

Kennedy, seeing Mrs. Branscombe's expression change, raises his head, and so becomes aware of her husband's presence. Being a wise young man in his own generation, he smiles gently upon Doran, and, going forward, shakes his hand as though years of devotion have served to forge a link likely to bind them each to each forever.

"Charming day, isn't it?" he says, with a beautiful smile. "Quite like summer."

"Rather more like January, I think," says Doran, calmly, who is in his very worst mood. "First touch of winter, I should say." He laughs as he says this; but his laugh is as wintry as the day, and chills the hearer. Then he turns aside from his wife and her companion, and lays his hand upon the vicar's shoulder, who has just risen from his class, having carried it successfully through the best part of Isaiah.

"My dear boy, you're just the vicar, quite pleased to see him. But in bad time, the season is over, so you can learn nothing. I don't like to give them too much Scripture on a week day. It has a disheartening effect, and—"

"I wish they could hear you," says Branscombe, with a slight shrug.

"It is as well they cannot," says the vicar, though I don't, if free speaking does much harm; and, really, perpetual grinning does destroy the genuine love for our grand old Bible that we should all feel deep down in our souls."

"Feeling has gone out of fashion," says Doran, so distinctly that George in the distance hears him, and winces a little.

"Well, it has," says the vicar. "There isn't a doubt of it, when one thinks of the alterations they have just made in that fine old book. There are innovations from morning till night, and nothing gained by them. Really, if we got to heaven up to this by the teaching of the Bible as it was, it serves no use to alter a word here and there, or a sentence that was dear to us from childhood. It brings us no nearer God, but only unsettles beliefs that, perhaps, up to this were sound enough. The times are not to be trusted."

"Is anything worthy of trust?" says Doran, bitterly.

"I don't think I'm old-fashioned," says the vicar, with a deprecating smile. "I dare say change is good, and works wonders in many ways. We old people stick fast, and can't progress. I suppose I should be content to put up on one side."

"I hope you will be put on my side," says Doran; "I should feel pretty safe then. Do you know, I have not been in this room for many years that I am afraid to count them? When last here, it was during a holiday term; and I remember sitting beside you, and thinking how awfully joyful I was to be well again, it, when other children were doing their lesson."

"Comfortable reflection, and therefore, as a rule, selfish," says the vicar, with a laugh.

"Was it selfish? I suppose so." His face glows again; a sort of reckless defiance shows itself. "You must not expect much from me," he says, slowly; "they don't accord it with any good nowadays."

"My dear fellow," says the vicar, quietly, "there is something wrong with you, or you would not so speak. I don't ask you now what it is; you shall tell me when and where you please. I only entreat you to believe that no one knowing you as I do, could possibly think anything of you but what is kind and good and true."

Branscombe draws his breath quickly. His face flushes; and a gleam that is surely born of tears, shines in his eyes. Clarissa, who, up to this, has been talking to some of the children, comes up to him at this moment and slips her hand through his arm. "Is he not almost her brother?"

Only his wife stands apart, and, with white face and dry eyes and a most miserable look, watches him without caring—or daring—to be near to him. She is silent, distraite, and she altogether forgotten the fact of Kennedy's presence (though he still stands close beside her)—a state of things that young gentlemen find affects them.

"Has your class been too much for you? do other things—or people—distress you?" she asks, presently, in a pleading tone. "Because you have not uttered one word for quite some minutes."

"You have guessed correctly; some people do distress me—after a time," says Mrs. Branscombe, so pointedly that Kennedy takes the hint, and, shaking hands with her somewhat stiffly, disappears through the door-way.

"Oh, yes," the vicar is saying to Clarissa, in a low tone, that even savors of triumph, "the children have given up the Methodist chapel and have come back to me. They have forgiven about the bread, though they made a heavy struggle for it. Mrs. Redmond and I cut our heads together and wondered what we should do, and if we couldn't buy anything here so as to make up for the loss of the daily loaves, because she would not consent to poison the children."

"And you would?" says Clarissa, reproachfully. "Oh, what a terrible admission."

