

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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INSPECTION INVITED.
ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND APOSTOLICAL COMMISSION OF HIS HOLY FATHER, ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, ASSISTANT AT THE PONTIFICAL THRONE, ETC., ETC.

To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities, and Beloved Laity of our Archdiocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit sent by our Divine Redeemer, about one month past the year was allotted to all true Christians to halt on the way of life and to think and prepare for their last home in heaven, for which they were created and placed in the world. Alas! too many Christians live as if there were no hereafter, indulging in illicit amusements, amassing riches, pursuing the desires of the flesh, unmindful of the words of St. Paul, that those who live according to the flesh shall die the death of the sinner, which, the Holy Spirit declares, is the most degrading. You will, therefore, most beloved children in Christ, ponder over these things and also meditate the sins of the year by fasts, abstinence, alms deeds, pious reading, and by assisting at the particular devotions of the Church. Every morning you can offer to God—and renew this offering frequently during the day—all your thoughts, words, and actions; also your labors and toils; for such is the lot of the children of earth.

We most earnestly recommend during this holy season the pious devotions of the Way of the Cross. For the spiritual comfort of such persons as cannot conveniently go to the church to perform them, we have received from Rome extraordinary faculties of attaching all the indulgences of the Way of the Cross to crosses blessed by us. Persons therefore in their private houses can gain these indulgences by reciting fourteen Our Fathers, and fourteen Hail Marys in honor of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, five in honor of the five adorable wounds of Christ, and one for the intention of our Holy Father the Pope, holding at the same time the cross in their hands; and by another singular favor all who answer to the prayers will gain the same indulgences. All must, however, meditate for a short time on the sufferings of Christ. We also recommend that the indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross be offered up for the most neglected of the souls in Purgatory as well as for your own souls. This devotion can be performed in less than a quarter of an hour, and should be practiced, especially on Fridays and Sundays. Blessed is the family that unites in the evening in these devotions. These crosses can be procured through your Rev. Pastors. All these good works may be accomplished without interfering with the ordinary duties of your state of life, and will draw upon yourselves and families immense blessings.

The holy time of Lent is ushered in by placing blessed ashes in the form of a cross on the foreheads of the faithful, with the words, "Remember man thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." This is a salutary reminder; the Holy Scripture says, if we think of the end we shall not sin. For this would seem to be thought that death and judgment would immediately follow a commission. Catholics are also to prepare for the reception of the Holy Eucharist at Easter time; for Jesus Himself has declared, "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." The life of the soul is divine grace, or supernatural assistance from God, by which we are sanctified and enabled to lead a Christian life and to keep the commandments of God and His Church. The chief duty of a Christian is to love God, and his neighbor as himself. Both commandments have equal authority. The love of our neighbor will induce us to do him all the good we can, even if he were an enemy. We must pray for the triumph of the Church in all pagan lands as well as in Christian countries. When the Church is persecuted, it is then she triumphs more, and thereby proves her divine origin. She has her martyrs in every age, and if she enjoys peace and liberty some countries she suffers in others, in the end always conquers, like her first Founder. We have had recently scores of martyrs in Asia and Africa, to wit no doubt be raised to the honor of our Altars as were Cardinal Fisher, excellent Thomas More, the Countess of Habsburg (mother of Cardinal Pole), and with about fifty others, who laid their lives rather than swear that Mary VIII. or any other was head of a Church except the successor of St. Peter, the Pope of Rome. We heartily sympathize our English brethren on this point. Irish martyrs so many martyrs have produced so many martyrs, and the whole nation may be styled the land of martyrs. True faith and morality are assailed by the enemies of God and of society. Ignorance and non practical Christians are led on into the paths of infidelity by evil associates and by the

reading of bad books. In the end they become apostates, of whom St. Paul says, "It is impossible for them to be renewed again to penance," because they have trifled with one of the greatest gifts of God, the true faith. Non-practical Catholics appear to be a standing protest in their own persons against the use of the sacraments which Christ instituted as a means of leading a holy life and attaining to the eternal happiness for which we were created. It is sad to think of this sentence of our Lord, "Think you that I shall find faith on earth when I come," and as faith and good works failed at the time of Noah, causing the ruin almost of the whole human family, so the world seems to be provoking God to hasten its final destruction, not by a deluge of water, but of fire.

The nations of the earth are much disturbed by wars and rumors of wars. Society seems to be disintegrating, the poor against the rich, and the rich against the poor. Hence strikes and evictions, disturbance of trade and business, increase of poverty and crime, the highest so called civilization with all its realities of the most squalid poverty and detestable outrages, murders and suicides, abandonment of offspring and all the vices of the most pagan times. We shall speak more in detail in the second part of our pastoral upon those social evils. As this is the jubilee year or fiftieth anniversary of the priesthood of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., gloriously pointing, the clergy will add in the mass, when permitted, the collect *Pro Papa*, and will recite with the people after mass, and after Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, one *Pater* and Ave for the intentions of our Holy Father, who, alas, must celebrate in bondage his joyous anniversary.

We have sent the money (\$1,200) received for the various charitable works of the Church to its proper destination. We have forwarded to His Holiness the Pope, for his schools in the East \$400, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith \$500, to the Society of the Holy Missions in South America \$100. The Holy Father sends his blessing to all who contributed to the Propagation of the Faith.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, Feb. 18, 1887.

DIOCESE OF HALIFAX.

Cornelius.—By the Grace of God, and favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Halifax.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese Health and Benediction in the Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED, The Apostle St. Paul, writing to the Ephesians concerning the gifts received through Christ our Saviour said:—"For by grace you are saved through Faith; and this not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God." (Eph. ii, 8.) Not of ourselves then can we gain everlasting life; but through the supernatural aid of Faith and grace, teaching our intellect of the eternal truth, and inclining our will to seek and embrace, and practice in our daily life that truth. The faculties of our soul, and the powers of our body, must in their own way offer service to our Creator. Our first duty is to strive to know the will of God; and our first obligation is to do it as soon as it is known. Faith will enable us to know the former, and grace will aid us to do the latter. The Holy Apostle warns the Ephesians in the same Epistle to "walk circumspectly, not as unto eyes, but as unto the Lord, for the days are evil." "Wherefore," he adds, "become not unwise, but understanding what is the will of God." (Eph. v, 15, 16, 17.) If the days were evil when the Apostle wrote this—if it were necessary to warn the faithful to walk circumspectly, and not to become unwise with the many who did not endeavor to understand "what is the will of God," it is no less necessary to renew that warning now, for surely the days are evil, and the times dangerous. We have not the open brutality and public vices of pagan times; we have a better ordered state of society, and more humanizing social usages. The love of Christianity has permeated our civilization, and produced good effects even after its spirit has been renounced. Notwithstanding this, even, perhaps, because of this, it is most needful to walk circumspectly, and to strive to understand what is the will of God. Open vices would shock us; the public enormities of paganism would disgust us; and our very unmitigatedly the folly of leaning on God by grace through Faith. The spirit of refined unbelief, so widespread in our day, so careful of outward appearances, and so broadly tolerant in its expressions, is a more dangerous enemy, because a more specious enemy than the grossness of ancient idolatry. It is the offspring of intellectual pride, and is nourished by the material comforts of the age. Its influence is all-pervading. It taints the atmosphere of the home; it infects the school; it poisons fashionable literature; it dominates many self-constituted teachers of their fellows; and it reigns triumphantly in commercial and political life. The supernatural is ignored, or denied, and men are again seeking to live "without God" in the world. The logical results have followed. The intellect no longer recognizing in a Supreme Lawgiver, and the will no longer influenced by grace, material comforts, and the gratification of desires, have come to be looked upon as the highest good, and their attainment as the noblest aim of mankind; hence the wild unrest of modern life; the oppression exercised by capitalists; the lawless outbreaks of socialists; and the renewal of the social war that convulsed pagan Rome, and a plentiful crop of the

nameless vices so severely rebuked by the Apostle St. Paul. When Faith is lost, duties and obligations are left unheeded; the source of grace dries up; the mind of man becomes a dreary waste, through which all unseemly beasts of the wood pass at pleasure; and his will constitutes itself the minister of its own eternal ruin.

Now, as in the past, we are to be saved by grace through Faith, and this not of ourselves, "for it is the gift of God." Faith is a gift from God: it is infused into the soul of the infant by baptism, and is then in it as a habit. When the baptized child has acquired the use of reason, and God's law has been made known to it, the child believes the revealed word, and exercises its Faith in act. By reason of this Faith the baptized person readily grasps, and firmly holds what God has taught. As the light of the sun enables us to distinctly perceive sensible objects around about, and leaves no room for doubt regarding their reality, so the light of Divine Faith renders clear to the intellect the teachings of the supernatural order, and gives an invincible certainty of the truth of revealed doctrines. There is no room for possibility of doubt in the mind enlightened by true Faith; for Faith is as the image of God impressed on the human soul. The faculties of the intellect are ennobled and expanded by the light of Faith; its ideas and conceptions are refined; and its sphere of action broadened in a wonderful manner. Hence it is that so many unlettered men and women, brought up in the true Faith, have nobler views of life, loftier ideals of perfection, purer hearts, and more sensitive consciences than the cultured unbelievers who pass them by with scorn or condescending pity.

