

how little that is, a Greek or a Roman cannot know."

"But I am neither Greek nor Roman." She laughed.

"I have a garden of roses, and in the midst of it is a tree, and its bloom is the richest of all. Whence came it, think you?"

"From Persia, the home of the rose."

"From India, then."

"No."

"Ah! one of the isles of Greece."

"I will tell you," she said; "a traveler found it perishing by the roadside on the plain of Replaim."

"Oh, in Judea!"

"I put it in the earth left bare by the receding Nile, and the soft south wind blew over the desert and nursed it, and the sun kissed it in pity; after which it stood in its shade now, and it thanks me with much perfume. As with the roses so with the men of Israel. Where shall they reach perfection but in Egypt?"

"Moses was but one of millions."

"Nay, there was a reader of dreams. Will you forget him?"

"The friendly Pharaohs are dead."

"Ah, yes! The river by which they dwell sings to them their tomb; yet the same sun tempests the same air to the same people."

"Alexandria is but a Roman town."

"She has but exchanged sceptres. Caesar took from her that of the sword, and in its place left that of learning. Go with me to the Bruchium, and I will show you the college of nations; to the Serapeion, and see the perfection of architecture; to the library, and read the immortal; to the theatre, and hear the heroes of the Greeks and Hindus; to the quay, and count the triumphs of commerce; descend with me into the streets, O son of Arrius, and when the philosophers have dispersed, and taken with them the masters of all the arts, and all the gods have home their votaries, and nothing remains of the day but its pleasures, you shall hear the stories that have amused men from the beginning, and the songs which will never,

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONDEMNATION AND EXECUTION OF THE NOBLE MARTYR AND CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH.

T. D. Sullivan, M. P., lord mayor of Dublin, gives the following graphic account of the sufferings and execution of the noble English Catholic martyr, Sir Thomas More, which we are sure will be perused by our readers with much interest.

At the time of the execution of the Carthusian monks the venerable John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More were prisoners in the Tower. We have already mentioned that Parliament declared them guilty of a treasonable offence, because that having had interviews with the Nun of Kent they did not report her incoherent ravings to the king. More—who, in fact, had never given any encouragement to the nun's delusions, but had warned her against them—was able to get his name withdrawn from the bill; the bishop got his taken off by paying three hundred pounds to the crown. It was felt, perhaps, that the offence charged in this instance would be a poor ground on which to go to the prosecution of two such men. The new act and the new oath, however, gave to their enemies a sure means of bringing them to account, not for misprision of treason merely, but for treason itself, and the opportunity was speedily availed of. In April, 1534, they were called before the commissioners to take the oath, and, on their refusal, both were committed to the Tower. The aged bishop was cast into a loathsome dungeon, where he was left for months perishing with cold, hunger, and nakedness, the rags which were given him to wear being insufficient to cover his withered and trembling body.

An incident which occurred immediately after his imprisonment is characteristic of the time. A rush was immediately made by Cromwell's agents to the palace of the bishop to take possession of his effects for the crown. A "reformed" monk named Lee took down an inventory of them. In the course of their searches a strong box was found concealed in a recess of the bishop's chamber. It was pulled out on the floor. The weight of it—the box being iron—caused the ransackers to think it contained an enormous amount of treasure. "Gold! gold for the bloudie Pope!" shouted Lee.

Implementers were procured to break open the box. Cromwell's men stood about it in eager expectation. The box was opened, and lo! there was found in it nothing but a hair shirt and two small scourges used by the bishop for chastising his body! While he lay a close prisoner in the Tower, the venerable bishop was made a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals by the Pope. This elevation, instead of inducing Henry to treat him with some degree of tenderness and respect, only inflamed his anger against the innocent and suffering prelate. "Mother of God," said he, "is the old man yet so lusty? Well, let the Pope send him a hat when he will! Mother of God, he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on."

