The Little Exile. BY ANNA B. BENSEL

Downing in the South-land the breezes ar Here in the North-land the snow-winds are wait just to hear what the separation in the whisper ing, back, oh, come back !" they whisper

Here in the North-land the snow-banners Far, far away are the elfin-chimes rivging, But where I am staying no sweet flowers

Down in the South-land the voices are call ing
Away from the North-land where snowwinds are free,
I wait just to hear while the soft flakes are
falling. falling,
"Come back, oh, come back " they whisper
to me. — Independent.

BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPFER XIV.

When the dash for position began, Rentur, as we have seen, was on the extreme oft of the six. For a moment, like the short, he was half-blinded by the light in the area; yet he managed to each sight of its amagonists and divine their purpose. It seems to be a seen yet to the same of the six for the same of the six for the six

perate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hexards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honour—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion on his part; ne bilinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune; he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collisicion, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the collects); and it suggested; what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a country-man who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his

It is one thing to see a necessity and snother to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the rall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the four but his sprang into the course under the urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, daried across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to loss the loss time and gain the greatest possible advance. Bo, while the speed to his advance, Bo, while the speed to see the vicing at the Arabs, daried involvement in the strong sees the vicing with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the strong he cut in Ben-Hur swept with Messalas, though on the cutaide. The change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches; the Circus seemed to rock and rock scain with prolonged applause. Then Esther chapted her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smilling, offered his nundred sestertii as second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an israelite.

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second Roal.

The pedestal of the three pill ars thereviewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charloteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the care plunging after the course and forward over his

the speciators a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rat-ic and clang of the care plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audac-ity of the man flamed out in an astonishing

ity of the man named out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lessh with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward afficignted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly, and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the lerge hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dan gerous turr, and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with ail his boldness, felt it unsafe to triffs further.

further.
As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even pleated.

caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphiu on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner, the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin. Three rounds concluded still Messaia held the inside position; still Ben Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rom's during the latter Creasean period-Messaia and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthiau. Sidonian, and Byzautine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamour continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the riva's in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place out side Ben Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the speed had been and beasts

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" criecianballat to the Romans under the consul' There was no reply.

There was no reply.

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take tny seteriti." answered a
Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messals hath reached his utmost speed.
See him lean over his charlot-rim, the reins
loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the
few."

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chavior-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.
"By Hercules!" he replied his countenance failing. "The dog throw, all bis weights on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Joye with us, Jove with us."

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the velaria over the consul's head.
If it were true that Messals had attaned his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge shead. He horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcomy their heads low down; from the balcomy their heads low down; from the tolerance earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion, their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long did they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed, as they neared the econd goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.
The joy of the Messals faction reached its bound; they screamed and tolin reached its bound; they screamed and tolin did his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower galery over the Gase of Triumph, found it had to keep his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower galery over the case of Triumph, found then the something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, but, of Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his eyes but an occasional sparts of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared giad.

Along the home stretch—sixth round—Messals leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story:

"First fiew Emelus on Pheretian steeds; Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind, And seen just mounting on his car behind; Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze, And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees."

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messal

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with peritions clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

the Jew. Iney left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Beo. Hnr's face agair, and it was whiter than be'ore. Simonides, so rewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheir, if Ben. Hur be not about to execute some design. His face bath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendour of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch?"

One bell and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

six hundred feet away were fame; increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineflably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-foided isah in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eves gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening protended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramsic, as the shelk himself, he called to the Arabs:
"On Adair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them sligging in the tents, I hear the children singing and the women—singing at the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel. Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will rever end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares, Rigel. Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will rever end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares, Rigel, He was verthrown the proud. The hand that smole us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Hs, hai—steady! The work is done—sono! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel; Ben-Hurs inner wheel behind the other's car all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circua, and, quicker than thought, cut over the curse a spray of shining while the over the cause a spray of shining while the over the was a rebound as of the axic hitting the had carth; another and another; then the car went to pleces; and Messala, enlangied in the reins, pitched forward leadions.

