

"My father," he said, "bore a good name, and was not without honor in Jerusalem, where he dwelt. My mother, at his death, was in the prime of womanhood; and it is not enough to say of her she was good and beautiful; in her tongue was the law of kindness, and her works were the praise of all in the gates, and she smiled at days to come. I had a little sister, and she and I were the family, and we were so happy that I, at least, have never seen harm in the saying of the old rabbi, 'God would not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.' One day an accident happened to a Roman in authority as he was riding past our house at the head of a cohort; the legionaries burst the gate and rushed in and seized us. I have not seen my mother or sister since. I cannot say they are dead or living. I do not know what became of them. But Malloch, the man in the chariot, yonder was present at the separation; he gave us over to the captors; he heard my mother's prayer for her children, and he laughed when they dragged her away. Hardly may one say which graves deepest in memory, love or hate. To day I knew him afar—and Malloch—"

"He caught the listener's arm again. 'And Malloch, he knows and takes with him now the secret. I could give my life for it; he could tell if she lives, and where she is, and her condition; if she does—much sorrow has made the two as one—if they are dead, he could tell where they died, and of what, and where their bones await my finding.' 'And will he not?' 'No.' 'Why?' 'I am a Jew, and he is a Roman.' 'But Romans have tongues, and Jews, though ever so despised, have methods to beguile them.' 'For such as he? No; and, besides, the secret is one of state. All my father's property was confiscated and divided.' Malloch nodded his head slowly, much as to admit the argument; then he asked anew, 'Did he not recognize you?' 'He could not. I was sent to death in life, and have been long since accounted of the dead.' 'I wonder you did not strike him,' said Malloch, yielding to a touch of passion. 'That would have been to put him past serving me forever. I would have had to kill him, and Death, you know, keeps secrets better even than a guilty Roman.'"

The man who, with so much to avenge, could so calmly put such an opportunity aside must be confident of his future or have had some better design, and Malloch's interest changed with the thought; it ceased to be that of an emissary in duty bound to another. Ben Hur was actually asserting a claim upon him for his own sake. In other words, Malloch was preparing to serve him with good heart and from downright admiration. After brief pause, Ben Hur resumed speaking.

"I would not take his life, good Malloch; against that extreme the possession of the secret is for the present at least his safeguard; yet I may punish him, and so you give me help, I will try." "He is a Roman," said Malloch without hesitation; "and I am of the tribe of Judah. I will help you. If you choose, put me under oath—under the most solemn oath." "Give me your hand, that will suffice." As their hands fell apart, Ben Hur said with lightened feeling, "That I would charge you with is not difficult, good friend; neither is it dreadful to conscience. Let us move on."

They took the road which led to the right across the meadow spoken of in the description of the coming to the fountain. Ben Hur was first to break the silence. "Do you know Sheikh Ilderim the Generous?" "Yes." "Where is his Orchard of Palms? or, rather, Malloch, how far is it beyond the village of Daphne?" Malloch was touched by a doubt; he recalled the prettiness of the favour shown him by the woman at the fountain, and wondered if he who had the sorrows of a mother in mind was about to forget them for a lure of love; yet he replied, "The Orchard of Palms lies beyond the village two hours by horse, and one by a swift camel."

"Thank you; and to your knowledge once more. Have the games of which you told me been widely published? and when will they take place?" The questions were suggestive; and if they did not restore Malloch his confidence, they at least stimulated his curiosity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Died on the Churchyard Steps.

While worshippers were going in and out of St. James' Catholic church, in James street, New York, about 11 o'clock last Sunday morning, an old woman sat down to rest on the wooden steps which lead to the area on the west side of the church. It was bitterly cold. She wore a thin black dress and a black shawl, and on her feet were slippers in place of shoes. She laid a bundle down beside her and leaned her face in her hands. A few moments later she fell over on one side. The sexton helped to carry her into the basement, and Dr. Keefe was called in. She was dead. Her hair was quite white and her wrinkled face showed that she was at least sixty years of age. On the third finger of her left hand was a marriage ring. No one knew her, and she was removed to the Oak street police station, and thence to the morgue. A man said he thought her name was Kate Kelleher.

"Better die sooner. Than live in this pain." Better die sooner, but get and take medicine that will relieve pain which is only an evidence of disease, and thus you may live on in health and happiness. If you have a cold or cough, weak or sore lungs, consumption, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, impure blood or liver disease, take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a certain cure for these diseases. By druggists.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

THE IRISH CATACOMBS.

