Written for the Record Silver and Gold,

sch is silver; silence is golden."
sage has spoken wisdom's speech
et then thy lesser thought to pres Silence!
Itis cohoes teach.

Rilence!
Its pulses sing.

When the lightning strikes the wood ablase And the tempest's call the sea obeys,

from neighbor's house is borne the not thou with words of shallow cheer: Bilance! For Godie mear.

Then by slander crushed, by wrong oppress Flory anger burns the tortured breast, Silenced Time bears the test.

rusting, loving, wouldst his mercy seek,

That He may speak.

Rearch 18th, 1857.

BEN HUR;

THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER X -CONTINUED. "It is a mighty sum," said Mailuch. "I must have security."
"So thou shalt. Go to Simonides, and tell is a third was a sum of the mailer arranged. Tell him my heart is set on the ruin of my enemy, and that the opportunity hath such excellment promise that lehouce such hazards. On partide be the God of our tathers! Go, good Mailuch, is taken of the God of our tathers! Go, good Mailuch, is taken of the great of the great y delighted, gave him parting salutation, and started to ride a way, but returned presently.
"Your pardon," he said to Ben-Hur. There was another matter. I could not great the Messals's chariot myself, but I had neether measure it; and from his report, its hub stands quite a paim higher from the ground than yours."
"A palm! Bo much?" cried Ben-Hur joy-fully.

hen he leaned over to Malluch, and As thou art a son of Judah, Malluch, and the last to the kin, get thee a seak in the liery over the Gate of Triumph, down so to the balcony in front of the pillars, d watch well when we make the turns pre; watch well, for if I have favour at all, rill— May, Malluch, let it go unsaid! if get thee there, and watch well." It that moment a cry burst from Ilderim, Ha! By the splendour of God! what is a?"

At that moment a cry surst from Ilderim.

"Ba! By the splendour of God! what is his?"
He drew near Ben-Hur with a finger oil, ting on the face of the notice.

"Read," said Ben-Hur.

"No; better thou."
Bur Hur took the paper, which, signed by the prefect of the province as editor, performed the office of a modern programme, giving particularly the several divertisements provided for the occasion. It informed the public that there would be first a procession of extraordinary splendour; that the procession would be succeeded by the customary honours to the god Consus, whereupon the games would begin; running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, each in the order stated. The names of the competitors were given, with their several nationalities and schools of training, the trials in which they had been engaged, the prises won, and the prizes now offered; under the latter head the sums of money were stated in illuminated letters, telling of the departure of the day when the simple chaplet of pine of laurel was fully enough for the victor, hungering for glory as comething better than rishes, and content with it.

Over these parts of the programme Ben-Hur sped with rapid eyes. At last he came to the announcement of the race. He read it slowly. Attending lovers of the heroic sports were assured they would certainly be gradified by an Orestean strengte onparalleled in Antioch. The city affered the specialce in honour of the consul. One inundred thousand sestertil and a crown of laurel were the prizes. Then followed the particulars. The entries were aix in allows the programme later of the particulars. The entries were aix in allows of the consul. One inundred thousand sestertil and a crown of laurel were the pixes. Then followed the particulars. The entries were aix in allows of the consul. One inundred thousand sestertil and a crown of laurel were the pixes. Then followed the particulars. The entries were aix in allows of the consul. One inundred thousand sestertil and a crown of laurel were the pixes, one gray, one bay; winner

green.
"IV. A four of Diceus the Byzantine—two black, one grey, one bay; winners this year black, one grey, one bay; winners this year." black.

"V. A four of Admetus the Sidonian—all greys, 'hrice entered at Cesarea, and thrice victors. Admetus, driver. Colour, blue.

"VI. A four of Ilderim, shelk of the "VI. A! bays: first race, Bon-Hur, s

blue.

"YI. A four of Ilderim, shelk of the Desert. All bays; first race, Ben-Hur, a Jew, driver. Colour, white."

Hen-Hur, a Jew, driver.

Why that name instead of Arrius?

Ben-Hur raised his eyes to Ilderim. He had found the cause of the Aras's outery. Both rushed to the same conclusion.

The hand was the hand of Messala!

CHAPTER XI.

Evening was hardly come upon Antioch, when the Omphalus, nearly in the centre of the city, became a troubled fountain from which in every direction, but chiefly down to the Nymphaum and esst and west along the Colonnada of Herod, flowed currents of people, for the time given up to Bacchus and Apollo.

people, for the time given up to Bacchus and Apollo.