The teachings of Faith are not opposed to the teachings of reason, Faith is only an advanced class of instruction with God, through His duly appointed organ, the Church, for instructor. Truths that may be learned after long research by reason, and truths beyond the range of the human intellect, are quickly and clearly taught by Faith. It raises man above the purely natural in which the "animal man" is satisfied to wallow—boasting even of his natural gifts, and his noble aims of life, brings him into almost total contact with the unseen world, and fills him with the assurance of an immortal hereafter. For, according to St. Paul, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not." (Heb. xi, 1.) And he adds: "By Faith we understand that the world was framed by the word of God, that from invisible things visible things might be made." And in the same chapter, he bids us to understand the necessity of Faith, saying: "But without Faith it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and is a rewarder of them that seek him." (6.) These words stamp with condemnation the world of so many who are wise only in their own esteem, and who either despise Faith which they do not understand, or who look upon it as a matter of indifference—a mere opinion to be changed or cast aside at the will of each one. But God does not change, nor can Faith His image change. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away." The seal of permanency and unchangeability that Christ has set on His Faith. There is a Supreme God, the Creator, the first cause of all things; the Redeemer of mankind, for "Christ died for us." (Rom. v, 9.)—Our future Judge as He himself tells us. "And when the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and all the Angels with Him, then shall all nations be gathered together before Him; and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats." (Matt. xxv, 31, 32.) Now, this Creator, Redeemer and Judge has spoken, has imposed a law, and has threatened with condemnation those who receive not that law, as well as those who, having received, do not observe it. (The Creator may be denied, the Redeemer despised in life, but after death the just Judge will sit on the seat of His majesty, and say to the impious, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." (Ibid 41.) Then, indeed, will those unhappy souls, seeing their awful doom, and the happiness of those at whom they scoffed during life, cry out—"These are they whom we had sometime in derision, and for a parable of madness; and their end without honor. Behold, how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints. Therefore, we have erred from the way of truth; and the light of justice hath not shined upon us, or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us?" (Wisdom v, 20 et seq.) This will be the sad awaking of the sleepers of Faith; this the bitter and useless lament, the eternal wail of those who have not "God in their understanding."

But, dearly beloved, Faith alone is not sufficient to ensure our salvation; for we are saved "by grace through Faith" as the Apostle writes. By Faith we learn God's law; by grace our will is inclined and strengthened to observe it. And that grace, we are assured, is "not of ourselves," but is "the gift of God." It is also true that without grace we cannot keep the commandments; without it we cannot do the smallest good, much less love. St. Paul, after lamenting that whilst the will to do good was present, he found not wherewith to accomplish it; and that whilst the law of God delighted the inward man, there was in his members a fierce fight against that law, cries out: "Unhappy man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But he at once adds: "The grace of God by Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vii, 24, 25.)

By the side of these clear teachings regarding the necessity of Faith and grace for the salvation of our souls, how vain and deceptive, how hollow and unreal, appears the fashionable doctrine of our day. That doctrine laughs at Faith, and rejects grace as a childish weakness. In their stead we are given vague surmises, contradictory opinions, endless, aimless, frothy discourses that may please the ear, but must not prick or sting the liar, thief, drunkard, or adulterer. We are given flattering but illusive pictures of humanity; each dullard intellect is held to be a revelation and a law unto itself; whilst encyclopedias, papers and flowers are supposed to take the place of God's grace in refining and sanctifying man. It is a strange mixture of ignorance and blasphemy, with a perceptible flavor of pagan poetry. And against the Gospel propagated widely, and accepted by many as Christianity, what wonder that the thoughtful men, who have been given this as their message, should speak of Christianity as a failure! What wonder that crime abounds, and that the pursuit of earthly goods by any and every means should occupy the attention of so many, and that bitter jealousy and envy should find a resting place in the hearts of the toilers, when this horrible travesty of Christianity is so diffused? Water cannot rise higher than its source; and the actions of men cannot be better, or more noble than their principles. It is as true to day as it was when the Apostle wrote that "by grace we are saved through Faith," and that these are not of ourselves, but are the "gift of God."

Do you, then, dearly beloved, prize the Faith you have received, as the most precious of gifts. Guard it with vigilance; practice it everywhere, and fearlessly; teach it to your children from their earliest years; and watch over them, jealously lest harm should come to it in them. Seek the grace of God during the coming holy season of Lent by fervent prayer, and a devout reception of the Sacraments. These are the chief channels through which the grace purchased by the blood of our Saviour, flows to the souls of the Faithful. Endeavour to overcome your passions by practicing some mortification. If you cannot fully observe the fasts of the season, you can, at least, deny yourselves in something. Intoxicating liquors are not necessary, either for health or comfort. Therefore avoid them. In honour of the sacred heart of Jesus on the Cross, for the good of your souls, and for the sake of your families, I beseech all who may have been addicted to drink, to arise manfully and pledge yourselves against it. For if over indulgence in it be continued, grace will be expelled from the soul, and Faith itself will be endangered. Do you, dear Brethren of the Clergy, use your best exertions to reclaim the victims of intemperance, and to bring all the Faithful to the Sacraments. If we fail in our duty their souls will be required at our hands.

We would, also, impress upon you the obligation of assisting at Mass on Sundays and Holidays. The awful Sacrifice of the Cross is renewed on the Altar; the eternal Victim who offered Himself on Calvary, is now offered by the ministry of His Priests. At the moment of consecration, the adoring angels kneel round the altar in wonder and awe, and the Redeemer descends with His blood, filled with all graces, ready and anxious to dispense them to all who may ask. Each one, then, should attend regularly, and assist at Mass with all possible devotion. Only a sufficiently grave reason can excuse one, who fails to attend, from going. A few, happily only a few, presume to take advantage of their position of master, and are guilty of the meanness, as well as the wickedness, of endeavouring to tamper with the Faith of their servants, either by preventing them from attending Mass, or by urging them to join in prayers in which they do not believe. This intolerable petty tyranny must end. The master does not receive, or even hire, the conscience of his servant. What worse form of desecration of the Sunday can be imagined than that of working to destroy it? In a soul, in trying to induce or force one to act against one's conviction, in preventing one from offering worship to God? Let all Catholics who are in the employ of others, insist on the right to their Faith. Do you, Dear Brethren of the Clergy, have a special care for those who are thus situated. If the slightest attempt to tamper with their Faith be made, or any hindrance thrown in the way of their assisting at Mass, insist on their going elsewhere. We shall not hesitate to publish in the newspapers the facts of any such case, so that all may know who are the worst class of Sabbath-breakers. If the vendors of candy, and of tallow candles, do not escape the meshes of the law, these petty tyrants shall not be hid from the vengeance of public opinion.

In conclusion, Dearly Beloved, we would remind you, that towards the end of this year, our Holy Father the Pope will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. Later on, we will address you more at length on this subject. Now ask you to pray fervently each day during this year for the Supreme Pontiff, that God may add length to his days, and his various and weighty undertakings for the good of Holy Church with success, and restore to him that civil power of which he is now deprived.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.
This Pastoral shall be read in all the Churches of the Diocese, on the first Sunday after its reception, that the Pastor officiate therein.
+ C. O'BRIEN,
E. F. MURPHY, Archbishop of Halifax,
Secretary,
Halifax, Feb. 15th, 1887.

REASON AND REVELATION.

The Objections of Modern Infidels Answered.

REVELATION PRESUPPOSES REASON AND IS COMPATIBLE WITH IT.

Woodstock Sentinel Review, Feb. 21.
The following is a synopsis of the lecture delivered in St. Mary's, C. church last night on "Reason and Revelation," by the Rev. Geo. R. Northgrave:

Reason is the faculty by means of which the truth is known to us; Revelation is a communication from God to man. Both are gifts of God. Reason we may know the truth in whatever manner it is presented; whether by deductions which our mind will make, or by communications made to us by other men, or from God himself. Thomas Paine in his Age of Reason gives a different definition of Revelation, but argues against Revelation according to the definition already given. And it need only be said here that the opinions current among modern Rationalists generally, that reject the infidelity in this country as Voltaire is in France, and his Age of Reason contains the objections made to Christianity generally. In speaking of the subject of Christianity, the lecturer said it was his intention to show that Christianity was compatible with reason; that it is reasonable that God should reveal His will to us; that it is reasonable that we should accept His Revelation. In order to show this he would divide his subject into four parts. First, to show the necessity of Revelation; second, to show the possibility of Revelation; third, to show that Revelation is a fact, to Christianity generally. There are two kinds of infidels; those who believe in a Supreme Being, but reject Revelation, and those who reject even God, the latter class being comparatively few. The Holy Spirit says that the fool in his heart says there is no God, from which it appears that it is according to his heart, according to his desires, that such a man argues, and not according to his intelligence. For few men can meditate upon the wonders of creation without acknowledging that there must be some infinitely wise and infinitely powerful Creator. Paine himself admits this. Indeed, from the very fact that anything does exist, it follows that there must be an all-powerful, self-existing Being from which that exists, and that exists, must exist of its own nature, or must derive its existence from some extrinsic cause. If it exists from its own nature there is nothing to limit it, it must exist of necessity, and having no limitations it must be infinitely perfect. It must be what we call God. If it derives its existence from some other being, that being can acknowledge no cause and must be God. From the very fact of existence we necessarily infer the existence of God. Paine in his definition of Revelation says that the person to whom the Revelation has been addressed must not have previously known what that Revelation contained, for if he had done or seen done a certain thing it needs no Revelation to tell him such a thing has been done. This argument is like that of a child who says, "I know that exists, and that exists, from my father's or my mother's death, that he had learned the circumstances from the newspapers previously, and that therefore his father's letter was a forgery." But the question is asked, if a thing is already known, what necessity is there for Revelation? A thing may be known and yet we may be ignorant of its applications; it may be known, and known imperfectly; we may know a certain truth and not know how to apply it. Paine tries to throw ridicule on certain parts of the Bible, the story of Sampson, for instance, and argues from this that the anecdotal portions of the Scripture do not come within the compass of the objects of Revelation, and says that when we contemplate the whole of this mighty truth, we ought to feel ashamed to call such trivial records the word of God. But it must be admitted that while God governs the universe as a whole He also governs it in its details. He does not govern the whole in the abstract. He governs the whole by governing the individuals. God is equally great in stretching forth His influence over the heavens, or in bringing forth a blade of grass; in feeding the eagle, or in commanding the sun to bring about day and night, and in determining the time; whether He is doing what appears to be immense, or working out His Providential ends by means of details. The story of Sampson and other historical parts of the Bible are full of allegories calculated to raise our minds to heavenly things, and many are the pious souls that have read and continue to read these passages according to this light. As to the necessity of Revelation, Mr. Paine says that it is only by reason that we can discover God, and asks why Christians reject Revelation. Revelation presupposes reason. Revelation is not given to animals. Reason may lead us to some truths, but there is a field of truth which can never reach. The immortality of the soul is an important truth. But can reason demonstrate this? Mr. Paine says he believes in a future life; Ingersoll and Tyndale do not care to say whether the soul has a future life or not. Thus, it is evident that reason doesn't to all men demonstrate the future existence of the soul. The large majority of mankind would be unable to prove the existence of a future life unless first taught by Revelation. Paine himself would never have suspected such a thing but for his early Christian education. What was the condition of morality in such countries as Greece, Rome and Carthage, where reason was unaided by Revelation? It is true that some of the philosophers attained a wonderful approximation to the truth in some cases, but their discoveries had no effect on mankind. They were not authorized to speak in the name of God of the truth. There was no sanction to

