?" she asked.

"Amrah," said one of the lepers.

The speaker's face.

"Who called me?" she oried.

"Who are you?" she oried.

"Who are you?" she oried.

"Who are you?" she oried.

"Who are they you are seeking."

Amrah fell upon her knees.

"O my mistress, my mistress! As I have made your God my God, be He praised that He has led me to you?"

And unclean: The words sufficed. Amrah fell upon her face, sobbing so loud that the people at the well heard her. Suddenly she arose upon her knees again.

"O my mistress, where is Tirzah?"

The habit of the servant renewed itself. Patting back the coarse hair fallen over her face, amrah arose and went to the basket and uncovered it.

"Stee," she said, "here are bread and meet."

The habit of the servant renewed itself. Patting back the coarse hair fallen over her face, amrah arose and went to the basket and uncovered it.

"See," she said, "here are bread and meet."

The habit of the servant renewed itself. Patting back the coarse hair fallen over her face, amrah meetly answered, "They used to the tomb with us. For this day you will the tomb with us. For this

"Is there nothing more I can under Amrah.

"The mother's hand was upon the jar, and she was fevered with thirst; yet she peused, and rising, said firmly, 'Yes, I know that Judah has come home. I saw him at the gate the night before last seleep on the step, I saw you wake him."

Amrah clasped her hands.
"O my mierces! You saw it and did not come!"

TO BE CONTINUED. THE LIGHT OF HEARTS.

THE SILENT BUT ELOQUENT INFLUENCE OF A CRUCIFIX, AND THE HAPPY RESULTS.

THE SILENT BUT HIQUENT INFLUENCE OF A CRUCIFIX, AND THE HAPPY RESULTS.

Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The little village of Conflans is situated near Charenton, just outside of Paris.

Being a manufacturing town, its population, like that of the environs, its made up almost excludively of the poor, and even of some of the most vicious of the lower grades of Parisian society. They are the same, in fact, as those who, during the French Revolution, acted a prominent part in the riots and sanguinary misdeeds of the same culottes. One of their most desperate characters—the ringlesder in any local riot—was Michel B——, who lived at Charenton with his children and a wife almost as degraded as himself.

Perhaps in days gone by they had been as good Catholics as any that attended the parish church. But they had not approached the Sacrament for years, and the good Cure was wont to shake his head and sigh when Michel B——was mentioned. Michel and his wife had their punishment, however, if we choose to look upon it as such, for their cliest child, a girl of about seventeen, was an idlot. Not entirely senseless, she was bereft of reason, however, enough to make her quite imbecile and silly, and seemingly incapable of understanding anything of importance.

Often kind Father D——had sought to put some notion of the existence of God, or the difference between good and evil, into her clouded brain, but it all seemed of no avail; and he finally decided to appeal to the kindness of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, one of whose houses was situated near by in the village of Conflana, and see if they could succeed any better than himself.

Madame J——, a novice, was chosen for the task and she found it acqual to all

J—thought that if she could but efface this all absorbing idea, she might with greater facility put another in its place. So one day, in despair at this oft-repeated answer, Mme. J—said to the child:

"No, Marie, when you make your First Communion you shall wear a black dress, and not cirry a candle at all."

Thoroughly imbued with this new idea, Marie came next day to her instruction; and when once more the question were

Thoroughly imbued with this new idea, Marie came next day to her instruction; and when once more the question was asked her what it meant to make one's First Communion, the poor child's face grew sad and with a shake of the head she answered: "It means to wear a black dress and not to carry a candle!"

The poor mistress was in real distress at this turn of affairs, and still more so when the Superiores told her it was hardly worth her while to worry herself further over what seemed only a hopeless task. But kind Mme. J—pleaded so earnestly for one more week in which to try, that the Mother Superior finally yielded. And in those few days Marie was saved; for God put into Mme. J——'s head a new method in regard to her instruction, which was destined to prove successful.

