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after the Egyptian until he was conducted out of the tent.

"Sheik Ilderim," said Ben-Hur then,
"I have heard strange things to night. Give me leave, I pray, to walk by the lake that I may think of them."

"Go; and I will come after you."

They washed their hands again; after which, at a sign from the master, a servant brought Ben-Hur his shoes, and directly he went out.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

A REVERIE.

Up a little way from the dowar there was a cluster of palms, which threw its shade half in the water, half on the land. A bulbul sang from the branches a song of invitation. Ben Hur stopped beneath to listen. At any other time the notes of the bird would have driven thought away; but the story of the Egyptian was a burden of wonder, and he was a laborer carrying it, and, like other laborers, there was to him no music in the sweetest music until mind and body were happily attuned by rest.

music until mind and body were happily attuned by rest.

The night was quiet. Not a ripple broke upon the shore. The old stars of the old East were all out, each in its accustomed place; and there was summer everywhere—on land, on lake, in the sky

mer everywhere—on land, on lake, in the sky.

Ben-Hur's imagination was heated, his feelings aroused, his will all unsettled.

So the palms, the sky, the air, seemed to him of the far south zone into which Balthasar had been driven by despair for men; the lake, with its motionless surface, was a suggestion of the Nilotic mother by which the good man stood praying when the Spirit made its radiant appearance. Had all these ancessories of the miracle come to Ben-Hur? or had he been transferred to them? And what if the miracle should be repeated—and to him? He feared, yet wished, and even waited for the vision. When at last his feverish mood was cooled, permitting him to become himself, he was able to think.

His scheme of life has been explained.

mitting him to become himself, he was able to think.

His scheme of life has been explained. In all reflection about it heretofore there had been one hiatus which he had not been able to bridge or fill up—one so broad he could see but vaguely to the other side of it. When, finally, he was graduated a captain as well as a soldier, to what object should he address his efforts? Revolution he contemplated, of course; but the processes of revolution have always been the same, and to lead men into them there have always been required, first, a cause or pretence to enlist adherents; second, an end, or something as a practical achievement. As a rule he fights well who has wrongs to redress; but vastly better fights he who, with wrongs as a spur, has also steadily before him a glorious result in prospect—a result in which he can discern balm for wounds, compensation for valour, remembrance and gratitude in the event of death.

To determine the sufficiency of either

and gratitude in the event of death.

To determine the sufficiency of either the cause or the end, it was needful that Ben-Hur should study the adherents to whom he looked when all was ready for action. Very naturally, they were his countrymen. The wrongs of Israel were to every son of Abraham, and each one was a cause vastly holy, vastly inspiring. Ay, the cause was there; but the end—what should it be?

The hours and days he had given this branch of his scheme were past calculation—all with the same conclusion—a dim, uncertain, general idea of national liberty. Was it sufficient? He could not say no, for that would have been the

at last; and he a son of the Lion tribe, and King of the Jews! Behind the hero, lo! the world in arms.

The King implied a kingdom: He was to be a warrior glorious as David, a Ruler wise and magnificent as Solomon; the kingdom was to be a power against which Rome was to dash itself to pieces. There would be corossal war, and the agonies of death and birth—then peace, meaning, of course, Judean dominion for ever.

Ben Hur's heart beat hard as for an instant he had a vision of Jerusalem the capital of the world, and Zion, the site of the throne of the Universal Master.

It seemed to the enthusiast rare fortune that the man who had seen the King was at the tent to which he was going. He could see him there, and hear him, and learn of him all he knew of the coming change, especially all he knew of the time of its happening. If it were at hand, the campaign with Maxentius should be abandoned; and he would go and set about organizing and arming the tribes, that Israel might be ready when the great day of the restoration began to break.

Now, as we have seen, from Balthasar himself, Ben Hur had the marvellous story. Was he satisfied?

Was he satisfied?