To increase the horrord headions.

To increase the horrord heading with head the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four; all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turnoil, the figuing of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Hyzantine go on down the course after Ben Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

and hyzatine go on down the course after and hyzatine go.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his saye, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the

dening energy of ection with which, by, word, and secture, he so suddenly indid his Araba. And such reaming! It rather the long leaping of lions in less; but for the lumbering charlot, it led the four were flying. When the autime and Corinthian were hall-way in the course, Ben-Hur turned the first

rlumph. And the day was over.

CHAPTER XV. Ben-Hur tarried across the river with liderim, for at midnight, as previously de-termined, they would take the road which the caravan, then thirty hours out, had pur-

termined, they would take the road which the caravan, then thirry hours out, had pursely the caravan, then thirry hours out, had pursely the shelt was happy; his offers of gifts had been royal; but Ben-Hur had refused everyth ng, insisting she he was satisfied with the humiliation of his enemy. The generous dispute was long contued.

"Think " the sheik would any. "what thou had done for me, in every hours tent down to the Akaba and to the ocean and across to the Euphrates, and reyond to the ses of the Scytnians, the renown of my Mirs and her children will go and they who in a find her children will go, and they who in a find her will magnify me, and forget that I am in the in the wane of life; and all the parse now masterless will come to me, and my sword hands multiply past counting. Thou dost now what it is to have swall from commerce, and immunity from kings. Ay, by the sword of Solomon! doth my messenger seek favour for me of Cesar, that will be get. Yet nothing—nothing?"

And Ben-tiur would answer:

"May, shelk, bave I not thy hand and heart? Let thy increase of power and influence inure to the King who comes. Who shall say it was not allowed thee for Him? In the work I am going to, I may have great need. Say, ing no now will leave me to ask of thee with better grace hereafter."

In the midst of a controvers."

In the midst of a controvers."

In the midst of a controvers wad mitted first.

The good fellow did not attempt to hide his joy over the event of the day.

"But, coming to that with which I am charged," he said, "the master Simonides sends me to say that, upou the sdjournment of the games, some of the Roman faction made naste to protest against payment of the money prize."

It deem started up, crying, in his shrillest tones:

"By the splendour of Godi the East shall decide whether the race was fairly won."

tones:
"By the splendour of God! the East shall
decide whether the race was fairly won."
"Nay, good sheik," said Mailach, "the
ditor has paid the money."
"Tis well."
"When they said Ben-Harstruck Messala's "Tis well."
"When they said Ben-Hur struck Messala'
wheel, the editor laugued, and reminder
them of the blow the Arabs had at the turn

them of the one who Atabase
of the goal."
"And what of the Athenians?"
"He is dead."
"Dead!" orled Ben-Hur.
"Dead!" cchoed Ilderim. "What fortune
these Roman monsters have! Messais "Dead!" echoed Ilderim. "What fortune these Roman monsters have! Messala escaped!"
"Escaped yes, O shelk, with life: but it shall be a burden to him. The physicians say he will live, but never walk again."
Ben-Hur looked silently up to heaven. He had a vision of Messala. chair-bound like Simonides, and, like him, going abroad on the shoulders of servants. The good man had borne it well; but how would this one with his pride and ambition?

vanit. The good man had bornet twell; but how would this one with his pride and ambition?

"Simonides bade me say further," Malluch continued. "San-ballat is having trouble. Drusus, and those who signed with him, referred the question of paying the five talents they lost to the Consul Maxentius, and he has referred it to Cae ar. Messais also refused his losses, and sanballat, in imitation of Drusus, went to the consul, where the matter is still in advisement. The better Romans say the Protestants shall not with them. The city rings were factions join with them. The city rings were factions join with them. The city rings will be refused to the consulting the says immediately and the second pay, he is dishonoured. The imperial policy will decide the matter. To offend the East would be a bad beginning with the Parthians; to offend Shelk Ilderim would be to antagonize the Desert, over whitch lie all Maxentius's lines of operation. Wherefore Simonides bade me tell you to have no disquiet; Messais will pay."

