leaven of the gospel the wasocial, intellectual life of nation, that faith was a print the life of St. Patrick. was, and is and ever will be faith in the lives of St. Patrick lives my dear friends.

A dark-eyed Jewish girl of David's line, thy as a sawn that on the emerald brink Of some clear forest streamlet fain wo

days alipped past, each but a golden bright chain, half-earthly, halfdivine, Until that morning, when the angel's "Hall! Blessed art thou of women!" smote upon Herear, nor did her sweet lips answer 'fail: "Lord, se thou will!" And lo! her youth

was gone,
As some fair star that, in a moment pale,
Fades in the glorious presence of the dawn!
- Catholic World.

BEN HUR: THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER XII.-CONTINUED.

Very seen, as with the other coatestants, it is made apparent that some of the drivers are more in tayour than others; and then the discovery follows that nearly every individual on the benches, women and children as well as men, wears a colour, most frequently a riboon upon the breast or in the hear; now it is green, now yellow, now blue; but, exarching the great body carefully, it is manifest that there is a preponderance of white, and scarlet and gold.

CHAPTER AII.—CONTINUED.
Very som, as with the other contestants, it is made apparent that some of the drivers are mort in avour than others; and then the discovers follows that hearly every individent the discovers follows that hearly every individent the some of the drivers are mort in avour than others; and the state of the st

ea." Ha, ha! thou ass of Antioch! Cease thy ay. Knowest thou not it was Messala netting on himself?"
Such the reply.
And so ran the controversy, not always ood-natured.

n-natured.

hen at length the march was ended and Porta Pomps: received back the process, Ben-Hur knew he had his prayer.

te eyes of the East were upon his contest 1 Messala.

CHAPTER XIII.

The veople made way for the party respectfully, and the ushers seated them in easy speaking distance of each other down by the salustrade overlocking the area. In providence of combine they sat upon cushions and find shold for they sat upon cushions and find shold for they sat upon cushions and find shold find a state of the same they can be superior to the same the same they say the same that the latter cast a frightened look over the Circus, and drew the veil closer should extract the latter cast a frightened for over the same than derived the Expytian, letting her real fail upon her shoulders, gave herself to view, and sazed at the scene with the seeming unconsciousness of being stared at, which in a woman, is usually the result of long social habitude.

The new comers generally were yet making their first examination of the great speciacle, beginning with the consult and his attendents, when some work men ran in and compared to stretch a chalked rope across the same time, also, six men came in turning the Ports Pompe and took post, one in front of each occupied stall; whereat there was a prolonged hum of voices in every quarter.

"See, see! The green goes to number four

quarter.
"See, see! The green goes to number four on the right; the Athenian is there!"
"And Messala-yes, he is in number two,"
"The Corinthian"—
"Watch the white! See, he crosses over, heteps; number one it is—number one on to, the black stops there, and the white

ese gate keepers, it should be under-These gate-keepers, it should be understood, were dressed in tunies coloured like those of the competing charioteers, so, when they took their stations, everybody knew the particular stall in which his favourite was that moment watting.

"Did you ever see Messaia?" the Egyptian asked Exther.

The Jewess shu'dered as she answered no.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate IN GASTRITIS AND NERVOUSNESS.

Dr W. J. Harris, Resident Physician, Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "It has achieved great results in several chronic cases of gastritis, and afforded great relief to very many cases of extreme nervousness resulting from debility of the digestive organs,'

If not her father's enemy, the Roman was Ben Har's.

"He is beautiful as Apollo."

As Iras spoke, her large eyes brightened and she shook her jewelled fan. Esther looked at her with the thought, "is be, then, se much handsomer than Hen-Hur?" Next moment she heard iderim say to uer father, "Yes, nis stall is number two on the left of the Ports Pomps," and, thicking it was of Ben-Hur he spoae, her eyesturaed that way. Taking but the briefest glance at the wattled face of the gate, she drew the vell close and muttered a little prayer.

Presently Sanbailat came to the party, "I am just from the stalls, O sheik," he said, bowing gravely to Ilderim, who began combing his beard, while his eyes gittlered with eager inquiry. "The horses are in perfect concition."

I pray it be some other than Messala."

Turning then to Simonides, Sanballat drew out a tablet, saying, "I bring you also something of interest. I reported, you will remember, the wager concluded with Messala last night, and stated that I left another which, it taken, was to be delivered to me in writing to-day before the race began. Here it is."

simenides took the tablet and read the memorandum carefully.