enable them to say that by following their teachings the people would receive some future recompense. The philosophers were perfectly powerless to teach morality to mankind, and modern philosophers are in much the same position. What was the condition of Pagan nations at the time of the coming of Christ? In spite of all their schools of philosophy in some of these countries human sacrifices were offered up to their Molochs, and their religious ceremonies were performed with the most revolting orgies. The lecturer then referred to the French Revolution and the replacement of religion during the Reign of Terror. He then proceeded to show the necessity of Revelation to teach us the characteristics of God, and to instruct us in our duties to Him, to ourselves and to our fellow-men. He then dealt at length with the possibility of revelation which he established by proof, irrefragable, and concluded with a most scholarly exposition and defence of the authenticity of the Pentateuch and of Revelation generally.

REAL PALMS.

HOW TO GET THEM—THE NECESSITY OF SENDING FOR THEM EARLY.
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Thomas D. Egan, of 42 Barclay street, this city, has issued his circular and price list for real palms to be used in the celebration of Palm Sunday. This is the twelfth successive year of Mr. Egan's attending to this business. To him is due the distinguished honor of having originated it, and he deserves the grateful encouragement of the whole Catholic community.

Before his first venture in attempting to supply the real article, we had to be content with a mere substitute, the evergreen growths of our northern woods—branches of hemlock, spruce, or cedar, which in a few weeks were reduced to mere dry sticks, with little, if anything about them, to suggest a commemoration of Palm Sunday or the mystery it celebrates.

But Mr. Egan's real palms were found to preserve their texture and appearance all the year round, and, blessed by the church, to become in every truly Catholic household simple, elegant, and expressive memorials, not for a week or two only, but throughout the year, of the events immediately preceding Our Divine Lord's Passion and death on the cross.

It is the spirit of the church to insist that, so far as man is able, everything connected with the celebration of the Sacred Mystery of the altar, and the ceremonies and solemnities of religion, shall be genuine; no make believe, no substitute will answer if the real thing can be readily procured. This, of course, within rule and reason.

Thus the wax candles of the altar must be substantially at least, of wax, the product of the bee;" a steatite, sperm, tallow, and other makeshifts are not permitted, except under reasonable necessity. The lamps that make the presence of the Blessed Sacrament on the altar must be fed with real oil, "the fatness of the olive," no modern compound of whale, cottonseed, petroleum, or other cheap adulterations can be foisted into the place of genuine olive oil except under pressure of the like necessity. So far as this spirit of genuineness is concerned, as has often been remarked by tourists and others, the grand old Cathedral of Europe bear in their spires and domes, and elsewhere inaccessible to the ordinary glance, stone carvings of as complete finish and elaborate handiwork as those which excite the admiration of the passer-by, day after day of the masses. There are little make believe in those days—the ages of Faith! Nothing was deemed too costly or too genuine for the service of God! The downright real thing was devoted to His service, because it was thought, and rightly thought, that to devote an inferior thing, a cheap substitute to that service, would not be quite honest!

As with everything else about the altar, so with the palms, they ought, as near as possible to be the real thing. And these palms supplied by Mr. Egan are the same family of plants, though not of the identical species, as those palms of Jerusalem which were waved by the Jewish multitude and spread before our Saviour's path on that first Palm Sunday, over eighteen hundred years ago! They are of the same description as those used in St. Peter's in Rome; indeed one, reverend pastor writes: "I still have two heads of palms from St. Peter's, Rome, and I cannot find any difference between them and yours." They can be supplied by Mr. Egan as cheaply and economically as any one can honestly supply them and make a living profit. Twelve years of intelligent and unselfish devotion to the business has resulted in such perfection of arrangements for cheaply, promptly and satisfactorily supplying these real palms, that even if there were enough profit in the business to invite wholesale competition, Mr. Egan's established methods, so long and acceptably known far and wide throughout the country, make him practically the man from whom to secure supplies of real palms. Frequently, however, new hands attempt to jump into the business, without facilities, experience or preparation, and their want of precaution has invariably resulted in exasperating disappointments to the pastors and people who expected to be supplied from such ill equipped purveyors.

At this time, when impending strikes and troubles may materially interfere with all kinds of transportation by sea or land, we advise our reverend friends who do not wish to be disappointed about getting their palms in good time for Palm Sunday, to send early orders to Mr. Egan, upon whom they may in all respects rely for honorable and business like dealing.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH. BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

There was a shadow upon him deeper than that of the cluster of palms—the shadow of a great uncertainty, which—take note, O reader! which pertained more to the kingdom than the king.

"What of this kingdom? And what is it to be?" Ben Hur asked himself in thought.

These early arose the questions which were to follow the Child to His end, and survive Him on earth—incomprehensible in His day, a dispute in this—an enigma to all who do not or cannot understand that every man is two in one—a deathless Soul and a mortal body.

"What is it to be?" he asked. For no reader, the Child Himself has answered; but for Ben-Hur there were only the words of Balthezar: "On the earth, yet not of it—not for man, but for their souls—a dominion, nevertheless, of unimaginable glory."

"What wonder the hapless youth found the phrase but the darkening of a riddle?"

"The hand of man is not in it," he said despairingly. "Nor has the King of such a kingdom use for men; neither rulers, nor councillors, nor soldiers. The earth must die or be made anew, and for government new principles must be discovered—something besides armed hands—something in place of Force. But what?"

Again, O reader! That which will not see, he could not. The power there is in Love had not yet occurred to any man; much less had one come saying directly that for government and its objects—peace and order—Love is better and mightier than Force.

In the midst of his reverie a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"I have a word to say, O son of Arrius," said Ilderim, stopping by his side. "A word, and then I must return, for the night is going."

"If you give me welcome, sheik,"

"As to the things you have heard but not, said Ilderim almost without pause, 'take in belief all save that relating to the kind of kingdom the Child will set up when he comes; as to so much keep virgin mind until you hear Simonides the merchant—a good man here in Antioch, who will make you know. The Egyptian gives you coinage of his dreams which are too good for the earth; Simonides is wiser; he will ring you the saying, of your prophets, giving book and page so you cannot deny that the Child will be King of the Jews here in Antioch, the only better and far more magnificent. And then, see you, we will taste the sweetness of vengeance. I have said. Peace to you!"

"Stay—sheik!"

If Ilderim heard his call he did not stay.

"Simonides again," said Ben Hur bitterly. "Simonides here, Simonides there; from this one now, then from that! I am like to be well ridden by my father's servant, who knows at least to hold fast that which is mine; whereas he is richer, if indeed he be not wiser, than the Egyptian. By the covenant! It is not to the faithless a man should go to find a faith to keep—and I will not. But, hark! singing—and the voice a woman's—or an angel's! It comes this way."

Down the lake towards the dower came a woman singing. Her voice floated along the hushed water melodious as a flute, and louder growing each instant. Directly the dipping of oars was heard in slow measure; a little later the words were distinguishable—words in purest Greek, best fitted of all the tongues of the day for the expression of passionate grief.

THE LAMENT.

(Egyptian.) I sigh as I sing for the story land Across the Syrian sea. The odorous winds from the musky sand Were brought to me from the shore. They play with the plumes of the whisp'ring palm.

For me, alas! no more; Nor more does the Nile in the moonlight calm Mean pasty of life to me. O Nile! thou god of my father's soul! In dreams you comest to me; And, dreaming, I play with the lotus-bowl, And sing of olden days. And near from afar the Memnonian strain, And calls from dear Simbil; And wake to a past of grief and pain That'er I said—farewell!

At the conclusion of the song the singer was past the cluster of palms. The last word—farewell—floated past Ben-Hur weighted with all the sweet sorrow of parting. The passing of the boat was as the passing of a deeper shadow into the deeper night.

Ben-Hur drew a long breath hardly distinguishable from a sigh.

"I know her by the song—the daughter of Balthezar. How beautiful it was! And how beautiful she is!"

He recalled her large eyes curtained slightly by the drooping lids, the cheeks oval and rosy rich, the lips full and deep with dimpling in the corners, and all the grace of the tall lithe figure.

"How beautiful she is!" he repeated. And his heart made answer by a quickening of its movement.

Then, almost the same instant, another face, younger and quite as beautiful—more childlike and tender, if not so passionate—appeared as if held up to him out of the lake.

"Ester!" he said, smiling. "As I wished, a star has been sent to me."