Ilderim was at once restored to his goodhumour.

"Let us be off now," he said, rubbing his

numour.

"Let us be off now," he said, rubbing his hands. "The business will do well with simonides. The glory is ours. I will order the horses."

Simonides. The glory is oars. I will order the horses."

"Stay," said Malluch. "I left a messenger outside. Will you see him?"

"By the splendour of God! I forgot him."

Malluch retired, and was succeeded by a lad of gentle manners and delicate appearance, who knelt upon one knee, and said willingly. "Iras, the daughter of Balthasar, well known to good Shelk Ilderim, hath entrusted me with a messenge to the shelk, who, she saith, will do her great favour so he receive her congratulations on account of the victory of his four."

"The daughter of my friend is kind," said Ilderim with aparkling syes. "Do thou give her this jewel in sign of the pleasure I have from her message."

He took a ripe from his finner as he spoke.

her this jewel in sign of the pleasure I have from her message."
He took a ring from his finger as he spoke. "I will as the sayest, O sheik," the lad replied, and continued, "The daughter of the Egyptian charged me further. She prays the good Sheik I iderims to send word to the youth Ben Hur that her father hath taken residence for a time in the palace of idernee, where she will receive the youth after the fourth hour to-morrow. And if, with her congratulations, shelk Ilderim will accept her gratitude for this other favour done, she will be ever so pleased."

The shelk looked at Ben-Hur, whose face was suffused with pleasure.

was suffused with pleasure.
"What will you?" he asked.
"By your leave, O sheik, I will see the fair Egyptian."
Ilderim laughed, and said, "Shall not a

Horsford's Acid Phosphate BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again

appeared. Be sure the word "Hors FORD's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it. Mrs. A. Nelson, Brantford, writes: "I was a sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia for eleven years. Always after eating, an intense burning sensation in the stomach at times very distressing, caused a drooping and languid feeling, which would last for several hours after eating. I was recommended by Mr. Popplewell, Chemist, of our city, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and I am thankful to say that I have not been better for years; that burning sensation and languid feeling has all gone, and food does not lie heavy on my stomach. Others of my family have used it with best results."

B. B. A Sense of Duty. B. R. R. intense burning sensation in the stomac

B. B. B. A Sense of Duty. B. B. B. "I should not think it right did I not give my testimony of what B. B. B. has done for me. I was troubled with biliousness. I took one bottle—it gave immediate relief. I can recommend it as a sure cure for biliousness." Minnie Smith, Orillia, Ont. ME. GLADSTONE'S GREAT ST. PAT-RICK'S DAY SPRECH.

The Liberal members of Parliament for Yorkshire were invited on the 17th to dine with Mr. Barran, M. P., for the Otley Division of the West Riding, to meet Mr. Gladatone. The following were the guests. Lord Houghton, Sir F. Mappin, Bart.; Rt. Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, Rt. Hon. James Stansfield, Rt. Hon. J. Mundella, Rt. Hon. J. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Liniugworth, Mr. Lockwood, Mr. Milnor Gasker, Mr. C. H. Wilson, Mr. Gane, Mr. Holden, Mr. Summera, Mr. A. Dyke, Mr. E. Crousley, Mr. Shirley, Mr Woodhead, Mr. Priestly, Mr. H. J. Wilson, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Wayman, Mr. Cravan, Mr. Kenny, Mr. A. E. Pease, Mr. Shaw, Mr. H. F. Pease, Mr. Rowntree, and Mr. Austin.

