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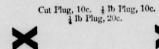
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The Names of Our Lady. BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR. Through the wide world thy children raise Their prayers, and still we see Calm are the nights and bright the days Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are wreathed So many names divine : So many names divine: Vhich is the dearest to my heart, And the most worthy thine?

Star of the Sea : we knell and pray When tempests raise their voice : Star of the Sea ! the heaven reached. We call thee and rejoice.

Help of the Christian: in our need Thy mighty aid we claim; If we are faint and weary, then, We trust in that dear name.

Our Lady of the Rosary: What name can be so sweet. As that we call thee when we place Our chaplets at thy feet.

Bright Queen of Heaven: when we are sad, Hest solace of our pains— It tells us, though on earth we toil, Our mother lives and reigns.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel: thus Sometimes thy name is known. It tells us of the badge we wear, To live and die thine own.

Our Lady dear of Victories: We see our faith oppressed; And praying for our erring land, We love that name the best. Refuge of Sinners: many a soul By guilt cast down and sin, Has learned through that dear name of thine Pardon and peace to win.

Health of the Sick: when anxious hearts Watch by the sufferer's bed, On this sweet name of thine they lean, Consoled and comforted.

Mother of Sorrows: many a heart, Half stricken by despair, Has laid its burden by the cross, And found a mother there.

Queen of all Saints: the Church appeals
For her loved dead to thee:
She knows they wait in patient pain
A bright eternity.

Fair Queen of Virgins: thy pure band, The lilies round thy throne, Love the dear title which they bear, Most that it is thine own.

True Queen of Martyrs: if we shrink From want, or pain, or woe. We think of the sharp sword that pierced Thy heart, and call thee so.

Mary: the dearest name of all, The holiest and the best; The first low word that Jesus lisped, Laid on His mother's breast.

Mary: the name that Gabriel spoke, The name that conquers hell; Mary, the name that through high heaven The angels love so well.

Mary: our comfort and our hope-O may that word be given To be the last we sigh on earth, The first we breathe in heaven.

### GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

#### CHAPTER II.-CONTINED.

She was out-doors when the carriage drove up, in earnest consultation with two workmen, directing the laying out of the kitchen-garden, and, recog nizing her visitors, hastened toward them with a cordial welcome. Sister age, tall and graceful, and had one of those sunny faces that show heaven is already begun in the heart. When she smiled, the sparkling of her deepblue eyes betrayed mirth and humor.
"Dread the labor?" she exclaimed,

n answer to a question from Miss Fer-rier. "Indeed not! I was so charmed with the idea of coming to this wild place that I had a scruple about it, and was almost afraid I ought not to be indulged. It is always delightful to begin at the beginning, and see the

effect of your work."
She led them about the place and old her plans. Here a grove was to be planted, there the path would wind, vines would be trained against this

stone wall. "But I don't see any stone wall,"

protested Miss Ferrier. Sister Cecilia laughed. "I see it listinctly, and so will you next year. There are piles of stones on the land save us a good deal of money; and we are very likely to have ome work done for nothing. Do you know how kind the laborers are to us? I wenty men have offered to do each a day's work in our garden free of charge. Those are two of them. Now, here we are going to have a large arbor covered with honeysuckle and roses. It must be closed on the east side, because there will be a river-road outside the wall some day, and we should be visible from it. But the south side will be all open, so we can sit under the roses and look down that beautiful river and over all the city. You see the knoll was made on purpos

for an arbor." As they went into the house, a slen der shape glided past in the dusk of the further entry. The light from a roof window, shining down the stains, revealed a face like a lily drooped a tittle sidewise, a wealth of brown hair gathered back, and a sweet, shy smile. was as though some one had carried lighted waxen taper through the

hadows where she disappeared.
"It is Anita!" exclaimed Miss Ferrier, stopping on the threshold of the parlor. "Why did she not come the parlor.