He turned, and passed slowly back to the tent.

BOOK FIFTH.

"Only the actions of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust." SUTCLIFF.

CHAPTER I. GRATIAS WARRIOR.

The morning after the bacchanalia in the alcove of the palace, the divan was covered with young patricians. Maxentius might come, and the city throng to receive him; the legion might descend from Mount Sulpus in glory of arms and armour; from Nymphæum to Ouphalus there might be ceremonial splendours to shame the most notable ever before seen or heard of in the gorgeous East; yet would the many continue to sleep ignominiously on the divan where they had fallen or been carelessly tumbled by the indifferent slaves; that they would be able to take part in the reception that day was about as possible as for the lay-figure in the studio of a modern artist to rise and go bonneted and plumed through the one, two, three, or a walk.

Not all, however, who participated in the orgy were in the shameful condition. When dawn began to peer through the skylights of the saloon, Messala arose, and took the chaplet from his head, in sign that the revel was at an end; then he gazed his robe about him, gave a last look at the scene, and, without a word departed for his quarters. Cæro could not have retired with more gravity from a night-long senatorial debate.

Three hours afterwards two couriers entered his room, and from his own hand received each a despatch, sealed and in duplicate, and containing chiefly of a letter to Valerius Gratias, the procurator, still resident in Cesarea. The importance attached to the speed, and certain delivery of the paper may be inferred. One courier was to proceed onward, the other by sea; both were to make the utmost haste.

It is of great concern, now that the reader should be fully informed of the contents of the letter thus forwarded, and it is accordingly given:

Antioch, XII. Kal. Jul. "Messala to Gratias.

"O my Mides! I pray thou take no offence at the address, seeing it is one of love and gratitude, and an admission that thou art most fortunate among men; seeing, also, that thy case are as they were derived from thy mother, only proportionate to thy matured condition.

"O my Mides! I have to relate to thee an astonishing event, which, though as yet somewhat in the field of conjecture, will, I doubt not, justify thy instant consideration.

"Allow me first to revive thy recollection. Remember, a good many years ago, a family of a prince of Jerusalem, incredibly ancient and vastly rich—by name Ben-Hur. If thy memory have a limp or ailment of any kind, there is, if I mistake not, a wound on thy head which may help thee to a revival of the circumstance.

"Next to arouse thy interest. In punishment of the attempt upon thy life—far dear repose of conscience, may all the gods forbid it should ever prove to have been an accident!—the family were seized and summarily disposed of, and their property confiscated.

"As the action had the approval of our Cæsar, who was as just as he was wise—therefore down upon his altars for ever!—there should be no name in referring to the sum which were realized to us respectively from that source, for which it is not possible I can ever cease to be grateful.

"I will now relate to thee the circumstances as at present, in the unintermitted enjoyment of the part which fell to me.

"In vindication of thy wisdom—a quality for which, as I am now advised, the son of Gordius, to whom I have boldly likened thee, was never distinguished among men of the mæfactors; recall further that thou didst make disposition of the family of Hur, both of us at the time supposing the plan hit upon to be the most effective possible for the purposes in view, which were silence and delivery over to inevitable but natural death. Thou wilt remember what thou didst with the mother and sister of the mæfactor; yet, if thou yield to a desire to learn whether they are living or dead, I know, from knowing the amiability of thy nature, O my Gratias, that thou wilt pardon me as one scarcely less available than thyself.

"As more immediately essential to the present business, however, I take the liberty of inviting to the residence that the actual criminal was sent to the galleys a slave for life—so the precept ran; and it may serve to make the event which I am about to relate the more astonishing by saying here that I saw and read the receipt for his body delivered in course to the tribune commanding a galley.

"Thou mayst begin now to give me more especial heed, O my most excellent Mides!"

"Referring to the limit of life at the oar, the outlaw thus justly disposed of should be dead, or better speaking, some one of the three thousand Oceanides should have taken him to husband at least five years ago. And if thou wilt excuse a momentary weakness, O most virtuous and tender of men! inasmuch as I loved him in childhood, and also because he was very handsome—I used in much admiration to call him my Ganymede—he ought in right to have fallen into the arms of the most beautiful daughter of the family. Of opinion, however, that he was certainly dead, I have lived quite five years in calm and innocent enjoyment of the fortune for which I am in a degree indebted to him. I make the admission of indebtedness without intending it to diminish my obligation to thee.

"Now I am at the very point of interest. "Last night, while acting as master of the feast for a party just from Rome—their extreme youth and inexperience appealed to my compassion—I heard a singular story. Maxentius, the consul, as you know, comes to day to conduct a campaign against the Parthians. Of the expedition, he brought back with him two ambitious who are to accompany him there is one, a son of the late dumvir, Quintus Arrius. I had occasion to inquire about him particularly. When Arrius set out in pursuit of the pirates, whose defeat gained him his first honors, he had no family; when he returned from the expedition, he brought back with him an heir. Now he is to be accompanied by a young man of so many talents in ready sestetia! The son and heir of whom I speak is he whom thou didst send to the galleys—the very Ben-Hur who should have died at his oar five years ago—returned now with fortune and rank, and possibly as a Roman citizen, to—Well, thou art too firmly seated to be alarmed,

but I, O, my Mides! I am in danger—no need to tell thee of what. Who should know, if thou dost not?"

"Sayest thou to all this, tut tut?"

"When Arrius, the father, by adoption, of the application from the arms of the most beautiful of the Oceanides (see my opinion of what she should be) joined battle with the pirates, his vessel was sunk, and but two of all her crew escaped drowning—Arrius himself and this one, his heir.

"The officers who took them from the plank on which they were flating say the associate of the fortunate tribune was a young man who, when lifted to the deck, was in the dress of a galley slave.

"This should be convincing, to say least; but lest thou say tut-tut again, I tell thee, O my Mides! good that yesterday, by good chance, I have a way to Fortune in consequence—I met the mysterious son of Arrius face to face; and I declare now that, though I did not then recognize him, he is the very Ben-Hur who was for years my playmate, the very Ben-Hur who, I have said, though of the commoner grade, was at this very moment of my writing being thinking of vengeance—for would I were I he—vengeance not to be satisfied short of life; vengeance for country, mother, sister, self, and—I say it last, though thou mayest think it should be first—our fortune lost.

"I have faith to believe that thou shalt say, 'tut-tut, and art ready to think what ought to be done in such emergency.' It were vulgar to ask thee now what shall be done. Rather let me say I am thy client; or, better yet, thou art my Ulysses whose part it is to give me sound direction.

"I please myself thinking I see thee when this letter is put into thy hand. I see the read it once, thy countenance all gravity, and then again with a smile; then hesitation ended, and thy judgment formed. It is this, or it is that; wisdom like Mercury's, promptitude like Cæsar's. The sun is now fairly seen. An hour hence two messengers will depart from my door, each with a sealed copy hereof; one of them will go by land, the other by sea, so important do I regard it that thou shouldst be early and particularly informed of the appearance of our enemy in this part of our Roman world.

"I will now relate to thee the circumstances, he is to be found at the old Orchard of Palmæ, under the tent of the traitor Sheik Ilderim, who cannot long escape our strong hand. Be not surprised if Maxentius, as his first measure, place the Arab on ship for forwarding to Rome.

"I am so particular about the whereabouts of the Jew because it will be important to thee, and I trust, when thou comest to consider what is to be done; for already I know, and by the knowledge I flatter myself I am growing in wisdom, that in every scheme involving human action there are three elements always to be taken into account—time, place, and agency.

"I thus say this in the place, have thou then no hesitancy in trusting the business to thy most loving friend, who would be thy aptest scholar as well.

"MESSALA."

CHAPTER II. PREPARATION.

About the time the couriers departed from Messala's door with the despatches (it being yet the early morning hour), Ben-Hur entered Ilderim's tent. He broke through a plume into the lake, and breakfasted, and appeared now in an undergarment, sleeves, and with skirt scarcely reaching to the knee.

"The sheik saluted him from the divan. "Give thee peace, son of Arrius," he said with admiration, for, in truth, he had never seen a more perfect illustration of glowing, powerful, confident manhood.

"I give thee peace and good-will. The horses are ready, I am ready. And thou? The peace thou givest me, good sheik, I give thee in return. I thank thee for so much good-will. I am ready."

Ilderim clasped his hands. "I will have the horses brought. Be seated."

"Are they yoked?"

"No."

"Then suffer me to serve myself," said Ben Hur. "It is needful that I make the acquaintance of thy Arabs. I must know them by name, O sheik, that I may speak to them singly; nor less must I know their temper, for they are like men; if bold, the better of scolding; if timid, the better of praise and flattery. Let the servants bring me the harness."

"And the chariot?" asked the sheik. "I will let the chariot alone to-day. In its place, let them bring me a fifth horse, if thou hast it; he should be barebacked, and fleet as the others."

Ilderim's wonder was aroused, and he summoned a servant immediately. "Bid them bring the harness for the fourth," he said; "the harness for the fourth, and the bride for Sirius."

Ilderim then arose.

"Sirius is my love, and I am his, O son of Arrius. We have been comrades for twenty years—in tent, in battle, in all stages of the desert we have been comrades. I will show him to you."

Going to the division curtain, he held it, while Ben-Hur passed under. The horses came to him in a body. One with a sun-baked, luminous eyes, neck like the segment of a bent bow, and mighty chest, coursed thickly by a profusion of mane soft and wavy as a damsel's lock, nickered low and gladly at sight of him. "Good horse," said the sheik, patting the dark-brown cheek. "Good horse, good-morning." Turning then to Ben-Hur, he added, "This is Sirius, father of the fourth here. Mira, the mother awaits

our return, being too precious to be hoarded in a region where there is a stronger hand than mine. And much I doubt, O son of Arrius, if the tribe could endure her absence. She is their glory; they worship her; did she gallop over them, they would laugh. Ten thousand horsemen, sons of the desert, will ask to-day, 'Have you heard of Mira?' And to the answer, 'She is well; they will say, 'God is good! blessed be God!'"