H. F. Pease, Mr. Rowntree, and Mr. Austin.

From Mr. Gladstone's great speech on this occasion, we select the following burning sentences:—

I had thought and found it necessary to point out to my country men, that while we have within the compass of the United Kingdom no less than four real nationalities, three out of those four nationalities, although they are numerically much smaller than the one great and overpowering nationality in Eogland, are completely united in the desire to grant to Ireland a local self-government (hear, hear)

It has commonly happe ned that some one part of England has been the standard bearer to the rest in a great political cause. In the controversy of Free Trade that honor fell to Manchester; in the controversy of Reform that honor fell to Birmingham. At the present moment, so far as England is concerned, that honor has fallen to Yorkshire (cheers).

that honor has fallen to Yorkshire (cheers).

Nothing but a persistent pursuit of firm government, and firm government is a thing that also ought to be pursued not for twenty years only, but for 2,000 years—a persistent pursuit of firm government for twenty years would lead to a settlement of the Irish question. But this question, what is it for, Lord Salizbury? It is a nightmare (laughter), and my friend, Sir William Harcourt, has justly observed that a nightmare is the result of a man's own indiscretion (renewed laughter). I verture to point out a remark which occurs to me in conneca remark which occurs to me in connec-tion with the case of nightmare. When you suffer from that inconvenience what is the way to escape from it? The way to escape from it is to

WAKE OUT OF YOUR SLUMBER.
But the peculiarity of Lord Salisbury's of its pain and it drives him to exhaust all the resources of his mind in describing its inconveniences, he is resolved to continue aleep (laughter and cheers). Genilemen, as long as he continues in that state of slumber his nightmare will get worse and worse, (hear, hear.) But if he will only awake from that state of things there is great hope he will er j.y complete and immediate relief. Genelemen, the fact that Ireland blocks the way may, it appears to me, be made perfectly intelligible to the simplest and least artificual mind by a very simple illustration. Now, mind by a very simple illustration. Now, let us, suppose the case of a railway accident. It has encumbered the line with a wreck of carriages and goods, perhaps of passengers. The next train comes up. It cannot move, and half a dozen trains accumulate all together, and the passengers in the half dozen trains are impatient; but suppose one of those passengers was foolish, or indiscreet, or hasty enough to go and dodge the guard and dodge the engine driver and to say "It is a monstrous thing to keep my train waiting here—we are long past the time." And how many public questions are there, gentlemen, that have been knocked out of time altogether in consequence of this

And that, gentlemen, literally and strictly is your case (hear, hear). Look at it. And that, gentlemen, literally and strictly is your case (hear, hear). Look at it. Now, your duty to Ireland, gentlemenmy duty to Ireland, at least, I conceive it to be—first of all is to know what she wishes, and, secondly, to consider whether it is reasonable. With regard to knowing what she wishes, there are many persons who appear to find a difficulty in knowing WHAT IRELAND WISHES.

Now, under a system of representative Government, I hold that no such difficulty can arise. When the representation of a

can arise. When the representation of a country largely and truly represented— the local representatives regularly chosen in an immense majority—delivers with one mind and one mouth a clear utter-"By your leave, O shelk, I will see the fair Egyptian."

Ilderim laughed, and said, "Shall not a man enjoy his youth?"
Then Ben. Hur answered the messenger. Bay to her who sent you that I. Ben. Hur, will see her at the palace of Idernee, wherever that may be, to morrow at noon."
The lad arose, and, with silent salute, dedearted.

A midnight liderim took the road, having a midnight liderim took the road, members nominally from Ireland-there of Ireland, for as to the two member of Ireland, for as to the two members from Dublin University it would be a farce to speak of them as representing Ireland (cheers). Well, with that 101, as you know better than I do, 85 are the number who demand a local government for Ireland. As to what Ireland wishes, therefore, there is no doubt whatever. for Ireland. As to what Ireland wishes, therefore, there is no doubt whatever. The wish is reasonable, gentlemen—in my opinion it is entirely reasonable, and by local government for Ireland, although there is no official or technical definition of it, yet it is perfectly understood what we mean. We mean A REAL EFFECTIVE SELF GOVERNMENT in affairs properly and exclusively Irish, subject to the unquestionable supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. In her demand so defined I believe Ireland demand so defined I believe Ireland entirely concurs, and has not sought to extend her wishes beyond those limits. Were she to extend her wishes beyond those limits I frankly tell you gentlemen, I should not know how to follow her (hear, hear.) I have the greatest possible respect and reverence for her wishes, but I could not pursue them in a manner or to a degree that was inconsistent with the general welfare of the Empire (hear, hear.) What would then happen? I do not know, except that for myself I could no longer undertake to be