A NEW YORK PRIEST'S MIDNIGHT MASS AT GLENGARIFF, COBK.—HIS ELOQUENT AND PICTURESQUE PERSONAL NARRATIVE.—HEART RENDING SCENES OF DESTITUTION.—THE PEOPLE'S SUBLIME DEVOTION TO THE FAITH OF THEIR FATHERS.—THEIR NATIONAL VITALITY AN IMMORTAL YOUTH.

From Glengariff, Father Bernard O'Reilly has addressed the following letter to the Sun of New York. It is brimful of interest: Two years ago, at this very time, I wrote from Dublin, as the battle between landlordism and the agricultural population of Ireland—the few crushed and ground down remnants of the ancient Celtic race on this island—was growing in intensity. A fierce campaign of evictions was then going on with redoubled pitilessness all over this unhappy country, and the horrors of death by starvation or cold threatened the thousands who were doomed to be cast out homeless, shelterless, penniless, as the rigors of winter increased and the blessed season of Christmas was dawning upon the world. Since then the struggle for existence has gone on all over this depopulated soil, the civilized world watching the progress of this fearful drama, as the assembled Gaiques and Chinese went to watch in the old classic age of liberty, the unfolding of some of the grand tragedies of *Æchylus*, or *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*, recollecting the fearful catastrophes preceding and accompanying the extinction of the old families of heroes and demigods. Aye, it is no less than the utter extinction of the last hope of Irish nationality, the blotting out from their native soil of the last generation of Catholic Celts, that I, of Salisbury, hounded on by the *Times* and the *James' Gazette*, is now attempting, and now, perhaps, on the point of achieving successfully. A certain nameless dread of such a success falls upon my spirit as I go among the hovels of the poor round about me here, on Lord Bantry's estate and the lands of his uncle, Mr. White of GLENGARIFF CASTLE.

What are these hovels in their utter and indescribable squalor, wretchedness and misery but the last stage of degradation to which the blind, unreasoning, suicidal brutality of Irish landlordism has brought a Christian, a civilized people? What is this condition of the heroic tenants of these hovels, half-clad in midwinter, shivering over the slowly burning peat fire, in their low, narrow, windowless, mud-floored and smoky dens but the condition of men reduced to a more comfortless and hopeless condition than the Greenland Eskimauks or the famished Maltrials along the Mackenzie river, and around Hudson bay? At least Indian and Eskimauks have no greedy landlords or landlords' agents watching every deer that is slain in the chase, every fish taken from the waters of river and ocean, to claim the chief portion thereof as a something due by hunter and fisherman to the lords and owners of the soil. What the natives of our most remote northern regions wrest from the land by culture and the chase or gain from its streams is all their own. But the half-fed animal, the cow, the calf, the pig, the fowls which yonder mountaineers, the tenants of the Earl of Bantry, shelter beneath the same roof as their children, are the only safeguard under God's providence which stands between their poor families and eviction, the only means with which to purchase for another six or twelve months the doubtful comforts of the roof that covers them, the cold, naked walls that shelter them against the storm. Do not blame the poor, lone widow, the smoke of whose cottage I can see from this, if the only piece of furniture within her dark burrow—a narrow bed filled with ancient straw—affords a resting place to the few fowls she manages to feed, as well as a bed to herself by night. These fowls have given her what she needs to satisfy the landlord, who was wont to exact his rent to the last farthing; who cares not whether she, poor old Peggy, lives or dies; and who will never take a thought of repairing the thatch on the roof and stopping the downpour of the incessant rain on the head of