Hanging on one of the walls of the novitiate was a Spanish crucifix of exquisite workmanship, which, besides being a work of great delicacy and artistic finish, was valuable for its beauty of expression and truth to nature. The look of inexpressible agony on the pale, suffering face, the bruised figure with muscle and bone visible in places under the drawn skin, appealed to the artistic as well as to the devotional feeling of the beholder. Mme. J——asked all the Community to pray to the Sacred Heart for her little charge, and she herself did not cease pleading for the same dear cause.

It was Holy Week, and as the good religious was one day praying before the crucifix, it struck her that, perhaps, if it were shown to Marie, and explained to her—if she were told that thus was the Lord and Creator whom she was to receive, and that it was for her sake He was enduring

and Creator whom she was to receive, and that it was for her sake He was enduring such terrible pain—a ray of light might shine in on her intellect, and dispel the cloud which had settled over the mind of

taring the articles into possession. "This is very good of you."

"Is there nothing more I can do?" asked Amrah.

"The mother's haud was upon the Jar, and she was fevered with thirst; yet she paused, and rising, said firmly. 'Yes, I know that Judah has come home. I saw him at the gate the night before last asleep on the step, I saw you wake him."

Amrah clasped her hands.
"O my mistress! You saw it and did not come!"
"That would have been to kill him. I can never take him in my arms again. I can never take him in my arms again. I can never take him nor." O Amrah. Amrah, you love hiss, I know; "O Amrah. Amrah, you love hiss, I know; "I would die for him."

"Yes," said the true heart, bursting into taken again, and kneeling. "I would die for him."

Meanwhile Mme. J——had succeeded in obtaining several little talks with Marie's mother, who told her that she remarked of late such a change in Marie, and several times had noticed her yielding to her little brother, a thing unbeard of before. Mme. J——asked her once if she thought her husband might be persuaded to come to see her. The woman was doubtful as to her influence extending so far, but promised to do her best. Whatever she said to Michel must have been effective, for to Mme. J——'s surprise and no less pleasure, he appeared at the convent the following day. Possessed of great conversational power and acquainted with many an anecdots and interesting story, she lowered her mind to the man's ignorance just enough to make him unembarrassed and amused. Michel, quite charmed with his visit, came after this frequently.

frequently.

For some time Mme, J—

charmed with his visit, came after this frequently.

For some time Mme. J——carefully avoided all mention of any subject which might apply even directly to his conscience, lest she might frighten him away. But one day she ventured gently to interrogate him about his religious duties, and even won from him a promise of amendment. This was a great point gained, and Mme. J——now felt that Marie's good example would do more than anything else in bringing back her parents to the path of penance and of duty.

At last, Marie's First Communion day arrived, and all her desires were satisfied when the pupils from the convent presented her, as was their custom in regard to the parish children, with her white drea, veil and candle. All of her family received Holy Communion with her on that day, and poor Michel seemed much affected, for the tears rose frequently to his eyes. At breakfast Mme. J—placed on his plate a picture of the Sucred Heart, and on that of his wife a similar one of the Holy Heart of Mary, while before Marie's place was a crucifix as nearly as possible like the one she had so admired.

From this time dated a marked religious change in the entire family. Marie, it is true, never calmed any more active

From this time dated a marked religious change in the entire family. Marie, out change in the entire family. Marie, it is true, never gained any more active intelligence than Mme. J.——had succeeded in awakening in her, but she at last had been enabled to make her First Communion, a privilege which had at first been thought impossible. We cannot but ascribe it to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Who in answer to many fervent prayers, would not deay Himself even for the poor idiot for whom He had deigned to die.

than himself.

Madame J—, a novice, was chosen for the task and she found it equal to all she possessed in the way of patience and perseverance. She told in the simplest language of the great Creator of this beautiful world the great King and Master of creatures Who was to come one day into her heart. But of all this Marie seemed to take in absolutely nothing. Only when Madame asked her what she thought it meant to make her First Communion, would her blank face light up and she carry a candle! As no other thought than the great subject in question, Mme.

