BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIFTH. CHAPTER XVL

ENTRAPPED.

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whose Iras was ready, she would come or sead a servant. In every well-regulated Roman house the atrium was the reception of Roman house the Article of the Roman house the roof, and pondered the sky and its assure depth; then, leaning against a pillar, he stode under the opening in the roof, and pondered the sky and its assure depth; then, leaning against a pillar, he stode the distribution of light and shade, and its effects; here a veil diminishing objects, there a brilliance exaggerating others; yet sobody came. Time, or rather the pass again he traced out the figure upon him, and he wondered why fras stayed so long. Again he traced out the figure upon him, and he wondered why fras stayed of the fifth of the figure upon him, and he wondered why fras stayed of the fifth o

Who in Autioch had the motive to do him harm?
Messal:
And this palace of Indernee? He had seen Egypt in the vestibule, Athers in the snowy portice; but here, in the strium, was Rome; everything about him betrayed Roman ownership. True, the site was on the great thoroughfare of the city, a very public place in which to do him violene; but for that reason it was more accordant with the audacious genius of his enemy. The strium underwent a change; with all its elegence and beauty, it was no more than a trap. Apprehension always paints in black.

its elegence and beauty. It was no more than a trap. Apprehension always paints in bisck.

The idea irritated Ben-Hur.

There were many doors on the right and lett of the atrium. leading, doubtless, to sleeping-chambers; he tried them, but they were all firmly fastened. Knocking might bring response. Ashamed to make outery, he betook himself to a couch, and, lying down, tried to reflect.

All too plainly he was a prisoner; but for what purpose? and by whom?

If the work were Messalia's! He sat up, looked about, and smiled defiantly. There were weapons in every table. But birds had been starved in golden cages; not so would he-the couches would serve him as battering-rams; and he was strong, and there was such increase of might in rage and deepair.

there was such increase of might in rage and despair!

Messala himself could not come. He would never walk again; he was a cripple like Simonides; still he could move others. And where were there not others to be moved by him? Ben-Hur arose, and tried the doors again. Once he called out; the room echoed so that he was startled. With such calmness as he could assume, he made up his mind to wait a time before attempting to break a way out.

In such a situation the mind has its ebb and flow of diaguiet, with intervals of peace between. At length—how long, though, he could not have said—he came to the conclusion that the affair was an accident or mistake. The palace certainly belonged to somebody it must have care and keeping: and the keepsr would come; the evening or the night would bring him. Patience!

Po concluding, he waited.

Half so hour passed—a much longer period to Ben-Hur-when the door which had admitted him opened and closed noiselessy, as before, and without attracting his attention.

The moment of the occurrence he was sit-

on.
The moment of the occurrence he was siting at the farther end of the room. A footep startled him.
"At last she has come!" he thought with throb of relief and pleasure, and arose.

The step was heavy, and accompanied with the gride and clang of course sandals. The glided pillars were between him and the door; he advanced quietly, and leaned against one of them. Presently he heard veloce—the volces of men—one of them rough and gutural. What was said he could not understand, as the language was not of the East or South of Europe.

After a general survey of the room, the strangers crossed to their left, and were brought into Ben-Hur's view—two men, one very stout, both tail, and both in short tunies. They had not the air of masters of the house or domestics. Everything they saw appeared wonderfal to them; everything they stopped to examine they touched. They were vulgurians. The atrium seemed profuned by their presence. At the same time, their leisurely manner and the securance with which they proceeded pointed to some right or business; if business, with whom?

which much jargon they sauntered this way and that, all the time gradually approaching the piliar by which Bro-Har was standing. Offa little way, where a stanted sleam of the sun fell with a glare upon the mosale of the floor, there was a statue which attracted their notice. In examining it, they steeped in the light.

