BEN HUR:

THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

sook hands again; after which the of clothes was effected. It was then that a messenger should go of Thord's losging place with the mand sestertil. When they had giant knocked at the front door; to him; and, passing out of the led Ben-Hur into a room adjoint the latter completed his attire coarse garments of the dead pugil-separated directly in the Om-

was concluded that Messala and would be at rest and happy, and Bens to betake himself to Jerusalem, to
earch for his lost people.
e leave-taking, Simonides sat in his
pat on the terrace overlooking the
and gave his farewell and the peace
Lord with the affection of a father.
went with the young man to the
the steps.

with the words he kinsed her.
it only a kiss of peace?
resed the river next to the late of liderim, where he found the
ras to serve him as guide. The he

brought out.

Br

THORD THE NORTHMAN. BOOK SIXTH.

"Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate? Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold."
COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONERS Our story moves forward now thirty days rom the night Ben-Hur left Antioch to go ut with Sheik liderim into the desert. A great change has befailen—great at least a respects the fortunes of our hero. Valetius Gratus has been succeeded by Ponting

Plicial Pilote!

The removal, it may be remarked, cost Simonides exactly five talent Roman money in hand paid to Sejanus, who was then in height of power as imperial favourite; the object being to help Ben-Hur, by lessening his exposure while it and about Jerusalem attempting discovery of his people. To such plous use the faithful servant put the winnings from Drusus and his associates; all of whom, having paid their wagers, became at once and naturally the enemies of Messals, whose repudiation was yet an unsettled question in Rome.

Risef as the time was, already the Jawa

atter.
The cohorts sent to relieve the garrison of intonia made their entry into the city by ight; next morning the first sight that recled the people resident in the neighborhood was the walls of the old flower dependent with military ensigns, which unforosted with military ensigns, which unforbournood was the wails of the old rower de-corated with military ensigns, which unfor-tunately consisted of busts of the emperor mixed with eagles and globes. A multitude, in passion, marched to Cæsares, where Pilate was lingering, and implored him to

tunately consisted of busts of the emperor mixed with eagles and globes. A multitude, in passion, marched to Cresares, where Pilate was lingering, and implored him to remove the detested images. Five days and nights they beset his palace gates; at last he appointed a meeting with them in the Circus. When they were assembled, he encircled them with soldiers; instead of resisting, they offered him their lives, and conquered. He called the images and ensigns to Cresares, where Gratus, with more consideration had kept such abominations housed during the eleven years of his reign.

The worst of men do once in a while vary their weicednesses by good acts; so with Pilate. He ordered an inspection of all the prisons in Judea, and a return of the names of the persons in custody, with a statement of the crimes for which they had been committed. Doubtless, the motive was the one so-common with officials just installed—dread of entailed responsibility; the people, however, in thought of the good which might come of the measure, gay chim credit, and, for a period, were comforted. The revelations were astonishing. Hundreds of persons were released against whom there were no accusations; many others came to light whe had long been secounted dead; yet more amaxing, there was opening of dungeons not merely unknown at the time by the people, but actually forgotten by the prison authorities. With one instance of the latter kind we have now to deal; and, strange to say, it occurred in Jerussiem.

The Tower of Antonia, which will be remembered as occupying two-thirds of the sacred area on Mount Moriah, was originally a castle built by the Macedonians. Afterwards, John Hyroanus erected the castle into a fortress for the defence of the Temple, and in his day it was considered impregnable to assault; but when Herod came with his bolder genius he strengthened its walls and extended them, leaving a vast pile which included every appurtenace, a removies, mage zines, clisterns, and last, though not least, prisons of all grades. He levelie The worst of and, decrease in a While work of the self-registrone will be separed. The worst and in the prompting of the limit of the limit of the prompting of the limit of t

the acces, and reve out in so ones as to the college of the colleg

prisoner, order it according to your judament for you are the master under me, and no other."