# TO BE CONTINUED.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as, after long trial, have proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

#### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

IN AND FOR IRELAND -- A LONDON EDI-

TOR'S PLAIN SPOKEN OPINIONS. I admit to the full all that may be urged

against the right of any Englishman to say what should be done in Ireland, avers the Fall Mall Guzette special commissioner, now studying the Irish problem on Irish soil. No Englishman would venture to set forth what should be done in Scotland—although in Scotland he would be prescribing for a people who far more closely resemble his own folk than do the Catholic Celts of Ireland. If asked what should be done, he replies: "that is a matter for the Scotch to settle. What should be done in Scotland is what the Scotch want to be done." If Englishmen had been equally modest in their prescriptions for Ireland, there would be no question to day of that home rule which our long and inveterate persistence in governing Ireland in our own fashion has now rendered inevitable. Hence the true answer to the question. "What should be done in Ireland." is, that which the Irish wish to be done in Ireland. The Irish may be deceived in the choice of an object, but as, Burke said long ago, we could "scarcely conceive any choice they could make to be so mischievous as the existence of any human force capable of resisting it." In endeavoring to interpret the wishes of the Irish people to the English public, I am fortunate in possessing

ONE SUPREME QUALIFICATION.

Twelve months ago to-day, I was released from one of her majesty's prisons to which I had been sentenced as a criminal convict some two or three months before, for an inadvertent illegality committed in an attempt to amend the law of my country. Until you have been sent to jail in what you believe to be a good cause, you find it difficult fully to understand the Irish question, or entirely to sympathize with the Irish people. Englishmen for centuries have lived under laws of their own making, have been tried by juries of their own choosing and sentenced by judges of their own appointment, It is only by a great effort of the imagination that an Englishman can conceive the existence of a state of things in which the whole improving machinery of the law, from the scarlet-robe

and imposed by military conquest. The Irishman has been tried by packed juries and sentenced

BY JUDICIAL HIRELINGS,
who were the mere creatures of the crown. As a natural and inevitable result he is disposed to regard all offenders against the law as innocent victims of legalized oppression, and his sympathies go out not to the judge, but to the prisoner. This order of ideas is so complete an inversion of all the normal conceptions of law and order that fill the English mind, that it is to most of us simply incomprehensible. An Englishman cannot realize the mental atmosphere in which an Irishman lives—it is the atmosphere of a jail. Hence the key that locked me in my solitary cell at Coldbath Fields, my plank bed, my oakum and my skilly opened for me a free entrance into the region in which generation after generation of Irishmen have been doomed to live and to die. No one who has not belonged to the brotherhood of the plank bed can understand the revolution that is effected in all one's conceptions of government and police when, instead of regarding them.

whose name is cherished
as a household word in Ireland who has
not been the victim of a government prosecution, and this not because judged by
the light of our present English wisdom
they did anything wrong, but because they
struggled for rights to which we had not
then discovered they were entitled, and
against laws which we only recently dis
covered were unjust. The most reactionary Englishman now admits that the Irish
were but struggling for common justice
and for the natural birthright of every selfgoverning people when they got up the agitations and concocted the conspiracies for
which we sent them to the hulks and to
the gallows. We were in the wrong, and
we know it. They were in the right, but
we crushed them by the strong arm of our
superior might, and now we are confronted with the consequences. Do not let us
imagine that this relates only to the bad

Our hearts must be in unison with our
bodies. A contrite and humble heart,
O God! Thou will not despise. We must to
offer the only atonement we can make,
His own most precious blood, shed for our
slans; and a most fitting time is when the
with the Blessed Sacrament. S. S. M.

Napoleon the Great
(there was only one great Napoleon) wished the word impossible banished from
the dictionary. In many a case where
leading physicians have pronounced a cure
impossible, consumptives and victims of
other fell diseases have been restored to
health by using Dr. R. V. Pierce's
"Golden Medical Discovery." Soothing
and healing in its nature its power over
superior might, and now we are confronted with the consequences. Do not let us
imagine that this relates only to the bad WHOSE NAME IS CHERISHED

old times of the penal laws—it is equally true to-day. There is hardly a chosen leader of the Irish race, from Mr. Parnell downwards, who has been at least once in jail. Only last assizes packed juries condemned and a ruthless judge sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment peasants whose only fault was a theatrical protest against wholesale rob bery committed in the name of the law. A government prosecution is at this moment pending against the only men in Ireland who had the courage to step into the breach and save the luckless tenants from that ruin of which our Legislature was forewarned, but against which our Legislature, being