"Mira—Sirius—names of stars, are they not, O sheik?" asked Ben-Hur, going to each of the four, and to the sire, offering his hand.

"And why not?" replied Ilderim. "Wert thou ever abroad on the desert at night?"

"No."

"Then thou canst not know how much we Arabs depend upon the stars. We borrow their names in gratitude, and give them in love. My father had had the reins, I have mine; and these children are stars no less. There, see thou, is Rigel, and there Antares; that one is Atar, and he whom thou goest to now is Aldebaran, the youngest of the brood, but none the worse of that—no, not he. Against the wind he will carry thee till it roar in thy ears like a lake, and he will go where thou sayest, son of Arrius—by the glory of Solomon he will take thee to the lion's jaws, if thou darrest so much."

The harness was brought. With his own hands Ben-Hur equipped the horses; with their reins he led them out of the tent, and there attached the reins.

"Bring me Sirius," he said. An Arab could not have better sprung to seat on the courser's back.

"And now the reins."

They were given him, and carefully separated.

"God sheik," he said, "I am ready. Let a guide go before me to the field, and send some of thy men with water."

There was no trouble at starting. The horses were not afraid. Already there seemed a tacit understanding between them and the new driver, who had performed his part calmly, and with the confidence which only a boy's confidence can give. The order of going was precisely that of driving, except that Ben-Hur sat upon Sirius instead of standing in the chariot. Ilderim's spirit arose. He combed his beard, and smiled with satisfaction as he muttered, "He is not a Roman, no, by the splendor of God!" He followed on foot, his entire tenantry of the dower—men, women, and children—pouring after his participants all in his solicitude, if not in his confidence.

The field, when reached, proved ample and well fitted for the training, which Ben-Hur began immediately by driving the four at first slowly, and in perpendicular lines, and then in wide circles. Advancing a step in the course, he put them next into a trot; again progressing, he pushed into a gallop; at length he concentrated the circles, and yet later drove eccentrically here and there, right, left, forward, and without a break. An hour was thus occupied. Blowing the gait to a walk, he drove up to Ilderim.

"The work is done, nothing now but practice," he said. "I give you j, j, Sheik Ilderim, that you have such servants as these. See?" he continued, dismounting and going to the horses, "see, the gloss of their coats is without spot; they breathe lightly as I breathe; I give thee great j, j, and it will hold fast if—he turned his flashing eyes upon the old man's face—"if we have not the victory and our!"

He stopped, coloured, bowed. At the sheik's side he observed, for the first time, Balthezar, leaning upon his staff, and two women closely veiled. At one of the latter he looked a second time, saying to himself, with a flutter about his heart, "Tis the—'Tis the Egyptian!" Ilderim picked up his broken sentence—

"The victory, and our revenge!" Then he said aloud, "I am not afraid; I am glad. Son of Arrius, thou art the man. Be the end like the beginning, and thou shalt see of what stuff is the lining of the hand of an Arab who is able to give."

"I thank thee, good sheik," Ben Hur returned modestly. "Let the servants bring drink for the horses."

With his own hands he gave the water. Remounting Sirius, he renewed the training; going as before from walk to trot, from trot to gallop; finally, he pushed the steady racer into the run, gradually quickening it to full speed. The performance then became exciting; and there were applause for the dainty handling of the reins, and admiration for the four, which were the same, whether they flew forward or wheeled in varying curvature. In their action there were unity, power, grace, pleasure, all without effort or sign of labour. The admiration was unmitigated with pity or reproach, which would have been as well bestowed upon swallows in their evening flight.

In the midst of the exercise, and the stationing myself received from all the bystanders, Malloch came upon the ground, seeking the sheik.

"I have a message for you, O sheik," he said, availing himself of a moment he supposed favourable for the speech—"a message from Simonides the merchant."

"Simonides!" ejaculated the Arab. "Ah! 'tis well. May Abaddon take all his enemies!"

"He bade me give thee first the holy peace of God," Malloch continued; "and then this despatch, with prayer that thou read it the instant of receipt."

Ilderim, standing in his place, broke the sealing of the package delivered to him, and from a wrapping of fine linen took two letters, which he proceeded to read.

[No. 1.] "Simonides to Sheik Ilderim.

"O friend! Assure thyself first of a place in my inner heart.

"There is in thy dower a youth of fair presence, calling himself the son of Arrius; and such he is by adoption.

"He is very dear to me.

"He hath a wonderful history, which I will tell thee, come thou to-day or to-morrow, that I may tell thee the history, and have thy counsel.

"Meantime, favour his requests, so that he be not against honor. Should there be need of reparation, I am bound to thee for it.

"That I have interest in this youth, keep thou private.

"Remember me to thy other guest. He,

his daughter, thyself, and all whom thou must choose to be of thy company, must depend upon me at the Circus the day of the games. I have seats already engaged.

"To thee and all thine, peace.

"What should I be, O my friend, but thy friend!"

[No. 2.] "SIMONIDES."

"Simonides to Sheik Ilderim.

"O friend! Out of the abundance of my experience, I send you a word.

"There is a sign which all persons not Romans, and who have money or goods subject to despoilment, except as warning—that is, the arrival at a seat of power of some high Roman official charged with authority.

"To day comes the Consul Maxentius. Be thou warned!

"Another word of advice.

"A conspiracy, to be of effect against thee, O friend, must include the Herods as parties; thou hast great properties in their dominions.

"Wherefore keep thou watch.

"Send this morning to thy trusty keepers of the roads leading south from Antioch, and bid them search every courier going and coming; if they find private despatches relating to thee or thy affairs, thou shalt see them."

"You should have received this yesterday, though it is not too late, if you act promptly.

"If couriers left Antioch this morning, thy messengers know the byways, and can find them with your orders.

"Do not hesitate.

"Burn this after reading.

"O my friend! thy friend.

"SIMONIDES."

Ilderim read the letters a second time, and re-folded them in the linen wrap, and put the package under his girdle.

The exercise in the field continued but a little longer—in all about two hours. At their conclusion, Ben Hur brought the four to a walk, and drove to Ilderim.

"With leave, O sheik," he said, "I will return thy Arabs to the tent, and bring them out again this afternoon."

Ilderim walked to him as he sat on Sirius, and said, "I give thee to you, son of Arrius, to do with as you will until after the games. You have done well in two hours what the Roman—may jacksals gnaw his bones fleshless!—could not in as many weeks. We will win by the splendor of God, we will win!"

At the tent Ben-Hur remained with the horses while they were being cared for; then, after a plunge in the lake and a cup of arrack with the sheik, whose flow of spirits was royally exuberant, he dressed himself in his Jewish garb again, and walked with Malloch up into the Orchard.

There was much conversation between the two, not all of it important. One part, however, must not be overlooked. Ben-Hur was speaking.

"I will give you," he said, "an order for my property stored in the khan this side the river by the Seleucian Bridge. Bring it to me to-day, if you can. And, good Malloch—if I do not overtake you!"

Malloch protested heartily his willingness to be of service.

"Thank you, Malloch, thank you," said Ben-Hur. "I will take you at your word, remembering that you are brethren of the old tribe, and that the enemy is a Roman. First, then—as you are a man of business, which I much fear Sheik Ilderim is not!"

"Arabs seldom are," said Malloch gravely.

"Nay, I do not impeach their shrewdness, Malloch. It is well, however, to look after them. To save all forfeit or hindrance in connection with the race, you would put me perfectly at rest by going to the office of the Circus, and seeing that he has complied with every preliminary rule; and if you can get a copy of the rules, the service may be of great avail to me. I would like to know the colours I am to wear, and particularly the number of the crypt I am to occupy at the starting; if it be next Messala's on the right or left, it is well; if not, and you can have it changed so as to bring me next the Roman, so. Have you good memory, Malloch?"

"It has failed me, but never, son of Arrius, where the heart helped it as now."

Sheik Ilderim had witnessed the exercise of the afternoon, being a repetition of those of the morning; after which he had gone to the city in answer to the invitation of Simonides; he might return in the night; but, considering the immensity of the field to be talked over with his friend, it was hardly possible. Ben-Hur, thus left alone, had seen his horse cared for; cooled and purified himself in the lake; exchanged the field garb for his customary vestments, all white, as became a Sadducean of the pure blood; snuffed early; and, thanks to the strength of youth, was well recovered from the violent exertion he had undergone.

It was neither wise nor honest to detract from beauty as a quality. There cannot be a refined soul insensible to its influence. The story of Pygmalion and his statue is as natural as it is poetical. Beauty is of itself a power; and it was now drawing Ben-Hur.

The Egyptian was to him a wonderfully beautiful woman—beautiful of face, beautiful of form. In his thought she appeared to him as he saw her the fountain; and he felt the influence of her voice, sweeter because in fearful expression of gratitude to him, and of her eyes—the large, soft, black, almond-shaped eyes declarative of her race—eyes which looked more than lies in the supremest wealth of words to utter; an recurrence of the thought of her were returns just so frequent of a figure tall, slender, graceful, refined, wrapped in rich and floating drapery, wanting nothing but a fitting mind to make her, like the Sulaemite, and in the same sense, terrible as an army with banners. In other words, she was the whole of his fancy, the whole of his heart. Song of Solomon came with her, inspired by her presence. With this sentiment and that feeling, he was going to see if she actually justified them. It was not love that was taking him, but admiration and curiosity which might be the heralds of love.