"I saluted him, and turned to go away; he called me back. 'Ah, I forgot,' he said. 'Give me the map of the third floor.' I gave it to him, and he spread it upon the table. 'Her, Gestua,' he said, 'see this cell.' He laid his finger on the one numbered V. 'There are three men confined in that cell, desperate characters, who by some means got hold of a State servet, and suffer for their curlosity, which'—he looked at me severely—'in such matters is worse than a crime, Accordingly, they are blind and tonguelees, and are placed there for life. They shall have nothing but food and drink, to be given them through a hole, which you will find in the wall covered by a slide. Do you hear, Gestus?' I made him answer. 'It is well,' he continued. 'One thing more which you shall not forget, or—he looked at me threateningly—'The door of their cell—cell number V. on the same foor—this one, Gestus—he put his finger on the particular cell to impress my memory—shall never be opened for any purpose, neither to let one in nor out, not even yourseif.' 'Sut if they die,' he said, 'the cell shall be their tomb. They were put there to die, and be lost. The cell is ieprous. Gestus stopped, and from the breast of his

The whole company looked at—

IV III II "This is exactly, O tribune, as I had it

from Gratus. See, there is cell number v.,"
said Gesius.

"I see," the tribune replied. "Go on now.
The cell was leprous, he said."

"Itwould like t, ask you a question," remarked the keeper modestly.
The tribune assented.
"Had I not a right, under the circumstances, to believe the map a true one?"

"What else couldst thou?"

"Well, it is not a true one."
The chief looked up surprised.

"It is not a true one," he keeper repeated.
"It is not a true one," he keeper repeated.
"It shows but five cells upon that floor.

The chief looked up surprised.
"It is not a true_one," the keeper repeated.
It shows but five cells upon that floor,
while there are six."
"Six, sayest thou?"
"I will show you the floor as it is—or as I
believe it to be."
Upon a page of his tablets, Gesius drew
the following diagram, and gave it to the
ribune:

v iv iii ii VI

"Thou hast done well," said the tribune, examining the drawing, and thinking the narrative at an end. "I will have the map corrected, or, better, I will have a new one made, and given thee. Come for it in the morning."
So saying, he arose.
"But hear me further, O tribune."

"That which I have yet to tell will not wait."

The tribune good-naturedly resumed his chair.

"I will hurry," said the keeper humbly, "only let me ask another question. Had I not a right to believe Gratus in what he further told me as to the prisoners in cell number V.?"

"Yes, it was thy duty to believe there were three prisoners in the ceil-prisoners of state-blind and without tongues."

"Well," said the keeper, "that was not true either."

"No!" said the tribune with returning interest.

Gestus was plessed.

"We will have to pierce the wall," he said. I found where a door had been, but it was illed solidly with stones and mortar."
The tribune stayed to say to a clerk, Send workman after me with tools. Make asse; but hold the report, for I see it will ave to be corrected."

In a short time they were gone.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Broken Crucifix

The Breken Crucifix

The young wife of the Marquis of Rosline sat within the curtained alcove of her beautiful boudoir, at her feet a lovely child, of about eight summers, was sitting upon a low ottoman, engaged in the hopeless task of teaching her pet Fide to walk on his hind feet. Suddenly the mirth of the child ceased, as it detected something unusual in the countenance of its mother. Climbing into her lsp, the little arms soon incircled the parent's neck, while the distressed child kissed the cheek wet with tears, which, unbidden, had fallen from the sad, melancholy eyes of the unhappy wife and mother. and mother.

In vain did the mother strive to con-

In vain did the mother strive to con-ceal her emotion, and to restore the mirth of her only child.

The approach of Silva, Marie's faith-

mirth of her only child.

The approach of Silva, Marie's faithful nurse, announced to them that the hour had arrived for evening prayers. Kneeling upon the soft carpet, the three repeated, in tender tones, the Pater Noster, Ave Maria and the Credo, and as Marie was about to kiss her mother good-night, the latter, gently raising her hand, motioned to the child and nurse to remain upon their knees. In obedience to the marchioness, they petitioned Our Lady of Sorrows to obtain for them all, grace sufficient to enable them to remain true to their faith, in spite of persecution.

As soon as Marie had departed, the Marquis of Rosline entered. He was a man whose countenance bore the marks of a heartless, unsympathetic tyrant. Educated in the military school of St. Cyr, he had not only ceased to practice his religion, but had become a disciple of Voltaire and D'Alembert who constantly employed the words liberty, reason and philosophy to destroy the faith, not only of the people of France, but of the fairest portions of the entire continent.