"That dear Anita!" said the Sister. 'She has a piano lesson to give at this hour, and would not dream of turning aside from the shortest road to the music room. If you were her own mother, Mme. Chevreuse, she would ot come to you without permission Yet such a tender, loving creature never knew before. Obedience is the law of her life. Next spring she will

begin her novitiate.' The house was looked over, the other Sisters seen, and the offerings brought them duly presented and acknowledged; then the two ladies started for

Miss Ferrier was rather silent when they were alone. She had not forgot ten the reproof of the morning, and she felt aggrieved by it. Mrs. Chevshe felt aggrieved by it. reuse had known that she was but jesting, and might have been a little less

touchy, she thought. What was the not matter that almost every one was finding fault with her lately? Her mother that the candlesticks shone with spot- refuge with his little friend, since she accused her of being cross and cap-tious, her lover found her exciting, and Mrs. Gerald had thought her too assuming on one occasion, and yet all she was conscious of was a blind feeling of loss - some such sense as deepburied roots may have when the sky grow dark over the tree above. Little things that once would have passed by like the idle wind now had power to make her shrink, as the lightest touch will hurt a sore; and trifles that had once given her pleasure now fell dead lat. The time had been when the mere driving through the city in her showy carriage had elated her, when she had sat in delighted consciousness of the satin cushions, the glitering har ness and wheels and even of the band giveness of his sins, she did not for ar instant believe. The worst criminal, if nominally a Catholic, was in her on the coachman's hat and the capes that fluttered from his shoulders. Now eyes infinitely preferable to the best Jew in the world. they sometimes gave her a feeling of weary disgust, and she assured herself that she knew not why. If any sus-picion glanced across her mind that a worm was eating into the very centre of her rose of life, and the outer petals withered merely because the heart was withering, she shut her eyes to it, and kept seeking here and there for comfort, but found none. Honora was the only person who ever really soothed her; and, for some reason, or for no reason, even Honora's soothing now and then held a sting that was keenly

"Is it possible she is resenting my thought Mrs. Chevreuse, reproof? and exerted herself to be pleasant and friendly, but without much success. Miss Ferrier's affected gaity was gone, and she had no disposition to resume it.

"She is not so good-tempered as I believed," the priest's mother though when they parted, with one of those unjust judgments which the good form quite as often as the bad.

Miss Ferrier drove on homeward. She had no need to tell the coachman which way to drive, nor how, for he knew perfectly well that he was to make his horses prance slowly through Bank street, where, in a certain insurance office up one flight of a granite building, Mr. Lawrence Gerald bit his nails and fumed over a clerk's desk, and half attended to his business while inwardly protesting against what he called his misfortunes. Perhaps his desk faced the window, or maybe his companions were good enough to call his attention to it; for it seldom hap-pened that Miss Ferrier, glancing up did not see him waiting to bow to her. He did not love the girl, but he felt a trivial pride in contemplating the evidences of that wealth which was one day to be his unless he should change his mind. He sometimes admitted the possibility of the latter alternative.

To-day he was not at the window out his lady-love had hardly time to be conscious of the disappointment, when she saw him lounging in the door-way down stairs. He came listlessly out as the carriage drew up, and at the same noment Miss Lily Carthusen appeared from a shop near by, and joined them. This young lady took a good deal of exercise in the open air, and might be net almost any time, and always with the latest news to tell.

"I congratulate you both," she said, in her sprightliest manner. dreadful organist of yours has put his wrist out of joint, and cannot play again for a month or two. Isn't it delightful?" She laughed elfishly. "Haven't you heard of it? Oh! yes it is true. It happened this morning when he came down the dark stairway in his boarding house. He tumbled against the dear old balusters, and put his wrist out. I never before knew the good of dark stairways."

"Why, Lily! aren't you ashamed?" remonstrated Miss Ferrier, smiling you think I ought to be

ashamed?" inquired Miss Lily, with an ingenious expression in her large, light blue eyes.
"Yes; I do," replied Miss Ferrier,

much edified. "Well, then, I won't," was the satisfactory conclusion.

"I am sorry for Mr. Glover," Miss Ferrier remarked gravely.

"Now, my dear mademoiselle, please don't be so crushingly good !" cried the other. "You know perfectly well that he plays execrably, and spoils the singing of your beautiful choir; and you know that you would be perfectly delighted if F. Chevreuse would pension him off. Don't try to look grieved, for

"I don't pretend to be a saint, Miss Carthusen, "said Annette, dropping her

eyes.
"And I don't pretend to be a sin-

ner," was the mocking retort.