For such indulgence anything more fitting cannot be imagined than the great roofed streets, which were litterally miles on miles of porticos wroauth of marble, polished to the last degree of finish, and all gifts to the voluptious city by princes carcless of expenditure where, as in this instance, they thought they were eternizing themselves. Darkness was not permitted anywhere; and the singing, the lauquher, the shouting, were incessant, and in compound like the roar of waters dashing through hollow grots, confused by a multitude of echoes.

pound like the Foar of waters dashing through hollow grots, confused by a multitude of echoes.

The many nationalities represented, though they might have amazed a stranger, were not peculiar to Anticot. Of the various missions of the great empire, one seems to have been the fusion of men and the introduction of strangers to each other; accordingly, whole peoples rose up and went at pleasure, taking with them their coerdingly, whole peoples rose up and went at pleasure, taking with them their coerdingly, whole peoples rose up and went at pleasure, taking with them their coerdingly, whole peoples rose up and went at pleasure, taking with them their coerdings, built houses, errected attars, and were what they had been at home.

There was a peculiarity, however, which could not have failed the notice of a looker-on this night in Antioch. Nearly everybody wore the colours of one or other of the charioteers announced for the morrow's race. Sometimes it was in form of a scarf, sometimes a badge, often a ribbon or a feather. Whatever the form, it signified merely the wearer's partisity; thus, green published a friend of Cleanines the Athenian, and black an adherent of the Byzantine. This was according to a custom, obtained the same and the mixed scarlet and gold.

The observer abroad on this occasion, once attracted to the wearing of colours, would have very shortly decided that there were three in predominance—green, white, and the mixed scarlet and gold.

The five great chandellers in the saloon

But let us from the streets to the palace on the island.

The five great chandellers in the salcon are freshly lighted. The assemblage is much the same as that already noticed in connection with the place. The divan has its corps of stepers and burden of garmenta, and the tables yet resound with the rattle and clash of dice. Yet the greater part of the company are not deling amything. They walk about, or yawn tremendously, or pause as they pass each other to exchange idle nothings. Will the weather be fair to-

morrow? Are the preparations for the games complete? Be the laws of the Circus in Antioch differ from the laws of the Circus in Kome? Truth is, the young fallows are suffering from cause. Their heavy work is done; that is, we would find their tablets, could we look at them, exvered with memorands of wagers—wagers on every contast; on the Junning, the wresting, the boxing; on everything but a chariot-race. And why not on that?

Good reader, they cannot find anybody who will hazard so much as a denarius with them against Messala.

There are no colours in the saloon but his. No one thinks of his defeat.
Why, they asy, is he not perfect in his

There are no colours in the saloon but his. No one thinks of his defeat.
Why, they say, is he not perfect in his training? Did he not graduate from an imperial famista? Were not his horses winners at the Circumian in the Circumians in the Circumian in the Circumians. And then—ah, yes in he is a Roman! In a corner, at ease on the divan, Messals himself may be seen. Around him, sitting or standing, are his courtierly admirers, plying him with questions. There is, of course, but one topic.
"Ah!" ories the young prince, throwing himself on the divan at Messals's feet, "Ah, by Bacchus, i am tired!"
"Whither away?" asks Messals.
"Up the street; up to the Omphalus, and heyond- who shall say how far? Rivers of people; never so many in the city before. They say we will see the whole world at the Circum to-morrow."

"Mothing."
"Oh-ah! You forget," said Cecilius.
"What?" saked Prusus.
"The procession of whites."
"Mirabile!" cried Drusus, half rising.
We met a faction of whites, and they had
banner. But—ha, ha, ha!"
He fell back indolently.

sala.
"Soum of the desert were they, my Messals, and garbage-eaters from the Jacobs's Temple in Jerusalem. What had I to do with them ?"
"Nay," said Cecilius, "Drusus is afraid of a laugh, but I am not, my Messala."
"dreak thou, then."

"Nay," said Cecilius, "Drausi sarraid or a laugh, but I am not, my Messala."

"Well, we stepped the faction, and"—
"Offered them a wager," said Drusus, relenting, and taking the word from the shadow's mouth. "And—ha, hs, ha!—one fellow with not enough skin on his face to make a worm for a carp stepped forth, and—ha, ha, hs!—said yes. I drew my tablets. 'Who is your man?' I asked. 'Ben-Hur, the Jew,' said he. Then I: 'What shall it be? How much?' He answered, 'A—s'—Excuse me, Messala. By Jove's thunder, I cannot go on for laughter! 'Ha, ha!"

The listeners leaned forward.

Messala looked to Cecilius.
"A sheke!." Said the latter.
"A sheke!. 'Said the latter.
"A sheke!. 'Said the latter.
"A sheke!. 'Said the latter.
"An what did Drusus?" asked Messala.
An outery over about the door just then occasioned a rush to that quarter; and, as the noise there continued, and grew louder, even Cecilius betook himself off, pausling only to say, "The noble Drusus, my Messala, put up his tablets and—lost the shekel."
"A white! A white!"