J—thought that if she could but efface this all absorbing idea, she might with he said: "But times may change, and we may change with them." This provoked an outburst of ironical cheers from the Irish benches, a demonstration which was renewed when Sir John Gorst rose to explain that Mr. Smith had been obliged to leave the House and leave him to oppose Mr. Farnell's proviso. "It is true," said Sir John, with great blandness, "that my right honorable friend wrote the speech which the honorable member has quoted; but he was careful to insert words of caution and wisdom, for he remembered that times may change, and that we may change with them." There was another shout of derision from the Irish, and then Mr. Parnell, in his most amiable tones, remarked: "I fear I have led the honorable and learned gentleman into error. The words he has just repeated were not quoted from the speech I have been reading, but were an interpolation of my own." At this everybody screamed except Sir John Gorst, who excited more laughter when he said that in "the calm and deliberate opinion of the Government" this amendment was inadmissible.

THE LAST OF HERBY'S VICTIMO, Bill of Attainder against the

died the same night." Twice was the dead monk allowed to revisit the home of his religious profession and to converse again with the brother who had ministered to him in his dying days; and on the second occasion having told the awe struck survivor that the Bishop of Rochester and their late Prior, John Houghton, were next unto angels in heaven, he added, when pressed for further news of the world beyond the grave, that the "angels of peace did lament and mourn without measure," and so vanished away. That was 1534; and six years later the angels of peace had again to mourn the wickedness of the king which reddened the year of grace 1540 with the blood of three devoted priests. Of these we must say a few words. Thomas Able, nor was his name belied by his deeda, was an Oxford scholar of distinction, Master of Arts and D. D; an excellent musician, a brilliant controversialist, a zealous upholder of the lawfulness of Henry's first marriage, a friend of the Bishop of Rochester and of all good men. When the great trial for the divorce took place, Dr. Able, who besides his official post as Registrar to the Archdeacon of Canterbury, held that of Chaplain to the Queen, was appointed one of Katharine's advocates, and by his unfinching defense of that in jured and saintly woman, whose character and constantly were the theme of universal praise, ave at defense of that injured and saintly woman, whose character and constancy were the theme of universal praise, save at the English Court, he of course drew upon himself the vengeance of King Henry. It was not difficult to find a pretext for making away with such a staunch opponent; and on the charge of having had a share in "the traitorous conspiracy between the Maid of Kent and some that were chief of the clergy, to bring the King and his government into contempt," he was convicted of misprison of treason. But this was not enough. Not long after he was put upon his trial for denying the R-yal supremacy, and affirming the validity of the King's marriage with Katharine of Arragon; and of course, convicted of the newly devised crimes, and imprisoned in the Marshalsea till the Monarch whose pride and lust he thwarted saw fit to order him to execution.

In the Marshalees till the Monarch whose pride and lust he thwarted saw fit to order him to execution.

Dr. Edward Powell was another of those worthy priests whose abilities, zeal, and virtues reflected such honor on the Eaglish clergy of the sixteenth century. A Weishman by birth, and a member of the University of Oxford, his life work lay chiefly in the south-western counties of Eagland; Bledon, in the diocese of Wells, and Bedminster at St. Mary Redeliffs, at Bristol, seems to have been the chief scenes of his pastoral work. By his spirited vindication of Catholic truth against the Lutherans, he won the highest encomiums from his old University, and so highly was he estermed that he was one of the advocates eelected for the dangerous distinction of defending Queen Katharine in the divorce suit. Having incurred the displeasure of the King by a work published in opposition to the proposed divorce, he was, like Dr. Able and Dr. Fetherstone, charged with a denial of the supremacy, and, like them, sentenced to

the Holy See was the cause of his convic-tion, and with the above-named fellow priests and learned doctors he was led out

the way change with them." This provided in outburst of incoids of heavy to the provided in country of the control of the control of the country of the coun

London Tablet.