ALIEN AND IGNORANT, and prejudiced withal, refused, to provide. The Irishman is therefore necessarily and properly "agin the government," because whenever he tries to exercise any of those rights and liberties which are as common to us as the air we breathe, some constable has him by the throat. The Irish are an imaginative race and the horrer of a single unjust sentence haunts the minds of the dwellers in a whole countryside. I can never forget the chill which struck me when first I read the Irish national anthem—you hear it everywhere—it is the marching music of the Irish race. But how few are familiar with the words? It is founded on the death cry of the men whom we hanged at Manchester. Mr. Stead then quotes two stanzas of "God Save Ireland," and proceeds: That is Ireland all over—there rings the true note of Irish sentiment, a grussome note, as if they had made a tuning fork from a link of their fetters—a note that reverberates over sea and land aye, and that will never cease to reverberate until Ireland is like Scotland, a mistress in her own house, instead of being a prisoner in bonds in an imperial jail. What should be done in Ireland? The first thing, surely, that should be done is to open the prison doors, to cease to require late Ireland from without and above as if first thing, surely, that should be done is to open the prison doors, to cease to regu-late Ireland from without and above as if we were some celestially commissioned turnkey regulating some criminal convict committed to our safe keeping.

### THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE HOUR OF BENEDICTION A TIME FOR AN ACT OF REPARATION. Catholic Columbian.

Catholic Columbian.

How often do we think of the happiness of those living at the time our Lord took upon Himself human nature, and dwelt among men. We think of those whom He blessed, and of the consoling words addressed to them that received and believed what He said. We would like to be of that crowd which followed our Lord in His public ministry.

This thought occupies, at some time or other, the minds of those who serieusly consider eternity. We turn (for consolation) from the dread which eternity awakens, to the charity of Jesus Christ towards penitent sinners. Magdalen at the feet of Jesus tells us what His love will do for us. Ah! we wish the voice to break in upon our sighs: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." St. Luke vii, 4%.

Again, we think of the centurion, his faith, his charity, and of how our Lord rewarded his appeal for the cure of the sick servant, "I will come and heal him."
The answer of the centurion: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; say only the word, and my servant shall be healed." The word was said, and the servant was healed at that hour.

We thick of Jesus coming into the

this blessing.
Our hearts must be in unison with our odies. A contrite and humble heart, O God! Thou wilt not despise. We must offer the only atonement we can make, His own most precious blood, shed for our sins; and a most fitting time is when the priest makes the sign of the cross over us with the Blessed Sacrament. S. S. M.

## CATHOLICITY AND CATHOLICS.

Catholic Review.

"By that sin fell the angels," said Shakespeare, speaking of the sin of pride. Shakespeare was a Catholic. England was mainly Catholic when Shakespeare wrote his plays. What is now called Protestantism—a convenient word to-day to cover a multitude of heresies against Christian doctrine—was in Shakespeare's time in embryo. A bad king exerted all his power and his power was very great, to get the Pope, the head of the Catholic Church, the Vicar of the Divine Founder of Christianity and of the Christian Church, to divorce him from his good wife, in order that he might be able, with the sanction of the Church of God, through its infallible voice, refused to consent to such an infamy, the English State—not the English people—broke away from the centre of Christendom and Protestantized itself. What became of the king and of his appetites English history tells. Through pride and lower passions he fell, and dragged down with him a great State. The Chancellor of the Kingdom and the foremost Churchman of the Kingdom, were beheaded for refusing to consent to the heresy of the monarch, however much they might blink at other weaknesses in his character. Many other Churchmen and women were put to death on the ground of denying royal supremacy—the supremacy of Henry VIII. c—Queen Victoria—in matters of conscience, of faith, and spiritual doctrine. Their faith was Catholic, not Catholic Review

