"My father." he said, "bore a good name, and was not without honor in Jernalem, 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, Good 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 Malluch, 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, Malluch"—

He caught the listener's arm again. "And, Malluch he knows and takes "My father," he said, "bore a good ame, and was not without honor in Jer-

He caught the listener's arm again. "And, Malluch, he knows and takes with him now the secret I would give my life for: he could tell if she lives, and where she is, and her condition; if she mothey—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 be 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 hearn't them"

"For such as he? No; and, besides, the secret is one of state. All my father's property was confiscated and divided." Malluch nodded his head slowly, much as to somit 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

"I wonder you did nor strike him,' said Malluch, yielding to a touch of pas

sion.

"That would have been to put him
seat serving me forever. I would 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 a opportunity aside must be confident of his future or have ready some better design, and Malluch'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, Malluch's 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 Mal-

"I would not take his life, good Malluch; against that extreme the possession
of the scret 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 Malluch without
hestation; "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."

"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 con-

cience. 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 Sheik Ilderim the Gen-

"Where is his Orchard of Palms? or, rather, Malluch, how far is it beyond the village of Daphne?" Malluch was touched by a doubt; he

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 Malluch his confid-ence, they at least stimulated his curios-

TO BE CONTINUED.

Died on the Churchyard Steps.

of on in-wd ala a-ays all. Iur his out

out ich of en-

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 hittenly cold. She work 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 of shoes. She laid a bundle down beside her and leaned her face in her hands. A few moments later she fell over to on 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 soon, Than live on lingeringly in pain."

Better do neither, 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 may five on in health and happiness. In you have a cold or cough, weak or sore lungs, consumption, chronic nassl catarth, bronchitis, impure blood or liver disease, take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," a certain cure for these diseases.

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.

NEW YORK PRIEST'S MIDNIGHT MASS AT GLENGARIFF, CORK—BIS ELOQUENT AND PICTURESQUE PERSONAL NABRATIVE— -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 subjoined 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 leland—was growing in intensity. A fierce campaign of evictions was then going on with redoubled pitileasness all over this unhappy country, and the horrors of death bystarvation 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 degolated soil, the civilized world watching the progrees of this fearful drams, as desolated soil, the civilized world watching the progress of this fearful drams, as the assembled Greeks at Athens were wont to watch, in the old classic age of liberty, the unfolding of some of the grand trilogies of Echylus, or Euripides, or Sophocles, recountering the fateful catastrophes preceding and accompanying the extinction of the old families of heroes and demicods. As we it is no less then 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 Lord Salisbury, hounded on by the Times and the St James' Gazetts, 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 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 what are these novels in their utter and indescribable equalor, 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 the 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 floored and smoky dens but the condition of men reduced to a more comfortless and hopeless condition than the Green-land Esquimaux or the famine-decimated tribes along the Makenzie river and around Hudson bay? At least Indian and E-quimaux have no greedy landlords or landlords' sgents 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 lords and owners of the soil. What the natives of our most remote northern regions can wrest from the land by culture and the chase or gain from its stream 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 the doubtful comforts of the roof that covers them, of the cold, naked walls that covers them, of 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 plece of furniture within her dark burrow—a narrow box 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. Those fowls have given her wherewith to satisfy the landlord, who was wont to exact his rent to the last fartbing; who care not whether she, poor old Peggy, lives or not whether she, poor old Peggy, lives or dies; and who will never take a thought recalled the prettiness of the favour of repairing the thatch on the roof and rain on the head of

THE MEEK 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 distirguish 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 sentiments 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 through out were those of an equal, who wished to return our kindness and courtesy in her own way. She insisted on bringing to us to the botel some fresh laid eggs, all her earthly treasure. Why should she be under the obligation of receiving presents from us without being free to recipro-cate?" It was the same everywhere the visitors went. The spotless reputation of these lowly cottagers is a proud and priceless inheritance, transmitted from genera-tion 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 alternative 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 statesmanship and Irish landlordism are working together to extinguish the last sparks in a whole nation? Lord Salisbury and Hartington, as well as the selfish British monopolis's represented by