A strange story is tell us by a document in the Cotton library. A monk of the Charterhouse beside London was in attendance on a dying father of the same convent, father Raby, a very old man; and when the other brethren had left the cell of the dying religious, his attendant, John Darley (who has left us this account of what took place), said to him: "Good Father Raby, if the dead may come to the quick, I besech you to come to me:" and he said, "Yes;" and "mediately he died the same night." Twice was the dead monk allowed to revisit the home of his religious profession and to converse again with the brother who had ministered to him in his dying days; and on the second occasion having told the awe struck survivor that the Bishop of R scheeter and their late Prior, John Houghton, were next unto angels in heaven, he added, when pressed for further news of the world beyond the grave, that the "angels of peace did lament and mourn without measure," and so vanished away. That

LA SALLE'S PRESENTIMENT.

La Salle, the most indomitable of French explorers in America—a man of wonderful courage and perseverance—was on his way from Texas to Montreal with twenty or more followers, La Salle himself and some half a dosen others being several miles in advance of the main body. Night had overtaken them and each party had bivouscked for the night on its own ground. During the night the surgeon of the party, with two accompliess, entertaining against La Salle a feeling of hatred, had determined to assassinate him. Preliminary to the step, however, it was necessary to till several others, among whom was a trusted nephew of La Salle. The company being divided—La Salle in one camp and the nephew in the other—enabled him to carry out his design with little danger of detection. This he did while his victims were saleep, by orushing their skull with an axe. Two days had passed. La Salle had not seen his nephew, and became suddenly and ordinarily anxious. Speaking to the Friar Dousy he inquired if he had not noticed of late that Euhant, Siotot, and Heins were showing signs of discontent. Singularly enough these were the three assassins of his nephew and his most trusted friends, the very men who were destined to assassinate La Salle himself, Unable to endure the impressions that was haunting his mind, he turned over the command of his little party to Joutel, his faithful follower, and in company with Friar Dousy started back in search of the larger party and his Joutel, his faithful follower, and in company with Friar Dousy started back in search of the larger party and his nephew. 'All the way back,' says the Friar, 'La Salle talked of nothing but thankfulness to God, who, for twenty years amid dangers, preserved him.' Suddenly he was overcome with a profound sadness for which he himself could not account. He said nothing of what was engressing his thoughts. He was so moved Dousy scarcely knew him. But he soon recovered his usual calmness and they moved on. Presently La Salle fired a pistol to indicate his approach to any white man who might be in hearing. The other party were on the opposite bank of the river but out of sight. On hearing the pistol the three compirators crossed the stream with the stealth and secrecy of savages, concealing them. secrecy of savages, concealing them selves, as they easily could, among the tall grass. At last one of the party appeared in view. La Salle hailed him to know where was his nephew. He reexplanation. As he advanced men on the grass who had not vealed themselves fired simults vealed themselves fired simultaneously and the great explorer fell with several bullets in his brain. His assassins then stripped his body of all clothing, and dragging it into the bushes, left it a prey to the wolves and buzzards. Thus died, at the age of forty three, one of the most wonderful men—wonderful in courage and name, and also in misfortune—ever raised in France, and certainly the most daring explorer who has ever commanded an expedition in America.—

Catholic Youth.

Written for the Record. She "Fought the Good Fight."

dying light 'neath western

nd disturbs the stillness of the ho

e flickering light of the sanctuary lam her old, bent form a glimmer sends, owing bright the eyes that time mah! humh! I pray, distur's her not er crucified God she is adoring, sking graces for time to come, and mercy for the past imploring.

las! her past was many years, ong years of toil, and care, and pain, life of struggles, and many tears, life of labour with little gain. But who can count the eternal gain Of those years of labour, and of prayer? See, see! the rapture of that face! Is the impress of heaven already there?

mother was dead in that sad cot mother so good, so kind, so true, a God! cousole those breaking hearts! self sorrows have been many, their joys but few.

begutiful that face in death!
same expression is still there.
Friday she adored her dying God
Easter's heavenly joys she shares

She "fought the good fight," so well, so long Now all is ended, and Heaven is won. M. M. SPENCER.