conscience, of faith, and spiritual doctrine. Their faith was Catholic, not national. They would fight to death for their country. They would give to it their hearts, their minds, their whole being. But their religion they did not and would not take from any passing monarch, but from the undying head of the undying Church, from the successor of the fisherman of Galilee, from Peter, whom Christ made the Rock on which He built His Church. In the worst and declining days of pagan Rome, while the arenas were recking with the blood of Christian martyrs, Catholics like Sebastian, like the famous "thundering legion," were fighting most loyally and nobly for the preservation of the State. If that great State went down, as it did in corruption and blood, and utter disaster and disappearance, it was not for lack of Catholic soldiers and Catholic loyalty. It was impregnated with the sin of pride. "Roma Æterna"—Eternal Rome—was on its banners and in the hearts of its people. Where is eternal Rome to day? Devoted archæologists now and then interest the literary and artistic world by discovering some stray fragment of a ruin of that mightiest of powers and peoples. Eternal Rome, with its pomp and power and circumstance, has gone down into the dust of ages, after having refused the gift of knowledge and of faith that was offered it at the hands of the first Vicar of Christ. It crucified Peter, as the Jews, with the combined sanction of Pilate and of Herod, crucified Him who made Peter the fisherman the first Pope. And is it not a standing miracle, a sign appealing to all honest eyes, that after the disappearance of all the dynasties and empires which have played their part for better or worse in the world, the everlasting Rock should still stand, complete as ever, the seamless garment of Christ, with the successor of Peter at its head? Pilot and Herod may watch him, persecute him, and wash their hands over him to day as they did over the Son of Man, whom they condemned to be crucified. They have repeated the performance often

To sit down solemnly and pronounce upon every crack-brained or feather-brained theorist or writer who happens to turn up, like Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, selling "old lamps for new" is not the office of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church

> take much pride in our corns, but they are corns all the same. Horsford's Acid Phosphate

olic Church did not wait until to-day for its doctrine, its morals, and its order. Now and then the leaden foot may press heavily upon somebody's pet corn. The

heavily upon somebody's pet corn. The effect is painful for the moment, but to a sensible man it is very wholesome. It is a hint to get rid of the corn. Some of us

FOR DYSPEPSIA. Dr. J. C. WEBSTER, Chicago, says: "I consider it valuable in many forms of dyspepsia."

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

# "DOMINION DAY," "CARACTACU"," appear in a very odious light. Its social customs are alike condemned:

POEMS BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL D., F. R. S., OTTAWA.

DAWSON, LL D, F. R. S, OTTAWA.

The Free Press of Ottawa, anne uncing the above named poems, says: "The Rev. Father Æ seas McDonell Dawson has done a service by gathering together in one volume his three poems entitled "Dominion Day," "Caractacus," and "Malcolm and Margaret." The two last-named poems were much admired at the time of their being read before the Royal Society of Canada, and the same may be said of that on Dominion Day, which has obtained considerable publicity. The merits of those three poems are generally recognized, and though Canadian in their origin, rank high when judged by the standard of literature. The volume is an addition to Canadian literature which should be treasured and obtain wide circulation." The "Dumfries and G-lilaway Standard and Adverticer," of Scotland, speaking of the well known cde "Dominion Day," says: 'This is a spirited little poem written by Rev. Æ McD. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., Ottawa, to celebrate Dominion Day,' says: 'This is a spirited little poem written by Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson, LL. D., F. R. S., Ottawa, to celebrate Dominion Day, the honored anniversary of our Canadian fellow-subjects. He has obviously taken Collins for his model, though treating his theme with originality and freshness. At the opening, the genius of Canada is seen mourning in her primeval solitudes, and then a representative red man tenders consolation to her, and at his instance a council of Chiefs is held, from which beneficial results are expected to flow. But, these tribal warriors are dominated by turbulent passions. With the view of subduing them the tuneful muse it invoked with success. Not, however, until the white man makes his appearance on the scene is peace restored, and the aspiration of the guardian spirit realized. She rejoices beyond measure on at length beholding the general prosperity of the Dominior, the harmony of its races and the steady development of its industry and enterprise." and enterprise."

When the storm of passion is at its height, it is resolved to invoke the sooth-

ing power harmony:

"Let music's sound
Aloud resound!
It conquered saul
And soothed his soul,
When flew the dart
In fury to the shepherd's heart.

Soft pity to infuse,
Invoke the tuneful muse.
The Persian Victor owned its power,
To sorrows moved, his fury o'er,
Stern fortune's fickle mood he mourned,
His burning rage to sighs he turned,
And grieving o'er man's lis below,
The gushing tears began to flow.

Sing, Peri, sing, Sweet peace and hope and mercy's

Sweet peace and hope and no power,
Let forests ring,
And o'er the boiling wave
Diffuse the soothing strain.
The song of hope shall save,
When powerless all beside
To stem wild passion's tide.

To stem wild passion's tide.