THE MEERK AND VENERABLE SUFFERER. Venerable! do I say it? Yes, and most truly. Listen! Yesterday morning two ladies from the hotel, the one an American and the other the charitable and pious mistress of the house, sallied forth with provisions and other comforts to bring some brightness to the most cheerless hearts in our neighborhood. Old Peggy's hut was the first visited. "She did not expect us," my informant said. "We had to stoop to get inside the low, narrow doorway. The place was dark and filled with smoke, and over the few burning sods of peat on the hearth we could distinguish the crouching form of the aged inmate. She rose to welcome us. There was no flurry in her manner, no servility in her tone. She spoke to us the noble and pure sentiment of the poor Irish peasantry, clothed in the picturesque and poetic language which is the form of their native Celtic. Most grateful was she for our visit and for our Christmas offering. But her words and her manner throughout were those of an equal, who wished to return our kindness and courtesy in her own way. She insisted on bringing us to the hotel some fresh laid eggs, all her earthly treasure. Why should she be under the obligation of receiving presents from us without being free to reciprocate?" It was the same everywhere the visitors went. The spotless reputation of these lowly cottagers is a proud and priceless inheritance, transmitted from generation to generation. Their pure lives and heroic struggle against adversity would do honor to the noblest born. The lofty sentiments to which they give utterance, and the beautiful language in which all, young and old, express them, show the careful Christian culture. But is not this state of things, this perpetual, this desperate alternation between parting with all that characterizes a civilized home, with everything that can make it bright, comfortable, habitable, in order to save that home itself from destruction,

THE LAST STAGE OF EXISTENCE for a people? Is not Europe, is not all Christendom, is not the world looking on, silent, unsympathetic, inactive, while English statecraft and Irish landlordism are working together to extinguish the last sparks in a whole nation? Lord Salisbury and Harrington, as well as the selfish British monopolists represented by

BY "AN OUTSIDER."

SKETCH BY A LIBERAL PROTESTANT PEN OF PROMINENT CHURCHES AND PRIESTS.

Just at present, in view of the interest taken in controversy—it can now be termed such—between the suspended rector of St. Stephen's Church and his superiors, here and abroad a good deal of attention has been centered on the leading pastors and parishes of the city. There are very clear characteristics of the condition of the Church throughout the city just at present. Some of them may fairly be termed as unique. Perhaps the highest grade was never so high, the zeal in missions and charities never more actively expressed, nor better able to be. Up to the date when the differences with Dr. Glynn had passed such stages as the Retort Courteous and the Reproof Valiant, developing into the Countercheck Quarrelsome, no discord was noticeable to mar a busy harmony of Christian labor among Catholic leaders here.

Naturally St. Patrick's Cathedral first comes to one's mind among representative parishes, with its stately marble edifice, its sort of miniature Milan duomo in type, its large corps of assistant clergy, Archbishop Corrigan at the center of parish and archdiocese. A man of profound ecclesiastical study, of invincible determination of character, a quick sense of what is due to his Church and to himself, the Archbishop is respected rather than essentially loved. Love does not attach itself, at least, through heresy, to Archbishop Corrigan. As a preacher he has a singularly polished, quiet, elegant style. He is very familiar with his Bible. He quotes continually, and with a striking spontaneity from it while in the pulpit; he rarely has occasion to reconstruct a sentence of his sermons (delivered without notes) and a naive felicity of language that is marked.

Furthermore, the Archbishop is usually a very undenominational Catholic preacher. He takes up broad Christianity, not his Church's tenets, as the backbone of his discourse. A Presbyterian or a Baptist may hear him and usually never dissent from a phrase, first and last. His style is more literary than oratorical. It is unnecessary to say that St. Patrick's has an immense congregation, made up of wealth and poverty of aristocracy and utter democracy of learning and unlearning. The Cathedral's musical attractions are expensive and fine, though the size and acoustics of the great building are a serious drawback.

With St. Stephen's prominence among city churches almost every one is familiar. The beautiful old church in Twenty-eighth street has a certain dignified repose and sobriety about it, the pathos of which suggests Europe rather than our country. There is a want of that newness and smartness of many of our conspicuous Catholic churches. Dr. McElynn's aggressive, entering into any cause he believes in and is resolved to work for, has been a loadstone to draw throngs of Catholics and Protestants to hear him. When Dr. McElynn wishes to be magnetic, as has long been said, he is irresistible with a throng of his listeners. His bold speech on any point, the air that here is a man acting in the full course of his convictions, the idea he gives that he is an impulsive, highly educated, broad minded Christian man who happens to be a priest—all this is part of a spell. Father Curran is also highly esteemed in St. Stephen's precincts, and there is a large staff of auxiliary clergy. To the beauty of the services in the church, the pathos of one of the best choirs in America, the various missions supported, and the peculiar cohesiveness of its congregation allusion is needed here, after so much as has already been seen in print within a fortnight.