CONVERSION IN DAHOMEY.

A MISSIONARY'S STORY OF A CRIMINAL'S

This history is extracted from a letter from the Rev. Father Lecron, Missioner in Dahomey.

Last December a young slave, about thirty years of age, had been sent by his master to work on his plantations. Though there was plenty of Indian corn on his own land, he went into a neighbor's field for some of his supper, and while engaged in digging up the earth with his cutlas, an instrument with a strong wide blade, which is here in every one's hands, he was suddenly seized by the person on quard in the field. The thief, dreading to be put in chains, made use of his weapon and wounded his adversary in the knees. Then his presence of mind returned and he fied to a neighboring State. The man's wounds were badly treated and he died.

Some weeks later a man from Agoue came to the fugutive and told him that the wounded man had recovered and made him return home, with the specarance of full pardon. The culprit set out with him, but as soon as they arrived at Agoue he was surrounded by men who were on the watch to arrest him; was seized, loaded with chains and thrown into prison.

At that time several trials were going

prison.
At that time several trials were going at the public place, and cries of "death" were going up from the crowd. It is useless here to plead extenuating circumstances. It is an eye for an eye. He who has killed a man must die; but there was a respite and the culprit was led back to prison.

when news reached the mission that an execution was about to take place, Father Lecron resolved to see the unfortunate man who was to suffer, and to talk to him man who was to suffer, and to talk to him about his salvation, and the minister of war, chief of Agoue, informed him that he was at liberty to interview the prisoner. Early next morning he heard that the execution was to take place in the evening, and he implored Our Lady to soften the heart of the criminal while he started for the prison.

heart of the criminal while he started for the prison.

But the prison was no dungeon; it was a mere shed open on three sides, the posts which supported it being twisted about with chains which bound the prisoner. Three condemned men were so chained; the prisoner in question was pointed out and a young man with regular features and a gentle expression of countenance was seen gazing at the Father.

Father Lecton drew near and saluted him, telling him that he had heard all that had happened and had come to see him because the Father is the friend to all who suffer. He thanked him kindly and asked the keeper for a stool for the Father to sit upon. The Father then spoke to him of the future life, the happiness of the soul in that other life if it goes hence the friend of God. The young man listened attentively, and after a moment expressed his thankfulness for those good words, and said that he greatly desired to know God and to be happy after death.

Then he was instructed in the doctrines of religion article by article and he made an act of faith on each.

'I do not understand it at all," he said. "The black man's head is small, but I believe all that the Father tells me."

The poor man listened with all the attention he was capable of giving, and his face had an expression of joy.

He continued to say how much he desired to be the friend of God, but did not know what he must do to attain this.

"I am going to teach you," said the

not know what he must do to attain this. "I am going to teach you," said the

"I am going to teach you," said the Father.

Then he was taught about baptism, "and," says the Father, "a quarter of an hour later this criminal, loaded with chains, might have been seen on his knees with clasped hands receiving on his bowed head the sacred water. A short exortation followed the ceremony of baptism, and I made him promise to think no more of anything but the God whom he was so soon to see. The hour appointed for the last assembling of the people was five o'clock. I went there at four and found my prisoner in a state of great peace. He said he had thought of God as I had recommended him in the evening. Then I left him promising to meet him again. At five o'clock we arrived at the place of justice. There were some hundred men assembled there, each seated on a chair he had brought with him. The assembly formed a great circle, in front of which was a little roofed space covering the family of the accused, and on one side was the minister of war in his costume with all the chiefs around him. In another space were the Ameghane, who perform the