the promoter of her cause. But so long as she speaks clearly and intelligibly, and so long as what she utters appears to be just and right and limited within the bounds of moderation, gentlemen, I for one stand fast by the cause of Ireland in what remains to me of public life (cheers). THE FUTURE IS IN OUR OWN HANDS.

The movement of events is in our favor—our convictions place us upon a rock. Our objects are at once imperial and local—they are at once for the Empire at large and for the welfare of Ireland in particular. We are seeking to wipe out and efface the difference which unhappily has not yet been effectually dealt with, and we are satisfied that in paying that debt we shall make those who pay it richer by a great deal than they ever had been before (cheers).

MASS MEETINGS.

APPEAL TO THE WORLD FOR JUSTICE Lincoln, Neb., March 26—President Fitzgerald to-day issued the following

HEADQUARTERS IRISH NATIONAL) To the American Public and to the Irishm

of America:

The corporation of Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, has appealed to the Christian world for the protests of humanity

tian world for the protests of humanity against the further persecution of the Irish people by the British Government.

A time has come in the relations of Ireland and England when the laws of God and the dictates of humanity become superior to every rule of international etiquette and demand from the morality of the world a stern denunciation of the course about to be pursued by the Tory Government against the Irish people.

The voice of America, at all events, should not be silent when additional outrages are to be inflicted on a robbed and persecuted nation.

ersecuted nation.

The British statesman who now cham

The British stateman who now champions a policy of justice to Ireland and condemns coercion by the Tory Government as alike cruel and impolitic, did not heaitate to denounce a similar oppression by the Turks in Bulgaria.

Are the Irish less to America than the Bulgariaus to England that America should heaitate to interfere in Ireland's behalf against the cruelties of the British Government?

The Irish people bave exhausted every means of moral and constitutional agita-tion to recover their just and legitimate social and political rights.

The voice of Scotland and of Wales and

The voice of Scotland and of Wales and of the mass of the Euglish democracy has sanctioned the efforts of Ireland and preclaimed the justice of her cause.

Gladstone, Morley, Labouchare and every Euglish leader worthy the name of stateman have proclaimed themselves advocates of Ireland's claims to legislative independence.

independence, MASSES AGAINST CLASSES.

It is no longer the English people who oppose the restoration of England's liberities, but the aristocratic robbers who have throttled alike both Britain and have fattened for genera-

have throttled alike both Britain and Ireland, and have fattened for generations on public plunder, with the proceeds of which they can use the lever of corruption to lift themselves into power and maintain themselves therein.

The cause of Ireland is the cause of the British democracy, and to this fact may we attribute the bitter and unrelenting opposition of the British Tcries. The Irish do not pretend to fight against the English people, but against the oppressors of both.

In this struggle the Irish have done all

sors of both.

In this struggle the Irish have done all that morality can demand from an oppressed nation, and now as a last effort they ask the interference of the Christian world to prevent their destruction.

As president of the Irish National League of America, the representative body of the Irish race upon this continent, I re echo that appeal.

the received and venture of the Irish have not displayed all the forbearance that human nature is capable of in their that human laws as

pessive resistance to such inhuman laws as those to which the British Government would force them to submit. There is no law, human or divine, that compels a nation to passively accept anni-hilation, and if these British Tories are

permitted to heap additional wrongs on the Irish people despair will nerve the Irish to active resistance and wild retaila-tion. The "very deer" will turn on their pursuers when driven to bay, and if noth-ing will satisfy the British Government but the destruction of the Irish people, Ireland will be justified before God and man in selling her life at the heaviest price she can obtain, and in using every weapon the ingenuity of man can place within her reach.

