BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII. "Tell us now of Thy disciples, and of Thy doctrines which thou hadst been teaching the people. Thou mayst as well make full confession; it was assuredly imperil Thy cause to keep back anything from us at this time."

The Sanhedrim was already in solemn regards though it, was granged, dawn

session, though it was scarcely dawn. In the midst of the semicircle sat Caiphas in the full dignity of his priestly robes. On his right was Annas, on his left Jochanan, and the others in the order of their official rank. Before them, His hands bound behind His back, and closely guarded on either side by the temple palice, stood Josus. temple police, stood Jesus.

Answer me, Fellow! said Caiphas

"Answer me, Fellow! said Carphas sternly.

The prisoner raised His eyes, and looked full at the high priest.

"I have spoken openly to the world," He said calmly. "I taught ever in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou Me? Ask them which heard Me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said."

"Answerest Thou the high priest so?" said one of the men who stood by

said one of the men who stood by Him. And as he spoke the words, he struck Him upon the mouth.

For a moment the Prisoner was silent.

For a moment the Prisoner was shelt.

Then He said calmly, as before, with no sign of passion at the foul insult: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou

"He asketh for witnesses," said Annas with a sneer. "Let them be brought."

brought."
There was a little stir, as one of the temple officials entered, followed by a small, wizened old man.
"Dost thou know the Prisoner?"

asked Caiphas.
"I do, reverend lord," answered the man in a high, quavering voice. "He is a Galilean carpenter, named Jesus. He is a brawler, and is always surrounded by crowds."
"What knowest thou of His teach-

ings? said Annas with a gratified

"He saith pernicious things, my lord! I, myself, heard Him say to the the multitude. Beware of the Scribes, the multitude. Beware of the Scribes, and especially of the high priests, for they care for nothing so much as to go about in long robes, and have the best about in long robes, and have the best of everything. They make long prayers for a show, and at the same time devour the widows and fatherless. They are hypocrites and fools, and shall be thrust into hell, with all that follow their words. What say ye to that, my good lords? Those be His teachings!"

A fleron murmur, ran about the

flerce murmur ran about the "'Tis true! I heard something like

it myself!" came from and another. it myself!" came from and another.

The old man was elated by the sensation which he had made. Turning his rheumy eyes upon the Prisoner, he pointed at Him a skinny, shaking finger, "Ha, fellow! Thou didst heal me, three years ago, of the palsy, which had withered my limbs; and in so doing the palsy with the palsy which had withered my limbs; and in so doing withered my limbs; and in so begging took away my living, for my begging no longer brought me money. They told me to work! Yes, work man like me! Now is not that a shame, my good lords? Iled a gay life, at ease on my bed; but now I must needs work, or starve, Thou madest me-an old man-as strong as an ox."

him away!" commanded And he was led out, still gesticulating, and taking in his high,

shrill voice.

After that followed in rapid succession a number of other witnesses, who wore examined Caiphas, but without eliciting anything of importance.

At last, when Annas and the others were beginning to despair of an ac-ceptable pretext to put the prisoner to death, two witnesses were brought in.
"We were together when this Man

spoke in the temple," said one of them, "and we heard Him say, I will destroy this temple that is built with hands, and within three days I will build another

made without hands."
"Nay!" said the other, "thou art wrong. He said, "If ye destroy this temple which ye were forty and three years in building, I will restore it in

Well, is not that the same thing? exclaimed the first contemptuously.
"Not at all!" cried the other, with Thou hast the ears of an ass! "Is this the place for your disputings?" said Caiphas, angrily. "Officer,

remove these witnesses!"
Then he rose to his feet, and fixing his eyes upon Jesus, Who still stood calmly and quietly in His place, he said sternly
Answerest Thou nothing? What i it that these witness against Thee?

But He seemed not to have heard the guestion. From His eyes shone a strange brightness, a holy calm. Was He thinking that the hour was at hand for the fulfillment of His words? The high priest looked at Him stead-

ily, and said in a loud and solemn voice: I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell me whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

Christ, the Son of God.