that illogical Radical, Chamberlain, and his fellow merchants, are resolved to end the Irish question this time by making an end of Celtic Ireland. If it depends on them, we shall surely witness the finis Hibernice. But I believe that no people who have for centuries believed in Christ, and generously suffered all things for their devotion to their baptismal faith, can ever perish from among the nations. And in the marvellous power of endurance of the Irish masses in Ireland there is revealed an element of strength which ance of the Irish masses in Ireland there is revealed an element of strength which will not only befile the ferocious designs of Lord Salisbury and his followers, but prove to be one of the energies of the coming national renovation. I have been so far carried away by the feelings begotten by the surrounding misery, to which I cannot close eye or heart. There are, however—thank God for it—many things which this Christmastide among the mountains of Ireland force uprn my observation, that fill my soul with hope, and make me proud of these oppressed Celts—my own flesh and blood. Just a year ago I paid a visit in Rome to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and after kneeling reverently in the lowly underground chapel where the sainted remains of no less than fourteen Popes had been buried less than fourteen Popes had been buried hurriedly after martyrdom, I took com fort in thinking how soon the persecuted, hunted Christians of the first three cen-turies triumphed over the utmost might of the Roman empire. Do you know that here in Glengariff, and in very many places throughout Ireland, the Catholic Calta are still provided. Celts are still, practically, CONDENNED TO LIVE IN THE CATACOMBS CONDEMNED TO LIVE IN THE CATACOMBS?
On Christmas eve we went from here to
assist at early mass in the poor chapel of
Glengariff, and to go to confession to the
good parish priest, Father Mangan, who
lives some ten or twelve miles away
beyond the mountains. The poor, rudelyflagged and whitewashed chapel reminds
one of the extraordy does it

one of the catacombs, so strangely does it contrast with the beautiful Protest-ant church not far distant, with its adjoining rectory surrounded by gardens and tastefully laid out grounds. Mass had commenced before we arrived. The two transepts and the space before the altar were filled with kneeling worshippers, wholly intent on following the sacred rite so dear to their hearts. The benches along both sides of the nave were occupied by women, mary of whom were in their long Irish cloaks and capes. Not a sound dis-turbed the stillness of the place. No dis-traction seemed capable of turning eye or mind from the lowly altar at which the priest was efficiating with a reverence that impressed me. Presently the communion bell rang. I expected to see a dozen at bein rang. I expected to see a dezen at most approaching the table of the Lamb. I knew that the night before, in the midst of a fearful rainstorm, Father Mangan had been called from his distant home to attend a man taken suddenly ill on the opposite side of the bay. Arrived near the crest of the mountains, however, the good priest had to dismount, to leave his horse in the nearest shelter and to thread his way, lantern in hand, through the downpour and the pitchy darkness. How could he find time and strength to hear the contessions time and strength to hear the contessions of the hundreds to whom he gave communion the next morning? All present in the sacred edifice seemed to have approached the railing in succession, and the men and boys were in a majority. I could not help believing that, on

THE LAND OF ST PATRICK, the Catholic Celts are still in the cata combs, in the unquenchable fervor of a faith and a piety which fourteen centuries of the practice of Christianity has not dimmed. That same night it was my privilege and unspeakable consolation to celebrate midnight mass in this hotel. One of the private sitting rooms had been most tastefully decorated with holly and other evergreess. There were here and there as has already been seen in print within a fortificial moss and fern covered rocks, and in one corner of the room was a beautiful grotto representing the cave of the nativity at Bethlehem, with groups of figures—
Joseph, the Virgin Mother, the Divine Babe and the worshipping angels. It was bung with twelve colored lamps. The poor people from the mountain side adjoining were admitted. No such midni, ht mass, no such scene of light and beauty, intellectual Catholicism in New York. artificial moss and fern covered rocks, and in one corner of the room was a beautiful grotto representing the cave of the nativity at Bethlehem, with groups of figures—Joseph, the Virgin Mother, the Divine mass, no such scene of light and beauty, had been beheld among them since the days of Henry VIII. Throughout the day others among their neighbors have come here to worship in this improvised chapel, the young people of both sexes singing hymns in henor of the Saviour. Enough, I only give you a glimpse of the Irish heart in its religious purity and strength, of the Irish nature in its rich generosity to God and man, of the Irish character in these strong features of indomitable hopefulness strong features of indomitable hopefulness and undying faith in justice and liberty. As I write this there are rumors of the disruption of the Tory government. that Providence, who controls the destin-ies and the lives of nations, dividing and confounding the councils of politicians, to save from the last calamity a people so lovable and so full of the energies of im-mortal youth?

## 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 recitahissection, namely, in the family circle, of the Holy Roeary. It is a powerful means of fostering love to our Blessed Lord and His Virgin Mother; it is an efficacious His Vigin 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 be attached to the Christian keep alive attachment to the Christian religion. For two hundred years no Cathreligion. For two nuncred years no Catnolic priest was allowed to set foot in Japan, yet within our own memory, when our missionaries were again permitted to penetrate to Nagasāki, 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 Results. 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 dearth One.