O, for Timotheus' strain!
Or.:hine, Cecilis divine!
In holiest rapture's vein,
In harmony sublime,
Let both combline,
The spheres conjoin,
As echo to the cascade's chime
Thy tones, divinest maid,
That "drew an angel down;"
Or thine, upon the sounding lyre that made
Those master lays that mortals bore
In costacy to Heaven!
In songs all new be given,
On hill and plain,
Hope's cheering strain!
Lo! in ecstatic measures,
Tells she of promised pleasures!
Touched by her magic hand the chords resound,

Touched by her magic hand the chords resound.
Louder and louder still she pours along
Her sweetest notes; the cavern's echo round;
The charmed dryade warble to the song.
Earth's loveliest scenes the entrancing
music hail,
And vocal are the woods, the hills, the vale.
Now as her softest, hollest themes she chose,
Were heard responsive, murmuring at each
close,
Celestial volees round the listening shore:
"Let joy prevail! be hate and war no more!
The choral naisds sang. The red man
smiled,
His soul with pleasure thrilled and he threw
down
His gory tomahawk! No more defiled

down
His gory tomahawk! No more defiled
Shall be his hand to seek in blood the
victor crown. There is now a complete change of scene, and an idea is given of the pleasure which it affords to the cultivated traveller:

Seeks choice delight
A traveller wight.
From distant clime
Earnest he roams
Charmed with the chime
Of the rushing tide that foams
Through varied scenes and new.
By Ottawa's shelving shore,
Bursts on his gladdened view,
Men's happiest homes before
The wigwam's curing smoke.
What rapture to his soul she scene.
Is this the conquered red man's yoke
Free as the winds to roam through forests
green?

The poem concluded, the Dumfries' paper adde, with a glowing tribute to the power that watches over and protects this happy state of things.

CARACTACUS.

The British hero, after a nine year's struggle, together with his warlike Britons, in defence of national independence, against the conquering legions of Rome, is defeated at last, and led captive on board the fleet of the victorious Proconsul, Octorius Scapula. The haughty Roman official, although flushed with victory, disdains not to converse with his captive enemy. As is to be expected, the Roman defends the religion and social customs of his country. The Briton, on the other hand, insists that everything at Rome is more barbarous than the practices of the people whom they styled "barbarians." The Proconsul endeavors to console the vanquished Briton by promising him the advantages and happiness of Roman civilization. The latter can see nothing good in such civilization. The Religion of Rome is an irrational and degrading superstition. Egypt, even, whose idolatry was sufficienty gross, did The Religion of Rome is an irrational and degrading superstition. Egypt, even, whose idolatry was sufficienty gross, did not descend so low as ancient Rome. There was some show of reason in its creed and worship. The Briton, addressing the Proconsul, thus contrasts the theology of Egypt with that of Rome:

"Ægypt your jest, gods in whose gardens where'er a germ of life this earth can show, As Azypt deems, divinity there dwells.

More strange the myriad crowd that endless The Roman Heaven. Like noxious vermin swarm Rome's deities; lost virtues hath no charm; Reigns vice triumphant, crime the Roman's pride, His glory all that mortals seek to hide,"

customs are alike condemned:

"Such crooked ways you dare refinement"
name,
Whilst others deem you glory in your
shame.
Your social system is a slavish state;
The like to us would be a direful fate.
Liberty our glory, free rule our pride,
Rome's slavishness we never could abide.
The noblest of your nobles is a slave.
Abject, indeed, though bravest of the brave.
What though Patrician he be proudly
named,
And conqueror in fields of war wide-famed,
Both life and liberty are at the feet of tyrant
power.

Both life and fiberty are at the feet of tyrant power.

The slave pest in each homestead ever dwells,
The writhing slave, in vain, the Master quells,
Ne'or peace can be, where robbed of all that's dear.
Crushed mortals must a rigid tyrant fear.
Padon, great Roman, if so foul a blot with you to share it never be our lot."

With you to share it never be our lot."

The games and sports of the Romans are equally detestable in the eyes of the simple Briton:
To us are odious even the Roman's games. Beasts of the forest studiously he tames. That in the arena he behold them fight, Each other tear, their pain the crowd's delight.
"Tis passing strange that pleasure sheuld afford Such scenes of wild beast strife, such mad discord Of cruel mind the people we must deem Who see with joy the fatal goy stream, As maddened tigers furiously rush, Or elephants their forest foes to crush."