Then the Prisoner, the despised
Nazarene, His hands bound, His garments torn and defiled with violence, the mark of the insulting blow still visible on His white face, made answer: "I am the Christ, the Son of God. And I say unto you, that hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the

clouds of heaven."
Then did the high priest rend his garments, and he cried aloud saying :
"He hath spoken blasphemy! What need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard His blas-phemy; what think ye?"

And they all answered, as with one ice: "He is guilty! Let Him die!" voice: Then they led Him away to a room underneath in the palace; and there did the servants, and the hirelings of the temple, gather themselves together, from hence."
that they might look upon Him Who was condemned to die. And they Pilate, staring at Him curiously.

struck Him with the palms of their hands, and spit upon Him, crying out: "This is He that shall sit in the clouds of heaven! Behold Him! The Christ —the Messiah!"

-the Messiah!"
Then did one of them cast a garment over His head, so that it covered His face; and they began to buffet Him, calling out: "Prophesy unto us, thou prophet of Galilee! Who smote

And these things they did until they

Now when Caiphas passed outof the Now when Caiphas passed outof the council chamber, he went into an inner room of the palace, that he might eat and refresh himself before going with the Prisoner to Pilate. And there Anna, his wife, found him.

"What hast thou done to the Nazar-page" and all her face was

ene?" she asked; and her face was white, and her eyes had a strange fire

in them.
"We have found Him guilty, even as "We have found film gattly, when he shall shortly be delivered into the hand of the governor," said Caiphas. "I am weary," he continued irritably, "and care not to speak of the think with thee. Thou art a woman, and knowest naught of affairs of state.

Leave me!"
"Nay, I will not leave thee, till I have Nay, I will not leave thee, till have said what I will," answered Anna.
"The Man is a prophet; and curses will come upon this house, it thou dost persist in persecuting Him."
"Woman!" cried Caiphas, starting

"Woman!" cried Caiphas, starting to his feet, "the Man is a blasphemer! But lately in My presence He solemnly affirmed that He was the Christ, the affirmed that He Son of God, and would hereafter sit on

Son of God, and work !"

"Oh, Joseph, my husband!" cried
Anna. shuddering, "what if it be so!
Release Him, I beseech of thee: and
let Him go into His own country."

"Thou art a woman, and therefore a 'said Caiphas, with bitter emphasis.

Again I tell thee to leave me ! Speakest thou so to the daughter of "I will leave thee! But thou Annas! shalt yet remember my warning, and weep tears of blood that thou hast trod-den it under foot." And turning, she

swept from the chamber. It was still early in the morning when all imposing deputation, with Jesus, bound and doubly guarded, in their midst, waited upon Pilate the gov-

"It is not lawful for us to enter into the palace, lest we be defiled," said Caiphas, "therefore bid Pilate come forth unto us.'

And Pilate, knowing full well the temper of the people with whom he had to deal, complied at once. It was, moreover, in accordance Roman custom to hold courts of justice in the open air; so that there was in front of the palace, for this purpose, a raised tribunal, known as the Pave ment, since it was laid with a mosaic of many-colored marbles. Here, then, Pilate caused them to place his curule Pilate caused them to piace his curule chair of wrought ivory—the seat of state, and the sign of his office—and here he sat himself down.