The marquis, like many others, did not

portions of the entire continent.

The marquis, like many others, did not realize the fact that true liberty is only to be found in the religion of the children of God, or that reason properly directed, leads to the centre of truth, while that philosophy which rejects revelation as the corner stone of its system, is really no philosophy.

tem, is really no philosophy. So bitter were his prejudices against the religion of Christ, that he had more the religion of Christ, that he had more than once cruelly forbade the marchion-ess from attending church, receiving the sacraments, or instructing their child in the simple truths of the little catechism. As he entered the presence of the wife she at once detected, with a woman's intuition, that his countenance bore the

intuition, that his countenance core the traces of great anger.

"Madame," he exclaimed, harshly, "have you not again been teaching our child your Papist's prayers? How often have I commanded you to cease your superstitious work and leave Marie's mind free to be influenced by the light of reaem?" rhave you not again been teaching our child your Papist's prayers? How often have I commanded you to cease your superstitious work and leave Marie's mind free to be influenced by the light of reason?"

Without raising her eyes, which were placed upon a small silver armoif.

giance to our Heavenly Father is para-mount to all the other duties, and I cannot displease Him to obey your unreasonable, unnatural and deistical commands. I shall continue to teach my child her prayers, and should it be the will of God to spare my life, I shall endeayor to raise her a true Catho-

driven from his home a discarded wife, suffering all the infamy attached to that name, and without means of support.

Though a woman of rare culture and grace the marchioness in early life had known the pangs of poverty. She was the only child of a retired officer, who had but a small pension on which to support himself and daughter. At his death she was left penniless, and was employed by the aged mother of the marquis as companion. Her beauty and grace soon won the love of the idolized son, and with her last breath the mother blessed the union of the young couple. With the flight of time, and from association with evil companions, the love of the marquis had grown cold, and his hatred of the Church intensified the dislike with which he now regarded his wife.

like with which he now regarded his wife.

He determined to watch her closely and see if his orders were obeyed. One evening, concealing himself behind a heavy damask curtain in his wife's boudoir, he saw the marchioness, Marie and Silva kneel upon the floor and make the sign of the cross. He waited no longer, bursting into the room he forced the nurse and child to leave the scene and ordered his wife to denart from the man. ordered his wife to depart from the man-sion. At the same time he threw a purse containing a few hundred francs at her feet. Seizing a bell cord, which he rang violently, he summoned his valet, who was a man of no more heart than his

was a man of no more heart than his master.

The marquis at once ordered his willing tool to take the marchioness away. In vain did the poor wife beg for her child, but the heartless brute had her seized, placed in a carriage and driven from home. He had privately instructed his servant to take her to cheap lodgings in a distant quarter of the city, and to pay one month's board in 'advance. When they reached the house the marchioness was in a stupor which resulted in a fever, from which she recovered after the lapse of many weeks. Her first inquiry was for Marie. The good-hearted woman in whose house she had been so unceremoniously thrust, could not give her any information of her child, and vainly tried to console the convalescent, telling her she must remain quiet for a long time, and to remove all feeling of dependence, she was assured that the board had been paid for some weeks in advance, and that she had a purse left for her by the man who brought her to the lodgings.

The latter the marchioness refused to touch, and begged to be allowed to go in search of her child.

As soon as she was strong enough, the two women, in the shades of evening

As soon as she was strong enough, the two women, in the shades of evening, drove to the residence of the marquis, and sought entrance at the servant's

What was the surprise and sorrow of the poor mother to find that Marie had been sent to England and placed in a Protestant institution, and that the marquis had embarked with Maximilian

marquis had embarked with Maximilian for Mexico.

The marchioness could not ascertain to what place her daughter had been sent. All that she could learn was that the child had been sent to England. The poor mother crossed the channel, and made inquiries at many schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large cities, but her efforts were in vain.