"Yes." he said, "their emissary came to ask me if you had so much money with me Keep the tablet-close if you lose, you know where to come; if you win"—his face knit hard-"if you win—an, friend, see to it! See the signers escape no; hold them to the last snekel. That is what they would with us."

"Trust me," replied the purveyor

"Will you not sit with us?" a-ked Simonides.

with all their strength, "Down! down!"
As well have whistled to stay a storm.
Forth from each stell, like missiles in a voiley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the beoches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited!—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is comme-there—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur."

Ben-Hur.
The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a mutitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in the frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

osity was much excited. Presently some ine called his name. Those about caught it and passed it on along the beaches to the west; and there was hurried climbing on seasts to get sign of the man about whom common report had coined and put in circulation as romaste so mixed of good fortune and bad that the like had never been known or heard of before. Heleria was also recognized and warming greeted; but nobody knew Balthasar or the two women who followed him closely velted. The recople made way for the party respectfolly, and the ushers seated them in pectfolly, and the ushers seated them in pectfolly. The recople made way for the party respectfolly, and the ushers seated them in pectfolly. The recopie made way for the party respectfolly.

moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should rot give it in time.

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a retu sile! And what attraction in the ensemble of the thousends oyer the spreading baicony! Calculating upon the natural impuise to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, makice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants. Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-grey grantle walls; let him then, in this perfect field, see the charlots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and sold; let him see the drivers, erect and slatue-que, fundisturbed by the molicin of the cars, their limbs maked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with yiew of the steeds, the reins passing tant from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the four, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distended, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spure—limbs siender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling diminishing, justifying the world

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may by fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases. ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BRANTFORD.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Brantford this year was more generally observed than ever before. It begun on the morning of the 17th with high mass at St. Basil's, which was attended by a very large congregation, and when many received holy communion. Father Lennon delivered a short, earn-

along with charlots, drivers, borses, let the reader see the accompanying shadors fly, and, with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction and deeper picsaure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy. Every age has its pienty of sorrow: heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield! It is not in common nature to change a purpose in miccareer; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony wore indistinguishable and indescribable; a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the elitor's side blew a signal vigorously. Eventy feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropp of the rope, and not an instant too soon, far the hoof of one of Messala's howes struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned in his fronze ilon's hear at the end of his axle caught the foreleg of the Athenians's right-kand tracemate, flinging the brate over against it yoke fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lott their headway. In subers had their will at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consults at was their shouling." As wins! Jove with us!" answered his Father Lennon delivered a short, earnest discourse, appropriate to the occasion, and as the people left the church the organ rang out the strains of St. Patrick's Day.

Father Murphy preached in Hamilton, In the evening a supper at Mr. Cantillon's hotel was attended by 75 or 80 Irishmen and their friends, at which Sheriff Scarfe occupied the chair and J. J. Hawkins the vice chair, and among the prominent speakers were Wm. Paterson, M. P., Mayor Henry, Rev. Father Lennon, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Dr. Kelly and many others. The supper was a most successful affair and a source of credit and comfort to all who had a hand in it,

consul sat was their shouling.

"Jove with us?" screamed Drusus frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, acting Messaia speed on.

Taolet in hand, Sanbailat turned to them; a crash from the course oclow stopped his speed, and he could not but look that way.

Messais having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the athenian's right, and to that side the latter their to turn his broken four; and then, as il-fortune would have it, the wheel of the 6 yzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his charnot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunated Cleanthes fen under the noofs of his own steed: a terrible sign, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanbailat loozed for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his colecie.

"A hundred sesterii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouled Sanbailat.

Noody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting.

"Messain! Aussais! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself, and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with excerations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, for ward slong with the Komani Benind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them cent the myriads. nand in it.
On the evening of the 18th the annual On the evening of the 18th the annual entertainment on behalf of the Separate Schools was held in the Opera House. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a short programme of Irish music, in which Mrs. Vanderlip, Miss Johnston, Messrs. George Fleming and D. P. Snerrin and the Arion Club took D. P. Sherrin and the Arion Club took part. Everything on the programme was well rendered and warmly received by the audience. The second part of the entertainment was a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the Irish National League of America, on the subject of "Celt and Saxon, or the present phase of the Irish struggle," and was one of the finest intellectual