I ask the justice and freedom loving people of America to prevent this terrible consummation of British crime and misovernment.

Let the condemnation of the British

Let the condemnation of the British Government policy in Ireland ring from every community on this continent.

I asked the honest and fearless press of America to sustain the efforts of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone to inaugurate a policy of justice and liberty in opposition to the tyranny of Lord Salisbury.

I appeal most forcibly to the Irish race in America to rouse themselves to immediate action. In an especial manner I

diate action. In an especial manner I address myself to those of our blood whom God has blessed with abundance, to come forward and share in the burdens and sacrifices of their people. No rank nor power can justify any man in refusing to identify himself with the race to which he belongs, and the man who thus shirks his duty deserves the contempt of his fellow-

With the fullest confidence in their never-failing fidelity to Ireland, I call again upon the masses of the Irish race in America to repeat the splendid generosity they have so often extended toward they struckling better the struckling better the splendid generosity they have so often extended toward

oaty they have so often extended toward their struggling brethren in Ireland.

Mr. Parnell says the immediate future will be a time of suffering for the Irish people. With God's help the time will not be long, but long or short, no Irishman must perish for want of Irish American support, and no Irish-American is so poor that by self sacrifice he can not contribute his mite to the Irish cause.

ALL SHARE IN IRELAND'S SERVICELE.

ALL SHARE IN IRELAND'S STRUGGLE.

make redoubled efforts to increase its membership. Every man of Irish blood in the United States and Canada should be enrolled in the League wherever it is possible, and steps should be immediately taken to reorganize disbanded branches and establish new ones.

To those of our people living on farms too remote from each other to form branches of the League I will say that Rev. Dr. O'Railly, of Detroit, Mich., will receive their subscriptions, be they great or small, and promptly acknowledge the same in the public press; they have every opportunity, therefore, to share in Ireland's struggle and should lose no time in sending in their names and such contributions as their means will permit. In this crisis I also earnestly ask the assistance and support of the Irish American press for the Irish National Lesgue.

Jist us have one grand effective organization, with one heart and voice pledged to sustain Mr. Parnell and his Irish association.

Jiet us have one grand effective organization, with one heart and voice pledged to sustain Mr. Parneil and his Irish associates with all our strength and influence, in their efforts to recover the legislative independence of Ireland, aided by Mr. Gladstone and the British Democracy, who strive to replace Tory oppsession with the broad principles of human liberty and international justice. Yours faithfully,

John Fitzgerald,

President I. N. L, of America.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

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

Where is the blessing like to that which our Lord gives? Children of the Church are pleased to reverence the relice of the Saints; and it is right and proper that they should, for these relices are memorials of the servants of God. These servants and the same trials in his which have the of the servants of God. These servants had the same trials in life which harass us. They fought the fight of faith, and now have their reward before God, in heaven. But what are these, great as they are and holy, when we have God with us in the Blessed Sacrament?

The Blessed Sacrament gives and perpetuates in us the revenence we profess for

petuates in us the reverence we profess for memorials of the S.ints. The Holy Eucharist made these Saints holy, armed them with Divine love, strengthened them for the conflicts in which they engaged with the world, the flesh and the Devil, with the world, the Hess and the Devil, and made them come forth with the crown of victory. They learned to love, like the blessed Magdalen, at the feet of Jesus. We have our Lord, like Magdalen, to go

to in our distress. He loves us so much that this mirrecle of the Blessed Sacrament with us was instituted for a shield of love to us in our trials of life. His shadow healed the infirmities of those whom it shaded. It passed over them and they were healed. The sick, the blind and the lame, were placed by the wayside to par-take of this blessing.