The mystery surrounding his own presence in the palace tended, as we have seen, to make Bes-Hur nervous; so now, when in the tail stout stranger he recognized the Northman whom he had know in R. me. and seen crowned only the day before in the Circus as the winning puglist; when he saw the man's face, scarred with the wounds of many battles, and imbruted by ferocloue passions; when he surveved the fellow's naked limbs, very marvels of exercise and training, and his shoulders of Herculean breadth, a thought of personal dauger started a chill along every vain. A sure instinct warned him that the opportunity for murder was too perfect to have come by chance; and here now were the myrmidons, and their business was with him. He turned an anxious eye upon the Northman's comrade—young, black eyed, black-haired, and attagether Jewish in appearance; he observed, also, that both the men were in the area. Putting the several circumstances together, Beu-Bur could not be longer in doubt; he had been lured into the palace with design. Out of reach of aid, in this applendid privary, he was to die!

Ata loss what to do, he galed from man's to man, while there was enacted within him that miracle of mind by which life is passed before us in awful detail, to be looked at by ourselves as if it were another's; and from the evolvement, from a hidden depth, east up, as it were, by a hidden hane; he was given to see that he had entered upon a new life, different from the old one in this than not the presentation would have brought the weakness of remorre. Not so with Ben-Hur; his spirit had its emotions from the teachings of the first law giver, not the last and greatest one. He had dealt punishment, not wrong, to Measli

houlders.

"Ha, ha, ha! I have heard how a god more came from a cow licking asalted stone; out not even a god can make a Roman of a

but the even a god can make a Roman of a Jew."

The laugh over, he spoke to his companion again, and they moved nearer.

"Hold!" said Ben-Hur, quitting the pillar.

"One word."

They stopped again,

"A word!" replied the Saxon, folding his immenss arms across his breast, jand relaxing the menace beginning to blacken his face. "A word! Speak."

"You are Thord the Northmau."

The giant opened his blue eyes.

"You were lanista in Rome."

Thord nodded,

"I was your scholar."

"No," said fhord shaking his head. "By the beard of Irim, I had never a Jew to make a fighting-man of."

"But I will proye my saying."

"How?"

"You came here to kill me."

"Phat is true."

"You came here to kill me."
"That is true."
"That is true."
"That is true."
"That is true."
"Then let this man fight me singly, and I will make the proof on his body,"
A gleam of humour shone in the Northman's face. He spoke to his companion, who made enswer; then he replied with the naivete of a diverted child:
"Wait till I say begin."
By repeated touches of his foot, he pushed a couch out on the foor, and proceeded elsurely to stretch his burly form upon it; when perfectly at ease, he said simply: "Now begin."
Without ado, Ben-Hur walked to his antagonist.

Without ado, Ben-Hur walked to his antagonist.
"Defend thyself," he said.
The man, nothing lowth, put up his hands, As the two thus confronted each other in approved position, there was no discernible lequality between them; on the contrary, they were as like as brothers. To the strang er's confident smile, Ben-Hur opposed an earnestness which, had his skill been known, would have been accepted fair warning of danger. Both knew the combat was to be mortal.

would have been accepted fair warning of daager. Both knew the combat was to be mortal.

Ben-Hur feinted with his right hand. The stranger warded, slightly advancing his left arm. Ere he could return to guard, Ben-Hur caught him by the wrist in a grip which years at the oar nad made terrible as a vice. The surprise was complete, and no time given. To throw himself forward; to push the arm across the man's throat and over his right shoulder, and turn him left side front; to sirke surely with the ready left hand; to strike the bare neck under the ear—were but petty divisions of the same act. No need of a second blow. The myrmidon fell heavily, and without a cry, and lay still.

still.

Ben-Hur turned to Thord.

"Ha! What! By the beard of Irmin " the latter cried in astonishment, rising to a sitting posture. Then he laughed.

"Ha! ha, ha! I could not have done it better myself."

He viewed Ben-Hur coolly from head to cool, and, rising, faced him with undiaguised admiration. admiration.

It was my trick—the trick I have practised for ten years in the schools of Rome. You are not a Jew. Who are you?