"We won't go into that, my dear Clarissa, you please," says the vicar, calmly. "There are moments in every life that one regrets. But the end of our cogitations was this; that we went down to the village—Mrs. Redmond and I—and, positively, for one bar of soap and a package of candles we bought them all back to their pew in church. You wouldn't have thought there was so much soap in soap and candles, would you?" says the vicar, with a curious gleam in his eyes that is half amusement, half contempt.

Even George laughs a little at this, and comes nearer to them, and stands close beside Clarissa, as if shy and uncertain; and that he has a sure partisan so near to her—which is only additional pain to Doran, who notices every lightest word and action of the woman he has married.

"How did you get on to-day with your little people?" asks Mr. Redmond, taking notice of her at once—something, too, in her pleasant attitude appealing to his sense of duty. "Was that boy of the Brixton's more usually trying?"

"Well, he was bad enough," says George, in a tone that implies she is rather letting off an unfortunate Brixton from future punishment. "But I have known him worse; indeed, I think he improves."

"Indeed, I think a son of his father, could improve," says the vicar, with a melancholy sigh. "There isn't an ounce of brains all that family." Long ago, when first I saw here, Sam Brixton (the father of your boy) bought a cow from a neighboring farmer called George Gilbert, and he named it John. I thought that an extraordinary name for a cow, so I said to him one day, 'Sam, you on earth did you christen that poor little beast John?' John? said he, somewhat indignantly, 'John? Why wouldn't I call him John, when I bought him from George Gilbert?' I didn't see his meaning then—and, I confess, I haven't seen it since that I was afraid to expose my stupidity, so I said my tongue. Do you see it?" He looks at Doran.

"Not much," says Doran, with a faint laugh.

beneath the scorching summer rays, and through the fatal sunshine, comes James Scrope.

Through the woods, under the dying beech-trees that lead to Gowran, he saunters slowly, thinking only of the girl beyond, who is not thinking of him at all, but of the man who, in his soul, Sir James believes utterly unworthy of her.

The thought so engrossed him, as he walks along, that he fails to hear Mrs. Branscombe, until she is close beside him, and until she says, gently,

"How do you do, Sir James?" At this his start is so visible that she laughs, and says, with a faint blush—

"What! is my coming so light that one fails to hear it?"

To which he, recovering himself, makes ready response:

"So light a foot Will never wear out the everlasting flat. Then. 'You are coming from Gowran?'"

"Yes; from Clarissa."

"She is well?"

"Yes, and I suppose happy"—with a shrug. "She expects Horace to-morrow. There is a certain scorn in her manner, that attracts his notice."

"Is that sufficient to create happiness?" he says, somewhat bitterly, in spite of himself. "But of course it is. You know Horace?"

"Not well, but well enough," says Mrs. Branscombe, with a frown. "I know him well enough to hate him."

She pauses rather ashamed of herself for her impulsive confidence, and not at all aware that by this hasty speech she has made a friend of Sir James for life.

"Hate him?" he says, feeling he could willingly embrace her on the spot were society differently constituted. "Why, what has he done to you?"

"Nothing; but he is not good enough for Clarissa," protests she, energetically. "But then who is good enough? I really think," says Mrs. Branscombe, with earnest conviction, "she is far too sweet to be thrown away upon any man."

Even this useful speech fails to cool Sir James' admiration for the speaker. She has declared herself a non admirer of the all-powerful Horace, and this goes so far away with him that he cannot bring himself to find fault with her on any score.

"I don't know why I express my likes and dislikes to you so openly," she says, gravely, a little later on; "and I don't know, either, why I distrust Horace. I have only a woman's reason. It is Shakespeare slightly altered; 'I hate him so, because I hate him so.' And I hope, with all my heart, Clarissa will never marry him."

Then she blushes again at her openness, and gives him her hand, and bids him good-by, and presently he goes on his way once more to Gowran.

On the balcony there stands Clarissa, the solemn Bill close beside her. She is leaning on the parapet, with her pretty white hands crossed and hanging loosely over it. As she sees him coming, with a little touch of coquetry, common to most women who draw her broad-brimmed hat from her head, and, letting it fall upon the balcony, lets the uncertain sunlight touch warmly her fair brown hair and tender exquisite face.

Bill, sniffling, lifts himself, and, seeing Sir James, shakes his shaggy sides, and, with his heavy head still drooping, and his most hang-dog expression carefully put on, goes cautiously down the stone steps to greet him.