"A white! A white!"

the'r tablets, and hurried to the common centre.

"I offer you"—

"And I"—

"Power transport of the property of the person so warmly received was the respectable Jew, Ben-Hur's fellow-voyager from Cyprus. He entered grave, quiet, observant. His robe was spotiessly white; so was the cloth of his turban. Bowing and smiling at the welcome, he moved slowly towards the central table. Arrived there, he drew his robe about him in a stately manner, took seat, and waved his hand. The gleam of a jewel on a fluger helped him not a little to the silence which ensued.

"Romans—most noble Romans—I salute you!" he said.

"Basy, by Jupiter! Who is he?" asked Drusus.

"A dog of Israel—Sanballat by name—

"Hasy, by Jupiter! Who is he?" asked
Drusus.
"A dog of Israel—Sanballat by name—
purveyor for the army; residence, Rome;
wastly rich; grown so as a contractor of
furnishments which he never furnishes.
He spins mischiefs, nevertheless, fluer than
spiders spin their webs. Come—by the
girdle of Venus! let us catch him!"
Messal arose as he spoke, and, with
Drusus, Joined the mass crowaed about the
purveyor.

Drusus, joined the mass crowded about the purveyor.

"It came to me on the street," said that person, producing his tablets, and opening them on the table with an impressive air of business, "that there was great discomfort in the palace because offers on Messala were going without takers. The gods, you know, must have sacrifices; and here am f. You see my colour; let us to the matter. Odds first, amounts next. What will you give me?"

The audacity seemed to stun his hearers. "Haste!" he said. "I have an engagement with the consul."

The spur was effective.

"Two to one," cried half a dozen in a voice.

ished. "Only two to buy,
Roman!"
"Take three, then."
"Three say you—only three—and mine
but a dog of a Jew! Give me four."
"Four it is," said a boy, stung by the taunt.
"Five-give me five," cried the purveyor instantly.
A profound stillness fell upon the assem-

blage.
"The consul—your master and mine—is waiting for me."
The inaction became awkward to the The inaction became awawast to the many.

"Give me five—for the honour of Rome, five."

"Five let it be," said one in answer, There was a sharp cheer—a commotion—and Messala himself appeared.

"Five let it be," he said.

And Sanballat smiled, and made ready to write.

And Sandallat smiled, and made ready to write,
"If Cesar die to-morrow," he said,
'Rome will not be all bereit. There is at least one other with spirit to take his place.
Give me six."
"Six it be," answered Messala.
There was another shout louder than the

There was another shout louder than the first.

"Six be it," repeated Messala. "Six to one—the difference between a Roman and a Jew. And, having found it, now, o redemptor of the flesh of swine, let us on. The amount—and quickly. The consul may send for thee, and I will then be bereft."

Sanbalat took the laugh against him coolly, and wrote, and offered the writing to Messala.

"Read, read!" every body demanded.

And Messala read:

"Mem.—Charlot-race. Messala of Rome, in wager with Sanballat, also of Rome, says he will beat Ben-Hur, the Jew. Amount of wager, twenty talents. Odds to Sanballat, six to one.

"Witinesses:

SANBALLAT."

There was no neise, no motion. Each

"Witnesses: SANBALLAT."

There was no neise, no motion. Each person seemed held in the pose the reacing found him. Messals stared at the memorandum, while the eyes which had him in view opened wide, and stared at him. He relt the gaze, and thought rapidly. So lately he stood in the same place, and in the same way hectored the countrymen around him. They would remember it. If he refused to sign, his beroship was lost. And sign he could not; he was not worth one hundred talents, nor the fifth part of the sum. Suddenly his mind became a blank; he stood speechless; the colour fled his face. An idea at last came to his relief.

"Thou Jew!" he said, "where hast thou twenty talents? Show me."

Sanballat's provoking smile deepened.
"There," he replied, offering Messala a paper.
"Read, read!" arose all around.

Sanballat's provoking smile deepened.

"There," he replied, offering Messaia a paper.

"Read, read." arose all around.

Again Messaia read:

"At Antioch, Tammuz 16th day.

"The bearer, sanbailat of Rome, nath now to his order with me fifty talents, coin of cosar.

"Fifty talents, fifty talents!" echoed the though in amazement.

Then Drusus came to the rescue.

"By Hercules!" he shouled, "the paper lies, and the Jew is a liar. Who but (we sar hath fifty talents at order? Down with the insolent white!"

Theory was angry, and it was argrily repeated; yet Sanballat kept his seat, and his smile grew more exasperating the longer he waited. At length Messaia spoke.