You knew Arrius? Who are you?

'Quintus Arrius? Yes, he was my satron.'

"Quintus Arrius." Ies, he was my patron."

"He had a son."

"Yes," said I hord, his battered features lighting dully, "I knew the boy: he would have made a king gladiator. Cen ar offered him his patronage. I taught him the very trick you piayed on this one here—a trick impossible except to a hand and arm like mine. It has won me many a crown."

"I am that son of Arrius."

"I am that son of Arrius "I had that son of Arrius "I am that son of Ar

for his enemy to interfere with him in the work he had undertaken for the King who was coming. Why abould not he resort to the Roman's methods? The man hired to kill him could be hired to strike back. It was in his power to offer higher wages. The temptation was strong; and, half yielding, he chanced to look down at his late antagonist lying still, with white upturned face, so like himself. A light came to him, and he saked, "Thord, what was Messale to give you for killing me?"

"A thousand sestertii."

"You shall have them yet; and so you do now what I tell you, I will add three thousand more to the sum"

The giant reflected aloud.

"I won five thousand yesterday; from the Roman one—six. Give me four, good Arrius—four more—and I will stand firm for you, though old Thor, my hameasks, strike me with his bacmer. Make it four and I will kill the hig patrician, If you say so. I have only to cover his mouth with my hand—thus."

He illustrated the process by clapping his hand over his own mouth.

"I see," said Sen Hur; "ten thousand sectoril is a fortune. It will enable you to return to Rome, and open a wine-shop near the Great Circus, and live as becomes the first of the lantic a."

The very scars on the giant's face glowed afresh with the pleasure the picture gave him.

"I will make it four thousand," Ren-Hur

with me!"
Meanwhile the superior was giving something to drink to the company. Only a few of the guards accepted. For the most part they refused, and the whole troop took leave with a very different air from that which they had on coming in. "I did not know what the Little Sisters were?" How many others among those wretched wanderers are also ignorant of it.

Thord drew nearer, and ylewed nim carefully; then his eyes brightened with genuine pleasure, and, laughing, he held out his hand.

"Ha, ha, ha! He told me! would find a Jew here—a Jew-a dog of a Jew—killing whom was serving the goda."

"Who told yous o?" sæked Ben-Hur, taking the hand.

"He—Meesala—ha, ha, ha!"

"When, Thord?"

"Last night."

"I thought he was hurt."

"I thought he was hurt."

"He will never walk again. On his bed he told me between groans."

A very vivid portrayel of hate in a tew words; and Ben-Hur saw that the Roman, if he lived, would still be capable and dangerous, and follow him unrelentingly. Revenge remained to sweeten the ruined life; therefore the clinging to fortune lost in the waser with Sanabaliat. Ben-Hur ran the ground over, with a distinct foresight of the ground over.

AN INCIDENT OF 1798.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF AR EVENT WHICH OCCURRED DURING THE IRISE REBELLION.

the Homania methods? The mas hired it, it was is his power to offer higher ways. The his connected to look down at his lafe and a property of the connected to look down at his lafe and property. A thousand essertill."

"A thousand essertill." With white updared face, so the himself of the himself of the way of the property of the connected and the himself of the himsel

moment when the old people were called book and taking their evening meal, a rife shot was to be all and the Little Sisters were about taking their evening meal, a rife shot was the well known signal which amounced the people of the content of the little family opened the doors and a troop of more than a bundred men rushed noisily into the house. They were threatening in their house. They were threatening in their heatet and in a mood to be facred. "Close the doors," he crief, "place sentituels, and if one of these women tries to go out shot her down!" The Superior of the house—the who which he had used toward his men and which suffered no answer, demanded to which he had used toward his men and which suffered no answer, demanded to the community. I do not know the exact figure, but whatever it was it astoniated the captain. It is all placed before the eyes the riches of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but whatever it was it astoniated the captain. "He captain the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but whatever it was it astoniated the captain." He captain the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but whatever it was it astoniated the captain. "He captain the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but whatever it was the attended to the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure and the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but when the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure and the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but we have a congress of the community. I do not know the exact figure, but well as the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure and the captain of the community. I do not know the exact figure and the captain of the captain o

by sending a messenger to him with a letter, of which the following were the contents :