To Father Ducey's church, St. Leo's, also in Twenty eighth street, and to that parish a considerable individuality attaches. First, the church (relatively) stands among the newer Catholic edifices of the city; it is one of the most beautiful and tastefully decorated in the town. St. Leo's may be said to represent intellectual Catholicism in New York; devout Catholicism, unswerving Catholicism, but still intellectual, American, and a distinctly evangelical Catholicism. Its crowded congregation is of the wealthiest and the most thoroughly educated Catholic circles. It attracted away from St. Stephen's many influential households. There is no neglect of the poor; but somehow, one does not associate a less illustrious element with St. Leo's. At its head is Father Ducey.

Father Ducey is regarded here as a man with a notable career widening before him. Young, brilliantly versed in secular knowledge as well as ecclesiastical learning, a literary man of wide taste and study, and well known at Rome, he unites a wide range of attainments and a wide range of experience as a speaker. It has been said of this pastor that the charm of his voice, like Virgil's, would make dull matter enjoyable—though there is no dull matter where Father Ducey is concerned. He, too, is an especially non-sectarian preacher. This is one reason, with the attractiveness of his speech and style, that St. Leo's is said to be more frequented by non-Catholics or Protestants interested in the Church services, than any other Catholic house of worship. There is liberality and frankness, the attitude of Catholicism to the world and time, in the atmosphere of St. Leo's to give it strong significance. The parish does an almsgiving work, proportionate to its resources and thrift, several other clergy being auxiliaries in it.

THE ROSARY IN THE FAMILY. Archbishop Corrigan says in his pastoral letter: "In speaking of family devotions, we cannot refrain from recommending, once more the pious practice so earnestly insisted on by our Holy Father—the recitation, namely, of the Holy Rosary. It is a powerful means of fostering love to our Blessed Lord and His Virgin Mother; it is an efficacious help to the preservation of Divine Faith. Two hundred years ago, when the last Catholic missionaries disappeared from Japan, they left the Rosary as a precious legacy to their sorrowing disciples, with the trust and conviction that devotion to this compendium of the Gospel would keep alive attachment to the Christian religion. For two hundred years no Catholic priest was allowed to set foot in Japan; yet within our own memory, when our missionaries were again permitted to penetrate to Nagasaki, they found eight thousand Christians anxious to meet them, and still reciting the holy name of Jesus and Mary in the loving mysteries of the Rosary."

An Obstinate Case. "In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Jorrie, Ont.

THE FATE OF A SCOFFER.

The Angelus.

In the year 1875 I had the pleasure of visiting the thrifty little kingdom of Belgium. Persons of every class, from England, France, and Germany, were then flocking thither, to witness the miraculous ecstasies of Louise Lateau, and testify to the marvellous issue of blood from the five wounds in her privileged person, and to acknowledge the finger of God working in the midst of an incredulous generation. What wonder if sectaries saw in her a silent reproof of their own conduct, and discerned in her supernatural status a living evidence of the very God they had sworn to disown! The direct result of this reflection was a hatred which was intensified by the Father of lies.

When Carnival approached, the professors of infidelity and of the lodge of the *Soldatiers* in the town of L— were no longer rational; they were dispossessed of reason, and carried away by their antipathy to this passive victim of the Faith in which they too had been born and baptized; and finally they devised a plan whereby to vilify religion, and depreciate the veneration in which Louise Lateau was held. Elaborate preparations were made, large sums of money were expended in arranging a procession of infamous characters, in which all that was sacred was trampled; even the adorable person of Our Redeemer himself was mimicked.

In the line of procession there appeared a large cart, handsomely decorated and drawn by fine horses, which contained a group intended to crush out completely all reverence for the Stigmatisse of Bois d'Haine. There was Louise represented as a boxom village maid, most at variance with her natural retiring character and unbecoming her extraordinary privileged state; while her companion, equally well contrived by these haters of truth, represented the devil. He was repulsive in his costume, more disgusting still by his unseemly gestures, and even more hideous by the contrast intended, and by the association which the tableau was designated to inculcate. People looked at the cart. Some laughed at the ludicrous ensemble; others were frantic, as if possessed; others again were sad, and exclaimed: "Ah—trop fort!" and some went away blushing for shame that such things could be.

Animated on one side at the success of his freaks, and enraged on the other by the manifestations of the disapprover, the inebriated demon saw, in both the effects of his role, and lost no opportunity of continuing his part, to the satisfaction at least of his task-masters. The streets had been paraded till there remained only the by-ways and alleys wherein to reiterate the shameful exhibition. Finally, still dressed in his infernal garb, the wretched actor left the gilded cart for the seething bar-room, where, proud of his vile feat, he continued to gratify the shameful passions of associates of his own cast. At last he left the inn and tottered down the street to seek his home. He passed before the beautiful old parish church as the bells chimed out the hour of midnight, and made for the narrow bridge that spans the canal. He had not gone far when he lost his balance, and down he fell into the sluggish stream below. Help! help! help! But no one heard his cry of distress.