"Hush! One to one, my countrymen—ne to one, for love of our ancient Roman name."

The timely action recovered him his ascendency.

"Ot thou circumcised dog!" he continued,

endency.
"O thou circumcised dog!" he continued,

to Sanhaliat, "I gave thee six to one, did I not?"

"Yes," said the Jew quietly. "Wes!, give me now the fixing of the "Wes!, give me now the fixing of the And it is noticeable, as the classes move that the noticeable, as the classes move the same than are some than a some than are some than a some than

short of derision with which they pursued him out of the door.

In the night the story of the prodigious wager flew air ng the streets and over the city; and Ben-Hur, lying with his four, was told of it, and also that Messala's whole fortune was on the hazard.

And he slept never so soundly.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CIRCUS.

The Circus at Anticoh stood on the south bank of the river, nearly opposite the teland, differing in no respect from the plan of such building in general.

In the surest sense, the games were a gift to the public; consequently, everybody was ires contend, and, vast as the holding consistend, and, vast as the holding consistend, and, vast as the holding consistent of the structure was, so fearful were the people, on this occasion, lest the structure has been been an expensive the exhibition, they took up all the yeacant places in the vicinity, where their temporary shelter suggested an army in waiting.

At midnight the entrances were thrown wide, and the rabbles surging in, occupied the quarters assigned to them, from which nothing less than an earthquake or an army with spears could have disloded them. They dazed the night away on the benches, and breakfasted there, and there the close of the exercises found them, patient and sight-huogry as in the beginning.

The better people, their seats secured.

egan moving towards the Circus about the last hour of the morning, the noble and erry rich among them distinguished by itters and retitues of liveried servants. By the second hour, the fillux from the lity was a stream unbroken and innumer-

the militude was gone out to it, nevertheless.

A great concourse on the river shore witnessed the consul come over from the island in a barge of state. As the great man landed, and was received by the legion, the martial show for one brief moment transcended the attraction of the Circus.

At the third hour, the audience, if such it may be termed, was assembled; at last, a fourth of trumpets called for silence, and instantly the gaze of over a hundred thousand persons was directed towards a pile forming the sastern section of the building. There was abasement first, broken in the midd, by a broad arched passage, called the Porta Pompu, over which, on an elevated tribunal magnificently decorated with insignia and legionary standards, the cousnisst in the place of honour. On both sides of the passage the basement mad divided into stalls termed careeres, each protected in front by massive gales awang to statusque pliasters. Over the stails next was a cornice crowned by a low balastrade; back of which the seats arose in theatre arrangement, all occupied by a throng of dignitaries unperbly attired. The pile extended the width of the Circus, and was fianked on both sides by towers which, besides helping the architects to give grace to their work, seved the went as added that became exceedingly grateful as the day advanced.

This structure, it is now thought, can be

to dive grace to their work, served the velaris, or purple awnings, stretched between them so as to throw the whole quarter in a shade that became exceedingly grateful as the day advanced.

This structure, it is now thought, can be made useful in helping the reader to a sufficient understanding of the arrangement of the rest of the interior of the Circus. He has only to fancy himself seated on the tribunal with the consul, facing to the west, where everything is under his eye.

On the right and left, if he will look, he will see the main entrances, very ample, and guarded by gates hinged to the towers.

Directly below him is the arena—a level plane of considerable extent, covered with fine white sand. There all the trials will take place except the running.

Looking across this sanded arena westwardly still, there is a pedestai of marble supporting three low conical pillars of grey stone, much carven. Many an eye will hunt for those pillars before the day is done, for they are the first goal, and mark the beginning and end of the race-course. Behing the pedestal leaving a passage way and space for an altar, commences a wall ten or twelve feet in breadth and five or six in height, extending thence exactly two bundred yards, or one ollympic stadium. At the farther, or westward, extremity of the wall, there is another pedestal, surmonuted with pillars which mark the second goal.

The racers will enter on the course on the right of the first goal, and keep the wall all the time to their left. The beginning and ending points of the contest lie, consequently, directly in front of the course—that is, a plain-faced, solid wall, fifteen or twenty feet in height, with a balustrade on its cope, like that over the carcers, or stalls, in the course, will be found broken in three piaces to allow passages of exit and entrance, two in the north and ene in the west, the latter very ornate, and called the Gute of Trimph, because, when all is over, the victors will pass out that way, rowned, and with triumphal escort and retermen

tion of an awning, stretched, it would seem, for the accommodation of the better classes exclusively.

Having thus the whole interior as the Circus under view at the moment of the sounding of the trumpets, let the reader next imagine the multitude seated and sunk to sudden silence, and motionless in its intensity of nieres.