Having been patted and made much of, and having shown a scornful disregard for all such friendly attentions, he trots behind Sir James at the slow funeral pace he usually affects, until Clarissa is reached.

"Better than my ordinary luck to find you here," says Sir James, who is in high good humor. "Generally you are miles away when I get to Gowran. And—forgive me—how exceedingly charming you are looking this morning?"

Mrs. Peyton is clearly not above praise. She laughs—a delicious rippling little laugh—and colors faintly—

"A compliment from you!" she says. "No wonder I blush. 'Am I really lovely, Jim, or only commonly pretty? I should hate to be commonly pretty.' She lifts her brows disdainfully."

"You needn't hate yourself," says Scrope, calmly. "I love the word, for you."

"I'm rather glad," says Miss Peyton, with a sigh of relief. "If only for—Horace's sake!"

"Sir James pitches his cigar over the balcony, and frowns. Always Horace! Can she not forget him for even one moment?"

"What brought you?" asks she, presently.

"What a gracious speech!" with a rather short laugh. "To see you, I fancy. By the bye, I met Mrs. Branscombe on my way here. She didn't look particularly happy."

"No," Clarissa's eyes grow sad. "After all, that marriage was a terrible mistake, and it seemed such a satisfactory one. Do you know, in a half-frightened tone, 'I begin to think they hate each other?'"

"They don't seem to hit it off very well certainly," says Sir James, moodily. "But I believe there is something more on Branscombe's mind than his domestic worries; I am afraid he is getting into trouble over the farm, and that, and nothing hits a man like want of money. That Sawyer is a very slippery fellow, in my opinion; and of late Doran has neglected everything and taken no interest in his land, and, in fact, lets everything go without a question with George," says Clarissa, indignantly. "She is positively bringing his land, poor little thing!"

"She is unhappy, poor little thing!" says Scrope, who could not find it in his heart to condemn the woman who has just condemned Horace Branscombe.

"It is her own fault if she is. I know few people so lovable as Doran. And now to think he has another trouble makes me wretched. I do hope you are wrong about Sawyer."

"I don't think I am," says Scrope; and time justifies his doubt of Doran's steward.

"Sawyer," "Tuesday, four o'clock."

"Dear Scrope," "Come to me at once, if possible. Every thing here is in a deplorable state: You have heard, of course, that Sawyer bolted last night; but perhaps you have not heard that he has left things in a ruinous state. I must see you with as little delay as you can manage. Come straight to the library, where you will find me alone."

"Yours ever," "D. B."

Sir James, who is sitting in his sister's room, starts to his feet on reading this letter.

(To be Continued.)

**HQW JOHN BULL LOST LONDON.**

A PAMPHLET PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN THE MANNER OF THE "BATTLE OF DORNING."

A little brochure, significantly bound in a tri-color cover, has just been published in London. It is called "How John Bull Lost London; or, The Capture of the Channel Tunnel." After some introduction it says:

On the evening of a bright day in May there arrived by the Channel Tunnel at Dover a large number of French holiday makers. The "Allied Brothers of the Amity Lodges of the Freemasons," so the newspapers of Paris stated, had determined to hold a fete in England, and three special trains had brought the holiday makers through. They had engaged beds every where; the Lord Warden and all the other hotels were crowded to excess; but nobody thought anything of that, for the time had been several such fets, on a somewhat smaller scale it is true, but still fets of a similar kind, before. It was known, though not specially noted at the time, however, that just at that precise date a couple of French army corps were carrying out a series of peace manœuvres in the neighborhood of Amiens. Nobody troubled about what the French did; they were England's firm allies. It is true there had been a little misunderstanding about the right of France to menace the Egyptians with an armed force should they not hasten to confer certain concessions upon various great French financial companies, and true, moreover, that Tripoli, having some time been annexed to Tunis, had been a matter of some contention between the governments of London and Paris; but these were small matters which diplomacy would certainly smooth over; nobody gave them more than a passing thought. When, then, on that fine May evening the tourists arrived, nobody thought anything of their visit, nor was it considered at all suspicious; nor when, later on, by an hour or two, two French steamers, which might have been loaded with apples or arms, drew up near the Admiralty pier, and sent word ashore that they would be examined by the Customs officer in the morning. It was all so natural. Dover that night slept tranquilly. It had not a large garrison, for troubles in Ireland and a reduced army system had not left many men in the lines about town. But it knew it was secure; none but the good and friendly French were near, and they were only tourists. Only tourists!