And they brought Jesus, and set Him

before the governor, His accusers ranging themselves on either side; while a great multitude, which momently increased as the tidings of the arrest flew from mouth to mouth, surged uneasily up to the very edges of the tribunal, where they were kept at bay by

detachment of Roman troops. Now Pilate was not always altogether ignorant concerning Jesus. Always fearful of insurrections among the people, he had, by means of spies, kept close watch of His movements. He knew that His teachings had nothing of political significance in them, and that He had studiously avoided all popular excitement. He was, therefore, dis-posed to before the political significant the political significant the political studiously avoided all popular excitement. He was, therefore, disposed to befriend the Prisoner, more especially as he saw through the shallow pretense of the Jewish dignitaries, to the real source of their hatred of the Man. So that it was with some acerbity that he put his first question to

the high priest, who headed the depu-tation from the Sanhedrim:
"What accusation bring ye against

"If He were not a malefactor," answered Caiphas, haughtily, we would not have delivered Him up unto thee." "I know something of this Jesus, and I can understand your motives in bringing Him to me," said Pilate, with covert sneer. "But it hardly seemed a case for my interference. Take ye Him and judge Him according to your

w.
"The charge which we bring against "The charge which we bring against this Man is not so trilling as thou seem-est to think," answered Caiphas, his voice shaking with anger. "He is worthy of death on a criminal charge. We have so found Him. But it is not lawful for us to put any man to death."
"What then hath He done?" asked

Pilate in a tone of polite endurance.
"He hath striven to lead away the nation after Him, forbidding to pay tribute to Cesar, and declaring that He, Himself, is Christ—the rightful King," said Caiphas, an evil light in

his eyes. To this accusation all the Jewish authorities assented with loud cries. They looked to see Pilate roused from his apathy by this charge—the most damning of all in the ears of a Roman governor—and ready to make quick work of the hated Nazarene. But they were disappointed. With no percept ible change in his face, he arose de liberately from his seat, and ordering the guard to bring the Prisoner, strode

When he had sat himself down, he said to Jesus: "Art Thou the King of into the judgment hall. the Jews?"
"Sayest thou this thing of thyself?"

answered the Prisoner, or did others tell it thee of Me?"
"Am I a Jew?" said Pilate scorn-

fully. "Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered Thee unto fully.

And Jesus, looking full into his face, made answer: "My kingdom is not of this world; if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the lews. But now is My kingdom not

from hence."
"Art thou a King, then?"

"Thou sayest it; I am a King," He answered. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that should bear witness unto the truth.

"Truth!" said Pilate, with a light, ironical laugh. "What is truth?"
'Twas a mere word, an empty sound,

to this Roman voluptuary.

Then he arose from his seat without further question or comment, and went out again to the tribunal, where the Jewish dignitaries were awaiting him in a state of anger which bordered on

frenzy.
Pilate looked at them scornfully; he thoroughly despised them, but it would not do for them to see that too plainly. He sat himself down, and waited a moment for the fierce murmuring to cease, then he declared in a loud, firm

"I find in Him no fault at all." It was an acquittal! Must all their carefully prepared schemes fall to the ground? Must they see the Man escape out of their very clutches? Never! After the first wave of indignant rage had spent itself, one after another of the chief priests and elders arose to speak, each vying with the other in the variety and virulence of the charges which they heaped upo the Prisoner, who had been brought back from the judgment hall, and was again standing in the midst.

again standing in the midst.

Dost Thou hear how many things these witness against Thee? aid Pilate, addressing Him.

Why dost Pilate, addressing Him. "Why dost Thou not defend Thyself? Thou hast

ny permission." But Jesus was silent.

Pilate shook his head. "He is a range Man," he thought to himself. Now is the time and the place for ome of His eloquence, of which I have heard so much. He is a fool not to put these fellows down. In trath I would

assist Him gladly."

Jochanan was speaking, though
Pilate was giving him but scant attention. But now a sentence caught his

He stirreth up the people throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.' "Galilee!" exclaimed Pilate. An

idea had struck him. "Didst thou say that He is a Galilean?" "He is, your Excellency," replied Jochanan.

Very well, then. I shall send Him to Herod. He is even now in the city, and it were most fitting that he should judge a man from his own province.'