Out of the Porta Pompre over in the east rises a sound mixed of voices and instruments harmonized. Presently, forth issues the chorus of the procession with which the celebration begins; the editor and civic authorities of the city, givers of the games, follow in robes and garlands; then the gods, some on platforms berne by men, others in great four wheel carriages gorgeously decorated; next them, again, the contestants of the day, each in costume exactly as he will run, wrestle, leap, box, or drive.

Slowly crossing the arena, the procession proceeds to make circuit of the course. The display is beautiful and imposing Approval runs before it in a shrur, as the water riess and swells in front of a boat in motion. If the dumb, figured gods make no sign of the appreciation of the welcome, the editor and his associates are not so beckward.

to Santaliat, "I gave thee six to one, did I not?"

"Yes," said the Jew quietly.

"Yes," said the Jew quietly.

"Well, give me now the fixing of the amoust."

"With receive, if the amount be trifling, have thy will," answered Santaliat.

"Write then, five in place of twenty."

"Hast thou so much"!

"By the mother of the gods, I will show you receipts."

"Nay, the word of so brave a Roman must pass. Only make the sum even—six make it, and I will write."

"Write it so."

And forthwith they exchanged writings. Santaliat immediately arose and looked around him, a sneer in place of his smile. No man better than he knew those with whom he was dealing.

"Roman," he said, "another wager, if you dare! rive 'a'che again-t dive talents that the whit, will will. I challenge you collectively."

They were again surprised.

"What!" he cried louder. "Shall it be said in the Circus to morrow that a dog of Israel went into the salcon of the palace full of Emman nobles—among them the scion of a Cresar—and laid five talents before them in challenge, and they had not the courage to take it up?"

The still gwas endurable.

"Write the challenge, and leave it on the was a hard in the course of the characters of the horses have a share in the ovacious; nor may it be said they "The still gwas endurable.

"Write the challenge, and leave it on the courage to take it up?"

THE FINGER OF GOD.

In the little town of T— lived a German man, who for years had neglected his religious duties. Sunday was no more to him than an ordinary week day, and in the number of good Catholics who made their Easter duty regularly every year, he was not to be found. And as the enemies of God are generally the enemies of his servants, the priests, so the man had not many kind words to spare for the priest of the little village. The friends of the unfortunate man, who were zealous Catholics, did what a Christian ought to do towards an erring brother; they tried Catholics, did what a Christian ought to do towards an erring brother; they tried to bring him back to a sense of his duty. He was advised, entreated, and begged to go to confession. But scarcely would they commence to speak to him on the subject; the promise was always ready on his lips: "Oh, yes, yes, I'll go sometime." So much and no more, but his friends knew too well how highly to value his promises.

so much and no more, but his friends knew too well how highly to value his promises.

At one time, however, their efforts seemed about to be crowned with success. At a mission, or at a special occasion, I do not remember minutely, they actually succeeded in bringing him into the church. He knelt down among the penitents who were awaiting their turn to go to confession. He soon got tired waiting for his turn and no doubt the devil prompted him; he at once arose and left the church without having made his confession. It was a chilly day, and there being no stoves in the church, a log fire was started near the church door. After leaving the church door, the man pulled out his pipe, singled out a coal from the rest of the fire, lit his pipe, and started away.

One day there was a loud, hurried knock at the front door of the parsonage. The house-keeper was startled, and half indignant at the rudeness of the person, who almost battered down the door, and she rushed to open it.

"Where's the priest? I want to see him in a great hurry," said a man, hurriedly.
"Anything serious?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Man dying; wants the priest."

"I am just hitching up my horse and buggy to attend an urgent sick call, three miles in the country. I believe my own duties come first. But if you will wait one hour, I will be back, and then I will go with you." "Cannot possibly wait, Father; the man is dying," said the messenger. "How far is the next priest from here?" senger.

"Eight miles," answered the priest. The messenger mounted a fresh horse, found the priest at home, and in few minutes, both were on their way to the dying man. Both priest and messenger crowded their horses to their utmost speed. Arriving at the house, the priest threw the bridles of his horse to the mes senger. Just at the priest was unlatching the gate, a man stepped out of the front door and said: "Too late! Father, he has just expired." Truly, the Finger of God?—Church Progress.

Highly Spoken of.

Mr. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks in high terms of Yellow Oil for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and painful complaints. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally in case of pain; also coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., and has made many remarkable cures of deaf-

A Good Motive. Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, agent for Fine Art Publications, states that he was so troubled with deafness for eight years that he could scarcely attend to business, until he tried Yellow Oil. He desires to make this cure known, for the benefit of others sflicted.

others afflicted. Satisfied Confidence. J. B. H. Girard, of St. Edwidge, Clifton, P. Q, says, "I am well satisfied with the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; it has cured me of dyspepsia that I had for three years. I used five bottles, and shall tell every person I know that may be attacked with similar sickness, and should not be

afraid to guarantee every bottle used."