THE SHIZORS.

The clock had just struck midnight when all on a sudden these tourists might have been seen hurrying toward the tunnel station, while coming from the French steamers were many men bearing in their arms bundles of rifles. There was a sound as of a scuffle and a shot or two fired, but it only drew the attention of a very few. The tourists had all disappeared. But an alarm had been given, and the police had been sent to the tunnel mouth; and then, the alarm continuing, a party of soldiers had been sent. What could it all mean? Only this, that the tourists were rapidly concealing themselves behind the railway material and the mouth of the tunnel, were throwing up earthworks and cutting trenches and quickly converting the position they had taken up into a military entrenchment. Alarm came. What troops there were in Dover were sent in good earnest now to attack the strangers, for it was clear that they had got the tunnel in their hands and that if they could hold it for six hours no one would be able afterward to dislodge them. But the attack was not by any means the easy job it had looked. It was night time and the men, hidden behind earth and railway tracks, could not be seen. In vain the musketry rattled in the direction of the tunnel, the defenders of the frontier were safely under shelter and in an impregnable position. Artillery must be brought up and the tunnel destroyed, that was clear; the order was given. But the artillery was ineffective, and it was now found that the electric wire provided for blowing up the tunnel and the apparatus for slinging it had all been seized and cut; the tunnel mouth must be taken by hand-to-hand fighting. Telegrams were forthwith dispatched to London, and the Dover garrison led up to the fight. It numbered, however, not many more than the invaders, and these had the immense advantage of being under cover. There was many an English soldier who bit the dust that night.

Let it not be supposed that in London the government, on getting the information of what was transpiring at Dover, was supine; on the contrary, it acted with praiseworthy energy. The Secretary of War was at a reception of the wife of the Foreign Minister when the startling news arrived, and his first impulse was to rush up to his colleague to demand what it all meant. "I am wholly at a loss to know," was the reply, "except that this evening the French Ambassador did certainly say to me that his government viewed our protest with regard to Egypt more seriously than he wished, and that he trusted the situation might not become strained. But I took him to be joking. 'Joking' roared the War Minister. 'Do you know that the French have come through the tunnel and taken Dover midnight, three hours ago?' To say that both the Ministers were thunderstruck hardly describes their condition. But they acted—the one leaving the company immediately, and driving round to seek for explanation from the French Ambassador, whom he, curiously enough, did not find at home; the other to the War Office, whither he summoned everybody attached to the staff."

News from Dover announced that the French force there had increased to an army corps and was being augmented every hour. While it was certain that if the various detachments coming from different parts of the country essayed to attack Dover they would be cut off in detail, there must be an order given for a concentration upon various points. Dover had guns and could not be re-taken for the present, and the whole available army must be concentrated on the Surrey Hills till it was ready to march.

**PARNELL AND SMITH.**

Referring to Professor Goldwin Smith's harsh proposals for the settlement of the Irish difficulty, the N. Y. Sun says:

When we turn from Mr. Smith's demands to Mr. Parnell's suggestions, it would seem that the reputed characters of the two men had been interchanged. All the harshness and violence are on the side of the former Oxford Professor; all the discretion and moderation are on the side of the alleged incendiary demagogue, whose respite from confinement is limited to a week. Mr. Parnell has nothing to say about his personal grievance; he indulges in no repining over the treatment to which he has been subjected; he addresses himself at once to the grave problem presented by the disaffected attitude of the Irish people. He does not even taunt the Government with the fulfillment of his prediction, to wit, that when the chamber occupied by the original chiefs of this Land League had been swept and garbished through the rigorous application of the Coercion act, there would enter into it