He arose from his seat, and gave the necessary orders, then retired to his palace, feeling well pleased with himelf for this master-stroke of diplomacy this mean," he thought complacently. further trouble in this matter. over, it will flatter Herod, and I shall thus be able to appease his wrath for that little affair in the temple." And he commanded his slaves to bring him

refreshments.
"Didst thou say that Pilate had sent me the Nazarene for judgment?" asked Herod, starting up from the purple cushions where he was lolling, sick with ennui, in the Asmonean Palace. but that is good news! I have always wished to see the Fellow! He shall perform a miracle for me, such as I have He shall make me some choice wine from water, heal this sore on my limb, and—well, I shall think of other things afterward. Bring Him into our presence at once. And, stay!—call the court together; 'twere meet to prothe court together; twere meet to provide some amusement to relieve the deadly tedium of this place. So that is the Man!"—as they brought in Jesus and set Him in the royal presence, the high priests and elders, regardless now of deallement. of defilement, crowding in after Him.

And who are these?' 'The chiefs of the Jewish nation."

one made answer.
"Let them stand back out of my way I wish to talk to the Man, myself,

said Herod impatiently.

He had no idea of conducting a trial, but only of amusing himself and the throng of whispering, tittering courters who were gathered about him. So he began to ask questions of the Prisoner. "What was His name?"—though oner. "What was His name?"—though he knew well enough. "Could He really work miracles, as people said? and if He could, would He not work one

But the Prisoner was silent. Herod was at first rather flattered by this. "He feareth us," he said patronizingly. "Nay, Fellow, I will do Thee no harm; I only wish to see Thee perform. Do not fear to speak. Thou shalt have wine if Thou wilt. Give

But He refused with a gesture, the proffered cup, and remained silent as

Then did His accusers, one and all reak forth into angry denunciations.

"He saith that He is a king, doth quoth Herod, languidly interrupt-He?" ing them. "Well, He doth not look much like it. If He will not perform for us, we will make some sport out of Him. What is the royal color of the Jews? For, truth to tell, I have forgotten it."

gotten it The Jews were angrily silent; but one the courtiers volunteered the in-formation: "'Tis white, your High-

"White, is it? Then let a white robe be brought, and put it on him. 'Tis not meet that a king should be so poorly attired."

Then they fetched a white robe, and

threw it over His humble Jewish dress. "Now, good sirs," said Herod, turning his eyes wickedly upon the members of the Sanhedrim, "doth He not bers of the Sanhedrim, "doth He not look majestic? A King indeed! Let all do Him homage.

the courtiers and soldiers pressed forward in mock adulation.
But Herod, watching from his chair of state; saw something in the aspect of the Prisoner which made him feel un-comfortable. "He hath a look which I like not," he muttered, "nor yet this silence; 'tis unnatural. Suppose He should do some awful thing now; they say that He hath unlimited powers."

With an imperative gesture, he summrned one of his officers. "Take the Fellow away!" he said. "Take Him

back to Pilate."
"Shall we take off the robe, your Highness?" asked the attendant.

"No, no!" answered Herod, hastily.
"Take Him just as He is—and quickly.
Clear the room of all these,"—indicating the Jews with a sweeping gesture. So it happened that Pilate was once again called forth into the judgment

seat, and confronted with Jesus. CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was with a frowning brow that the It was with a frowning brow that the governor again seated himself in his ivory chair of state. "Ye have brought this Man unto me," he said, "as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined Him before you, have found no fault in Him touching those things whereof ye accuse Him. No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him with the Prisoner; and, lo! he hath sent Him back to me uncondemned. I will therefore scourge Him and let Him go." and let Him go."
He said this, hoping that the scourg

ing—a terrible punishment in itself—ingth appease the wrath of the Jews.

The multitude, which now numbered thousands—and, as Pilate saw, of the lowest and most debased portion of

powest and most debased portion of the population—gave a savage, inarticulate cry, like that of a wild beast.

"What do they say?" asked Pilate, speaking to the Roman official who stood beside him.

