

Ben Hur took the rings, and separating the tablets saw they bore rude hieroglyphs in Arabic, burned on the smooth surface by a sharp point of heated metal.

"Canst thou read them, O son of Israel?" "No. Thou must tell me their meaning."

"Know thou, then, each tablet records the name of a foal of the pure blood born to my fathers through the hundreds of years passed; and also the names of sire and dam. Take them, and note their age, that thou mayst the more readily believe."

Some of the tablets were nearly worn away. All were yellow with age.

"In the chest there, I can tell thee now, I have the perfect history—perfect because certified as history seldom is—showing of what stock all these are sprung—this one and that now supplying notice or caress; and as they come to us here, their sires, even to the farthest removed in time, came to my sires, under a tent roof like this of mine, to eat their measure of barley from the open hand, and to be talked to as children; and as children kiss the hands they have not speech to express. And now, O son of Israel, thou mayst believe my declaration—if I am a lord of the Desert behold my ministers! Take them from me, and I become as a sick man left by the caravan to die. Thanks to them, age hath not diminished the terror of me on the highways between cities; and it will not while I have strength to go with them. Ha, ha, ha! I could tell thee marvels done by their ancestors. In a favouring time I must do so; for the present, enough that they were never overtaken in retreat; nor, by the sword of Solomon, did they ever fall in pursuit! That, mark you, on the sands and under saddle; but now—I do not know—I am afraid, for they are under yoke the first time, and the conditions of success are so many. They have the pride and the speed and the endurance. If I find them a master, they will win. Son of Israel! so thou art the man, I swear it shall be a happy day that brought thee thither. Of thyself now speak."

"I know now," said Ben Hur, "why it is that in the love of an Arab his horse is next to his children; and I know, also, why the Arab horses are the best in the world; but, good sheik, I would not have you judge me by words alone; for, as you know, all promises of men sometimes fail. Give me the trial first on some plain herabout, and put the four in my hand to-morrow."

Ilderim's face beamed again, and he would have spoken.

"A moment, good sheik, a moment!" said Ben Hur, "let me say further. From the masters in Rome I learned many lessons, little thinking they would serve me in a time like this. I tell thee these thy sons of the desert, though they have separately the speed of eagles and the endurance of lions, will fail if they are not trained to run together under the yoke. For think thee, sheik, in every four there is one the slowest and one the swiftest; and while the race is always to the slowest, the trouble of the swiftest. It was so to day; the driver could not reduce the heat to harmonious action with the poorest. My trial may have no better result; but if so, I will tell thee of it; that I swear. Wherefore, in the same spirit I say, can I get them to run together, moved by my will, the four as one, thou shalt have the swiftest and the slowest, and I my revenge. What sayest thou?"

Ilderim listened, combing his beard the while. At the end he said with a laugh, "I think better of thee, son of Israel. We have a saying in the desert, 'If you will cook the meal with words, I will promise an ocean of butter.' Thou shalt have the horses in the morning."

At that moment there was a stir at the rear entrance to the tent.

"The supper—it is here! and yonder my friend Balthasar, whom thou shalt know. He hath a story to tell which an Arabite should never tire of hearing."

And to the servants he added:

"Take the records away, and return my jewels to their apartment."

And they did as he ordered.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Recognition of the English Martyrs.

Catholic Universe. Catholics who have read anything concerning the violent separation of England from the Catholic Church in the reign of Henry VIII, and Elizabeth know that many of the faithful suffered death at that time rather than violate the obligations which their Faith imposed.

The rigid rules which have been observed in the Church since the Constitution of Urban VIII, as to Beatification and Canonization, and also, we may say, the peculiar declaration from which authority in England has suffered for centuries, have led to a certain failure in properly venerating the memories of those who suffered for the Faith in those trying times.

Efforts are now being made to extend proper recognition to a large number of these holy persons. We have now in consequence from the Congregation of Rites a decree in which the names of fifty-four persons who are named, among them Cardinal Fisher, and Sir Thomas More, is approved as having been established in the manner of an exception to the rules of Urban VIII.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D.

POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the pure but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed anemia in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, splitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from thin, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

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ON CARDINAL MANNING.

A Steadfast Friend of Ireland, He Believes in Home Rule.

WHERE THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER RESIDES—A MAN OF MARVELLOUS VITALITY AND INCORRUPABLE ACTIVITY—HIS NAME AS A WRITER—MOST ENGLISH CATHOLICS ARE HOSTILE TO IRISH NATIONALISM; HE IS NOT.

One of the correspondents of a great American daily writes from London in this vein regarding the head of the church in Great Britain: One of the most remarkable facts in the existing conditions of politics and religion, says he, is that Cardinal Manning, the most able, the most active and the most eminent man in the domain of combined religion and politics in Great Britain, stands aloof from the great body of English Catholics, by a large body of whom he is abandoned, by a considerable faction of whom he is energetically antagonized. When the history of this lofty soul shall be truly written a marvellous picture will be disclosed. Cardinal Manning is now in his 78th year. He can be seen almost any day, especially during the morning hours, at his home. It is not a palace. It looks exteriorly like a barn or factory, with its blank red brick exterior and its great windows on the second floor, without curtains. It is in an un fashionable part of London, moreover, and the neighborhood is not much admired by his rich and aristocratic friends—such of them as have survived the successive shocks he has given to them by his pretensions. He lived for a time in Cardinal Wiseman's old home, 8 York place, W., of which he inherited the lease. But having been enabled to procure for the archbishopric a freehold of the premises he calls "Archbishop's House, Westminster," he removed there and maintained within its walls a home of SEVERE BUT GENIAL SIMPLICITY.

The chief drawing room is a great space containing nothing but a few tables, a couple of mats, and a large rug which relieves the bare floor of its cold and serves as carpet for visitors' chairs. On the mantelpiece are disposed a few beautiful articles of what may be called sacred bric a brac. On the plain walls are a few pictures, the subjects appropriate to the place, the painters neither famous nor incompetent. A cabinet organ in one corner suggests that his eminence sometimes has chorals sung there. His personal appearance has changed little in ten years. Severely ascetic in his habits, his spare figure and fine face are familiar to the English public, for he is a warm spirited Englishman, ever ready to participate in public affairs worthy of his co-operation. He has served on two royal commissions. He looks strong enough for many years to come and is a prodigious worker, resembling Mr. Gladstone, his one-time friend. Indeed they are friends yet, but the cordial intimacy of earlier days was chilled by the anti-Vatican pamphlets of the old politician. The cardinal, unlike the statesman, is not nervous, but calm and equable. He cherishes no enemies. His idea of life is comprised within a simple statement—firmness of defensible convictions working outwardly through love for all men.

HE IS AS READY A FIGHTER as was Milton or as is Gladstone. But his style in controversy, unlike theirs, is marked by unvarying gentleness, while he is as sharp as steel in his logic, and, unlike them, he is very fond of clear, direct, understandable expressions, made up in fine, terse, severe English. He is not a great stylist, in one sense, as Cardinal Newman certainly is. But everything he writes is read by all the people and is understood by them. One forgets sometimes what Cardinal Newman is endeavoring to maintain, so apt is the fancy and so charmed the taste by his too absorbing direction. Cardinal Manning has been drawn apart from the great body of English Catholics by his course in politics and in relation to the temperance movement. He is almost without backing in politics. He has no backing but the unaristocratic, earnest people in his temperance work. The drunkenness of England is appalling. He believes it to be the source of nine-tenths of all the sin and crime committed in the island. He has even described it as the "national vice." He undertook more than ten years ago to organize an association of Catholics to reduce its evils. He has not to this hour succeeded in enlisting the personal cooperation of any of the Catholic aristocracy. His aids are priests educated by himself, zealous women without social power, and obscure Irish Catholics cast upon England by inability to earn bread in the dead country where they were born. Yet this man,

A FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE of Oxford, had remained in the Church of England; would in all human probability be to-day the incumbent of one of the great sees, with an income of a hundred thousand or more annually, and a resting place secure in Westminster Abbey and a reputation from the upper House. His isolation upon the home rule question is only less complete. Only three other English Catholic prelates have approved that movement; and one of the three counted out his words like miser's doles. Cardinal Manning has the irresistible intellectual force which carries his own mind clear through a problem until he finds a solution for it. He went through the land question in Ireland while Mr. Gladstone was frittering away time trying to establish Homer in an authentic chronology. The essays Cardinal Manning wrote twenty years ago on the evils of land tenure in Ireland contain more substance of truth than will be found in other places, except possibly in the writings of John Stuart Mill. He not only foretold exactly what is happening, but he indicated, even before there was a glimmer of the present home rule agitation, such unreserved sympathy with the right of communities to govern themselves in political matters that, unlike Mr. Gladstone, he needed no conversion when the battle became so hot as to melt old convictions. But how many English Catholics stand by him? Not a battalion of capable men. Even the Tablet published and the accepted organ of the English Catholic church, is the mouthpiece of his antagonists. It is owned virtually by the numerous Vaughan family, no less than seven of whom have been ecclesiastical, all men of ability, several of them quite sound and average, others eccentric in varying degrees of garbled and knotted

queerness. One of them died archbishop of a see in the Pacific colonies. His remains are in England, and the family have been carrying on a singular controversy with his successor, an Irish prelate, about the expenses of a place of his interment. They constitute the oldest family root and branches in the English church. Cardinal Manning is on the best terms with all of them. But in politics they are not of his school. Not only is Cardinal Manning not a Tory himself, but he refused to assume a cherished prerogative of prelates in these islands, whether Tory or liberal. He refused to seek to influence the political conduct of any priest or layman under his jurisdiction. Something more than a year ago Mr. C. J. Munich, a Catholic elector living in London, wrote to the cardinal requesting advice as between the rival candidates for Parliament in the Strand district. He replied that "voters must vote according to their own convictions." He fell to give the slightest hint of preference or of disapproval to any candidate. Indeed, he closed his letter with these words: "I always hold myself to be officially bound to neutrality, and leave my clergy and flock perfectly free." A second effort was made still more recently

TO PURSUE A PARTISAN OPINION from him. One hastened to him, assuming the wrongness of the Tory organization effected by the wives and daughters of the Conservative leaders—the Primrose League—condemned it and did his best to prevent the forming of branches in his diocese. Cardinal Manning assuredly had no personal sympathy with its aims. But his reply to a formal question about its toleration in his diocese reaffirmed his previous neutrality. He wrote: "There is no prohibition in this diocese as to the Primrose League." At the same time he never shrinks from distinct utterances in political matters which are not partisan. When asked, for instance, to co-operate in an emigration scheme, he wrote that all were bound as members of the same commonwealth heartily to unite in all works of public utility, "and especially of benevolence, and beneficence for the people;" and he said, in the same deliverance: "All parts of the empire ought to be regarded as only an extension of the mother country." It is strange enough that in Ireland the English government has been able to procure an exercise of ecclesiastical authority in its behalf, directly or indirectly promoted from Rome, while Cardinal Manning has ever been inclined to speak one word in sympathy with such a course. It is more singular still that certain officials at the Vatican have personally meddled with politics in Ireland, seeking to solidify the church influence there against the popular cause, while