Mr. Holt, I should be glad to have Mr. Holt, I should be glad to have some conversation with you. Point out any place you think proper to me. Bring as many of your men as you please. I will bring with me only my servant. I will also bring with me some dinner, and if you will let me know what will satisfy you for your losses, I will use my endeavor to get it for you. He politely thanked the noble veterau for his kind offer, but, influenced by his followers, declined the interview.

The king's forces were advancing upon him from every direction. His little army was almost surrounded. Neither he nor his men were willing to surrender. They were forced to disperse and betake themselves to places of concealment among the mountains. St. Kevin's bed, a hole in the rock at Glendelough, was for some time the hiding-place of Holt and Dwyer. When all hope of retaking the field had left him, and he had no means of subsistence, circumstances compelled him to aurender. He applied to Lord Power-soourt, with whom he was well acquainted, and was cheerfully received. When other landlords field to the metropolis for fear of Holt's rebels, Lord Powerscourt stayed at home and was not interfered with; for this his lordship thanked the ex commander and promised to befriend him.

The overthrown chieftain was lodged in Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle. The notorious Jimmie O'Brien, whose brother John had been one of the officers, came to tempt him to turn King's evidence against his comrades and thereby save his own life, but this he apurned with indignation.

During our hero's confinement he

against his comrades and thereby save his own life, but this he spurned with indignation.

During our hero's confinement he occupied his time writing his own life, which was afterwards edited and published by the accomplished Crofton Croker. In lapse of time, he was brought to trial. He offered no defence, and was sentenced to die. Lord Powersourt did not forget his pronsise. Through his prevailing influence the sentence was transmuted to transportation for life. He was ultimately pardoned and liberated. He died at Kingston in 1826.

Of Holt's chief companions in arms—the eccentric, but learned and intrepid Denis Taafe lived by the kindness of those who pitied him until 1813, when he died in Dublin; Billy Byron paid the penalty of his offence upon the scaffold; his brother Garrett took the benefit of the "Banishment Act," and went into exile.

Michael Dwyer could not bring himself to submit; he had a sort of foreboding that another attempt to overthrow foreign domination might be attempted in his day, and he resolved to hold himself in readiness for it.

With a price upon his head, chased like a wolf over brakes and mountains, he led

day, and he resolved to hold himself in readiness for it.

With a price upon his head, chased like a wolf over brakes and mountains, he led a sort of rapparee life among the fastnesses of his native county until Robert Emmet fledged his bold but unfortunate project in 1803 when he became one of that lamented hero's chief confidants.

On the failure of that daring enterprise he returned to the mountains, and, in despair of Ireland's liberation, when matters quieted down a little, offered to surrender, on condition of being allowed to emigrate to America. This offer was accepted by the authorities. He crossed the Atlantic. From there he went to Australia, where he died in 1825. His remains lie in Devonshire street Cemetry, Sydney, from whence it is proposed to bring them back to Ireland.