the present phase of the Irish struggle," and was one of the finest intellectual and literary feasts ever served in this city. While it would be unfair to your readers in other parts of the country to attempt a lengthened report of the lecture, certain it is that no words spoken anywhere could be better worthy of wide circulation. The lecture was spoken of as the fitting supplement to that delivered by Justin McCarthy a few months since in the same house—the one the historical and the other the poetical phase of the Irish question. For two hours the reverend Dr. kept the house (in which there was hardly a vacant seat) in a spell of excited attention, the silence being broken seldom, and then seat) in a spell of excited attention, the silence being broken seldom, and then only by a burst of hearty, spontaneous applause. That audience would have sat there till daylight, so great a hold did the lecturer keep upon their attention. The evening closed late with votes of thanks to the lecturer and the chairman and cheers for Gladstone, and the large monks: "But for the monks of the middle ages, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been forever extinguished: and for eix centuries, there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the thanks to the lecturer and the chairman and cheers for Gladstone, and the large audience carried away with them ample food for deep and gratifying reflection.

On Sunday at High Mass the Rev. Father Murphy preached on St. Patrick. The life of the great saint was described and many of the good works he performed referred to fittingly. The history of the Irish people was outlined briefly through the various phases of the lite of the nation, devotedness of the apostle, the fidelity of the people and the apriithome but the closter. There, tearing trimmed her lamp; there, contemplation 'preened her wings;' there, the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive in form and color, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a divine sympathy with suffering hymanity.

Monks of the Middle Ages.

Mrs. Jameson thus speaks of the

nquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no nome but the cloister. There, learning

feetly removed. Whence it became a proverb to call a long and rigorous abstinence: "The remedy of Cardinal Bor-

romeo." Lewis Cornaro, a nobleman of Venice, was cured of a complication of

diseases, and protracted a life which was despaired of at forty, to a hundred years,

by taking to a spare diet; his daily allow-ance of bread and other eatables being only twelve ounces. He died at Padua in

1556. His book on the advantages of temperance was translated into Latin by

Lessius, who, by the same method, restored

a weak, broken constitution, and died in

B. B. B. -In Working Order.

"My husband was troubled with dys-

pepsia for more than four years. Two

Cure for Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil and use according to directions. J. D. Cameron, of West-

lake, Ainslie, Cape Breton, was cured by

for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., etc.

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

1628, sixty nine years old.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

AT ST. HYACINTHE COLLEGE.

the fidelity of the people and the spirit-tal and material prospects of the future forming a base from which to draw a useful example.

and the shield—of a divine sympathy with suffering humanity.

To this we add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they become in a manner dignitaries of the Church; the introduction of their beautiful and asintly effigies, clothed with all the insignis of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry. The feast of Ireland's patron saint has come and gone, and lives but on the remembrance of the Irish students at St. Hyacinthe College. Small though our numbers be, we entered with no less enthusiasm into the celebration of our National Portion

of eviction and cruelty, lent increased interest to his words. To "Canada," the toast next in order, Mr. W. F. Kehoe responded and pointed out that in Can-ada Irishmen are working their way to that sublime steep here

"Fames bright temple Shines but from afar,"

Some by their indomitable energy, others by their refined accomplishments, and superior education. The 'United States,' captured in Mr. C. R. Uncles a brilliant young defender : he showed that the United States was essentially a coun-try of progress; and that, from the time when first she assumed the garb of when first she assumed the garb of nationhood, until the present day, Irishmen have acted a prominent part in the great drama of her national existence. pepsia for infection to the control of the caperienced physicians did him no good. We got discouraged, until we read of Burdock Blood Bitters; he took only two reply to "Alma Mater," Mr. John Hackett dwelt at length upon the advantages of a sound Catholic education; and des-cribed the respectful love with which the doing heavy work all the time. Mrs. Richard Rowe, Harley, Oat. B. B. B. has cured the worst cases of chronic dys-Mrs. | souviners of Alma Mater are ever associ

To the last toast upon the list, the Faculty," the Rev. Fathers Caron and Mignaul replied, and expressed the pleasure they felt at being present on Procure from your druggist a bottle of such an occasion. Thus ended the banquet, in every sense of the word a suc cess. Thanks to the unceasing efforts of Mr. Frank O'Neil, the worthy President this remedy after all other treatment had failed. It may be taken internally

of the arrangement committee. Let us hope that, when again we meet to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, England shall have recognized the necessity and the justice of granting to Ireland that same degree of freedom which Canada now enjoys. With what feelings of joy