THIS ENGLISH ARCHBISHOP could not be induced to do so. He speaks even the slightest syllable of approval to be the application of official weight in the determination of the political conduct of any of his clergy or people. If an order or request should come to Cardinal Manning to instruct his clergy to speak in certain tones in politics, or to be silent, or to procure the casting of votes for or against a political programme, those who know him well have no doubt what his reply would be. In the letter he sent to Peter Paul McSwiney, mayor of Dublin, at the time of the O'Connell centenary, regretting that he could not attend, he generously recalled the debt of the English Catholics to the Irishman who had procured for them the abolition of the penal laws. He would perhaps answer the political instruction from Rome with O'Connell's words: "We take our religion from Rome, not our politics." When Cardinal Newman, now in his 85th year, and Cardinal Manning shall have passed away—who will fill their places? Nearly all are gone who set out in life with them—the Wilberforges, the Mills, Keble, Faber, Pusey and an army that great, noble, forty years ago. Ruskin lingered, and it is whispered, indeed more than whispered, that one long Cardinal Manning will pour baptismal waters on the head of him who, with all his idiosyncrasies, has done more for spirituality in England than any other living man after the two great cardinals. Ruskin's intimate friends are many of them Catholics and have always been.

The Blessed Virgin's Death.

Oral tradition, which is confirmed by the writings of Nicephorus and Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, says that when the Blessed Virgin died, all the apostles except Thomas had the consolation to be present at the deathbed; that when St. Thomas arrived she was already dead and buried; that in his grief he asked his fellow apostles to show him the burial place, that he might look on her sacred remains, and that they repaired thither, opened the sepulchre and found it empty of the sacred body. The discovery, while it brought joy to their hearts, in that Jesus had taken His Blessed Mother into heaven, soul and body, brought sorrow also in having been deprived of such a sacred treasure. With a mixture of joy and sorrow they scattered over Mount Olivet to visit the different sacred spots. But it was quite different with St. Thomas; he was inconsolable at having been deprived of seeing the Blessed Mother of his beloved master. He could not depart from the vicinity of the sepulchre, but sitting down on a rock not far from it, he was bewailing his misfortune, when he saw his eyes were directed to heaven as if imploring consolation from the Blessed Mother, she appeared to him in the midst of glory and let her gridle or cincture fall down, which was treasured by the apostles with the greatest consolation. Thus the same providence that disposed to confirm the resurrection of Jesus by the incredulity of St. Thomas, disposed also that, by his absence in the assumption of the Blessed Virgin, body and soul into heaven, should be confirmed. The sacred relic is preserved with great veneration in the city of Prato, Tuscany.

Ill Temper

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MARY MAGDALENE.

A TRADITION OF THE CITY WHERE JESUS RAISED THE YOUTH FROM THE DEAD.

Mary arose from the crimson pillows on which she had been reposing, approached the window, drew back with a silk and tulle, the heavy draperies of purple wrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond the walls lay the tranquilla sea, whose waters reflected back to heaven the thousand and resplendent lights and shadows of the evening, and the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds, lay the mountains of Judea.

Many a shallow richly laden was gliding over the still water; some bound outwards, freighted with the rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings, polished mirrors of steel, and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian isles. The chaff of the oarsmen as their oars plashed lazily in the glowing waters, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails, scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like scattering clouds.

Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness, the softer hymns of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city, as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene, a something like peace.

A band of young and beautiful maidens now tripped along with jars filled from the pure well in the city; then came a crowd of children dancing to the sound of cymbals and lutes and trilling after them wreaths, and sending out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from those tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a marble pillar, wept. A low sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life; her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the tips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downwards and the full red lips just parted to reveal two rows of pearl like teeth, her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair, which fell back from her sad childish forehead, and swept the Mosaic pavement, completed the picture.

Mary started as the voice told her she had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, she looked at the commanding black eyes flashed with anger, exclaimed: "Thou here! away, slave! how dost thou dare to see me weep?"

The timid voice was stilled, and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space, anger, contempt and an expression of mysterious tenderness, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi moved her bitter spirit, and chased away every feeling except pity. "Come hither, Addi—come hither, poor child. Forgive thy mistress' wayward mood, and sing again; but sing something to cheer my heart, for it is heavy and sad. Child, sing something to stir the still fountain of its gladness—sing—sing, Addi, and not a cap nor a gilded one—then wherefore and against what?"