Thomas Cromwell and some of these miserable conforming bishops visited the old man in the Tower, and endeavored to induce him to yield to the wishes of the king. But all in vain. The good will of a cruel and immoral monarch was nothing to him; the axe or the gibbet had no terror for him. He was close on eighty years of age. Prayer and suffering had made clear the eyes of his spirit, and he saw, not far off, just beyond the scaffold, a better world awaiting him. He refused to steep his soul in shame and sin, and for so refusing he was found guilty of high treason and condemned to die.

The lord chancellor, Lord Audley, thus pronounced his sentence: "John Fisher, you shall be led to the place from whence you came, and from thence again shall be drawn through the city to the place of execution at Tyburn, where your body shall be hanged by the neck; half alive, you shall be cut down and thrown to the ground, your bowels to be taken out of your body before you, being still alive, your head to be smitten

off, and your body to be divided into four quarters, to be set up wheresoever the king may appoint. And God have mercy upon your soul!"

The execution took place on the 23d of June, 1535. The mangled remains of the bishop were left uncovered on the scaffold during the night. Next day a shallow grave was dug for them by the executioners in a neighboring churchyard, into which they were tossed without shroud or covering of any kind. The head, which had been severed from the body, was taken away in a bag, and, it is related, shown to Anne Boleyn, who struck it in the face with her hand. It was then set upon one of the spikes of London bridge, where some of the remains of the Carthusian Fathers were blackening in the summer sun. Crowds congregated on and near the bridge day after day to look on the terrible spectacle. An obstruction to the thoroughfare and interruption to the regular course of business was thus created, to end which inconsequence Cromwell had the head taken down by night and cast into the Thames.

Another and a more remarkable man was now to fall before the obese savage whose vile passions and absurd caprices were bringing all this shame and horror on his country. Sir Thomas More had spent at this time about fourteen months in prison. His treatment, though not quite so cruel as that of the poor old bishop, was yet very severe and trying on a man of his age. But he took it all cheerfully; not, indeed, in any spirit of levity, but with the strong and patient soul of a true Christian, and with the pleasant humor which was part of his nature. On his first entrance into the Tower the gate porter demanded, as his perquisite, the prisoner's upper garment. More knew very well what was meant, but he would have his joke. "Here it is, porter," said he, tossing him his cap, "and I am sorry it is not a better one." "No, no, sir," replied the porter; "by your leave, it is your coat, and I must have it, too." Then the ex-chancellor, not the least annoyed, took off his coat and gave it to him. One day the governor of the Tower conveyed secretly to him some little delicacy of the table, and whispered him that he would gladly show him a kindness of that sort occasionally, if it were safe to do so. "I believe you, good Kingston," said More, "and I thank you most heartily for it. Assure yourself I do not mislike my ordinary fare; when I do, then spare not to thrust me out of your doors."

More's present trouble did not at all come on him by surprise. Even before the divorce question had become a peril to people's lives, and before the mad notion of setting himself up as head of the Church had entered into the head of the king, More knew his temper to be fickle, selfish, and dangerous. While he held the office of chancellor, so fond was Henry of his learned, wise, and witty conversation, that the friendship of his most portly majesty was almost a burden to him. Henry often dropped down to More's house at Chelsea to have the pleasure of some hours in his society and that of his numerous, highly accomplished, and very interesting family, and it was not an unusual thing for him to walk about the garden with his arm around the neck of his neck. One evening More's son-in-law expressed to him his delight at beholding such tokens of affection and esteem as the king manifested towards him. "Son William," replied More, "I thank God that I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any other subject in the realm; nevertheless, I tell thee, son Roper, I have no cause to be proud of it, for if my head would win him a castle in France it would not fall to go." The chancellor knew his man.

On the 1st of July, 1535, Sir Thomas was taken from the tower to be tried for high treason at Westminster.

The lords commissioners who presided over the trial, and badgered him for a length of time, but were never able to get an advantage over him in any point of the discussion. His was too keen and polished an intellect for them, and in roughly meddling with such an edged tool could only wound themselves. But of course, they could condemn him—that was easy enough—and they did it. Sentence of death was passed on him in the same terms that had been spoken to Bishop Fisher—he was to be hanged, cut down while yet alive, and so on to the end of the disgusting formula.