seven spirits worse than the first. He declares that he and his imprisoned colleagues regard the recent agrarian outrages with the greatest indignation; and it is no longer possible to doubt their sincerity, seeing that such offences have been multiplied and intensified since their incarceration. He leaves blandishments, however, to draw for themselves the inference that the influence of Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors, were they now released, would be again, as it always has been, exerted on the side of law and order. But while an abandonment of coercion should indisputably form, in his judgment, the basis of a successful Irish policy, he proceeds to show what additional measure of substantive legislation may be requisite to thoroughly conciliate the Irish people. It is really difficult to see what exception can be taken by honest liberals to any of these suggestions. He advised that the Government should introduce a bill to relieve poor tenants from the arrears of rent which accrued during the recent years of agricultural depression. Well, the necessity of such relief was urged by a prominent English Liberal in the House of Commons just before the recess, and the Premier declared that the matter deserved and should receive immediate attention. Mr. Parnell would counsel also the prompt passage of the Healy amendment to the Land Act, introduced to give the Healy clause the construction intended by the framers, and sanctioned by the majority of Mr. Gladstone's appointees on the Land Commission. And finally, Mr. Parnell recommends a considerable expansion of the facilities offered to tenants by the Land Act to become the purchasers of their farms. Inasmuch as the principle of lending public moneys to tenants for this purpose was distinctly recognized in 1870 and again in 1880, there seems to be no good reason why it should not be applied on a sufficiently large scale to prove of practical utility. If the Ministry would take these steps, which merely involve the consistent and thorough-going execution of its own programme, they would go a long way, as Mr. Parnell thinks, towards the restoration of peace and order.

In his published letter, Mr. Smith asserts that the mass of the American people would applaud the adoption of his high counsels. We have placed them side by side with Mr. Parnell's, and we venture to say that intelligent Americans will look with more approval and respect on the temperate and judicious attitude of the Irish Leader.

**THE INNER MAN.**  
(The Argonaut.)

William III. injured his vigorous constitution by green peas.

Charles II. died from the effects of an overdose of eggs and ambergis.

Brillat-Savarin chronicles that no grand dinner began without the pleasant mullusk.

Byron, toward the end of his life, sustained existence on biscuits, gin and soda water.

King John succeeded in ridding England of his presence by a surfeit of peaches and ale.

Sheridan made his greatest speech while under the influence of several bottles of Madeira wine.

Synesius, a fifth century bishop, sat up whole nights drinking strong liquors while he composed hymns.

Napoleon gorged himself at Lelapic with roast mutton and onions. The result of that battle was the turning point in his career.

Phagion, in the presence of Aurelius, devoured a wild boar and a pig stuffed with a hundred loaves, all of which he washed down with an entire cask of wine.

When in Japan, Cyrus W. Field visited the house of a Japanese merchant, and to afford some idea of the elegance of the entertainment, he relates that the tea was made in his presence in a golden tea kettle. He also says that the Japanese taste in art is exquisite.

Voltaire, who loved oysters and always ate them cooked, would never be without them in the proper season. He used to say: "It seems barbarous to swallow raw *oussi joliet animal*." And as to broiled oysters, Thackeray refused them, because he said that they reminded him of babies' ears rolled in sawdust.

The late Duc de Cambacres, who has just died in Paris, was always regarded as the last of that race of *bon vivants* and *gourmets* of whom Prince Talleyrand was the founder and the chief. One of the good old customs observed by the duke to the very last was that of serving the coffee to his guests with his hands.

Mercier, in his "Tableaux de Paris," relates how Crobilion once ate, in his presence, a hundred dozen oysters. He drank only milk, while Mercier drank champagne. Each recommended his drink to the other, and they had a fierce dispute as to the digestive qualities of each fluid. But the author ends by acknowledging that Crobilion was right, and that milk is the true solvent of oysters.

Frederick the Great could dine on a cup of chocolate in war times, but in his days of peace he was dangerously unorthodox in his dietary habits. Every day he ate of ten or twelve dishes at dinner. At breakfast he feasted on bread and butter covered with salted tongue, and finally overtasked his digestive organs and hastened his dissolution by an ec-lep, so hot that, as Mirabeau expressly describes, "it looked as if it had been baked in hell."

Mrs. Donnough's husband left her in Providence, and went for fortune hunting in California, four years ago. He sent her money occasionally, and now, having accumulated \$20,000, has returned to his old home. But he finds that his wife married Thomas Froelton in 1879, and has since had two pairs of twins. Froelton says that she told him she was a widow, and he is willing now to give her up; but Donnough doesn't want her under the circumstances. Thus, from having two husbands, she drops to none at all.