The Story of Hundreds. In a recent letter received from Mrs. Sarah A. Mills, of Wheatley, Ont, she Sarah A. Mills, of Wheatley, Ont, she says, "I was a sufferer for six years with dyspepsia and liver complaint. My food did not digest, and I grew weaker every day. I lost appetite and had little hope of recovery. I tried many remedies, but all in vain, till I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle gave relief; after taking seven bottles, I am thankful that I now enjoy good health."

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvelous food and medicine. It heals the irritations of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and attempth quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil. Put up in 50c, and \$1 size.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE JESUITS.

There never was a time when it was nore important that the whole truth hould be known about the Jesuits than

more important that the whole truth should be known about the Jesnits than the present.

The society is making rapid progress in this country. It embraces a large number of the most learned, able and distinguished men in every department of learning, acience and literature. They are establishing achools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land. They are publishing books on all kinds of subjects, and, in fact, are becoming an important factor in the progressing civilization of the country and of the age in which we live. If they are the ambitious, salish, tricky men that they are ordinarily represented to be by a certain class of our Protestant fellow citizens; if they are planning and scheming for the capture of the country and the destruction of our free institutions it is important that we should know it and the sconer the better. What we want is to know the truth about them.

How shall we ascertain that truth? We put it to our Protestant friends, if it is quite the fair thing to prejudge the case under the influence of a traditional, partian prejudice, instead of giving the subject a careful and candid investigation.

Audi alterna partem is a most wise and

ject a careful and candid investigation.

Audi alteram partem is a most wise and wholesome admonition, and we are glad to know that not a few of our more candid, conservative Protestant fellow-citizens have risen superior to the prejudices of education and have become convinced that the Society of Jesus, founded by the heroic Christian soldier, St. Ignatius Loyola, instead of being the terrible bugbear with which their imaginations used to be haunted, is one of the most beneficent organizations that have ever contributed to bless the world. This, it would seem, should be enough to convince any thoughtful, candid man that there must be two sides to the question; in fact, that it creates an a proor probability in favor of the Society, which imposes upon them, as fair-minded lovers of truth, the obligation to look into the subject and see for themselves what is to be said on the other side.

"But, the subject is such a large one

"But, the subject is such a large one and it takes so much time to investigate it!" Yes, it is a large subject, but it is not necessary to ransack the whole range of history to ascertain the substantial facts of the case. We will not ask the inquirer to read that great work "Histoire de la Companie de Jesu," by Cretineau Laly, in six volumes actavo, though it irquirer to read that great work "Histoire de la Companie de Jesu," by Cretineau Joly, in six volumnes cetavo, though it has been translated into Loglish and is an able, candid and exhaustive book; nor the extremely interesting and, upon the whole, fa'r and unprejudiced "Ignatius Loyols," by the popular Protestant writer, Stewart R. se, who has gathered in the "conclusion" a catena of testimonies in favor of the Jesuits from Macaulsy, Grotius, the Scotch historian Robertson, Montesquieu, Sis mondi, Bancroft, Buffon, Dr. Lardner, the University of Paris, Descartes, Montaigue, Voltaire, Chateaubriand, the poet Gresset, Rev. Hobert Seymour, an English clergyman; Macfarland, a Protestant gentleman travelling in Italy in 1849; Rev. Percival Wend, and adds: "Very easy it would be and very pleasant to add many more such loving expressions as these." Nor will we ask him now to read Paul Feval's brilliant defence of the order entitled "Jestical States of the state of the sta One day there was a loud, hurried knock at the front door of the parsonage. The house-keeper was startled, and half indignant at the rudeness of the person, who almost battered down the door, and she rushed to open it.

"Where's the priest? I want to see him in a great hurry," said a man, hurriedly.

"Anything serious!" inquired the house-keeper.

"Man dying; wants the priest."

"Sorry to say, the priest has left for S—and I do not expect him home be fore to-morrow. Go to the next priest eight miles from here; he will come with you."

The door closed, the messenger mounted his horse, and was on his way to the next priest.

Who was the "Man dying; wants appriest." None else than the subject of this little narrative, who had suddenly become very ill, and no hope of recovery was given him by the attending physician.

The messenger had soon covered the eight miles, and nearing the priest's house, he spied the priest in the said.

"Well, my dear friend," said the priest in the stable, hitching up his horse and buggy. He told the priest his mission.