"Release! Release unto us a prisoner!" replied the man. oner!" replied the man.
"They are right!" said Pilate, be

thinking himself joyfully of the timenonored custom of releasing a prishonored custom of releasing. And he to the people at feast time. And he to the people at feast time. Will ye that release unto you the King of the Jews?

Now it happened that the chief priests knew of the condemnation of Barabbas, and how he lay bound in the dungeons of Antonia, sentenced to suffer crucifixion on that very day, which was the fifteenth of Nisan.

So Jochanan, and other wise ones of their number, mixing with the multitude, craftily brought to their remem-brance how Barabbas was about to suffer for his loyalty to the nation. And when the multitude heard their words, they began, with one accord, to " Barabbas! Barabbas! the whole city was aroused, and thousands more came running to the palace to see what had happened. And all

joined in cry.
Then Pilate said unto them: "What shall I do then with Jesus, Who is called

Christ?"
The chief priests answered: "Let Him be crucified!"
And the mob, mad with excitement, and thirsting for blood, echoed with a cry which has rung adawn the ages:

Crucify Him! crucify Him! Away with Him !" this moment one of the officials

handed to Pilate an ivory tablet with something written thereon. And he read this warning message from his

" Have thou nothing to do with that just Man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him. Then, more anxious than ever to save

Him, he said unto them for the third time: "Why, what evil hath He done? I have found no cause of death I will therefore chastise Him and let Him go."
But the chief priests saw that he

feared the people; and again they raised the cry: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" And again the multitude echoed the words.

Pilate looked out from his throne over

that threatening mob, and his heart was as wax within him. "I cannot save the Man." he muttered. "'Tis too late. And what matters it after all-one Jew less in Jerusalem!"
"Bring me water in a basin!" he

commanded. And when it was brought, he stood And when it was prought, he stood up and washed his hands in sight of them all, saying solemnly, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person. See ye to it."

And all the people answered him with the awiul words: "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" Then he released unto them Barabbas and commanded that Jesus should be

courged and afterward crucified. Barabbas came forth out of the prison and when he heard what had been done he said scornfully to his fellows:
"Said I not that the man was a cow-

ard! Now Pilate, the trial being ended, went into his palace with a heavy heart. And as he was seeking to withdraw himself into an inner room, he came upon his wife, Clandia.

Didst thou receive the warning nt thee?" she asked.
"I received it; but it was too late, sent thee?"

said Pilate, faltering.
"Too late!" said Claudia. "What
meanest thou? Is the Man dead?" "No. He still lives, but—well—I-have sentenced Him to the cross They are even now scourging Him. I could not help it! Thou shouldst have seen the mob—it was frightful!

And the wretched hands to his head wildly.

Claudia looked at him with wide, claudia looked at him with wide, glassy eyes. "Thou hast condemned Him?" she whispered hoarsely, "and to the cross! Then may the gods help us! We are undone!" And she wildly fled, leaving Pilate alone.

se cries—they ring in my ears still!

man pressed

Then the soldiers took Jesus, and when they had stripped Him of His upper garments, they bound Him to a low pillar, so that His back was bowed. And they took scourges, made of heavy thongs of leather, weighted at the ends with jagged pieces of iron, and they beat Him upon His naked back until until they were weary. Then they until they were weary. Then they lifted Him putting on him again the white robe with which Herod had mocked Him, they dragged Him into the judgment hall. And the whole band came together to look at Him there. judgment hall. "Let us worship Him!" cried one, even as did Herod."