And all this because the conscience of this pious and estimable man would not allow him to take his Majesty Henry VIII. a layman, for head of the Church. It was necessary to have an assured succession to the throne, said the poodle Parliament of England. The peace of the realm required that there should be an assured and undisputed succession.

The succession could not be assured unless his majesty was allowed to have as many wives as he might deem necessary; and he could not have the wives unless he threw off the authority of the Pope of Rome and made himself Pope of England. Ergo it was fit and proper that his majesty should be taken to be supreme head of the Church in England, and it was the height of diabolical treason, and rebellion to refuse to swear that in fact and truth such was his position. So argued Henry's base and slavish Parliament, and so argued his shameless paragonist, Mr. James Anthony Froude, at the present. The illustrious prisoner of whom we have been writing drew a clear distinction between the succession and the supremacy. It was within the competence of Parliament, he said, to settle the question of succession; it was not within her competence to bestow the spiritual headship of the Church on any one. But this was a treasonable opinion; it was blasphemous against Pope Henry, and the utterance was now to suffer for it.

On his return, a condemned man, from Westminster back to the Tower a very sad and a great trial of his fortitude took place. His favorite daughter, Margaret, wife of William Roper, met him outside the gate and threw herself into his arms, shrieking, "My father, oh, my father!" The old man's voice trembled as he blessed her and told her to submit to the decrees of Providence and forgive those who had condemned him.

"Then the balders moved on, the procession wending its way to the gloomy fortress; but Margaret, like one whose reason had departed, again retraced her steps. Caring not for the throng of peo-

ple or the soldiers who guarded him, she rushed hastily back; she pushed her way through the crowd; she threw her arms around his neck, and many times she kissed him; and More, now entirely overcome, stood speechless, whilst tears poured down her cheeks, and the very guards who were once Margaret's maid, Dorothy, also. But still the daughter lingered; the last kiss was hers; and then these two were severed forever on this side of the grave. She fell insensible at the prisoner's feet.

Once more within the walls of his dungeon, the accustomed serenity of his soul returned to this glorious old man, and he turned his thoughts calmly to that eternity on which he was soon to enter. His musings and prayers were presently interrupted by the entrance of one of the king's courtiers, who came to try if he could induce the prisoner to change his mind. He continued for upwards of an hour to pester the condemned man with arguments and entreaties, endeavoring him to change his mind. At last More told him that he had changed it. Off went the courtier in hot haste to the king to tell him that his ex-chancellor had given way at last and had changed his mind. The king was gratified to hear of such a victory for his cause, and sent some of his friends to inquire to the full extent and meaning of the surrender. "They entered and announced their business to More. 'Good day,' he said, 'the man was too hasty in repeating my words. I had meant to have shaven my beard, but after I bethought me that my beard should fare no better than my head, and that was the only cogent spoke of it.'

On the morning of the 6th of July, 1535, he marched with a light step from his prison to the place of execution. He was told that the king, of his gracious mercy, had so commuted his sentence that the more revolting parts of the execution would be dispensed with, and he would simply be beheaded. "I thank the king heartily for his great kindness," was the characteristic reply, "but I pray God to preserve my friends and posterity from the like mercies." A request of the king was also conveyed to him, that he would not make any lengthened address to the people, and with this the gentle-hearted victim promised to comply.

Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the ladder shook as he placed his foot on it. "So me safe up, good Kingston," said he, "for my coming down I can shift for myself." Then turning to the crowd in front of the scaffold, he was about to address them a few words, but the sheriff interrupting him, he said no more than that he was about to die in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, a loyal servant of God and the king, and that he begged their prayers for his soul. He then engaged for a few moments in prayer, kissed the executioner in token of forgiveness, bound his own eyes with a handkerchief he had brought for the purpose, and laid his head upon the block.

Just as the executioner was about to strike, he begged a moment's time, and then removed his beard from under his neck, remarking quaintly that there was no need to cut it, as that, at least, had been his reason.