The landing was a simple affair, consisting of a short stairway, and a platform garnished by some lamp-posts; yet at the top of the steps he passed, arrested by what he beheld.

There was a shallop resting upon the clear water lightly as an egg-shell. An Ethiopian—the camel driver at the Castalian fountain—occupied the rower's place, his blackness intensified by a livery of shining white. All the boat, even the oars, were carpeted with stuff, brilliant as the Egyptian herself, sunk in Indian shawls and a very vapour of most delicate veils and scarfs. Her arms were bare to the shoulders; and, not merely faultless in shape, they had the effect of compelling attention to them—their pose, their action, even, seemed adorned with grace and meaning; each was an object of beauty. The shoulders and neck were protected from the evening air by an ample scarf, which yet did not hide them.

In the glance he gave her, Ben-Hur paid no attention to these details. There was simply an impression made upon him; and, like a strong light, it was a sensation, not a thing of sight or enumeration. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet; thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks. Rise up, love, my fair one, and come away; for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land—such was the impression she made upon him translated into words.

"Come," she said, observing him stop, "come, or I shall think you a poor sailor."

The red of his cheek deepened. Did she know anything of his life upon the sea? He descended to the platform at once.

"I was afraid," he said, as he took the vacant seat before her.

"Of what?"

"Of sinking the boat," he replied, smiling.

"Wait until we are in deeper water," she said, giving a signal to the black, who dipped the oars, and they were off.

It loved and Ben-Hur were enemies, the latter was never more at mercy. The Egyptian at whom he could not but see her; she, whom he had already engrossed in memory as his ideal of the Shulamite. With her eyes giving light to his, she might come out, and he not see them; and so they did. The night might fall with unrelieved darkness everywhere else; but here, where she sat, there was light. And then, as every body knows, given youth and such companionship, there is no situation in which the fancy takes such complete control as upon tranquil waters under a calm night sky, warm with summer. It is so easy at such time to glide imperceptibly into the commonplace into the ideal.

"Give me the rudder," he said.

"No," she replied, "that were to reverse the relation. Did I not ask you to sail with me? I am indebted to you, and would begin payment. You may talk and I will listen, or I will talk and you will listen; that choice is yours; but it will be mine to choose where we go; it will be the wayer thither."

"And where may that be?"

"You are alarmed again."

"O fair Egyptian, I bid asked you the first question of every captive."

how little that is, a Greek or a Roman cannot know."

"But I am neither Greek nor Roman." She laughed.

"I have a garden of roses, and in the midst of it is a tree, and its bloom is the richest of all. Whence came it, think you?"

"From Persia, the home of the rose."

"From India, then."

"No."

"Ah! one of the isles of Greece."

"I will tell you," she said; "a traveler found it perishing by the road-side on the plain of Replaim."

"Oh, in Judea!"

"I put it in the earth left bare by the receding Nile, and the soft south wind blew over the desert and nursed it, and the sun kissed it in pity; after which it stood in its shade now, and it thanks me with much perfume. As with the roses so with the men of Israel. Where shall they reach perfection but in Egypt?"

"Moses was but one of millions."

"Nay, there was a reader of dreams. Will you forget him?"

"The friendly Pharaohs are dead."

"Ah, yes! The river by which they dwell sings to them their tomb; yet the same sun tempests the same air to the same people."

"Alexandria is but a Roman town."

"She has but exchanged sceptres. Caesar took from her that of the sword, and in its place left that of learning. Go with me to the Bruchemum, and I will show you the college of nations; to the Serapeion, and see the perfection of architecture; to the library, and read the immortal; to the theatre, and hear the heroes of the Greeks and Hindus; to the quay, and count the triumphs of commerce; descend with me into the streets, O son of Arrius, and when the philosophers have dispersed, and taken with them the masters of all the arts, and all the gods have home their votaries, and nothing remains of the day but its pleasures, you shall hear the stories that have amused men from the beginning, and the songs which will never,

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONDEMNATION AND EXECUTION OF THE NOBLE MARTYR AND CONFESSOR OF THE FAITH.

T. D. Sullivan, M. P., lord mayor of Dublin, gives the following graphic account of the sufferings and execution of the noble English Catholic martyr, Sir Thomas More, which we are sure will be perused by our readers with much interest.

At the time of the execution of the Carthusian monks the venerable John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More were prisoners in the Tower. We have already mentioned that Parliament declared them guilty of a treasonable offence, because that having had interviews with the Nun of Kent they did not report her incoherent ravings to the king. More—who, in fact, had never given any encouragement to the nun's delusions, but had warned her against them—was able to get his name withdrawn from the bill; the bishop got his taken off by paying three hundred pounds to the crown. It was felt, perhaps, that the offence charged in this instance would be a poor ground on which to go to the prosecution of two such men. The new act and the new oath, however, gave to their enemies a sure means of bringing them to account, not for misprision of treason merely, but for treason itself, and the opportunity was speedily availed of. In April, 1534, they were called before the commissioners to take the oath, and, on their refusal, both were committed to the Tower. The aged bishop was cast into a loathsome dungeon, where he was left for months perishing with cold, hunger, and nakedness, the rags which were given him to wear being insufficient to cover his withered and trembling body.

An incident which occurred immediately after his imprisonment is characteristic of the time. A rush was immediately made by Cromwell's agents to the palace of the bishop to take possession of his effects for the crown. A "reformed" monk named Lee took down an inventory of them. In the course of their searches a strong box was found concealed in a recess of the bishop's chamber. It was pulled out on the floor. The weight of it—the box being iron—caused the ransackers to think it contained an enormous amount of treasure. "Gold! gold for the bloudie Pope!" shouted Lee.

Implementers were procured to break open the box. Cromwell's men stood about it in eager expectation. The box was opened, and lo! there was found in it nothing but a hair shirt and two small scourges used by the bishop for chastising his body! While he lay a close prisoner in the Tower, the venerable bishop was made a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals by the Pope. This elevation, instead of inducing Henry to treat him with some degree of tenderness and respect, only inflamed his anger against the innocent and suffering prelate. "Mother of God," said he, "is the old man yet so lusty? Well, let the Pope send him a hat when he will! Mother of God, he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on."

Thomas Cromwell and some of these miserable conforming bishops visited the old man in the Tower, and endeavored to induce him to yield to the wishes of the king. But all in vain. The good will of a cruel and immoral monarch was no terror to him; the axe of the gibbet had no terrors for him. He was close on eighty years of age. Prayer and suffering had made clear the eyes of his spirit, and he saw, not far off, just beyond the scaffold, a better world awaiting him. He refused to steep his soul in shame and sin, and for so refusing he was found guilty of high treason and condemned to die.

The lord chancellor, Lord Audley, thus pronounced his sentence: "John Fisher, you shall be led to the place from whence you came, and from thence again shall be drawn through the city to the place of execution at Tyburn, where your body shall be hanged by the neck; half alive, you shall be cut down and thrown to the ground, your bowels to be taken out of your body before you, being still alive, your head to be smitten

off, and your body to be divided into four quarters, to be set up wheresoever the king may appoint. And God have mercy upon your soul!"

The execution took place on the 23d of June, 1535. The mangled remains of the bishop were left uncovered on the scaffold during the night. Next day a shallow grave was dug for them by the executioners in a neighboring churchyard, into which they were tossed without shroud or covering of any kind. The head, which had been severed from the body, was taken away in a bag, and, it is related, shown to Anne Boleyn, who struck it in the face with her hand. It was then set upon one of the spikes of London bridge, where some of the remains of the Carthusian Fathers were blackening in the summer sun. Crowds congregated on and near the bridge day after day to look on the terrible spectacle. An obstruction to the thoroughfare and interruption to the regular course of business was thus created, to end which inconsequence Cromwell had the head taken down by night and cast into the Thames.

Another and a more remarkable man was now to fall before the obese savage whose vile passions and absurd caprices were bringing all this shame and horror on his country. Sir Thomas More had spent at this time about fourteen months in prison. His treatment, though not quite so cruel as that of the poor old bishop, was yet very severe and trying on a man of his age. But he took it all cheerfully; not, indeed, in any spirit of levity, but with the strong and patient soul of a true Christian, and with the pleasant humor which was part of his nature. On his first entrance into the Tower the gate porter demanded, as his perquisite, the prisoner's upper garment. More knew very well what was meant, but he would have his joke. "Here it is, porter," said he, tossing him his cap, "and I am sorry it is not a better one." "No, no, sir," replied the porter; "by your leave, it is your coat, and I must have it, too." Then the ex-chancellor, not the least amused, took off his coat and gave it to him. One day the governor of the Tower conveyed secretly to him some little delicacy of the table, and whispered him that he would gladly show him a kindness of that sort occasionally, if it were safe to do so. "I believe you, good Kingston," said More, "and I thank you most heartily for it. Assure yourself I do not mislike my ordinary fare; when I do, then spare not to thrust me out of your doors."

More's present trouble did not at all come on him by surprise. Even before the divorce question had become a peril to people's lives, and before the mad notion of setting himself up as head of the Church had entered into the head of the king, More knew his temper to be fickle, selfish, and dangerous. While he held the office of chancellor, so fond was Henry of his learned, wise, and witty conversation, that the friendship of his most portly majesty was almost a burden to him. Henry often dropped down to More's house at Chelsea to have the pleasure of some hours in his society and that of his numerous, highly accomplished, and very interesting family, and it was not an unusual thing for him to walk about the garden with his arm around the neck of his neck. One evening More's son-in-law expressed to him his delight at beholding such tokens of affection and esteem as the king manifested towards him. "Son William," replied More, "I thank God that I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any other subject in the realm; nevertheless, I tell thee, son Roper, I have no cause to be proud of it, for if my head would win him a castle in France it would not fall to go." The chancellor knew his man.