The saying pleased them. Stripping off the white robe which Herod had put on Him—white no longer, for it was crimsoned with His blood—they clothed Him with an old scarlet mantle, which belonged to one of them. Then one brought in branches of the thorn tree, and they made of the branches a crown,

and drove it down about His temples; and drove it down about His temples; and they put a reed in His hand for a sceptre. Then they laughed aloud, as they looked upon Him, till the hall echoed with the horrid sound; and bowing the knee, they cried, "Hail! King of the Jews!" Snatching the scentre from His pinioned hands they sceptre from His pinioned hands, they smote Him on the head with it. And

they spit in His face.
In the midst of this their brutal sport, Pilate came upon them.
"Bring Him forth!" he commanded

savagely. And he went out again to the judgment seat, being minded yet to save the Man, for the sake of his wife Claudia, and because he, himself, feared—he knew not what. He stood up before the multitude,

which had grown so great that he could see nothing but one mighty sea of faces. And he pointed to Jesus standing be , wearing the scarlet cloak the crown of thorns, His face stained with blood and befouled with insult, His eyes dim with agony, yet withal transfigured into something so divine that Pilate cried with genuine pity and reverence in his tones, "Behold the Man !'

It was as if he would have said: Se Him so agonized and yet so innocent! Hath He not suffered enough? Will ye not pity Him and save Him?

But the chief priests and officers of the temple were mad for His blood; they had waited for over three hours in the blazing sun, for Him to be brought forth unto them. Pilate's appeal, and the piteous look of the Prisoner, only added fresh fuel to the flame which was

added fresh then devouring them. "Crucity Him!" they yelled hoarsely. "Crucity Him!" Take And again and again, "Crueify Him!" Then said Pilate in a rage: "Take ye Him and crucify Him; for I find no

fault in Him. But the Jews, willing to justify themselves in the sight of the multitude, answered: "We have a law, and by our answered: "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die; because He made

Himself the Son of God."
When Pilate heard that saying he feared exceedingly; and again he re membered the ghastly face of Claudia, We are undone. as she said : turned and strode once more into the judgment hall, commanding the guard to bring the Prisoner.
"Whence art Thou?" he demanded

of Jesus. But the Prisoner made him no answer. What use to answer this man who was too cowardly a creature to free Him whom

he had thrice acquitted!
"Speakest Thou not unto me!" said Pilate fiercely, glad of an excuse for "Knowest Thou not that I have anger. er to crucify Thee, and have power

to release Thee?"
And Jesus, seeing the dark tumult in his breast, pitied him. "Thou couldst have no power at all against Me," he said, breaking the silence of many bitter hours. "Therefore he that delivered Me to thee, hath the greater sin." And Pilate trembled before Him.
Then went he forth, yet again, to the

the release of the Man eople, and spake to them as Whom he had thrice acquitted, and twice And they despised Him and His

ords, and cried out saying

let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar' friend. When Pilate heard the name Cæsar, his soul was shaken within him, for he remembered many things with fear. And he commanded them to bring Jesus forth before the judgment seat; and he said unto them. "Behold your King?"

forth beloff the said unto them. "Behold your King? said unto them. "Behold your King? "But they cried out, "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" gried Pilate. "Shall I crucify your King?"

The chief priests answered, "We have no king but Cæsar!"
And with that word of power, they beat down the last feeble barrier of his

"Take Him and crucify Him. And they took Jesus and led Him

When the multitude saw that He was delivered up to be crucified, they gave a mighty and fierce cry. And the sound of it rang throughout the city, and the women and children shook with fear when they heard it; it echoed in dis-mal reverberations in the courts of the shining temple, and rolled away-away upward—upward, till its dying sound reached even the Throne of God, and he angels which stand ever before the

Throne hid their faces.

Now a man who wore the semblance of a wild beast had been hanging about the outskirts of the multitude for hours. Ever and anon he tore his hair, and his garments-which hung in shreds about him; and he raved, and cursed, and cut himself with stones. But the people heeded him not. "He hath a devil," they said. "He seeketh the Nazarene, mayhaps; but he must needs help him-

And when the man heard that word, he shook the matted hair from out his

eyes. "What will they do with Him?"

they asked.