Then he waited the fatal stroke; it descended, and in an instant the noblest of Englishmen was a headless and gory corpse upon the scaffold.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE GREAT ORATORIAN, JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN, THE LEARNED RECLUSE OF BIRMINGHAM.

From the New York Sun. John Henry Newman, his brethren of the Oratory say, is totally free from even the beginnings of disease. But they even acknowledge that he requires fourteen hours' sleep in the twenty-four, or, if depressed, at least looks as if he needed it. His easy and cheerful temper, his pleasant and no inordinately frugal breakfasts on a cup of tea with a little piece of bread, eats a little fruit some days, according to the mild caprice of his appetite, dines with uniform frugality, sleeps after dinner; and eats little or no supper. In most respects he conforms as signally to the rule of the house as the humblest and freshest youth within it. He finds no difficulty in keeping the fasts, because for many years he has eaten very little flesh meat, and wine has become a slight acquaintance of his. He walks a part of every day, chats with characteristic brightness with those around him, likes to have bits of new works of importance read to him, although not unable to read for himself, and when he reads he is as liable to take up Martial or Plato as Augustine or Thomas Aquinas. He is fond of works on natural history. He keeps a Wordsworth on his table, where are seen also copies of the poems of Wilfred Faber, his dear friend; of the De Veres, father and son; of Coventry, Patmore, and of course, of Keble. Although fond of the physical sciences, he has never sympathized with the tendency to substitute them for the classics in the traditional university course; and at one time he co-operated in some measure with a coterie of classicists who wanted Mr. Gladstone to procure such legislation as would debar the innovation.

He holds that Aristotle is not only the most dangerous foe of Christianity and Revelation, but is also the best model of pure logic, and does not think that any mode of reasoning advanced in modern times, even by Bacon, is serious against the defence that can be made against it from the armory of history, tradition, and faith. He holds that Cicero is a better model of oratorical style than any man since his day. He is fond of Homer's Gladstone is. Therefore he is attached more than to taste to classic culture. He finds no difficulty in reconciling the poetic and naturalistic conceptions of the origin of the world, and accepted in advance the dedication of St. George Mivart's "Lessons from Nature." Mart

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If anything clogs the waste-pipes in the house, it becomes a nuisance, for sewer-gas is apt to generate disease. The children, then, are removed to their grandparents, or kept out of doors as much as possible, until the defect is remedied. But the waste-pipes of the human system are often allowed to clog, and the sufferer, who cannot get away from the poison, becomes unfit for work or pleasure. In such cases Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will gently remove the cause, and the effect will vanish of itself. By druggists.

admits the theory of evolution, but rejects the doctrine of natural selection as unproved.

Cardinal Newman has felt no collision of claims between Rome and England in paying to each the allegiance due respectively to her spiritual and her temporal power. His sensitive loyalty to the institutions of his country is remarkably expressed in connection with the spiritual alliance itself. He dedicated a volume many years ago to "The Primate of the Catholic Church in Ireland," and courteously deprecated "the infelicity of the moment" which prevented him from doing so with adequate ceremony "without appearing to show disrespect to an act of Parliament." At that time the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was under-going a lively hammering in the forge of public opinion. Legally there was and could be no such person as the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Cardinal Newman wrote to him that a Catholic was bound to avoid an appearance of disrespect to an act of Parliament.

Because he is of Oxford, because he finds much good in science apart from all ideas ceded to the best style of English of this kind, because he writes what is considered to be the best style of English of this kind, because he has done with mariners so turgid a style of English, because he has instilled into his controversy more of the spirit of Christ than most men find room for in their prayers—for all these reasons he is the dearest man now left to the English people. Unlike Gladstone, he has no meanness. His passing away will make a vast silence in the United Kingdom. Disraeli said that his going out of Rome was a blow from the effects of which the Church of England would reel for a generation. It has been reeling for a longer period, and it is not down yet. But his death would make all of England a shock of desolation.