The Far Reaching Perfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Ex Obstructions of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record IN UTTAWA,

IN UTTAWA,

The day dawned rather gloomily in the capital, the sun being clouded until near noon. The citizens were astir at an early hour as usual and the city assumed a gala appearance with flags floating from the staffs of the parliament buildings, city hall, postoffice, Rideau Hall, American consul's office, Russell House, Windsor House, College of Ottawa and other public buildings. The sons of Erin and their descendants of the different creeds wore the national emblem of the I-land of saints and scholars—the shamrock. Another pleasing leature of the day was the profusion with which the daughters of Eris adorned themselves with sham rocks and ribbons of their national color. Many prominent English, French and Scotch citizens showed their liberalty and love for their Irish fellow citizens and the little green isle by wearing a shamrock or a green badge of some description. The marks of enthusiasm in every quarter seemed to recall to the minds of transvenerable addenders. in every quarter seemed to recall to the minds of many venerable and gray haired citizens cherished recollections of bygone days. There was no procession except that of the students of the College cept that of the students of the College of Ottawa, who marched out in the morning, about three hundred in number, and the lady pupils of the other Catholic educational establishments had their usual parade also, each and every one wearing a shamrock or a green ribton in recognition of the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint. From about nine o'clock a constant stream of people wended their way to St. Patrick's Church, and at half past ten it was almost impossible to find standing room. The interior of the sacred temple, although plain in design, presented a magnificent scene, the decorations exceeding that of any former year in taste, richness and profusion. At the entrance to the sanc profusion. At the entrance to the sanctuary was placed a life size statue of St.

Patrick.

The celebrant of the High Mass was the The celebrant of the High Mass was the Rev. Father Sloan, P. P., Fallowfield, with the Very Rev. Father Routhier, V. G., as deacon, and the Rev. Father Langevin, O. M. L., as sub deacon. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided at the throne, assisted by the Rev. John F. Coffey, LL. D., editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and the Rev. Father Fillatre, D. D., O. M. I., Professor of Philosophy in the College of Ottawa. The clergy of the city and diocese were present in large numbers. The sermon of the day was preached by the Rev. Father Dowdall of the Basilica—and was in all respects one of the finest efforts of the kind ever heard in the Dominion Capital. Father Dowdall is a young clergyman of fine presence, powerful voice and sussive delivery. His discourse evinced deep thought and very marked literary culture.

marked literary culture.

The following full report of the sermon was taken in short-hand specially for the

"This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." Words taken from

the world, our faith." Words taken from
the 1st Epistle of St. John.
Your Grace: deary beloved brethren
—There is joy in heaven to day, and
there is joy on earth. Every saint in
heaven to day is filled with new joy.
Every Irish heart on earth feels joy, for
this is the festive day of Ireland's great
apostle. This is the entrance day into
the Eternal Court of heaven of Ireland's
immortal intercessor—the great and national independence. But never will the sons of Erin cease to sing the praises of St. Patrick, who, whilst heaven com missioned, placed on Erin's brow the heaven-wrought diadem—the crown of Catholic faith. The instinct of faith is born in the heart of every true Irish-man—and the sons of Irishmen will never cease to bonor the great and glorious St. Patrick, the heave and glorious St. Lattice, to crowned apostle of our nation. And, my dear friends, it is to perform this duty that we assemble here to day at the duty that we assemble here to day at the feet of St Patrick's God, that we kneel to day in this magnificent temple, erected to the glory of God and to the glory of St. Patrick, and that we echo on earth the beautiful hymns of heaven. It is to perform this duty that we raise our hearts to-day on the sweet music of Ireland. It is to perform this duty that we raise our hearts too on the sweet inspiration of religious ceremony pomp, carrying them onwards and up wards and mingling them in consort with the glorious throng of Irish Saints in heaven that crowd around St. Patrick to-day to weave fresh laurels for his crown, and to tell of the tree he planted

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream."