Mr. Gerald smiled at this little duel, as men are wont to smile at such scenes. It did not hurt him, and it did

"But the best part of the business is that F. Chevreuse has asked Mr. Schoninger to play in his stead," pursued the news-bringer. written a note requesting him to call

there this evening. Miss Ferrier drew her shawl about her, and leaned back againt the She had an air of dismissing the subject and the company which. not being either rude or affected, was so near being stately that Mr. Gerald was pleased with it, and, to reward

her, begged an invitation to lunch. 'I had just come out for my daily sandwich," he said; "but if you will take pity on me-She smilingly made room for him by

her side, and drove off full of delight. The afternoon waned, and, as even ing approached, Mrs. Chevreuse sat in her own room again, waiting for the priest to come home. She had visited her sick and poor, looked to her house-

less brilliancy, and was now trying to interest herself in a book while she waited. But it was hard to fix her attention; it constantly wandered from the page. Jane had heard and told the page. Jane had heard and told her of the accident to their organist, and the rumor that Mr. Schoninger was to take his place; but had not told the news by any means with the glee of a Lily Carthusen. On the contrary incredible horror that a Jew was to take any part in a service performed before the altar whereon the Lord of heaven was enthroned. To Jane's mind, every Jew was a Judas. That he could be moral, that he could adore his Creator and pray earnestly for for

"Andrew declared it was so, madame, and that he carried a note to that Mr. Schoninger before dinner," she said, concluding her lamentation; "but nothing will make me believe it till I hear F. Chevreuse say so with his own mouth.

"Oh! well, don't distress yourself

about it, Jane," her mistress replied soothingly. "Perhaps it is a mistake; but, if it is not, you may be sure that F. Chevreuse knows best. He always has good reason for what he Besides, we must be charitable Who knows but the services of the Church and our prayers might, by the blessing of God, convert this man."
"Convert a rattlesnake!" cried Jane, too much excited to be respect

But Mrs. Chevreuse, thuogh she had spoken soothingly to her subordinate, was not herself altogether satisfied. Sho vas a woman of large mind and heart yet, if any people in the world came last in her regard, it was the Jewish people. Moreover, she had seen Mr. Schoninger but once, and then at an unfortunate moment when something had occurred to draw that strange blank look over his face. The impression left on her mind was an unpleasant one that there was something dark and secret in the man.

"Of course it will all be right," sh said to herself, annoyed that she should feel disturbed for such a cause. am foolish to think of it."

The street door was opened and left wide, after F. Chevreuse's fashion, and she heard his quick, light step in the entry. Dropping her book, she smiled involuntarily at the sound. How sweet to a woman is this nightly coming home of father, son, or husband He came in, went to the inner room, and opened and closed his desk, then returned to the sitting-room, threw up he corner window, from which h could see into her apartment, and ing forward as he did so to bow a smiling recognition across to her. His day's work was as nearly over as it could be. In the morning, he must go work was as nearly over as it out to meet his duties; in the evening they must seek him. The hour for their social life had come; and though subject to constant interruptions, so that scarcely ten minutes at a time were left them for confidential intercourse, they were free to snatch what they could get.

Mrs. Chevreuse put her book away, and opened the door between the two sitting-rooms. "Father," she said immediately, "is it true that you are going to have that Jew play the organ at S. John's?"

mother's foot was arrested on the threshold; for just opposite her, coming into the room from the entry, was Miss Lily Carthusen, leading a little girl by the hand, and followed by 'that Jew"; while, in wrathful perspective, like a thunder-head on the horizon, gloomed the face of Jane, the servant-woman.

The silence was only for the space of a lightening-flash, and the flash was not wanting; shot across the room a pair of eyes that looked as though they might sear to ashes what they gazed upon in anger. The next moment, the eyes drooped, and their owner was bowing to F. Chevreuse.

Miss Carthusen was perfectly selfessessed and voluble, seeming to have heard nothing. "This little wilful girl would come with Mr. Schoninger, madame," she said ; "and, as he is no going back, I was obliged to come and ee her home again safely."

The truth was that Miss Lily, who

boarded in the same house with the gentleman, had encouraged the child to come, in order that she might

accompany her.