On March 31st Bill Ludlow and Al. Weisinger were hanged at Selma, Ala., for the murder of J. W. Wessinger, a planter, near Brown's Station. The men protested their innocence. On Wednesday Henry Ivy, colored, acknowledged that he committed the murder and implicated his brother Porter, who received a life sentence for his share in the crime. Sim Acoff, colored, and both the hanged men, Ivy and Acoff were arrested. The negroes in the neighboring plantations were furiously excited and were with difficulty prevented from lynching the prisoners. Many of them declared that Ivy and his brother swore away the lives of Ludlow and Weisinger. The prisoners were given in charge of three white guards and taken to a school house for safe keeping. Early yesterday morning forty masked men, thought to be all whites, bound and gagged the guards and rode off with the negroes who in vain pleaded for mercy. The body of Ivy was found last evening hanging from a tree and the body of Acoff has not yet been found, but there is no doubt he has been lynched.

**REVELATION AND SCIENCE.**

A Highland Catholic writes as follows to the *Inverness Advertiser*:

Sir,—In pursuing the lecture, under the above heading, as given in the *Courier* of the 7th inst., I observed, with astonishment, the following paragraph, viz:—"The only other point mentioned was one that concerned the science of astronomy. He related the incidents which preceded and followed the great battle that was fought by Joshua, when the sun and the moon were said to have stood still. Dr. Macdonald pointed out that, in the first place, the language was poetical, and the narrative bore to have been taken from the book of *Jasher*—a collection of odes and lyrics which the people sang in honour of the heroes of the Hebrew race. What happened was not the standing still of the sun or of the moon, but an occurrence of a common nature after a violent storm! On account of the density of the atmosphere, after the great thunder and hail storm, the image of the sun appeared to the eyes of the Israelites after the sun himself had gone under the horizon. Similar phenomena might be frequently witnessed in various quarters of the globe, and under certain atmospheric conditions. Thus, he said, science and revelation had been completely reconciled!"

The italics in the above are mine. I beg now to lay before the reader, for the sake of comparison, the words of the inspired narrative, from *Josh. x. v. 12-15*. (12) "Then Josue spoke to the Lord, in the day that he delivered the Amorrites in the sight of the children of Israel, and he said before them: 'Move not, O Sun, toward Gabaon, nor thou, O Moon, toward the valley of Ailalon.' (13) And the sun and the moon stood still in the people's revenged themselves on their enemies. Is not this written in the book of the just? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down the space of one day. (14) There was not before, nor after, so long a day, the Lord obeying the voice of a man, and fighting for Israel. (15) And Josue returned, with all Israel, into the camp of Gabaon."

Let the reader also consider the following observations—well known to the faithful—on the above verses, viz:—"Josue had pursued the enemy at mid-day to the west of the city of Gabaon, when, turning round, he addressed this wonderful command to the sun. It is supposed that the moon appeared at the same time. But the meaning may only be that the sun and the course of the stars should be interrupted for a time—"The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation" (*Habacuc. c. iii. v. 11*). Many besides Rev. Dr. Macdonald have called in question this miracle, or have devised various means to explain it away, by having recourse to a perihelion or reflection of the sun by a cloud, or to a light which was reverberated by the mountains, after the sun was set, &c. (*Prodom. iv. 6*. Spinoza, *Grotius* *Le Clerc*). But if these authors believe the Scriptures, they may save themselves the trouble of devising such improbable explanations, as this fact is constantly represented as a most striking miracle. The pretended impossibility of it, or the inconceivable continuance of the day, will make but small impression upon those who consider that God was the chief agent, and that He who made all out of nothing might easily stop the whole machine of the world for a time, and afterwards put it in motion again, without causing any derangement in the diffused orbit. Alalon lay to the south-west of Gabaon. Josue ordered the moon to stop as a necessary consequence of the sun's standing still. God condescended to grant his request."