And they answered. "They are taking Him even now to be crucified."

taking the man gave a great cry, and thrusting his fingers into his ears, ran swiftly away. And when he came to the temple he went in, still running, nor could anyone stop him; so that he came even to the place where were certain of the chief priests and elders who had gathered together that they might rejoice over the murder which they had accomplished. And the man cast down before the

thirty pieces of silver, and shrieked out in a woeful voice: "I have sinned, in that I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood!'

And the chief priests and elders feared, when they looked upon the man. But Annas answered: "What is that to us? See thou to that!" And he fled away from the temple, and going out of the city to the garden which is called Gethsemane, he hung himself there; that he might die in the place where he had betrayed the Son of

God with a kiss.

'' And the chief priests took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood. And they took

counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in Wherefore that field was called the field of blood, unto this day."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Titus awoke on the morning of the fifteenth of Nisan with a dull conscious ness of impending horror. This was

the day!

He stared with wide, unseeing eyes at the wall of his dungeon, and muttered again and again, "This is the day! This is the day! This is the day! Presently he heard a sound. Were they coming even now to take him! He started to his feet and crouched shuddering in the furthest corner of his dungeon. No, 'twas only the bread and water, thrust in by the rough hand of his jailer. He drank greedily TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SECRET OF IRELAND'S FIDELITY.

M. Maher in the Australian Catholic Record

It was only a cross, a little time. worn wooden cross, but it fell at my feet, with some crumbling mortar, from an old Irish ruin, and therein lay charm . . it spoke of glorious past, past, the glorious past, and placed before my mind in vivide coloring what has been the theme of past. nany writers, the wonder of many age -Ireland's unflinching fidelity

Faith.

I dusted the mortar from the cros placed it reverently in the folds o my dress. Centuries must have passed since it became embedded in the mortar of that old crumbling wall—perhaps it had rested near the heart of some sai of old—perhaps the tears of some suffer er, in the days of persecution, had en hanced its value and made of it a he relic. Ireland's unflinching fide Faith!! Surely this is a subje meditation. As we dwell on strength, the power, the enduran the Irish race during those long co ies of time, it would be well to o that marvellous endurance, and try to make that secret our own. Other land had great Apostles, other lands received, and for many centuries che ished, the great gift of faith. Other lands the great gift of faith. lands had given birth to saints, and sages had built churches and monas ies, but when persecution came, the power of endurance failed, the golden links that bound them to Christ's own representative were broken, and they drifted helplessly into dark oceans of doubt and infidelity.

For example of this, let us take the history of the fourteenth century. A that time nearly all the countries acro the north of Europe were in communion with the See of Rome. With the fifteenth century came Calvin and Luther—the false doctrines taught by these men, assisted, as they were, evil kings and rulers, were taken up England, Scotland, Denmark, Norwa and Sweden. One country, the most persecuted of all, remained faithful and that country was Ireland, poor, holy Ireland. What was the secret of her fidelity? What prerogative belonged to her that was unknown to other

St. Patrick was above and before al things an Apostle of prayer-the spirit of prayer shed its golden light on every year of his long and marvellous life As a youth tending sheep on the cold hills of Antrim, prayer was his comfort, his consolation, even then, as we know from his "Confessions," he was wont to pray "one hundred times by day and nearly as many by night." During the long years he spent in France, and at Lerins, it was by prayer, constant prayer, that he was preparing himsel for his great mission, and when, sent by will.
"Take Him," he cried hoarsely. was the breastplate of prayer at Tara to fight against the property of th Pope Celestine, he landed in Ireland, was the breastplate of prayer he used We need not follo great Apostle during his long years of labor; but when that life was drawing to its close, when the noble frame w bending under the weight of years, w can see him ascending the holy more tain of the west to hold silent communications ion with his Creator, to plead and t pray for seven long weeks that the ored for might retain the faith from generation unto generation. Faith was a glorious supernatural gift from God. St. Patrick taught the