THE WORKINGMAN'S TRUE

N. Y. Irish American.

The detailed account of the report made by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, to the authorities of the Propaganda, on the subject of the Knights of Labor, shows, as every intelligent Catholic must have known, that the Cardinal simply holds that it is the duty of the Church to continue, as she has ever done, to support the laboring classes in their lawful efforts to ameliorate their condition in the social world. The Cardinal shows that the Labor organization has in view a laudable object, to which it strives to attain by means which should have the direction of such a wise and prudent authority as the Church; and that unless such influence is afforded to the Labor organization, there is danger that foolish and reckless advisers may turn it into unlawful and demoralizing channels. N. Y. Irish America unlawful and demoralizing channels. The Church can be,—as she always has been,—the champion of the people against the tyranny and oppression of ill-timed and misapplied power,—and can lend valuable assistance to the workingman in the efforts he makes for the redress of his acknowledged wrongs. workingman in the efforts he makes for the redress of his acknowledged wrongs. To her conservative guidance, therefore, he should look with much more encouraging hope, that he will find her at once politic and sympathetic, when he shows moderation, obedience to the laws, and strict adherence to wise and peaceable measures. The Cardinal declares that if, in the past, some of the labor movements have been marked by any acts of unlawful violence, they were contrary to the fundamental laws of the organization—which ought not to be held under general condemnation for the folly and unauthorized acts of individual members. Therefore, the imperative duty of the Church to guide and control such a powerful instrument in the social economy—so that it may be directed for wise and useful ends—becomes—if such a conclusion is possible—more imperative than it has been heretofore. At any rate, Cardinal Gibbons—as the representative of the Church—has fulfilled his duty in the matter, nobly—for the duty in the matter, nobly—for the greater glory of God, and for the benefit of his fellowmen.

Henry George is likely to experience some difficulty in persuading the farmer to become an advocate of his land sys tem. In a recent interview he says: "I would tax the farmer whose farm is worth \$1,000 as heavily as I would the adjoining proprietor who, with the same quantity of land, has added improvements worth one hundred times \$1,000." This would encourage the making of improve-ments, but it would be exceedingly tough for the man who did not have the capital to make improvements.

FOR IMPAIRED VITALITY. DR. F. SKILLEM, Pulaski, Tenn., says: "I think it is a reliable medicine for im-

paired vitality."

H. Gladden, West Shefford, P. Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severly. I suffered a great deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, and I r-joice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

THAT "BISHOP OF JERUSALEM."

Baltimore Mirror.

Cablegrams from London inform us that Archdescon Blyth has been "presented with the vacant Bishopric of Jerusalem," and that "he will be consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury." Perhaps the next dispatch will tell us that Archdescon Blyth has respectfully declined a very unenviable post, unless he is a tremendously secondrate man. However that is, the news suggests the history of that unfortunate "bishopric"—a quite extended tragicomedy. The spectacle of the British government "presenting" an archdescon of the Church by Law Established, and "by Bayonets Upheld," an honest old William Cobbett would always add "with the vacant Bishopric of Jerusalem," is certainly odd enough. But there is more than laughter in this business.

Half a century ago there were two "Bishops" of Jerusalem—one appointed by the German government and one by the English. Each had a handful of followers, chiefly Bible and tract distributors, in the city and its environs. The principal object the two powers had in view was to maintain some foothold in Asia Minor and some influence over the Eastern Christians to counterbalance the fast-growing strength of France, which has always been recognized as the protector, not only of the Catholics, but also of the Asiatic sects. Presently these governments discovered, or thought they discovered, that they were paying too much for their whistle, and concluded to pool their issues by alternately appointing the "bishop"—the German selection being consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

This step was taken during the highest point of the Tractarian, or Pussyite, movement, of which Cardinal Newman, then a minister of the Established Church, was the real leader. When the act of Parliament was passed authorising the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate as "bishop" a man who was actually a member of the Lutheran Church, it sent a shock through all the ranks of the Ritualists. Newman wrote an indignant protest against the deed, but political expedience overruled ecclesiastical la

the Anglican Church." He adds, at the end of this chapter: "I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me; which many think a great misfortune, and I one of the greatest of mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end." In short, it turned his face definitely towards the Catholic Church, and after five years of struggles with doubts, he enlisted his keen logic and brilliant rhetoric under the banner of the one true faith. What a power he had been to the cause need not here be told; and the good he has accomplished may be set down to the credit side of that ridiculous, alternating "Bishopric of Jerusalem."

The "Massacre" of 1641.

Irith American, January 15.