Without raising her eyes, which were placed upon a small silver crucifix, resting on a marble stand, within the alcove, his wife replied:

"I have before told you that my allegiance to our Heavenly Father is paramount to all the other duties, and I cannot displease Him to obey your unreasonable, unnatural and deistical their condition was truly distressing, and their condition was truly distressing, and from the promptings of her kind heart she asked permission to be allowed to attend to them. One day, as

alone, wounded, suffering and dying upon the battle field, I found it in an inner pocket of my coat. My guardian angel must have prompted me to search that pocket in that trying hour. A band of guerrillas had just come to murder the wounded and rob the dead. Not knowing what I was doing, I held this in my hand—the broken image of the crucified Saviour. When the leader of the band had placed a carbine upon my breast he saw this image, it seemed to recall to him other days, and, lifting his hat, he murmured a prayer, and at once helped me to find shelter. From that hour I have been a Catholic. The prayers I learned at my mother's knee suddenly became fresh in my mind, though they had been forgotten for years. I have asked God to forgive me, and now my dear, insuited, injured wife, will you forgive the?

"Yes, freely do I forgive you; but I am all anxiety to find my child, and it was for her that I came to seek you, that from you I might learn where she had been placed?"

"She is in London, at a private house, and as soon as I am able to be moved, and can obtain permission, we will return for her, for I am tired of this adventure which must end in failure."

In a short time, as a special favor, the marquis was allowed to leave Mexico. It was just before the last scene of the bloody tragedy by which brave men were executed, and an unfortunate woman deprived of reason. The party returned to England. The happiness of the reunion was too tender for description, and within the grand manison in one of the most elegant quarters of Paris the Broken Crucifix was preserved as a relic of inestimable value.

THE DAY OF REST.

The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Paris contains a forcible appeal to the faithful to keep holy the Sabbath.

The spirit of contradiction, of perverse rebellion against the law which makes the French nation so difficult to govern, is nowhere more strikingly manifested than in their contempt for the ordained observance of Sunday as a day of rest. The ourrier seems to identify the breach of the Sabbath with self respect and the vindication of liberty. He will refuse to work for an employer who makes it a condition that he does not work on Sanday. He will take Monday as a holiday, but not Sunday.

This perverse crochet is a constant source of difficult between workmen and Christian employers. I have known a church kept waiting for necessary repairs—a roof that let in the rain—because the cure would not consent to have the men

day if they will but work that day and get tipsy on Sunday, but in vain. The ouvrier will not be tyrannized over by the priest, for he is persuaded that it is the cure who has invented the Sabbath, and it is a point of honor with a workman not to be hoodwinked and domineered over by the cure.—London Tablet, March 5.

The Dress of the Blessed Virgin When

RELIC OF THE "HOLY HAND,"

LACLES WROUGHT BY FATHER HARROW-SMITH, S. J., A MARTYR.

Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

It is well known to all Catholics in Luncashire, England, that the hand of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, of the Society of Jesus, one of the martyrs of the seventeenth century, has been the instrument employed by Our Lord for working many miracles. This holy priest was executed at Lancashire in 1628; and his body being cut in pieces at the gallows, according to the barbarous sentence which then classed priests with traitors, one of his hands was preserved, and came into possession of the Gerard family.

Many miracles of healing are recorded

Many miracles of healing are recorded as having been vouchasfed through contact with the relic, which is known throughout Lancashire as "The Holy Hand." Some of them are to be found in Brother Foley's "records of the English Providence S. J."

"records of the English Providence S. J."

Ore peculiarity attending these accounts is the fact of the cures being so often wrought upon Protestants—or at least non-Catholics. We prefer this latter term; for when, indeed, have the poor misbellevers of England ever "protested" against Catholic truth? They came into the world under the deep disadvantage and misery of having been torn away from it, in the persons of their forefathers. We will not malign them for that; and could hardly be supposed likely to do so, when we pray so often for their conversion. Well, it is to the class of non-Catholic cures by Father Arrowsmith's hand that the following two instances belong:

1. Some years ago a well meaning per-

the following two instances belong:

1. Some years ago a well meaning person who kept a public-house not far from the Catholic mission where "The Holy Hand" is preserved in a sort of reliquary, employed a charwoman to do the scrubbings and other domestic work in her house. This poor woman lost her employment through palsy, both her arms being reudered useless up to the shoulders. As she was thus deprived of her daily bread, her compassionate mistress proposed to her a visit to Father Arrowsmith's hand, and thither they both went.

went.