Our Lord thus blessed and rewarded the

Our Lord thus blessed and rewarded the faith and confidence of those who believed in Him. He gives to us greater opportunities to merit by faith than was allowed to those living during His public ministry on earth. They saw Him, heard Him and believed. We see Him clothed in a humility greater than that with which His most sacred and awful Passion clothed

Him.

This was inflicted by the cruelty of His executioners; the former is the humility of love, which hides the effulgence of His glory, power and majesty to win man to love Him, to believe in Him and confide in Him. We believe what He says, and when we come into His presence we do what God commanded His angels—fall down and adore Him.

There is no place on earth which gives forth so much power to love, as in the Church, before the altar, where Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament. We gentlemen, that have been knocked out of time altogether in consequence of this unhappy dilemma in which we are involved—"I cannot have my train kept waiting; I insist upon your driving on."

That engine driver or guard would, if a sensible man, say: "Are you fool cannot have involved to the life heart to the life he Sacrament near enough to derive the consolations which its presence gives. Poverty with our Lord near us, is a more precious happiness than the wealth of the whole world can bring to us. Where God is, there is heaven; hence, the Blessed Sacrament brings crament brings down Heaven upon

> We have the angels about us ; the Church We have the angels about us; the Church and the sanctuary are filled with these blessed spirits. They are doing what we come into the Church and before the alta to do—adoring God, thanking and praising Him for His infinite mercies to themselves and to man. We know this for a truth, for where God is, there also are His angels. The blessings of heaven are with us when we are before the Blessed Sacra-

> This is a time when God is pleased with This is a time when God is pleased with us, hence, a time for acts of reparation. The more so when God exposes Himself, resting in His throne on the altar, during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We may call to Him, during these few moments, like the sick, the lame and the blind. "Oh, Jesus! have mercy on me and heal my infirmities!"
>
> He is slant in the Blessed Sacrament.

He is silent in the Blessed Sacrament, yet He hears our voices and heals the penitents, for He says, "I sleep, but my heart watcheth." He blessed those whom He healed: His blessing healed them. When assisting at Benediction of the Rlessed Secretary to Benediction of the

When assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, (who will wish to be absent when our Lord is blessing His people?) let us make an act of atonement by offering the most precious Blood of Jesus Christ to His own Most Sacred Heart, to repair the injury we have done Him in this Sacrament of His love; and then, with humility born of love, bow down our heads, our hearts and our souls, when the priest makes the sign of the when the priest makes the sign of the cross over us with the Biessed Sacrament.

Hall's Hair Renewer renews, cleanses brightens, and invigorates the hair, and restores taded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre. People with gray hair should use the Renewer, and thus conceal from the world their bleached locks and advancing age.

Rev. J McLaurin, Canadian Baptist
Missionary to India, writes: During our
stay in Canada, we have used Dr.
Thomas' Eclectric Oil with very great
satisfaction. We are now returning to
India, and would like very much to take
some with us for our own use and to ALL SHARE IN IRELAND'S STRUGGLE. some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

Written for the Record. The Breeklet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

I stand and think, and think, And search thy being's hiden sense; Whence comest thou here? Where go thou hence? Thou Brooklet silvery and clear, That, hasting, flows unceasing he

"I come from the Rock's dark breast;
My course flows on, without a rest,
Sweeps across The flowret and the moss.
While o'er my mirror glides with grace
The deep blue heaven's friendly face, The deep blue neart, childlike thought
"I have a pleasant, childlike thought
Still urging on a path untaught—
Hidden way, Unknown—without a pause or stay; Who called me from the darksome stone, I trust Him as my guide alone!"

ST. PATRICE'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

We are indebted to the Quebec Budget for the following report of the able sermon preached in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, by Father O'Leary, Cure of Laval, County of Montmorency, who is the son of Maurice O'Leary, Esq., City

God, is admirable in his Saint^o, The God of Israel is he who will give Power and strength to his people, Blessed be God. D. B. B.