F. Chevreuse had blushed slightly, but he showed no other embarrassment. It was the first time that Mr. Schoninger had entered his house, and ie welcomed him with a more marked cordiality, perhaps, on account of the unfortunate speech which had greeted his coming. You are welcome, sir! I thank

you for taking the trouble to come to ne. It was my place to call on you, but my engagements left me no time. Allow me to present you to my mother. Mme. Chevreuse."
"My mother" had probably never

been placed in so disagreeable a position, but her behavior was admirable The man she had involuntarily in sulted was forced to admit that nothing could be more perfect than the repect ful courtesy of her salutation, which maintained with dignified sincerity the distance she really felt, while it expressed her regret at having inruded that feeling on him.
"Yet they talk of charity!" he

thought; and the lady did not miss a

could not with propriety leave the room. The young lady was not agree-able to her. Mme. Chevreuse had that pure honesty and good sense which looks with clear regards through a murky and dissimulating nature; for, after all, it is the deceitful who are most frequently duped.

Miss Carthusen went flitting about the room, making herself quite at home. She selected a rosebud from a bouquet on the mantel-piece, and fastened it in madame's gray hair with her as light as snowflakes; she daintily abstracted the glasses the lady held and put them on over her own large pale eyes. "Glasses always squeeze ny eyelashes," she said; "not that they are so very long, though, at least, Arnim's little goose-girl's. Hers were two inches long; and the other girls laughed at them, so that she went away by herself and cried. Perhaps, peyond a certain point, eyelashes are like endurance, and cease to be a vir-Who is it tells of a young lady whose long eyelashes gave her an overdressed appearance in the morn-

ng, so that one felt as though she ought to have a shorter set to come lown to breakfast in?"

Mrs. Chevreuse observed with interest the striking difference between the two men who sat near her talking, both, as any one could see, strong and fiery natures, yet so unlike in temper and manner. The priest was electorical and demonstrative ; he uttered the thought that arose in his mind; he was a man to move the crowd, and carry all before him. The ardor of the other was the steady glow of the burning coal that may be hidden in darkness, and he shrank with fastidious pride and distrust from any revelation of the deeper feelings of his heart, and held in check even his passing emo tions. He would have said, with that Marquis de Noailles, quoted by Liszt: Qu'il n'y a guere moyen de causer de qoui que ce soit, avec qui que ce soit; and doubtless, he had found it so.

F. Chevreuse had explained his wishes: their organist was disabled, and they had no one capable of taking his place. If Mr. Schoninger would consent to take charge of their singing, he would consider it a great favor. Mr. Schoninger had no engagement

which would prevent his doing so, and it need not be looked on at all as a favor, but a mere matter of business. His profession was music. F. Chevreuse would insist on feeling

obliged, although he would waive the pleasure expressing that feeling. Mr. Schoninger intimated that it was perhaps desirable he should meet the choir an hour before the evening

service. The priest had been about to make the same suggestion, and, since the time was so near, would be very happy to have his visitor take supper with

The visitor thanked him, but had just dined.

Nothing could be more proper and to the point, nor more utterly stiff and rozen, than this dialogue was. F. Chevreuse shivered, and called little him. The child went with a most captivat

ing mingling of shyness and obedience in her air, walking a little from side to side, as a ship beats against the wind, making a way in spite of fears. Her red cheeks growing redder, a tremor struggling with a smile on her small mouth, the intrepid little blossom al-The priest rose hastily, and his lowed her to be lifted to the stranger's that man gave you?" cried the girl.

"No matter about that," the lady for courage and strength.

Mr. Schoninger smiled on his favor ite with a tenderness which gave his face a new character, and watched curiously while the priest reassured and petted her till he won her attention to himself. His own experience and the traditions of his people had taught him to look on the Catholic Church as his most deadly antagon ist; yet now, in spite of all, his heart relented and warmed a little to one of her ministers. He knew bet ter than to take an apparant love for children as any proof of goodnessknown were excessively fond of them -yet it looked amiable in an hones person, and F. Chevreuse's manner was particularly pleasant and win

ning.
Embarrassed by the notice bestowed on her by all, yet, with a premature address, seeking to hide that embarrassment, the child glanced about the room in search of some diversion. Her eyes were caught by a picture of the Madonna.