On the 1st of July, 1535, Sir Thomas was taken from the tower to be tried for high treason at Westminster. The lords commissioners who presided over the trial, and badgered him for a length of time, but were never able to get an advantage over him in any point of the discussion. His was too keen and polished an intellect for them, and in roughly meddling with such an edged tool could only wound themselves. But of course, they could condemn him—that was easy enough—and they did it. Sentence of death was passed on him in the same terms that had been spoken to Bishop Fisher—he was to be hanged, cut down while yet alive, and so on to the end of the disgusting formula.

And all this because the conscience of this pious and estimable man would not allow him to take his Majesty Henry VIII. a layman, for head of the Church. It was necessary to have an assured succession to the throne, said the poodle Parliament of England. The peace of the realm required that there should be an assured and undisputed succession. The succession could not be assured unless his majesty was allowed to have as many wives as he might deem necessary; and he could not have the wives unless he threw off the authority of the Pope of Rome and made himself Pope of England. Ergo it was fit and proper that his majesty should be taken to be supreme head of the Church in England, and it was the height of diabolical treason, and rebellion to refuse to swear that in fact and truth such was his position. So argued Henry's base and slavish Parliament, and so argued his shameless paragonist, Mr. James Anthony Froude, at the present. The illustrious prisoner of whom we have been writing drew a clear distinction between the succession and the supremacy. It was within the competence of Parliament, he said, to settle the question of succession; it was not within her competence to bestow the spiritual headship of the Church on any one. But this was a treasonable opinion; it was blasphemous against Pope Henry, and the utterance was now to suffer for it.

On his return, a condemned man, from Westminster back to the Tower a very sad and a great trial of his fortitude took place. His favorite daughter, Margaret, wife of William Roper, met him outside the gate and threw herself into his arms, shrieking, "My father, oh, my father!" The old man's voice trembled as he blessed her and told her to submit to the decrees of Providence and forgive those who had condemned him.

"Then the ballerders moved on, the procession wending its way to the gloomy fortress; but Margaret, like one whose reason had departed, again retraced her steps. Caring not for the throng of people or the soldiers who guarded him, she rushed hastily back; she pushed her way through the crowd; she threw her arms around his neck, and many times she kissed him; and More, now entirely overcome, stood speechless, whilst tears poured down his cheeks, and the very guards who were once Margaret's maid, Dorothy, also. But still the daughter lingered; the last kiss was hers; and then these two were severed forever on this side of the grave. She fell insensible at the prisoner's feet."

Once more within the walls of his dungeon, the accustomed serenity of his soul returned to this glorious old man, and he turned his thoughts calmly to that eternity on which he was soon to enter. His musings and prayers were presently interrupted by the entrance of one of the king's courtiers, who came to try if he could induce the prisoner to change his mind. He continued for upwards of an hour to pester the condemned man with arguments and entreaties, endeavoring him to change his mind. At last More told him that he had changed it. Off went the courtier in hot haste to the king to tell him that his ex-chancellor had given way at last and had changed his mind. The king was gratified to hear of such a victory for his cause, and sent some of his friends to inquire to the full extent and meaning of the surrender. "They entered and announced their business to More. 'Good day,' he said, 'the man was too hasty in repeating my words. I had meant to have shaven my beard, but after I bethought me that my beard should fare no better than my head, and that was the only cogent spoke of it.'"

On the morning of the 6th of July, 1535, he marched with a light step from his prison to the place of execution. He was told that the king, of his gracious mercy, had so commuted his sentence that the more revolting parts of the execution would be dispensed with, and he would simply be beheaded. "I thank the king heartily for his great kindness," was the characteristic reply, "but I pray God to preserve my friends and posterity from the like mercies." A request of the king was also conveyed to him, that he would not make any lengthened address to the people, and with this the gentle-hearted victim promised to comply.

Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, the leader shook as he placed his foot on it. "So me safe up, good Kingston," said he, "for my coming down I can shift for myself." Then turning to the crowd in front of the scaffold, he was about to address them a few words, but the sheriff interrupting him, he said no more than that he was about to die in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, a loyal servant of God and the king, and that he begged their prayers for his soul. He then engaged for a few moments in prayer, kissed the executioner in token of forgiveness, bound his own eyes with a handkerchief he had brought for the purpose, and laid his head upon the block.

Just as the executioner was about to strike, he begged a moment's time, and then removed his beard from under his neck, remarking quaintly that there was no need to cut it, as that, at least, had been his reason.

Then he waited the fatal stroke; it descended, and in an instant the noblest of Englishmen was a headless and gory corpse upon the scaffold.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE GREAT ORATORIAN, JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN, THE LEARNED RECLUSE OF BIRMINGHAM.

From the New York Sun. John Henry Newman, his brethren of the Oratory say, is totally free from even the beginnings of disease. But they even acknowledge that he requires fourteen hours' sleep in the twenty-four, or, if deprived of it, at least looks as if very few, whose personal conduct brings pleasant smiles and freshets upon his face, but no injurious ailments with a little piece of bread, eats a little fruit some days, according to the mild caprice of his appetite, dines with uniform frugality, sleeps after dinner; and eats little or no supper. In most respects he conforms as signally to the rule of the house as the humblest and freshest youth within it. He finds no difficulty in keeping the fasts, because for many years he has eaten very little flesh meat, and wine has become a slight acquaintance of his. He walks a part of every day, chats with characteristic brightness with those around him, likes to have bits of new works of importance read to him, although not unable to read for himself, and when he reads he is as liable to take up Martial or Plato as Augustine or Thomas Aquinas. He is fond of works on natural history. He keeps a Wordsworth on his table, where are seen also copies of the poems of Wilfred Faber, his dear friend; of the De Veres, father and son; of Coventry, Patmore, and of course, of Keble. Although fond of the physical sciences, he has never sympathized with the tendency to substitute them for the classics in the traditional university course; and at one time he co-operated in some measure with a coterie of classicists who wanted Mr. Gladstone to procure such legislation as would debar the innovation.

He holds that Aristotle is not only the most dangerous foe of Christianity and Revelation, but is also the best model of pure logic, and does not think that any mode of reasoning advanced in modern times, even by Bacon, is serious against the defence that can be made against it from the armory of history, tradition, and faith. He holds that Cicero is a better model of oratorical style than any man since his day. He is fond of Homer's Gladiators. He therefore he is attached more than to taste to classic culture. He finds no difficulty in reconciling the poetic and naturalistic conceptions of the origin of the world, and accepted in advance the dedication of St. George Mivants' "Lessons from Nature." Mart

is your hair turning gray and thinning out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce new and luxuriant growth. It cleanses the scalp, cures dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

admits the theory of evolution, but rejects the doctrine of natural selection as unproved. Cardinal Newman has felt no collision of claims between Rome and England in paying to each the allegiance due respectively to her spiritual and her temporal power. His sensitive loyalty to the institutions of his country is remarkably expressed in connection with the spiritual alliance itself. He dedicated a volume many years ago to "The Primate of the Catholic Church in Ireland," and courteously deprecated "the infelicity of the moment" which prevented him from doing so with adequate ceremony "without appearing to show disrespect to an act of Parliament." At that time the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was under-going a lively hammering in the forge of public opinion. Legally there was and could be no such person as the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Cardinal Newman wrote to him that a Catholic was bound to avoid an appearance of disrespect to an act of Parliament.

Because he is of Oxford, because he finds much good in science apart from all ideas deduced to be the best style of English of his day, because he has come with manners so turgid of religious devotion in his half-century of life as to have won from the best living wit in England the happy comment that he had instilled into his controversy more of the spirit of Christ than most men find room for in their prayers—for all these reasons he is the dearest man now left to the English people. Unlike Gladstone, he has no meanness. His passing away will make a vast silence in the United Kingdom. Disraeli said that his going out of Rome was a blow from the effects of which the Church of England would reel for a generation. It has been reeling for a longer period, and it is not down yet. But his death would make all of England a shock of desolation.

A little new is sent from Birmingham about him, but for a twelvemonth the worst news would have been credible. The Cardinal is merely wasting quietly away. He may live ten years more, but he may die at any moment. But, unlike Brougham and Russell, his faculties survive the decay of his physical tissues, and his mind is far more active than formerly, is clear and vigorous.

Although fond of poetry and a dear companion of many poets, he has written a little verse. But one of his poems, "Lead, kindly Light," undoubtedly pours more true religious feeling into the heart than all of Watts combined with all of Keble. Another of his poems, the "Prayer of Gerontius," has an unique distinction in that it is the last thing composed by Gordon in his lifetime, and it was within his fervid lines he found the strength he needed to face death with Christian fortitude. Many of the most interesting passages in his diary may be traced to it like brooks to a well. Gordon gave it to Frank Power, the brilliant Irishman representing the Times in the Sudan. He sent it to his sister in Dublin, who in turn forwarded it to the Cardinal. He went with a letter abounding in noble and sweet sentiment, returned it to her. All this endeared the Cardinal in a not very logical connection with Gordon in the popular heart, and a Newman renaissance reigned for a week at least. It was frequently recalled in the weekly papers about that time that "Lead, kindly Light," was written in an orange boat with the house of Garibaldi on Capra in sight.