"The star that lit my path, lady, is gone out, Zimri, the widow's son, is dead." "Ha! dead! poor child, I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither; I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead—let it not go out and leave thy heart, like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah. Thou has heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yes, lady." "Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me—yes, Addi, me—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and—sashes! but hark!" "Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave, "that sound of grief is the wail of Zimri's mother and himself—they are bearing him past to the grave." And Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bending form of his widowed mother, weeping; and by the torch light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kins men.

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillows of her couch. "Oh, Zimri, that still form no more to move? Methinks I see now the smile on his white lips, and the locks of shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form even in death." "Why do they stop! a crowd approaches—what—aha! it is the Prophet, Jesus, and His followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of her long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her, with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who unheeding her mistress's emotion, continued: "He is like one of our mountain palms in his majesty; his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop honey."

"He approaches the widow—she looks on her tears with eyes of tender pity—she speaks—she raises his face towards Heaven, and reaches forth his hand and lays it on the dead. God of my father! the dead!"—and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the street.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down on the crowd below, saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold.

And as she shouts from the assembled people rent her ears, many of whom were now willing to believe on and worship Him who had wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom, gathered the folds of his garments around

him, and glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror folded her arms, and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness: "an ears tugged over her flushed cheeks, and her bosom heaved as if some pent-up agony wrung her heart."

"Why art thou weeping?" said a voice near her, "why art thou weeping, Mary?" "Ha! Phelon?"

"Aye, Phelon," he answered—"Phelon, the king's son, who abides here in the common garb of a publican, to be near thee."

"Go to thy father's palace again, Phelon," answered Mary, sadly, and without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes, who gazed with incredulous wonder on her.

"Mary," said he, "thou art angered at me. I came but to bring a parting gift, because I am not at the head of his soldierly, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence, but I will go out of the city to night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches of the morning, Phelon will be on his war horse, with helm and battle-spear and plume, ready for the fight."

Her lips quivered and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied: "Go, Phelon, thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but I pray never more to see that face again—I pray never more to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again—I have sinned—go from me."

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said—"Hast thou seen the Nazarene, who calleth himself Jesus?"

"I have," she answered calmly, "and to-morrow while thou art gone to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet."

"Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron heel, replied: "Look on my gift, Mary," and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp, which threw up delicious odors from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in many hues and sparkles of brilliance. There was also an alabaster box set round with jewels, which contained spikenard ointment, such as queens used.

"Hence, tempter," she shrieked—hence! or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like tenfold thunder. Hence, I say, for the fiend which tear my soul as raving within me!"

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself on the floor, and pressed her burning forehead against the cold marble, and wept and wept, and sorrowed mightily—she mightily had the Magdalene sinned.

When she arose from her humble posture, it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent save the watch cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clamor of his armor as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear.

The rippling of heavy waves on the distant sea, came singing past, mingled with scented winds which had been in her groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of serene and beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber or rest.

A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girde wrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her beautiful form, and the long black braids of hair, which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits and curls, and secured by bodices of gold and strings of rubies and pearls.

Her arms, bared to the shoulders, were entwined with links of precious stones and silver, and as she paced with a rapid step to and fro the apartment, the glitter of her feet displayed a costly taste in her sandals, which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of highly polished silver. She looked out on the heavens—peaceful and bright in their glory of azure and silver—then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below—all were at rest, the very dogs had ceased baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains.

She turned and gazed around her apartment—the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver and trickled down its sides with a singing sound. Addi, the beautiful one, was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over her cheek, and she was weeping.

Nowhere that she turned could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled, her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music that was thrown aside, and crossing her arms over her bosom, she lifted her pallid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like a breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Prometheus fire to start it into life; but soon her breast began to heave, and then her white teeth were pressed on her lips until the red blood gushed from between them—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees in all the despairing sorrow of repentance like hers.

She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and beat her bosom in agony, and sprinkled sweat on her head, and wept tears such as had never welled up from the human heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet, and clasped her knees, and comprehending well from her expressions the cause of her woe, exclaimed: "Go to Him, lady—go to Him who raised the dead!"