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"Well, my dear friend," said the priest his mi any one of them, can be taken up at his leisure as taste, inclination or curiosity

may prompt. But we will take the liberty of com mending to him, and to the attention of all who desire correct and reliable information on the subject a small book of 165 tion on the subject a small book of 165 pages, got up in the style of the recent Cardinal Newman and Cardinal Manning memorials that have lately appeared in England, entitled, "The History of the Society of Jesus," by A. Wilmot, F. R. G. S. published by Burns & Oates, London, and by the Catholic Publication Society Company in this city; price 75 cents. We can recommend this comparatively brief history most heartily, as an exceedingly interesting and laudable book, written in a good spirit and giving a condensed, yet, history most heartily, as an exceedingly interesting and laudable book, written in a good spirit and giving a condensed, yet, at the same time, a comprehensive view of the history of the Society from its origin, in the various countries throughout the world where it has been established—its wonderful missionary work; its enterprising zeal; its love for souls; its devoted labors; its heroic sacrifices and its terrible sufferings and martyrdoms for the faith. It will give them a good idea of the spirit of the Society and it will show in convincing light the reasons why it has been the object of the hatred and obloquy of the world.

After quoting a brilliant panegyric of the order from Macaulay, in the preface, this admirable writer goes on to remark, "It is time that the masses in England" (and we might add the United States) "opened their eyes to the truth and saw the Society of Jesus not as a travesty—a hideous monster clothed in deformity—but as a great order of Jesus Christ, preaching His name, suffering for His sake, and

but as a great order of Jesus Christ, preaching His name, suffering for His sake, and as a good tree producing good fruit.

There should be an end to the silly, bur lesque ideas concerning an order which has converted millions to Christianity and produced such men as Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier and Aloysius Gonzaga, and we think any one who will take the trouble to read his book will be ready to say an emphatic Amen!

THE LATE DR. O'SULLIVAN.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE ADOPTED BY

At the regular meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Peterborough, held on 5th day of March, 1887, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
"Whereas it hath pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from amongst us Dr. John O'Sullivan, an honorary member and generous benefactor of the Society.

"Be it therefore resolved, that while bowing in reverential submission to the Divine decree we deeply deplore the loss which society in general and the suffering poor in Peterborough in particular sustain through the death of their devoted friend and physician;

"And resolved, that in the hour of their supreme affliction we hereby tender to his sorrowing widow and child our most sincers and heartfelt sympathy:

"Resolved also that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Mrs. O'Sullivan, the local papers and the London CATHOLIO RECORD.

RECORD.

"Signed on behalf of the Society,
"John O'Meara, Thos. Cahill,
"Secretary, President

THE TAX POLICY

ARCHBISHOP CROKE APPLAUDED ON

I open my postbag, says "Virgilans," to state that the archbishop of Cashel's suggestion that there should be a national strike against payment of taxes to the usurped authority of the Pitt-Castlereagh fraud known as the "United Parliament," is recarded by continental uninted." usurped authority of the Pitt-Castlereagh fraud known as the "United Parliament," is regarded by continental opinion in a very high light. So strongly does the idea of a nation that has been defrauded of its legitimate Parliament calmly refusing to pay the imposts levied by a foreign assembly, whose only authority is doubly voided by violence and corruption, appeal to the world wide sentiment of liberty and right. At first, at any rate, passive resistance would amply suffice to point the protest. Simply let no shilling of Westminster taxation he paid except by distraint and levy. Much more than the annual revenue of Ireland would be required to collect the foreign taxes against the passive resistance of the Irish nation. Thus a national strike against the foreign taxes would go to the root of the great question, and would be understood and applauded in every land of freedom loving men. If Ireland does not usually excel in the display of her interest freedom loving men. If Ireland does not usually excel in the display of her interest in Indian affairs, a cyuic may now say that she almost makes up for the omission

How Saint Barbara Found the Treas-

Years ago there could be seen on a hill overlooking the town and the sea the spacious abode of the Spanish freebooter —a sort of California Captain Kidd, who spacious abode of the Spanish freebooter—a sort of California Captain Kidd, who preyed upon the commerce of the Southern Pacific, and who finally disappeared, sunk at sea by a Portuguese galley, it was said, and leaving large sums of ill gotten gold buried somewhere in the vicinity of the town. Many a year did the simple natives search and dig for the elusive treasure until the very cattle were left unhearded up on the hills that their owners might indulge in the feverish search for sudden wealth that disturbed the even tenor of their pastoral life. They were avarice-bitten. The good padre preached to no purpose against the sin of covetousness, until his parish was almost brought to distress and famine. One day the good man called his flock together and said:

"My children, I have had a vision. Our holy patron, Saint Barbara, has appeared to me in a trance. She promises to aid your search for the pirate's gold. To give good luck she has blessed this bag of seeds, three of which you must drop into each hole you dig in quest of the treasure."