### BY "AN OUTSIDER."

SKETCH BY A LIBERAL PROTESTANT PEN OF PROMINENT CHURCHES AND PRIESTS. Just at present, in view of the interest Just at present, in view of the interest taken in the controversy—if 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-cut characteristics of the condition of the Church throughout the city inst at present. Some of them may condition of the Church throughout the city just at present, Some of them may fairly be stamped as unique. Perhaps the intellectual grade was never as 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 Valiaut, developing into the Countercheck Quarrelsome, no discord was noticeable to mar a busy harmony of Christian labor mar a busy harmony of Christian labor among Catholic leaders here. Naturally St. Patrick's Cathedral first

Naturally St. Patrick's Cathedral first occurs to one's mind among representative parishes, with its stately marble edifice, a sort of miniature Milan duomo in type, its large corps of assistant clergy, Archbishop Corrigan as the center of parish and srchdiocese. A man of profound ecclesiastical study, of invincible determination of character a only sense of what it due. astical 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. Cardinal McCloskey was respected and loved. Love does not attach itself, at least, through hereay, to Archbishop Corrigan. As a preacher he has a singularly polished, quiet, elegantstyle. He is very familiar with his Bible. He quotes continually, and with a striking spontacontinually, and with a striking sponta-neity from it while in the pulpit; he rarely has occasion to reconstruct a sentence of his sermons (delivered without notes) and has a suave felicity of language that is

Furthermore, the Archbishop is usually very undenominational Catholicacher. He takes up broad Christian ity, not his Church's tenets, as the back-bone of his discourse. A Presbyterian or a Baptist may hear him and usually never dissent from a phrase, first and last.
style is more literary than oratorical. 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 accustics of the great building are a serious detraction.

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 sombreness about its rich interior that suggests Europe rather than our country. There is a want of that newness Country. Increase a man of that newness and smartness of many of our conspicuous Catholic churches. Dr. McGlynn—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. Catholics and Protestants to hear him. When Dr. McGlynn wishes to be magnetic, as has long been raid, he is irresistible with a throng of his hearers. His bold speech on any point, the air that here is a man acting in the full courage of his convictions, the idea he gives that he is an impulsive, highly educated, broad minded Christian man who happens to be a priest impulsive, nignly educated, broad minded. Christian man who happens to be a priest—all this is part of a pell. Father Curren is also highly esteemed in St. Stephen's precints, and there is a large staff of auxiliary clergy. To the beauty of the services in the church, the perfection of one of the best choirs in America, the various missions supported, and the various missions supported, and the peculiar cohesiveness of its congregation only allusion is needed here, after so much as has already been seen in print within a

no such scene of light and beauty, 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 stilluent 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 literarian of wide taste and study, and well known at Rome, he unites a natural oratorical gift to thorough training and experience as a speaker. It has been said of this pastor that the charm of

teen 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 prescher. 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 Catholics. the Church services, than any other Cath-olic 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 eleemosynary work,
proportionate to its resources and thrift,
several other clergy being auxiliaries in

Father Lilly and the great Dominican Church, some twenty years erected (on Lexington avenue and Sixty sixth street), of which he is the head, have long been notable. Father Lilly was a missioner in constant demand all over the country before he settled here. Under him the Dominican Order has attained new significance in the city. There is no lack of temporal prosperity in his flock, though there is a large element of the less fortunate which makes the parish, for whosoever will come to it. The late John Kelly, the Crimmins family, and accept of other untown. Catholics have a score of other uptown Catholics have been members. Father Lilly is a speaker or distinct power, of the robust and natural style of pulpit oratory, and when he has occasion to enter upon polemics, in public or private, his resources of in-

success of the Paulist Order, of which he is Superior, make the populous parish in the center of which stands New York City's second largest church edifice (Protestant or Catholic) a distinguished community. Father Hecker is now, we believe, a septuagenarian, or nearly so. His has been a wonderful career. The efforts to carey out his conscientious purposes so early swinced, have been signally rewarded.

He seldom nowadays speaks in the vast, somber pile being slowly completed by the confraternity, or in public, having come to the resting time, so far as he will have one while he draws breath. Father Deshon, a learned and beloved man, success of the Paulist Order, of which be

Deshon, a learned and beloved man, Father Hewitt and Father Searle, who have

been diligent and prominent workers and preachers, relieve their Superior of as

and preachers, relieve their Superior of as much fatigue as they can. The last named priest is the present Acting Supperior of the order.

A mighty figure, literally among the rest, is Father Murpby, of St. Francis Xavier's gorgeous church in West Sixteenth street. This stately, enormous mass of granite, scarcely completed, built in the worst and most rococo Italian style (a basilica in hysterics, an architect might call it), is crowded at its imposing services with a representative assembly of our Catholic population; each of its contrasting elements. The rich foreign class, in particular, are pew-holders, or regular attendants. Side by side with them are the parishioners from the tangled west side, the upper floors of Sixth Avenue flats, and an ifbors of tenements. The College, under the care of the Church, its mission enterprises and private charities are large calls on its ample resources.

calls on its ample resources.