"Oh! who is that pretty lady with wedding-ring round her head?" she

cried out. "She," said F. Chevreuse, "is sweet and holy Jewish lady whom we

The little girl glanced apprehen-sively at her friend—perhaps she had been told never to speak the word Jew n his presence—and saw a quick light flicker in his eyes. He was looking keenly at the priest, as if trying to determined to win him in spite of his coldness? Was it his way of making proselytes, this fascinating delicacy and tenderness? He did not wish to like F. Chevreuse; yet what could do in the presence of that radiant "I think our business is done, sir,

The priest became matter-of-fact at

once.

"It is not necessary for me to make any suggestions to your good taste," he said; "but I may be permitted to slight curl of the lip which was not hidden by his profound obeisance.

I would like the music to be conducted

"I shall make it as earnest as your composers will allow, sir," the musician

replied, with a slightly mocking smile.
"My composers!" exclaimed the priest, laughing. "I repudiate them Was it one of my composers who wrote the music of the Stabat Mater, and set his voices pirouetting and waltzing through the woes of the Queen of Sor-The world accuses Rossini of rows ? showing in that his contempt for Christianity. I would not say so much. believe he thought of nothing but the

rhythm and the vowel-sounds."
"And was it one of my composers, the Jew retorted, "who set the Kyrie Eleison I heard on passing your church last Sunday to an air as gay as any dance tune? If the words had been English instead of Latin, it would have sounded blasphemous.'

F. Chevreuse made a gesture of resignation. "What can I do if the musicians are not so pious as the painters, if they will put the sound in the statue, and the sense in the pedestal? My only refuge is the Gregorian, which nobody but saints

The call was at an end, and the visitors went. As soon as they were in the street, Miss Carthusen observed: "I notice that F. Chevreuse adops Paracelsus method of cure; he anoints with fine ointment, not • the wound, but the

sword that made the wound. She had been annoyed at the little attention paid to herself in contrast with the honor shown the priest's honor shown the prie mother, and wished to find out if Mr Schoninger kept any resentment toward Mme. Chevreuse. He felt her inquisitive, unscrupulous eyes searchng his face in sidelong glances.

"The priest was very courteous to me," he replied calmly. "And I should think that madame might be very agreeable person to those she likes

The young women instantly launched into a glowing eulogy of the priest's mother, till her listener bit his lips. He was not quite ready to be alto gether charmed with the lady. "And a propos of medicine," said

Miss Carthusen lightly, "it has been revealed to me to-day who the first omœopathist was. "Is it a secret?" "It was Achilles," she replied. 'Do you not remember that nothing

but Achilles' spear healed the wound that itself had made?' As soon as they were gone, Mme Chevreuse turned to her son. "Need I say how sorry I am?" she exclaimed. Tears were in her eyes; touched to the heart that, though he must have been deeply mortified, he should still not have failed for a

than ordinary courtesy and affection, as if to show their visitors that he did not dream of reproving her.
"I knew that you felt worse about it than I did, dear mother," he said, taking her hand. "And this will taking her hand. remind us both that it is not enough to be cautious in the expression of our thoughts. uncharitable feeling to remain in our

noment to treat her with even more

hearts. "'Murder will out,'" he added more lightly, seeing her moved.
"And, after all, isn't Mr. Schoninger

a fine fellow? Madame made no direct reply. She could not yet be enthusiastic about the Jew. "I think we should have

the Jew. "I think we should have supper," she said, and went down to look after Jane.
"O madame! did you see the look "It was unfortunate said calmly. that I should not have known he was coming. You must be careful to give ome sign when visitors are coming in and not introduce them in that noise less way.

Madame held, with the Duke of Wellington, that it is not wise to accuse one's self to a servant. The humility, instead of edifying, only

"I was coming down from the chambers, and met them at the street door, madame," Jane made haste to say; "and I thought you would hear the steps.

TO BE CONTINUED. German Syrup"

cine should be absoand Croup lutely reliable. A mother must be able to Medicine. pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desira-ble. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general

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you or your priest to ea
of it Now go to work a "MR. EDITOR. - Here

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