They reverently obeyed, and the fair hill-slopes were undermined in new zeal. Time passed by, but when the discouraged treasure seakers at length abandoned their quest, hundreds of orange trees held their shining globes to the sun. These the natives gathered and shipped te the all-devouring maw of the great mining city that had sprung up in the north, and when the shining dollars they brought glittered in their sun-browned nands the good padre would smile and say: "Behold,

glittered in their sun-browned nands the good padre would smile and say: "Behold, here at last is the pirate's treasure, my children."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—
Please inform your readers that I have Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Catholic Record. | upon LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887

BRITISH INDIA.

We are told that throughout India the celebration of the Queen's jubilee has en marked by much enthusiasm and genuine demonstrations of unprecedented loyalty. The London Times' Calcutta dent, writing on the eve of the correspondent, writing on the eve of the journal in sanguine terms of the success of the jubilee. He states that the natives were showing great enthusiasm, that meetings had been held and committees formed in every district, and, better than all, that subscriptions were flowing in fast. The high priest of Baidynath, said to be one of the most sacred shrines in Lower Bengal, is credited with issuing an appeal, exhorting Hindoos of all classes to prove their loyalty in a befitting manner. His appeal, published in Sanscrit and Ben-

"May that great Empress under whose protection religious ceremonies have been practised without molestation for fifty practised without molestation for fifty years, may that august Empress. Victoria, live long! The lustre of her reign, which illumines the hollow vales of the wilderness and the concealed places, and which brightens the sight itself, has like a second sun made India blossom like the lotus, by dispelling the gloom of injustice eriginating from the severe tyranny of Mahomedanism. May the Empress Victoria, under whose kindness all her subjects have grown strong in the strength of religion and happiness, may she live a hundred years, with her soms and friends. May the Empress under whose influence uninterrupted peace reigns in India live long!

uninterrupted peace reigns in a cand all, to long!

"It behoves you Aryans, one and all, to pray for long life for the Empress. May that Empress in whose Empire men of science sing with delight the manifold blessings of telegraphs, railways, and other inventions, may the Empire whose moon-like deeds spread a halo of light far and wide, may the Empress Victoria be victorious! This is my constant prayer to Shiva."

The reading of the Times' correspond ence and of the high priests' prayer, recalled to our mind a remarkable article on "English rule in India," published in the April (1886) number of the North American Review. The Writer very delib. erately begins his arraignment of that rule by emphatically stating that: "Never vithin the records of history has there been such widespread poverty and misery in India as her unfortunate people have had to bear since the planting of the English flag." This is his charge, clear, grave and unmistakeable in terms or in meaning. And thus does he substantiate it: Every walk of life has been gradually usurped by a grasping monopoly whose boast is that they are not of the people. The children of the soil are to day, vir tually, serfs, working away their lives for a scanty board. Free imports, which have enriched English capitalists, have killed the manufacturers of the country, maimed its industry, and made its trade pass into foreign hands, and the people have to look to Europe for the merest necessaries of life. As if this was not enough to keep down the wealth of the Phe country, it is further exhausted by an increasing annual drain, now over £40,000,. rev are no corresponding imports. This amount, equal to a sum higher than balf the gross tate revenues represents interests on foreign debt and on foreign capital invested in India, pensions and salaries to Englishmen in Europe, the ever-increasing deficit of the government made good, and part of the savings of foreigners (remitted in this form, all of which items are constantly forcing away larger and larger amounts of the very food from a starving people. Thus the formation of capital and a moneyed class by native industry is simply impossible, and there is being rapidly attained that dead level of poverty of a whole people which the Socialists of the

presents only ruins and destitution." As if this were not enough, he pertrays with an unanswerable exactitude the condition of the Indian peasantry, which he pronounces "perhaps the most industri-ous, the most teachable, the most thrifty the most heroic peasantry on earth.' Here is the Indian peasant's lot : "He lives on coarse rice or millet in the best of times. In bad times he is not sure in the morning if his family will have one meal during the day. He has then to borrow for seed at exhorbitant interest, often work without cattle, and to use branch of trees when the plow is in pawn. Rent days send him again and again to the money lender, until both his present property and future prospects are mortgaged. He is always in need, always in debt, and always liable to be oppressed by whoever has power over him, be it the tax-gatherer or the money lender. His baggard features, his shriveled form, his bent stature mark him a luckless child

West believe to be the immediate prelude to the dawn of the new day. Any signs of life in the country can be seen now in

the seamorts and a few centres of govern ment alone, but the interior everywhere

Of the pretence that native anarchy and misrule made the "conquest" of India by the English, not merely a blessing, but a necessity, he disposes by the plain statement that it is false. He charges it