And yet it is, when all the marrow is taken out of it by some dread disease like consumption, that, neglected, means certain death; catarrh and bronchitis both distressing, and often leading to consumption, or like liver complaints or scrofula, which too often make those afflicted feel that life is empty. But these can all be cured. The use of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' the great blood, lung and liver remedy does away with "mournful numbers," brings back lost health, and fills life full of dreams of happiness and prosperity. Druggists sell it.

and exultation shall we hail the dawn of Irish Liberty, when the cherished walls of the old Parliament House at College Green shall once more re-echo to the voices of Ireland's patriotic defenders. Then indeed shall peace, contentment and happiness reign supreme throughout the Island; and around the evening fireside the stories of past miseries shall be told, only to be forgotten in the happy and glorious realization of their long and patient hope—Ireland once more a nation.

STUDENT.

whose branches to day reach to the uttermost confines of the civilized earth. Yes, to day we shall mingle our feeble voice with the universal jubiliation sent up from the hearts of Irishmen the whole world over, sent up f whose branches to day reach to the uttermost confines of the civilized earth. Yes, to day we shall mingle our feeble voice with the universal jubiliation sent up from the hearts of Irishmen the whole world over, sent up from Erin's sons scattered broadcast over the land, and brought up in heaven before the throne of God. singing the glorious renown of how Patrick planted on Erin's brow the crown of faith and how that Erin through weal and through woe has never ceased to wear that crown in all its pristine beauty, unsulled, untarn-

the pristine beauty, unsullied untarnabled, intact and splendidly illustrious.

Dear old mother Erin had sat for centuries like the other nations in the dark. ness of paganism. From time immemorial she had sat in the groves of her wooded isle, embedded in the gloom, shrouded by idolatry, around her her princes, counciliors, Druids, the higa priests of the nation, the physicians, the bards and the law makers of Ireland, enoircling Ireland's crown with a natural halo. Proudly she ruled this dear oid Pagan mother of ours. No Roman eagle ever mother of ours. No Roman eagle ever screeched victory over her head; no, but sue sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. A weird dismal spectre stalked the land. It filled the minds of Erin's sons and daughters and warped their intellect. It contracted the natural inborn impulsiveness of their Irish hearts; it bade them kneel before a mulhearts; it bade them kneel before a mutiplicity of gods; it bade them pour out their heart's blood on the saugunary altar of paganism. Oh dear mother Erin! these were dismal days—no knowledge these were dismal days—no knowledge of the true God, no faith, no hope. But benold a ray of hope lights up the face of ner sobbing angel guardian. She raises up her broken heart. She looks at sunny Fance. Already the morning sun of fanch has thrown its glorious halo, its brilliancy, over that fair land. This flood of lights atreaks along with effulgent rays; one beauteous beam rests on a loyely youth. Erin's guardian angel raises up her broken heart and sends across the seas the heaven waited message. Come on holy wouth. came in all that sanctity, he came in all that zeal, that zeal which has ever marked the children of the Uhurch's commission, with power and jurisdiction received from Peter's successor, the ever memorable Celestine, Pope of Rome. He came, no longer now a youth, but a man of years. He sets his foot a second time —for in his youth he had spent seven years in bondage in Antrim—he sets his toot a second time on the green sward of the isle of destiny. With apostolic zeal urged on he hastens to royal Tara; from the Boyne to the hill of Tara he traverses the broad country, and pushes on to the very stronghold of Druidism. It was Easter eve. Erin, shrouded in her sable mantle of Paganism, sat that Easter eve on the hill of Tara, around her her princes in Pagan festive joy, around her her bards, deep in the mysticism of idol-

princes in Pagan festive joy, around her her bards, deep in the mysticism of idolatrous worship, with the entrancing music of the national harp.

Paganism that Easter eye was in its zenith. Never before was the power of hell stronger. Never before was the power of hell more closely welded with the transient glory of this earth as represented in the pride and intelligence that stood that day around dear mother Erin. It was a moment of suspense, Hell and earth leagued. Satanic doctrines and Irish intelligence leagued against St. Patrick. It was a moment of suspense, but Patrick bore in his hands "the victory that overcometh the world, our tory that overcometh the world, our faith." He speaks convincingly to the Druids. He tells them of the one God, CHAPTER XIII.

THE START.