This is not all. Roman cruelty goes

"Nor yet suffice such fights the thirst for

"Nor yet suffice such fights the thirst for blood in Rome to quench; must flow a richer flood; Such free bestow the gladiato, shows: A victim felled by fratricidal blows, There falls the warrior, born for honor's fight, the field, the country's fame to shield. His desilay the country's fame to shield. To certain death each swordsman is consigned, whilst o'er his ruin thrills the cruel mind Witn mad delight. No hope to soothe his fact, the country is specific to the field of the cruel mind witn mad delight. No hope to soothe his fact, the country is specific to the field of the cruel mind with mad delight. No hope to soothe his fact, the country is soon to the hard tyrant thirsting for his blood, the bows obsequious. Frei neath laid low, Cresar he halls and waits the fateful blow. Such ways the free-born British mind appall; Roman's meanwhile civilization call This berbarous social state from which recoils

Humanity. Wonder not warlike tolls We've gladly met, the mighty power to stay, Such lils could bring our liberty away."

The Romans cling with blind and

The Romans cling with blind and bigoted obstinacy to their superstitious practices and have no tolerance for any-thing of a more rational and exalted nature.

Rome born for war, its lot I'll not gainsay; But, why, on earth, such cruel narrow way That Rome no generous tolerance can show To those who cannot superstitions bow To all the feebled deitles that crowd The Roman heaven? Such nation brings a

of cloud of the control of the control of gods all new, your gates are open thrown and superstitious worship promptly shown. Some people reasoning more, one God supreme Make bold to honor: too sublime the theme; The grand philosophy you treat with scorp, As if mankind your gods to own were born."

In consequence of this intolerance, the Jewish people and the christians, although Roman citizens, together with some of the best philosophers of Rome, such as Senece, were cruelly persecuted and put to death. The Briton contrasts this barbarity with the milder and more enlightened practice of his fellow-countrymen.

"Britannia's boast,—a purer worship ours
Than rites that jealous guard the Roman
powers.
To our convictions true, we fear not change:
Let God be worshipped, forms, however
strange,
We tolerate. The Christian we allow,
And dread not other sects that misst us

And dread not other sects that misses us grown of the one Delty, as God alone, By all within our land is honor shown. The rites, though varied, have no other aim Than high to glorify the soverign Name. Our brethren of the North, with sage fore-

Our brethren of the Notes, which sight,
Have welcomed to their land the Christian light;
And Druid temples wisely have been given That Northerns all may seek the Christian's Heaven."

The Briton marvels greatly at the blindness and obstinacy of the Roman people:

'Tis strange you have not learned opinion's May not be crushed, it reigns the Empire By force and torture long you've tried to stay The Christian thought, yet wider spread its sway.

In Rome scarce yet its half a century old,
And, you must own, both firm and sure its

hold, To root it from the land all power is vain. The rushing tide to stem the more you strain. The more it speeds, like the wild ocean's swell as onward driven by some resistless spell.

As they converse, a sudden storm arises and disperses the fleet. On the return of calm weather and whilat the Proconsul and his captive are reposing on the Island, now known as Malta, the British hero is favored with a vision which greatly con-

"Came, as he calmly slept, a vision bright Our hero's soul to cheer, a glorious sight. Britannia, in grand triumphal mood, Before the astonished dazzied Briton stood. In her right hand a trident huge she bore That seemed to nod o'er the surrounding well hast thou fought, my noblest patriot

in days to come for Britain's battle done, Will live thy warrior name, nor e're will cease
Thy well won praise; thy valor will increase
of Britain's sons the warlike fire; thy fame
Incite them as they onward to renown
And Empire spring. By this great trident
shows shown
All round the midland sea, her mighty will
Shall give command, and passions all bestill."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Brave Volunteers

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the
North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have
supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor,
It never fails to remove corns painlessly,
and the volunteers and everybody else
should have it. Beware of substitutes.
Get Putnam's Extractor and take no
other.

THE SORT OF BLOOD from which the THE SORT OF BLOOD from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is bilious or weak. Uninterrupted, thorough digestion may be insured, the secretive activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced into Canada.

Do not delay in cetting relief for the

As the Druidical system which admitted only the belief and worship of one God, prevalled in Britain, the gross superstition of Rome could not but suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?