The love of country, the love of fatherland, is impressed upon the human heart, and impressed upon it by the hand of Deity itself. It is as ancient as time and as widely diffused as is the race of Adam. The history of most remote as well as the most recent times attests this truth. The most barbarous as well as the most civilized nations bear testimony to the strong love which burns in the heart of man for his native land. Even the sacred records themselves cast their hallowed shield over it. List to the inspired psalmist when recording the language of the captive Jews; he lends language of the captive Jews; he lends the charm of sacred poetry to this innate the charm of sacred poetry to this love, when in a moment of inspired enthusiasm he breaks forth in those enthusiasm he breaks forth in those enthusiasm he breaks forth in those cubiline and energetic words; "If I forget thee, Jerusalem, may my right hand be forgotten; may my right hand be forgotten; may my tongue cleave unto my jaws, if I do not make thee, Jerusa

m, my joy."

There is something in the nature of

things, in the nature of society, which endorses it to the heart of man.

In the day of childhood and early youth impressions are made on the young minds which after years are unable to efface; the scenes of childhood—a father's admonitions, a mother's counsel;—the current events of early years, like impressions on flowing wax, give shape and form,—I had almost said indelible shape and form to the opening mind of youth.

As he advances a little in years, he already looks back on the past.—The smiles of his playmates, the memories of his childish smusements, all these boyish

smiles of his playmates, the memories of his childish smusements, all these boyish struggles and triumphs, a thousand indescribable circumstances combine to throw a charm of the home of his child-hood, and to endear to his memory, and to his heart his home and all around it. As his mind gams strength in maturity his ideas become appared. The paigh

his ideas become enlarged. The neigh-borhood, the scenes adjacent to his home become identified with it, until by force of natural association, his home gradually taking in new dimensions is at length bounded and circumscribed only by the limits of his native land.—Then it is that his home becomes his country, and his

country his home.

Follow him still further in his onward career. He reads the history of his country, he knows that it is that of his own dear land, a strong sympathetic feeling rises up within him he becomes as it were identified with her. Her insti tutions become his institutions, her joys become his joys, her sorrows become hi sorrows, until at length he thinks and speaks, and acts as if she were part of

his very self. This is the love of fatherland generated, fomented and cherished in the human heart. He who has not that love, if there be any such, is unworthy the name of man, but he who has that love properly developed will never, never forget his native country though he be in a foreign land.

In turning over the institutions of his country, should he find one which is his country's boast, her pride, her glory.
Oh! how naturally does his young heart
join itself to that of his country, cling to
that institution and glory in it! If
among its institutions he should find one which surpassing all others of human origin, came down from Heaven, resided for a few years on earth and again returns to Heaven, what legitimate pride will he not feel in it! How fervantly will he not bless him by whose ministry it was first established in his own dear

native soil. Should his fathers have suffered in de fence of that institution, as he ponders over their sufferings, tears will dim his eyes, but they will not be tears of bitterness and woe, but tears of holy joy; that his fathers like the apostles were deemed worthy to suffer in the cause of God whilst every pang that they endured every tear he sheds over their suffering will sink his love for that institution, still deeper and deeper into his heart and a by so many ties will bind closer and closer still to his inmost soul, Land of my_fathers! Blessed land of

my fathers! Thou art such a land! Of such a Heaven born institution those dost boast. Our fathers have suffered in defence of such institution. We are then children. We have read the history o children. We have read the history of their trials, their persecution and their wrongs. Every pang they endured has sunk into our inmost soul. Every tear we have shed over the recital of their long, long agony has strengthened our faith, has warmed our hearts and has drawn us closer and closer still to that divine institution for which they were persecuted, for which they suffered, for which they died.

which they died.

And why are we here to day, my dear why those banners unfurled! Why those songs of joy which have touched our Irish sympathies and gladdened our Irish hearts! If not to attest once again our attachment to that holy institution by commemorating the anniversary o

r midst. Yes, blessed St. Patrick! It was by