A little new is sent from Birmingham about him, but for a twelvemonth the worst news would have been credible. The Cardinal is merely wasting quietly away. He may live ten years more, but he may die at any moment. But, unlike Brougham and Russell, his faculties survive the decay of his physical tissues, and his mind is far more active than formerly, is clear and vigorous.

Although fond of poetry and a dear companion of many poets, he has written a little verse. But one of his poems, "Lead, Kindly Light," undoubtedly pours more true religious feeling into the heart than all of Watts combined with all of Keble. Another of his poems, the "Prayer of Gerontius," has an unique distinction in that it is the last thing composed by Gordon in his lifetime, and it was within his fervid lines he found the strength he needed to face death with Christian fortitude. Many of the most interesting passages in his diary may be traced to it like brooks to a well. Gordon gave it to Frank Power, the brilliant Irishman representing the Times in the Sudan. He sent it to his sister in Dublin, who in turn forwarded it to the Cardinal. He went with a letter abounding in noble and sweet sentiment, returned it to her. All this endeared the Cardinal in a not very logical connection with Gordon in the popular heart, and a Newman renaissance reigned for a week at least. It was frequently recalled in the weekly papers about that time that "Lead, Kindly Light," was written in an orange boat with the house of Garibaldi on Capra in sight.

It is not so surprising that many episodes in so long and so secluded a life should be generally forgotten. It will probably be news to your readers not born in these islands that in 1854 Cardinal Newman went to Ireland as rector of the diocese of Down, then established newly in Dublin. He remained there more than four years, but could not make it thrive. The Irish had enough of English authority in their education system, and an eminent scholar. He was universally revered, but he was an Englishman, and therefore, those who revered him, preferred that he should return to his own country. The vanity of the Irish is disposed to be retrospective. In very fine terms it was recalled for the Cardinal's guidance that the custom was for Englishmen to go to Ireland to study, not to teach, and the hapless island was said to still contain men able and willing to imitate the example of the generous Irish scholars who accompanied Alfred back to England and laid the foundations of more than was famous school within that realm. The Cardinal returned and established a school for boys at Biggleswade. More pungent Irish critics were out to attribute his failure in Dublin to the sinister omen that Bishop Moriarty of Kerry was his chief counsellor in the university. It was this prelate who coined that immortal phrase, "Hell is not deep enough for me; I am long enough in hell's Fenias." What opinions the Cardinal himself may hold on Irish English politics is not known. Since Ireland became the ragin' topic, he has been absent from controversy. But it is certain that his sympathies, if not crystallized into convictions, like Cardinal Manning's, are with the suffering people of that country.

Then the Cardinal was a good friend; he was very fond of a good fight; he checked used to glow with a pleasant flush, and his under lip extended beyond his upper with balanced eagerness. Time has changed both his physiognomy and his spirit. The unmistakable pugacity fixed upon his features by rough and able modes of life in healthy youth, yielded gradually to the influence of reflection, and for many years his countenance has worn the mask of his heart. One who loves him has said that if Saint Thomas was rightly called the Angelic Doctor, Cardinal Newman is justly entitled to the designation of the Benign

Doctor. Unlike Cardinal Manning, he has been exclusively a literary man. He always disliked executive duties. His works fill many volumes. He is the most prized and the least read of all living authors. Passages from his writings are found in the best literature of all fashions of thinking. He is read by the few who serve as filters for dropping living waters upon the many. The progress of the Naturalistic school has been so general and so rapid in England that he has disciples, but no longer a school. He is probably the last of the great English controversialists.

One of the horrors which his death will bring will be an autopsy by Froude. That worthy may be said to have a literary morgue, to which he drags the dead in order to subject the living who adore them to the agony of post mortem findings. The Froudes and the Newmans were intimately associated in other days. There was a Harrell Froude, a brother of the dilapidated historian, who went into the Oxford movement with the Cardinal, and journeyed to Rome with him in good time to be buried in its communion. The father of the Froudes, who was an Anglican archdeacon, was much esteemed by the Newmans. The Cardinal dedicated a volume to another brother, James Anthony—William—who has been one of the victims before death of the peculiar disposition of the former. It was Charles Kingsley's assent upon Newman in his review of one of Froude's spectacular historical works, that led to Newman's writing his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. It is expected with certainty and terror that Froude will think himself called upon to take the Cardinal to his morgue long enough for at least a monograph.