V. 13—"The Book of the Just!"—In Hebrew *Jasher*, an ancient book long since lost. It was probably of the same nature with that of the "Wars of the Lord" (*Nam. xxi. 4*), containing an account of the most memorable occurrences which concerned the people of Israel, the just or *Isharim* (*Deut. xxxiii. 6*). Josephus (v. 2) says such "records were kept in the archives of the Temple." They were drawn up by people of character. The quotations inserted are in a poetical style, as the book might contain various canticles, though the rest was written in prose. (*See 2d Kings i. 18*). It might appear unnecessary for Josue to appeal to this work, as the fact in question was known to all. "So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down the space of one day."

It was then almost noon. Josue was nevertheless afraid lest the day should not allow them time to destroy their fleeing enemies completely. If the evening had been at hand, he would have said, Return, Sun, towards Gabaon, as it would have been on the west of his army. The battle had begun early in the morning, and the pursuit had lasted perhaps four or five hours—"The space of one day"—Hebrew, "About a whole day." Many think that a day here comprises twenty-four hours, and continued either six, it must have been visible for the space of thirty-six hours, as the Jews believe, and as it is specified in St. Justin. Dial. The author of *Eccl. xlv. 5*, says, "Was not the sun stopped in his anger, and one day made as two?" (*See also Isa. xxxviii. 21*).

V. 14—"So long a Day!"—God had often wrought miracles before at the prayer of his servants. The difference between this day and all others must be therefore in the length or in the stopping of the heavenly bodies.

The long day which the prayer of Ezechias procured (*4 Kings xx. and Isa. xxxviii*), consisted of thirty-two hours; or, supposing that the retrograde motion of the sun was instantaneous on the dial, it might be only twenty-two hours in length. But if the days of Ezechias had been even longer, the words of this text may be verified that neither in times past nor while the author lived, had any such day been known. See Amama, p. 383—"The Lord obeying the voice of man." God is ready to grant the requests of His servants—*Isa. lviii. 9*. "We remark something still stronger, in the power which He has given to His priests, to consecrate the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Eucharist."

To sum up, the Holy Ghost says in the Holy Bible that at the command of Josue the sun and the moon stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down for the space of one day. Rev. Dr. Macdonald says, "what happened was not the standing still of the sun or of the moon, but an occurrence of a common nature after a violent storm," and that it was not the sun but "the image of the sun appeared to the eyes of the Israelites after the sun himself had gone under the horizon." In fact, that the Lord did not do "His strange work" (*Isa. xlvii. 21*), nor did He work a miracle on the occasion of Josue's great battle, and the Rev. Dr. concludes by saying, "Thus science and revelation had been completely reconciled!" But he failed to produce any authority for his denial of, and protest against, the miraculous or supernatural intervention of the Lord and Creator, except his own *test dict*, and private fallible opinion. St. Peter says, referring to the epistles of St. Paul, "in which there are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scrip-

tures, to their own destruction" (*2 Pet. iii. 16*). He also says, "Understanding this first, that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation" (*2 Pet. i. 20*). Therefore, by "private interpretation" an undoubted belief or infallible knowledge of revealed truth is impossible. In the Gospel, however, we are commanded, under pain of damnation, to believe; that is, to hold without a doubt as true, what is taught as revealed; therefore, also, there must be some way—the right interpretation, and the right interpretation, that is, interpreted with authority, certainly, and infallibility. For if the interpretation be wrong, the Bible ceases to be, with regard to the reader, the Word of God.

To the apostles our God gave the charge to "teach all nations," obey and believe them (*St. Mark xvi. 15*). This commission was accompanied by a promise that He would be with them in this office of teaching to the end of time (*St. Matt. xxviii. 19-20*). From these expressions it is clear that their lawful successors were also included in the commission and promise given to the Apostles. It follows, then, that the authoritative interpretation of Scripture made by the lawful successors of the Apostles is the only true one, and truly the Word of God; a contradictory interpretation must therefore of necessity be false, and is not the Word of God. For, as the Protestant Bishop Walton says, "The Word of God does not consist in more letters, whether written or printed, but in the true sense of it." And St. Jerome had said many ages before: "Let us be persuaded that the gospel consisted not in the words but in the sense. A wrong explanation turns the Word of God into the word of man, and what is worse, into the word of the devil; for the devil himself could quote the text of Scripture," and he did so when he tempted our Lord in the desert (*St. Matt. vi. 1*).