Irish people that they should evel cherish it as such, that they should preserve it in the casket of their hearts best love and surround it with the sweet aroma of gratitude; for this be taught them the true spirit of prayerprayer in its highest, purest, stronger form, that is, the constant uplifting the heart to God; the living, as were, in the perpetual remembrance God's presence, making Him the Creator, the "Alpha and Omega". their hearts' desires. On all occasions they sought the promise that He had made, of being with those who assembled together in His name. "Where bled together in His name.

two or three are gathered together in
My name, there shall I be in the mids
of them.' Beautiful, consoling promise
never forgotten through centuries of time by our forefathers, and claimed by them, not daily but hourly, for every by them, not daily but hourly, for every meeting with friends began and ended with the name of the Creator —"God save you kindly," "God save all here," "God be with you." save all here," "God be with you,
"God speed you." On every work
begun or finished, the blessing of God
was asked for—"God bless the work,
"God prosper it." When joys came,
"Thanks and praises be to the good
God" was the aspiration ever ready
and most beautiful of all. When ser row came, when death claimed for his own the best beloved and dearest of all, the sweet words "Welcome be the will of God " were sure to come from the white and trembling lips of the be-

reaved one.

This glorious spirit of prayer became a very part of the Celtic nature, pre-served by the simple holy customs, and strengthened by the glorious traditions of saints and sages and martyrs, it went from father to son, from mother to daughter as a precious heirloom, too precious to be be torn from them by death.

I see Thee in the winter's s The senoing but and roarin And waves that foam, and fir And sounds of a we and sigh I hear Thee in the rustling w When darkness rests on gre I we Thee in the rushing flood I read Thee in the lonety me

Creator :

MARCH 14, 1908 In an unfinished poem, In an unimital Irish poet, in the early pineteenth century, this of living in the presen well described—a noble youth, Mat Hyland, thus

From household love-from

Though sweet, the transfer Soon soon, the frail enchant And leave us wrapt in lond For Thee alone our love was In Thee alone it centres pu There lives in right that n-'e There rests its tired wings

With this spirit the

wended their way alor paths of "Life's Pilgrin rose on the horizon, da row-laden clouds, but cloud they saw the sil pure bright silver of storms of persecution and they loved. Wha was with them, and with a great, generous they felt it was a privile they left it was a privil Him, a glory to die daunted they met thei might throw them int them with cruel chains the torture-chamber of What matter? St. Pat them to live in the p Creator, to call Him i and He was the "Alphof their highest aspirat This spirit of praye Ireland's fidelity; is i

Alas! alas! the swee tions are heard but se rush, the worry, the to ter years of the nin have obliterated, in sweet old customs, the sweet old customs, the of the past, that have strengthen and press tastes of our people h ated, the struggle fo love of excitement, the cities and large town All these tend mind and to rob the itual beauty. Here and there we toms; the Irish moth ner daughter at some will still be heard mur

ccents, as the trait on, God be with you !" We be with you!" We mother, when she rethearth and feels the orrow, will cry out her sorrowing heart, tors, "God help me!" The 20th century Irish language is bein revive with it the sw aspirations that wer that language. The enemies; if we have glorious past, let u brave soldiers, as ou For this we must p plate of prayer. our homes the evi comes like a fetid str poisoning the moral We must foster and martyrs, of our nob great scholars. Iris and far away, do yo before the young peo if you want them to

In the name of Hea

new-born century, true woman, not t

that is the woman independent, but is every evil fashion. herself educat which had its birth and drinking-saloon ound in any diction Irish fathers at guard your sons fr ship. Keep them a the worst enemy of sheep's clothing." who is only in na Catholic,"—using to for the license whi Church-he has save the ever-rea away, far away, he

atmosphere of our May the holy s again visited and onored! May th oked to preserve our country, and a manner the confra ies, which do so n abroad the true s special heritage of

Penanc So many relaxation the fast of Lendleft and what remby all the member For those who without grave in there are other g They can hear even if they have

They can absta beverages. They can give alms to the poor.
They can take They can ref candy, cakes and tential season. Where there is ance, ways will s

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