Many of the English Catholic aristocrats were led into the Church by Newman's writings. He is the object of more dedications and the subject of more verse than any contemporary. But he could never move his own brother who took a thorough ticket for Rationalism when the Cardinal that was to be set out for Rome. Among the diphant dabblers in religious philosophy and scientific skepticism in London a practice prevails of sending some of the volumes written by Francis William Newman to any young investigator who is suspected of reading the works of John Henry Newman. The Rationalist retained a connection with the banking house of Hambroton, Newman & Co., of which his father was a member.

The Cardinal was born in 1801. At 19 he graduated at Oxford, and took Anglican orders at 23. In 1845 he entered the Roman Catholic Church. He was ordained a priest in 1846, founded the Congregation of St. Philip in 1849, and was raised to the cardinalate in 1879. Oxford took him back more with pride than forgiveness in 1877, when he was elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity.

THE TRAITOROUS WORK OF HENRY VIII. He would have been put to death by the hangman, for never did a man die more worthy the death of a traitor. The city is he died as a martyr, and not as the assassin of his government. After the murder of Beaton, the new religion extended. The reformers gathered themselves together as "Lords of the Congregations." They had no church and no regular ministry, and some of them rejected all the sacraments except baptism and the "Lord's Supper." They constituted themselves ministers of their sacraments and they had no power except such as they gave to themselves. At this time appeared on the scene John Knox, a man of strong will, powerful passions and intellect, great determination and talents far above mediocrity. He threw himself actively into the work of the reformation. They found that Knox was an act committed under circumstances of utter horror, of obscenity and of cruelty, a parallel for which they could not look except among the savages of central Africa. A number of men who had withheld from publicly identifying themselves with the "Reformation," feeling themselves compromised in the matter of Beaton as his assassins, became afraid after the deed, and

Among those so implicated was Knox. He joined those in the castles, who from that time went forth from their fortresses, laying waste the country, and violating the women. To this crew Knox became chaplain. Having gone to Geneva, Knox returned to Scotland, but before he did so the reformers, who wished to betray their country, urged war upon the regent Queen and the regent government. They sought not toleration, but the absolute overthrow of the established religion of the country. It was at this time they besought Knox to return to Scotland, whose great power over the people was known. He returned and preached the new doctrine. Wherever he went, ruin, bloodshed and desolation followed. He and his followers burned to the ground the great Abbey of Scots, an historical spot sacred to the memory of Scotland's struggles for national independence. Of the noble cathedral of St. Andrew little now remained but the blackened walls, a monument of the barbarity of those who propagated the new doctrine by such means. Having attained power in the country, the rebels summoned a Parliament in 1660, which passed an act abolishing the Catholic religion. But still the work was incomplete.

SENTENCES OF DEATH were passed against the professors of the old church; but still the reformers had no church of their own. They were, however, still influenced by the Christian tradition that Christ should have a church on earth, and they thought it was their duty to make a church since the one He, Our Lord, had made had gone by the board. So a commission of John Knox and three other men was appointed to draw up the constitution of a church; they were to make the church of God. They were to do for Scotland what the Eternal Son of God had once done for all mankind. And in four days the new church was completed. They prepared what was called the "Confession of the Church of Scotland." Their scheme assumed that the Scriptures of themselves were authoritative in matters connected with the Christian religion. The truth had disappeared and taken refuge exclusively in the Bible. Every one was to find it out for himself, because the Church of Christ had failed. The new religion provided its ministry with bishops and deacons, but Knox's "bishops" were simply the present day "ministers." The preacher knew it was said that the new was the old revived.