Mr. Alfred Webb, has contributed to the Irish Press Agency's series of phamphlets an excellent brochure upon "The alleged massacre of 1641." In no other country of the world, perhaps, would it be necessary to discuss the events of nearly 4wo hundred and fifty years ago as bearing upon contemporary politics. as bearing upon contemporary politics. But the opponents of the Irish cause, for want of better material, have had recourse to the monstrous fictions of Sir John Temple, and have argued that Home Rule would lead to the mas-sacre of Irish Protestants, since, in an armed insurrection against maddening or pression, the Catholics of Ulster comarmed insurrection against maddening of pression, the Catholics of Ulster committed atrocities in the reign of Charles I. The story of the pretended massacre, resting upon the evidence of the Trinity College depositions, has been exposed by various writers as a tissue of absurdities, impossibilities, and transparent falsehoods. Edmund Burke was convinced of the fraudulent character of these depositions, and John Mitchel, in his trenchant reply to Froude, published in the Irish American, under the title of "The Crusade of the Period," has torn the fabrication to pieces, and made clear the vile motives that prompted the inventors of the lies. But prompted the inventors of the lies. But Mr. Webb, by giving the evidence of Mr. Webb, by giving the evidence of Protestant writers exclusively, many of whom were bitterly hostile to the Irish, has amassed a body of proofs and opinions that must carry conviction to the mind of the most prejudiced. That murders were committed by the insurgents is certain; the massacres of the Catholics were perpetrated by the Protestant settlers and soldiery is not denied; but it would be impossible to induce Englishmen of common intelligence to believe, if Ireland were not concerned, that the "rebels" put 300,000 Protestants to death in Ulster at a time when there were only 200,000 Protestants Protestants to death in Ulster at a time when there were only 200,000 Protestants in all Ireland, and only 20,000 living outside of the walled towns, which never fell into the hands of the Irish. Yet this is the "Loyal and Patriotic" version of history.

For weak lungs, spltting of blood, shortness of breath, concumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

Mesers. Mitchell & Platt, druggists London, Ont., writes Dec, 1881. We have sold Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say, no medicine on our shelves had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

A Severe Attack.

"I never felt better in my life than I have since taking Burdock Blood Bitters. I had a severe bilious attack; I could not eat for several days, and was unable to work. One bottle cured me." John M. Richards, Sr., Tara, Ont. For all bilious troubles use B. B. B.

For Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur

Bymn in Honor of the Blessed Fug- hi (From the Month.)

rlowers of the mertyrs! Oh, what joy Transports our hearts to-day! to long we waited ere cur voice bight sing this gladsome lay: Flowers of the martyrs! hall, all hail! With fire and sword well tried and found True heroes unto death, Sailing with suferings and with blood Our country asscient Faith E Flowers of the martyre! hall, all hall!

In dur grous dark, mid tortures ruce
Ye fought the noble fight,
Working such wondre to deeds of love
For Jesus and for Right;
Flowers of the martyrs! hall, all hall!

Ye died for Christ and the bleat Faith;
How glorious was the strife!
Yet death was but the fitting close
Of a brave marity? ilie:
Flowers of the marity:s! hall, all ball!

How blissful new the pains ye bore, Your wounds bew bright they shine! Hew fresh the leurels Mary's hands Around 5 our blows entwine! Flowers of the martyra! bail, all bail! O blessed marty; s! in your blord;
) Our country's Faith shall flower;
And England shall sgain be owned
Our Lady's royal dower;
Flowers of the martyrs! bail, all bail!

Flower's of the martyrs!, tis the cry
Of hearts o'et fit wed with glee,
That to the world the Church proclaims
Your glottons victory!
Flowers of the martyrs! hall, all hall!

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION, S. J.—HIS CONVERSION, MISSIONARY WORK, AND MARTYRDOM.