We speak of Father Murphy as a mighty man. He is over six feet two in height, deep chested and strong thewed, a heroic figure, typical of a soldier rather than a priest. He has a resonant, frank voice, a clear eye; and as a brother priest laugh-ingly observed of bim, "a heart inside of his body as big as the whole outside of it." Like most of the Catholic clergy, he speaks extempore, with a fluent, easy style, perspicu-ity more than polish characterizing it, and vital Christianity rather than dogma, his best-loved theme. A clergyman associated with Father Murphy is Father Daly, known and honored for his benevolence and his interest in the spiritual welfare of seamen frequenting this port.

seamen frequenting this port.
Such are representative Roman Catholic pastors, parishes, and churches in our community. One would like also to speak at length of old St. Patrick's in Mulberry street; of Father Riordan's work at Castle Garden; of St. Peter's in Barclay street; of St. Vincent de Paul's in Twenty third street, and of St. Vincent Ferrer, in Sixty-sixth attent if in Twenty third street, and of St. Vincent Ferrer, in Sixty-sixth street, if space allowed. To look at the growth of Cath-olicism from a purely ecclesiastical stand-point is more usual to many than from the aspect presented in the above—which is at once interesting and (particularly to those who reside in the city and mingle with a wide range of its excipations. is at once interesting and particularly those who reside in the city and mingle with a wide range of its social circles) a subject for close thought.—E. I. Stevenson in N. Y. Independent.

## WILL THE IRISH PEOPLE RE-VOLT ?

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

"If the Irish," it said on Monday, "had "If the Irish," it said on Monday, "had left in them half as much resolution and self-reliance as the English and Scotch they would revolt. But the poor Celt is spirit-broken and despairing, and he will probably wait until we are at handigrips with our foe before he ever begins to deal that dead that deal the deal that deal prepare to deal that deadly blow at our 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 tiful and tastefully decorated in the town.
St Leo's may be said to represent the Irish people to revolt, or that the poor Celt is by any means so spirit broken 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 proken is not likely to be much afraid of the dominant Britain with his power and resolution reduced to Sir Michael Hicks-Botchery. 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. B. volting—at any rate upless such a con-Revolting—at any rate unless such a contingency as the Pall Mail Gazette contemplates had arisen—would hardly be a fair game with 30,000 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 reliperietce, and not any want of self reli-ance or spirit that keeps the Irish people patient under things that naturally excite the indignation of a free born English de-morrat. The Irish have tried rebellion of ener than any people in history, as the Pall Mall must only have momentarily forgotten, until the name of rebel has been for generations the bighest 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.

# Deep Sea Wonders

exist in theusands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Cu, Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards, where ever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Worney derange the whole system.

Worms derarge the whole system.
Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator de-ranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty five cents to try it and be convinced.

### THE FATE OF A SCOPPER.

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 then flocking thither, to witness the miraculous costasies 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 discwn? The direct result of this reflection was a hatred which was intensified by the Father of lies.

hatred which was intensified by the Father of lies.

When Carnival approached, the professors of infidelity and of the lodges of the Solidaires 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 parations were made, large sums of money were expended in arranging a procession of infamous characters, in which all that was sacred was travestied; even the adorable person of Our Re-deemer Himself was mimicked.

In the line of procession thappeared a large car, handsomely de appeared a large car, handsomely decorated and drawn by fine horses, which contained a group intended to crush out completely all reverence for the Stigmatisee 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 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 culcate. People locked at the car. Some laughed at the ludicrous ensemble; some laughed at the indicrous ensemble; others were frantic, as if possessed; others again were sad, and exclaimed: "Ah—trop for!" and some went away blushing for shame that such things could be.

could be.

Animated on one side at the success of his freaks, and enraged on the other by the manifestations of the disapproval, 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 test meeters.

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 shameless exhibition. Finally, still dressed in his infernal garb, the wretched actor left the gilded car for the seething bar room, where, proud of his vile feats, he continued to gratify the shameless 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 to seek his home. He passed before the beautiful old parish church as the bells 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 balarce, and down he fell into the sluggish stream below. Help! help! help—! But no one heard his cry of distress.

The morning hells rang out their duty.

The morning bells rang out their duty notes, and the strokes of the Angelus in-vited Christians to another day of prayer; vited Christians to another day of prayer; and the snxious 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, how-ever, 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 pollutted 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, asking 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

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, repesing 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

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 of 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 heavized. 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 beginning of fuiracles did Jesus in Cana of Gaillee, 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 Shook It.

"I was subject to ague for two or three seasons, which nothing would eradicate until I tried Bardock Blood Bitters, since DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of Strange, Out.