If that were so, then the whole scheme of Christianity must have been swept away in one single night, for not a vestige of the religion Knox drew up was to be found in the whole history of Scotland. And neither in Scotland, nor in the whole universe could they find a vestige of THE RELIGION KNOX MADE, and which in fact never existed until he produced it for the Scottish Parliament. The Reformers forced their Church upon the people. The matter even in the Scotch Parliament was put to a vote, and it was by a large majority of the unprincipled barons the new religion was declared to be the church out of which there was no salvation. In all he has said of the new church, the preacher added in conclusion, he had alleged nothing but what he got on the authority of Knox himself, and all the writers he had read on the subject were Protestants. He would ask them to consider this fact—that the church was made in four days—four days he repeated—while God Himself became man and worked miracles to establish His church. Christ had said His church would continue for all time. He gave it to the power of His Eternal Father. "As the Father has sent Me, so I send you." Let those who formed their belief from the prejudiced traitors of the Protestant church consider, with the facts brought to light in later years, whether it is in the Catholic Church they can be saved, or in the church established by the assassins and forgers of the Scottish "Reformation."

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JOHN KNOX, "REFORMER." A RESUME OF THE HISTORY OF EARLY PROTESTANTISM IN SCOTLAND.

Rev. Dr. A. Munro, provost of the chapter of Glasgow, gave this lecture in St. Andrew's Cathedral of that city, on Sunday evening of January. The basis on which Knox and his followers established their church was, said the provost, that the Church of Christ founded for all time, had failed. Not only they held, had the ministers of the true church become corrupt, but also her ministry. They said the church had lost her power and authority; that she was not the Church of Christ, but the ministry of Satan—that was that church which Our Lord Jesus Christ had pledged His word He would guide until the end of time! If that was not the "Reformers'" idea, it was impossible for them to justify their formation of the Church of Christ. The "Reformers'" doctrine was introduced into Scotland at first in isolated instances only. Henry VIII. of England wished to extend the church he had established in his country into Scotland. He tempted James V. of Scotland with his poverty, and pointed out the plunder he would derive from confiscating the church. Some of the Scotch nobility were actually bribed by Henry VIII. to plunder the church. He (the speaker) in saying that was not slandering these nobles; in proof of his statement, he had a public sermon delivered by the present minister of the Park Terrace Protestant Church in Glasgow three years ago, who said

THE BARONS OF SCOTLAND cared little for the doctrines of the "Reformation"—that the great object of the barons in bringing about the "Reformation" in Scotland was the plunder of the church. But there was another object in the action of many of the barons, persuaded by Henry VIII.—not only to reduce the church, but to do so for the purpose of reducing the kingdom itself to England. Hence, Henry got many of the Scotch nobility to bind themselves to promote his cause by securing possession of the successor of James, the infant Mary, Queen of Scots. Tytler, the historian, said 200 bound themselves to secure the castles and strongholds of the country, were to get possession of the Queen and Scotland. The one powerful opponent working against this scheme was the church, which sacrificed every thing to maintain Scotland's national independence. For 300 years the church in Scotland had defeated the object of England in this respect, and hence Henry determined to break the power of the church. One man above all others in Scotland stood out high as an opponent of the object of Henry, namely Cardinal Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, a patriot more with pride than forgiveness in 1877, when he was elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity.

THE MURDER OF THE CARDINAL, and at last three different men responded to his wish, provided Henry would be generous with his gold and insure their safety. This arrangement fell through. Then Henry found a man for the work—George Wishart, a leading minister in the "Reformation," but, unhappily for the reputation of Wishart and the Scotch nobility who went with him, the grave had late been giving up its dead. About twenty years ago a number of state papers had been brought to light from the register house and noblemen's

archives, and among others a letter written by the Earl of Hereford, in which he said that he had found a man who would do the work the nobility had been so anxious to remove the obstacle, murder Cardinal Beaton, and the man he had found was a certain Master George Wishart. Wishart conveyed the letter to Henry, and then returned to Scotland to preach the "Reformation" doctrine. The conspiracy was successful—the cardinal was murdered, Wishart was afterwards put to death—not for the murder, but unfortunately and mistakenly for preaching the new doctrine. But had Beaton had the knowledge they now had of the part taken by Wishart to foster and carry out