Neither of these women, it must be remembered, was a Catholic. The priest produced the relic, and, after saying what they afterwards described as "beautiful prayers"—probably some of the ritual—touched the poor woman's arms with it, invoking the martyr's intercession. No immediate result followed; but, as they left, the priest exhorted them to return a second and a third time, and this they arranged to do. On reaching the public house, the poor charwoman went up stairs, while her mistress prepared for her a cup of tea. She delayed so long in the upper rooms, in spite of being summoned down to her tea, that the other at length called to her impatiently, and down she came. What had she been doing? She, the cripple of an hour before, had employed herself in making all the beds in the house!

church kept waiting for necessary repairs—a roof that let in the rain—because the cure would not consent to have the men working on Sunday, and the men would not give in on the point.

Periodically the Church starts a crusade in behalf of the sanctification of the Lord's Day, and sermons are preached, pamphlets written, associations formed, &c, to enforce the observance of the commandment. Undoubtedly these efforts have ment with a great deal of success. The large shops are now closed on Sunday, and the great msjority of the small ones.

The first great business house that in augurated this good rule was the Bon Marche. Those who saw that now famous establishment put up its shutters on Sunday and it may be said that in this case virtue earned its reward, for no house of the kind has ever flourished, probably, as that popular shop has done.

But no efforts, so far, have made any perceptible effect on the working man—the ouvrier proper. He holds to his principle of working on Sunday and resting and generally getting drunk on Monday.

A Christian architect will bribe his masons and plasterers with higher wages on Monday if they will but work that day and get tipsy on Sunday, but in vala. The

have described as keeping the public house, when asked what she thought of the cure she had witnessed, felt no hesitation in answering: "A miracle." Now, a miracle is what St. Paul calls it, "a sign," and a sign given rather for unbelievers than for believers. How was it then that she saw the sign, and did not thereby advance to the thing sign. not thereby advance to the thing signi-

not thereby advance to the thing signified?

And the young Quakeress, whose spine, like the feet and ankle-bone of the lame man in the acts of the apostles, "received strength" as she walked homewards (for we cannot suppose her to have been, like him, "walking and leaping, and praising God")—why did she not ask for baptism, and renounce her heresy en the spot?

It is because it demands a distinct exertion of grace to send people over the threshold of the faith. The ordinary proofs of the Church of her character and claims, and even the extraordinary evidence of miracles, may all be set aside, and only add to their account. This is a consideration that calls for the special intercession of our associates. Thousands are living all around us, to whom the glimmer of light is vouchsafed that ought to lead them on "to the perfect day." Alas for them! "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead." (St. Luke, xvi., 31).

Montalgue speaks of "reposing upon the sillow of a doubt." Better repose upon the certainty that Dr. Pierce's "Fav-orite Prescription" will cure all chronic female diseases with their attendant pains d weaknesses.

Dear Sir—Your "Favorite Prescription" has worked wonders in my case. It gave immediate relief. MRS. M. GLEASON, Nunica, Ottawa Co. One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Ex-

terminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

A letter from P. O., Sharpless, Druggist, Marion, Ohia, in writing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, says: one man was cured of sore throat of 8 years' standing with one bottle. We have a number of cases of rheumatism that have been cured when other remedies have failed. We consider it the best medicine sold.

it the best medicine sold.

Mr. J. Leist, warehouseman for Lautz
Bros., Buffalo, N. Y., says he had a swelling on the foot which he attributed to
chilblains. He used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and is troubled no longer.

"Beheld thy Mother !"

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, PAS

from the Crib: for She was no: He chose this hour, and caused the Of him who heard to write what we have

he had shared Thy Passion—seen Thee ove for us, and preved Her own for To last excess: then solemnly instate
The Queen of Mercy in Her realm of love.

ANOTHER PRIEST IN KIL-MAINHAM.

FATHER RYAN DEFIES JUDGE BOYD. TREMENDOUS DEMONSTRATION IN

DUBLIN. THE "GENERAL'S" SPEECH.