That God will never allow the gates of That God will never allow the gates of hall to prevail against His Church is a matter of faith, and that he providentially raises up new helpers and propagators of the true faith when human and disbolical ingenuity have done their best to uproot it is a matter of history, and is exemplified in the rise and rapid development of the Society of Jesus and its "kindred societies," as Prince Bismarck would say, just at a time when the revolt in Northern Europe against everything sacred had swept away so vast a number of the religious houses of sucient days. And England, which in 1539 saw the overturning of the greater monasteries, saw in the same year the birth of one who was destined year the birth of one who was destined hereafter to be smoog the leaders of the new society which St. Ignatius of Loycal was about to found.

Born, by a happy augury, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25,

of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25, 1539, old style), Edmund Campion's carly life was passed amid the mixed religious surroundings of the London of those days. His life at Oxford was that of so many other young men of the day. St. John's College, founded by a Catholic and with a Catholic head, was naturally one of the strongholds of the old party, and though one after another of its principals was forced on one pretext or another to quit his post, no serious attempt seems to forced on one pretext or another to quit his post, no serious attempt seems to have been made to force the fellows and students into conformity till 1564, when Sir Thomas White died. At any rate no religious test was exacted of Campion till that year, when, with the fatally common "provisional acquiescence in wrong," as his modern historian terms it, which ruined the Church of England, "he took the oath of supremacy sgainst the Pope and sgainst his own conscience." His vanity, too, was nearly proving fatal to him. His winning ways, his ready wit, his gifted eloquence won him a large circle of friends and followers, and the Campionists of Oxford imitated his phrases and fashions much as of old the admirers of St. Jerome had copied the tone and gait of their reverend masthe admirers of St. Jerome had copied the tone and gait of their reverend mas-ter. Everyone sought his friendship; every opportunity was afforded him of displaying that eloquence which charmed whoever listened to him. At the State burial of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, at the funeral of Sir Thomas White, at the visit which the queen paid to the university in 1566, it was Edmund to the university in 1566, it was Edm Campion who was chosen to deliver the Campion who was chosen to deliver the customary harangue. On two other occasions, at least, he had an opportunity of displaying his powers before Queen Elizabeth—once in a formal discussion in the university, when he talked much eloquent nonsense about the moon and tides, and again at Woodstock, where he delizated an impreparty discourse. tides, and again at woodstock, where he delivered an impromptu discourse on fire. With the good graces of the queen and the favor of Lord Robert Dudley to rely on, the path to preferment was open to him, but the grace of God at last delivered him from the pleasant snare that was like to have wrought his ruin.

to him, but the grace of God at last delivered him from the pleasant snare that was like to have wrought his ruin. His deliverance came about in a remarkable way. Among his friends the one who exercised most influence over him was that remarkable man, the founder of the High Church School of Anglicanism, Cheney, Bishop of Gloucerter. Compromise then as now was the distinguishing mark of that peculiar variety of insular Christianity, and in spite of the conscientious scruples which he felt, Campion was induced by his plausible and learned episcopal director to frequent the services of the young Establishment, the example of Naaman in the house of Rimmon being the slender justification of this schismatical act. Having begun his downward career, the next step of poor conscience-racked Campion was to receive the Anglican diaconate at Cheney's prompting, "not thinking that the matter had been so odious and abominable as it was." Then his mental struggles began in good earnest; he threw up his exhibition, strove to quiet his soul by hard work—he was procter in 1568-69—but all in vain. The more he read and prayed and studied the Fathers the deeper became his conviction that only one course was open to him, and on August 1, 1569, the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, he threw off the bondage of the heretical servitude which had hitherto kept him at Oxford, and betook himself to Dublin, where the old university founded by John XXI and Archbishop Wigmore was about to be re-opened under Catholic influences. The undertaking did not prosper, and Campion, whose Catholicity was immensely strengthened by his stay in the Island of Saints, soon found it necesary to hide himself from the persecution which was gathering round him. Turvey, Dublin and Drogheda were auccessively the retreats of Mr. Patrick, as he called himself, out of devotion to the apostle of the country, and it was whilst "dodging the pursuivants" who were on