About three oclock, speaking in modern syn the programme with conclused except the comfort of the propic, chose that the comfort of the propic, chose that the comfort of the propic, chose that the comfort of the propic chose that the comfort of the propic chose that the comfort of the propic, chose that the comfort of the propic chose that the comfort of the comfort of the propic chose that the comfort of the propic chose the comfort of the propic chose the comfort of the c tout teaching body until the consumma-tion of ages. He tells them of the rock foundation on which the Church is built, of the promise of Christ that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it, of the prayer of Christ that the faith of Peter should never fail; and he tells them of his own commission from the head of the Church to teach the gospel in the isle of destiny. The attempt to argue against Patrick, the appeal to their magic art, was all in vain, for Patrick had borne "the victory that overcometh the world, our faith." Before the bril. liancy of that faith, paganism melted away like wax before the fire, Hell on that Easter eve sent up one gloomy wail of despair, the dark night of paganism was ended, the glorious sun of Christianity broke upon Ireland and streamed its bright light, the heaven-gemmed crown of glorious Catholic faith, on her illus-

of glorious Catholic faith, on her illustrious brow.

The faith Patrick taught was a practical faith, the faith that permeates the every-day actions of the Irishman's life, the revealed truths that Celestine commissioned Patrick to preach in Ireland were not stealle seeds. No: they were living, vital sarms that wave destined living, vital germs that were ander the direction of the Holy Gnost, and under the magisterial direction of the Church, to pervade, to promote, and, f I may so express it, to ferment as the

Consumption Surely Cared.

Fo 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. Respectively.

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DR. T. A. SLOUUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

It was, my dear friends, this bright sunbeam of divin ated those beautiful virtues t ated those beautiful virtues to the temple of his soul, and their sweet fragrance over the was this faith, this implicit and belief in the goodness at ence of God, that urged him times by day and a hundre night to raise his soul to Go It was this faith that gave has the early chroniclers tell each day the entire psalter, faith that sustained him in hy and down the land, teach up and down the land, teachi children how to read and h and how to practice little C tues; teaching the womanh menhood of Ireland the gre Christianity, and urging the grandest development of ciples of Christianity that as holds out to its student. It w that prompted him in found island, monasteries, and co schools. It was this faith the him in raising to the wor 300 churches, in which the se Body and Blood of Jesus w the Father in heaven by over whom he had placed hands. It was this faith o that buoyed him up in hi up and down the land, visiting up and down the land, visiting seven times every mission dom, identifying himself with sympathizing in their joys sorrows, inspiring the laws them and defending them case of his episcopal au uppression of every shape and whence it would, from without. It was this faith that may hife to every script. that gave life to every active sionary life. It was this failing close to his God, the grandeur to his designs, the his execution, which effect lifetime the grandest relief lifetime the grandest religitual, social and moral reistory holds out to its se history holds out to its secivilized age. St. Patrick the Apostles of the revenhad made a nation, an Patrick's faith that worked ful prodigy; and as on the of art you see the impresigner, so on the Irish me the stamp and the impressiant. The Irish nation thoroughly, constitutional faith, a nation of christian, Read Ireland's history, r chequered history, read Ire in sunshine and in cloud, i woe, in good report and is and you will find that the of her current of life unexplainable in any other than that the well spring of life is the divine four Catholic faith. . . We truth before our mind, intellect was ever governed of faith, that Ireland's h centred on the supernatur life, with this great truth b we are not astounded whe

the lovely vales of Erin re sound of song and prayer f and daughters of St. Patri God as from another P rowed and heaven blessed rowed and heaven blessed ing that faith enlarges natural knowledge, we are when we read that from 9th century the intelled of Western Europe devo land. Yet, from the 6th tury Ireland was the hom isle of saints, Ireland tau and to her came stude land, from lands of igno and quench their thirst Irish science, they came and in tens of thousands Erin, you are teacher of the schools of Ireland students of other lands, them, instructed them home to disseminate an abroad the science that in those days.
Yes, on the banks of the banks of the Black non, on Belfast Lough, i

royal Meath, there rose sive piles of educations shed over the land the l reflected on the nations no unusual thing to fine these schools three or fo thousand students gat hospitable tree-roof of seats of learning. An mind you, were free sche progress boast as it will of old Catholic Ireland those days a perfection be but travestied by national conscience ar moved by the impulse Catholic faith. Yes, called the Island of Sa ars. "This is the vic cometh the world, our my friends, was an act is how it comes about t days we find the Irish ersing the land of the the Irish missionaries their errand of love, sat wholly or partly shrouds of idolatry. I my friends, to day to these Irish missionarie worn apostles of Jesus not stop to day to tell the strongholds of Pe saw and how they con to say that they estat 15 monasteries, 13 m

"How are we ever g our spring and sum are all run down, ti begins." So say man We answer, try A This is just the medi will pay compound money it costs you.

and, 12 in England