At an early hour on Monday morning William Sleith, Bankruptcy Court messenger, accompanied by a considerable force of police, proceeded to Herbertstown and Hospital for the purpose of executing the warrants issued by Judge Boyd for the arrest of the Rev. Matthew Ryan, C. C.; Wm. Slattery, shopkeeper, Herbertstown; Denis Carroll, farmer; and John Ryan, farmer. As it was expected that Father Ryan would be taken into custody, the residents of the district were on the alert, and the approach of the messenger was heralded by the ringing of the chapel bells. In a short time crowds from the surrounding towns and districts wended their way towards Hospital, and by eight or nine o'clock no less than six thousand persons had congregated there. Father Ryan could not be found; nor was Mr. Slattery to the fore. A STURDY POLICEMAN.

The general groaning and hissing that prevailed was suddenly changed to vociferous cheering, the cause of which was not quite apparent, but it soon transpired that the jubilation was attributable to an unlooked for incident that had occurred at the Kilteely station, where the constables of that barracks were told off for duty at Hagnital. A policement occurred at the Kilteely station, where the constables of that barracks were fold off for duty at Hospital. A policeman named Durney objected. He said he would throw down his arms and remove his jacket before he would take part in the arreat of a Catholic priest. This he actually did, It is said that it was suggested it would be as well if he asked another constable to go in his place, but that he replied he would not ask any man to do what he declined to do himself. It soon leaked out that Father Ryan had gone to Dublin by a slow train at the very time that the bankruptcy messenger and the police were locking for him. When Setth visited Canon Scully he told him he need not give himself any further trouble in the matter, as Father Ryan would not be conveniently found. The Canon, however, guaranteed that Father Ryan, William Slattery, and two other men would be in attendance at Judge Boyd's court in the morning. After this assurance no other efforts were made to effect the arrests.

The Limerick Junction was crowded

The Limerick Junction.

The Limerick Junction was crowded when Father Ryan arrived there by car. The people raised him on their shoulders and cheered again and again. Addressing and caeered spain and again. Accessing the people, he said—Two hundred police or thereabouts thought to catch me napping this morning in Hospital, but I was too early for them (cheers). It was the wish of Judge Boyd to bundle me off like a box of lumber in a swift train, so that none of my friends could see me at the Junction, or any other station along the line. I took the liberty of selecting my own time and my own place (cheers.)

I have put the Government to all the trouble and all the expense of sending down something like two hundred A Voice—Oh! the Sassenachs (groans).

A Voice—Oh! the Sassenachs (groans).

Father Ryan—Do not groan the police, for on this very day or last night a constable, at the station adjoining Hospital, said—"I throw off my jacket; I will never take part in the arrest of a priest" (loud cheers). So there are good men amongst the police, and I think there is a majority of good men; but, unfortunately, as they are at present in the force, and do not see exactly by what other means they can earn a livelihood, they are doomed by necessity to continue obedience, and to do things which they abominate in their heart (cheers). Well I selected the train by which I would travel, and I now proceed by the next train a free man until I get to Dublin. The Rev. Rr. Ryan, Galbally, and other The Rev. Rr. Ryan, Galbally, and other clergymen and laymen then presented addresses. Canon Scully, in response to addresses. Canon Scully, in response to repeated calls, addressed a few words to repeated calls, addressed a few words to the people. Addresses were presented to Father Ryan from the Latin branch of the National League, which was read by Mr. Thomas Bourke; from the priests and people of Knocklong; from the priests and people of Patrickswell, read by Rev. P. Godfrey; and from the priests and people of Kilteely. As the trait was about to move, Father Ryan spoke from the carriage window, and said thaif a gibbet were erected in Judge Boyd'court, and that he were sentenced to bhanged on the spot, he would willingly die rather than disclose any of the secret and confidences intrusted to him by hi people. As the train steamed away low cheers were given.

AT THURLES. On passing through Thurles, on hi way to Dublin, Father Ryan was met be thousands of people, who gave him a enthusiastic reception. Father O'Dwyer as representative of Archbishop Crok delivered an address, in which he said the father had championed a sacre cause. Father Ryan said his prison would be a palace to him.

AT KILDARE.

At Kildare Father Ryan was accorded a very warm reception. A large number