There must therefore be some living authority on earth, commissioned by God to decide the meaning of the Revelation which God has given. Such an authority must be infallible because divine. Its infallibility is contained in its very commission. Roman Catholics of all ages and nations believe that such an infallible authority exists in the One Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, and that belongs to the whole body of the Episcopate united with the Roman Pontiff. They also believe that the unfailing protection from teaching error is assured by God, in a special manner to the Pontiff himself, when speaking *ex cathedra*, that is, when, not as a private teacher, but in his office of Supreme Pastor and teacher of the whole Catholic Church, he defines any doctrine of faith or morals as true, or as condemns any doctrine of faith or morals as false; he being the visible head of the Catholic Church, and the legitimate successor of St. Peter. The Holy Catholic Church of all nations and ages is the only Church which claims infallibility (all other churches are avowedly fallible, and therefore liable to teach error). It is immutable in its knowledge, discernment and annunciation of the truth, and that in virtue of its indissoluble union with the Holy Ghost, and its perpetual teaching by its living voice. But the private interpretation adopted and given forth by the Rev. Dr. Macdonald on *Joshua x. 12-14*, is that no miracle took place, but only an occurrence of a common nature! and consequently that it is quite a mistake to suppose that the Lord granted the prayer of Josue, although Josue (who, says the Holy Ghost—*Eccl. xlv. 1*—was successor of Moses among the prophets) declares that the Lord did obey the voice of man, and fought with him for Israel.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such an interpretation has always been condemned by the Jewish Church, and by the One Holy Catholic Church of Christendom, (I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church—Apostles Creed). It has also been condemned by the Schismatical Churches of the East, including those of Greece and Russia, and I believe also by the Protestant Church of England, and by the Disestablished and Disendowed Protestant Episcopal Church of Scotland.

Can it be then that the Rev. Dr. Macdonald is starting a heresy in his Church, or trying to revive a condemned interpretation, or is it only one of the "extreme doctrines" of the Law Established Church of Scotland. May be, the Established Church of Scotland, like the Parliamentary Church of England has within itself persons of extreme divergencies of doctrine; as the Bishop Samuel Wilberforce publicly declared to his clergy—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

CATHOLIC HIGHLANDER.

**UNITED STATES.**

A boy of five months is astonishing the people of Madison, Ohio, by walking and talking as well as most children of as many years.

It is stated that Fisk and Irvine, charged with stealing \$100,000 St. Joseph, Mo., city bonds, have confessed implicating some of the late city officials.

A goat disturbed worship in a St. Louis church by trotting up the main aisle, mounting the platform steps, and trying to eat the green fringe of the pulpit.

Charles Ross, a son of the Mrs. Ross who made the first United States flag as adopted by the committee of the Continental Congress, is an inmate of the San Francisco poorhouse.

The N. Y. *Herald's* Albany special says: Nearly all the officers of the Assembly and half the correspondents, more or less, are indisposed from the unhealthy atmosphere of the chambers.

Enos Crowther, ex-City Registrar, and at present City Assessor, of St. Joseph, Mo., and John Cox, lately clerk for the Bender Pension Agent, have been arrested on a charge of complicity in the \$100,000 bond steal. It is stated that Irwin confessed at New York that Crowther and Cox stole bonds and gave them to Fisk and Irwin to sell.

The N. Y. *Times* Washington special says: The Secretary of the Treasury reports the amount of Customs duties returned for this year, ending June 30th last, was \$788,000. The explanation which accompanied the statement of the Secretary exhibits some of the strongest arguments for an immediate revision of the tariff.

A colored meeting was held last evening in Cincinnati, in honor of the late Dr. Garnet, Minister to Liberia. A letter was read from Conkling, eulogizing Garnet and regretting his death. The letter concluded as follows: "Rest assured that the colored people of the country have the kindest wishes and respect of their friend, Roscoe Conkling."

The *Herald's* Washington says: Teller says he has favored the keeping of treaties with the Indians in good faith whenever it can be done without injury to the Indians or the Government. He is opposed to making further treaties with the Indians, and says that the many treaties made are impossible of execution, detrimental to the Indians, and should be modified.

**CHAPTER XXXI.**

"One who doth tread on another's heel To fast they follow."—*Hamlet*.

One, that was a woman, sir.—*Hamlet*.

Across the autumn grass, that has browned