The morning bells rang out their duty notes, and the strokes of the Angelus invited Christians to another day of prayer; and the anxious mother, who had sat the long night through by the flickering candle watching for the return of her wayward boy, blew out the light and stood by the doorway. But no Jean Jacques appeared. An hour later, however, the passers by discerned a frightful object—not a man, not a creature of earth—in the dark waters of the canal.

Men and women gathered round, and held grave consultation. The mystery was soon solved. The corpse of the demon actor was dragged from the polluted waters, and laid out in the *gendarmerie* in all the sad irony of fate, and many a reckless youth, who had cheered the player of the day before, went home, skinning himself whither had gone the soul of the unfortunate man who but a few hours ago was so hale, so strong, so thoughtless of his end.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS. The Church has celebrated yearly since the fourth century, on the sixth day of January, three solemnities in the life of our Blessed Lord, these are the adoration of the Magians, the baptism in the Jordan, and the miracle in Cana.

The word Epiphany, which is derived from the Greek, signifies manifestation, and is used on this occasion because on it there is a triple manifestation: of Jesus Christ to men—a threefold disclosure of some mystery of His life. In the first mystery, the divine infant was shown to the three wise men of the East, reposing in the arms of His Immaculate Mother: "And having entered into the house, they found the Child with Mary, His Mother, and falling down adored Him."

In the second mystery, our Lord, now grown to manhood, was baptized by Saint John in the river, and the voice of the Eternal Father proclaimed Him from heaven: "Thou art my beloved Son, in Thee I am well pleased." The unanimous tradition of the ancients assigns this day as the one on which He was baptized. In the third mystery the divine power of our Lord over the elements of nature was shown by changing water into wine at the wedding feast. "This brightening of fountains did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him."

We do not sound a needless alarm when we tell you that the taint of scrofula is in your blood. Inherited or acquired, it is there, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone will effectually eradicate it.

He Shock It. "I was subject to ague for two or three seasons; which nothing would eradicate until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, since which time, four years, I have had no return of the disease." W. J. Jordan, of Strange, Ont.

WILL THE IRISH PEOPLE REVOLT?

It is a strange sensation to hear an English paper speaking as the *Pall Mall* does—

"If the Irish," it said on Monday, "had left in their half as much resolution and self-reliance as the English and Scotch they would revolt. But the poor Celt is spiritless and docile, and he will probably wait until we are at handgrips with our foe before he ever begins to prepare to deal that deadly blow at our heart which we shall then avert in the old way by conceding to menace what we have refused to justice, and an Irish Parliament will once more come into existence not as pledge of good will, but as a confession of impotence extorted by threat of war."

We do not agree with the *Pall Mall*, however, that it is the resolution and self-reliance that are wanting to force the Irish people to revolt, or that the poor Celt is by any means so spiritless as it thinks. A spirit that for seven hundred years has kept up a ceaseless fight against the domination of the powerful and self-reliant Britain without being daunted or broken is not likely to be much afraid of the dominant Britain with his power and resolution reduced to Sir Michael Hicks-Botchy. No; the Irish people do not rise in revolt because they think they have learned a better way than revolting, and they do not give the present British Government—as yet—the credit of being able to unteach them. Revolting—at any rate unless such a contingency as the *Pall Mall's* *Contempt-plates* had arisen—would hardly be a fair game with 30,000,000 of the flower of the British army permanently entrenched in all our strong positions, and insurgents neither armed nor drilled. This is the stern fact, realized only after bloody experience, and not any want of self-reliance or spirit that keeps the Irish people patient under things that naturally excite the indignation of a free born English democrat. The Irish have tried rebellion of one kind or another in history, as the *Pall Mall* must only have momentarily forgotten, until the name of rebel has been for generations the highest title to which an Irish patriot can only lay claim. The next time they rebel—if any tragic calamity, not distinctly visible within the ambit of the present horizon should again drive them to such a course—they will take care to choose their own time and way of Castlereagh the Second, for throwing up the barricades.—*United Ireland.*

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