"And wherefore, O maiden, should I the sinful, go to Him?" "Oh, lady, if the sleeper in the shadow

of death heareth His voice, thy spirit can hear it—and to hear it, is to love."

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard at the raising of the widow's son, and of what the disciples preached daily soothed Mary's troubled spirit; and something like hope of eventual peace sprang up in her heart, and she laid her head gradually on the bosom of her hand-maiden, who clasped her beautiful arms around her, and laid her cool, innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary.

And thus the two sat—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, the other listening as if life hung on each word; until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day, while the Master sat at meat with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears; and unbinding her hair, wiped them with the heavy shining curls, then kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment, the perfume of which filled the vast room.

And He knew that she was a sinner who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and said: "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace."

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Saviour's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold her gold and silver and gems, and gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flushing glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemn solitude of its silence, raised an altar to Him who had forgiven her sins.—Mrs. Anna H. Dorsay.

OUR CARDINAL

ABOUT TO PUBLISH A NEW AND MOST IMPORTANT BOOK.

It was stated last week by a Baltimore correspondent that since the publication of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers," which had a larger circulation than any Catholic book ever published in America, the cardinal has been importuned by the publishers to make another literary venture. He has at last consented. The work is to treat chiefly of the labor question which have lately assumed so much importance, and Henry George's land theories will come in for a share of attention. In answer to questions the cardinal would only say that the book would be, like his former one, a collection of simple essays on current questions which affect Catholic dogma, and referred the correspondent to his secretary, who said: "The aim of the book is to remove a prevalent impression that the church is opposed to the advancement of the laboring classes. This impression has grown greatly since the trouble between Dr. McGlynn and his ecclesiastical superiors, and now every labor agitator, including Henry George himself, is proclaiming that Catholic prelates are the worst enemies the laboring classes have. The cardinal will revise."

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

to show that it has been, since the days of St. Peter, the truest and most steadfast friend of the toilers, while, at the same time, it has been an unflinching opponent of any doctrine, however popular in theory, that tended toward anarchy or the overthrow of the established society. He proposes to adapt the book to the understanding of the humblest readers, and will write in a simple, conversational style, just as he preaches. It will serve both as an instructor for the laborer, whose mind has been befogged by the sophistry of Henry George and his followers, and as a sort of handbook to guide the clergy in dealing with labor matters. The cardinal has undertaken a long time about undertaking the task, since his duties allow him scarcely an hour daily for literary work; but when he observed how the church was suffering because of the wrong impressions as to its attitude in labor questions, he resolved, as the head of the church in America, to give an authoritative statement on the subject.

A DEFENCE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY

in land, but it will be no more an answer to Mr. George's book than to the similar wild theories that were discussed before Mr. George was born. "Will the Dr. McGlynn case be treated of?" "No," was the reply; "the cardinal does not propose to enter into any controversy with Mr. George. A large portion of the book will, it is true, be devoted to a defence of private property in land, but it will be no more an answer to Mr. George's book than to the similar wild theories that were discussed before Mr. George was born." "Will the Dr. McGlynn case be treated of?" "No," was the reply; "the cardinal does not propose to enter into any controversy with Mr. George. A large portion of the book will, it is true, be devoted to a defence of private property in land, but it will be no more an answer to Mr. George's book than to the similar wild theories that were discussed before Mr. George was born." "Will the Dr. McGlynn case be treated of?" "No," was the reply; "the cardinal does not propose to enter into any controversy with Mr. George. A large portion of the book will, it is true, be devoted to a defence of private property in land, but it will be no more an answer to Mr. George's book than to the similar wild theories that were discussed before Mr. George was born."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IN HEADACHE AND MENTAL EXHAUSTION. Dr. N. S. READ, Chaddsleville, Ill., says: "I think it a remedy of the highest value in mental and nervous exhaustion, attended with sick headache, dyspepsia, diminished vitality, etc."

Babies and Children.

They are always catching cold in the head. Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us know how they are in the morning.