It is not so surprising that many episodes in so long and so secluded a life should be generally forgotten. It will probably be news to your readers not born in these islands that in 1854 Cardinal Newman went to Ireland as rector of the diocese of Dubuque, then established newly in Dublin. He remained there more than four years, but could not make it thrive. The Irish had enough of English authority in their education system. The Cardinal was a true Catholic and an eminent scholar. He was universally revered, but he was an Englishman, and therefore, those who revered him, preferred that he should return to his own country. The vanity of the Irish is disposed to be retrospective. In very fine terms it was recalled for the Cardinal's guidance that the custom was for Englishmen to go to Ireland to study, not to teach, and the hapless island was said to still contain men able and willing to imitate the example of the generous Irish scholars who accompanied Alfred back to England and laid the foundations of more than was famous school within that realm. The Cardinal returned and established a school for boys at Biggleswade. More pungent Irish critics were out to attribute his failure in Dublin to the sinister omen that Bishop Moriarty of Kerry was his chief counsellor in the university. It was this prelate who coined that immortal phrase, "Hell is not deep enough for me; I am long enough in hell." What opinions the Cardinal himself may hold on Irish English politics is not known. Since Ireland became the ragin' topic, he has been absent from controversy. But it is certain that his sympathies, if not crystallized into convictions, like Cardinal Manning's, are with the suffering people of that country.

Then the Cardinal was a good friend; he was very fond of a good fight; he checked used to glow with a pleasant flush, and his under lip extended beyond his upper with balanced eagerness. Time has changed both his physiognomy and his spirit. The unmistakable pugacity fixed upon his features by rough and able modes of life in healthy youth, yielded gradually to the influence of reflection, and for many years his countenance has worn the mask of his heart. One who loves him has said that if Saint Thomas was rightly called the Angelic Doctor, Cardinal Newman is justly entitled to the designation of the Benign

If anything clogs the waste-pipes in the house, become alarmed, for sewer-gas is apt to generate disease. The children, then, are removed to their grandparents, or kept out of doors as much as possible, until the defect is remedied. But the waste-pipes of the human system are often allowed to clog, and the sufferer, who cannot get away from the poison, becomes unfit for work or pleasure. In such cases Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will gently remove the cause, and the effect will vanish of itself. By druggists.

Doctor. Unlike Cardinal Manning, he has been exclusively a literary man. He always disliked executive duties. His works fill many volumes. He is the most prolific and the least read of all living authors. Passages from his writings are found in the best literature of all fashions. He is read by the few who would serve as filters for dropping living waters upon the many. The progress of the Naturalistic school has been so general and so rapid in England that he has disciples, but no longer a school. He is probably the last of the great English controversialists.

One of the horrors which his death will bring will be an autopsy by Froude. That worthy may be said to have a literary morgue, to which he drags the dead in order to subject the living who adore them to the agony of post mortem findings. The Froudes and the Newmans were intimately associated in other days. There was a Harrell Froude, a brother of the dilapidated historian, who went into the Oxford movement with the Cardinal, and journeyed to Rome with him in good time to be buried in its communion. The father of the Froudes, who was an Anglican archdeacon, was much esteemed by the Newmans. The Cardinal dedicated a volume to another brother, James Anthony—William—who has been one of the victims before death of the peculiar disposition of the former. It was Charles Kingsley's assent upon Newman in his review of one of Froude's spectacular historical works, that led to Newman's writing his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. It is expected with certainty and terror that Froude will think himself called upon to take the Cardinal to his morgue long enough for at least a monograph.

Many of the English Catholic aristocrats were led into the Church by Newman's writings. He is the object of more dedications and the subject of more verse than any contemporary. But he could never move his own brother who took a thorough ticket for Rationalism when the Cardinal that was to be set out for Rome. Among the diphant dabblers in religious philosophy and scientific skepticism in London a practice prevails of sending some of the volumes written by Francis William Newman to any young investigator who is suspected of reading the works of John Henry Newman. The Rationalist retained a connection with the banking house of Hambroton, Newman & Co., of which his father was a member.

The Cardinal was born in 1801. At 19 he graduated at Oxford, and took Anglican orders at 23. In 1845 he entered the Roman Catholic Church. He was ordained a priest in 1846, founded the Congregation of St. Philip in 1849, and was raised to the cardinalate in 1879. Oxford took him back more with pride than forgiveness in 1877, when he was elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity.

JOHN KNOX, "REFORMER."

A RESUME OF THE HISTORY OF EARLY PROTESTANTISM IN SCOTLAND. Rev. Dr. A. Munro, provost of the chapter of Glasgow, gave this lecture in St. Andrew's Cathedral of that city, on Sunday evening of January. The basis on which Knox and his followers established their church was, said the provost, that the Church of Christ founded for all time, had failed. Not only they held, had the ministers of the true church become corrupt, but also her ministry. They said the church had lost her power and authority; that she was not the Church of Christ, but the ministry of Satan—that was that church which Our Lord Jesus Christ had pledged His word He would guide until the end of time! If that was not the "Reformers'" idea, it was impossible for them to justify their formation of the Church of Christ. The "Reformers'" doctrine was introduced into Scotland at first in isolated instances only. Henry VIII. of England wished to extend the church he had established in his country into Scotland. He tempted James V. of Scotland with his poverty, and pointed out the plunder he would derive from confiscating the church. Some of the Scotch nobility were actually bribed by Henry VIII. in saying that, was not slandering these nobles, in proof of his statement, he had a public sermon delivered by the present minister of the Park Terrace Protestant Church in Glasgow three years ago, who said

THE BARONS OF SCOTLAND cared little for the doctrines of the "Reformation"—that the great object of the barons in bringing about the "Reformation" in Scotland was the plunder of the church. But there was another object in the action of many of the barons, persuaded by Henry VIII.—not only to reduce the church, but to do so for the purpose of reducing the kingdom itself to England. Hence, Henry got many of the Scotch nobility to bind themselves to promote his cause by securing possession of the successor of James, the infant Mary, Queen of Scots. Tytler, the historian, said 200 bound themselves to secure the castles and strongholds of the country, were to get possession of the Queen and Scotland. The one powerful opponent working against this scheme was the church, which sacrificed every thing to maintain Scotland's national independence. For 300 years the church in Scotland had defeated the object of England in this respect, and hence Henry determined to break the power of the church. One man above all others in Scotland stood out high as an opponent of the object of Henry, namely Cardinal Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrew's, a patriot more with pride than forgiveness in 1877, when he was elected an honorary Fellow of Trinity.

THE MURDER OF THE CARDINAL, and at last three different men responded to his wish, provided Henry would be generous with his gold and insure their safety. This arrangement fell through. Then Henry found a man for the work—George Wishart, a leading minister in the "Reformation," but, unhappily for the reputation of Wishart and the Scotch nobility who went with him, the grave had late been giving up its dead. About twenty years ago a number of state papers had been brought to light from the register house and noblemen's

archives, and among others a letter written by the Earl of Hereford, in which he said that he had found a man who would do the work the nobility had been so anxious to remove the obstacle, murder Cardinal Beaton, and the man he had found was a certain Master George Wishart. Wishart conveyed the letter to Henry, and then returned to Scotland to preach the "Reformation" doctrine. The conspiracy was successful—the cardinal was murdered, Wishart was afterwards put to death—not for the murder, but unfortunately and mistakenly for preaching the new doctrine. But had Beaton had the knowledge they now had of the part taken by Wishart to foster and carry out

Corn Sowing Is a process conducted by the agency of light boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Patented Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure pop-corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and more producing substitutes. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.

of Henry VIII., he would have been put to death by the hangman, for never did a man die more worthy the death of a traitor. The city is he died as a martyr, and not as the assassin of his government. After the murder of Beaton, the new religion extended. The reformers gathered themselves together as "Lords of the Congregations." They had no church and no regular ministry, and some of them rejected all the sacraments except baptism and the "Lord's Supper." They constituted themselves ministers of their sacraments and they had no power except such as they gave to themselves. At this time appeared on the scene John Knox, a man of strong will, powerful passions and intellect, great determination and talents far above mediocrity. He threw himself actively into the work of the reformation. They found that Knox was an act committed under circumstances of utter horror, of obscenity and of cruelty, a parallel for which they could not look except among the savages of central Africa. A number of men who had withheld from publicly identifying themselves with the "Reformation," feeling themselves compromised in the matter of Beaton as his assassins, became afraid after the deed, and

Among those so implicated was Knox. He joined those in the castles, who from that time went forth from their fortresses, laying waste the country, and violating the women. To this crew Knox became chaplain. Having gone to Geneva, Knox returned to Scotland, but before he did so the reformers, who wished to betray their country, urged war upon the regent Queen and the regent government. They sought not toleration, but the absolute overthrow of the established religion of the country. It was at this time they besought Knox to return to Scotland, whose great power over the people was known. He returned and preached the new doctrine. Wherever he went, rain, bloodshed and desolation followed. He and his followers burned to the ground the great Abbey of Scots, an historical spot sacred to the memory of Scotland's struggles for national independence. Of the noble cathedral of St. Andrew little now remained but the blackened walls, a monument of the barbarity of those who propagated the new doctrines by such means. Having attained power in the country, the rebels summoned a Parliament in 1660, which passed an act abolishing the Catholic religion. But still the work was incomplete.

SENTENCES OF DEATH were passed against the professors of the old church; but still the reformers had no church of their own. They were, however, still influenced by the Christian tradition that Christ should have a church on earth, and they thought it was their duty to make a church since the one He, Our Lord, had made had gone by the board. So a commission of John Knox and three other men was appointed to draw up the constitution of a church; they were to make the church of God. They were to do for Scotland what the Eternal Son of God had once done for all mankind. And in four days the new church was completed. They prepared what was called the "Confession of the Church of Scotland." Their scheme assumed that the Scriptures of themselves were authoritative in matters connected with the Christian religion. The truth had disappeared and taken refuge exclusively in the Bible. Every one was to find it out for himself, because the Church of Christ had failed. The new religion provided its ministry with bishops and deacons, but Knox's "bishops" were simply the present day "ministers." The preacher knew it was said that the new was the old revived. If that were so, then the whole scheme of Christianity must have been swept away in one single night, for not a vestige of the religion Knox drew up was to be found in the whole history of Scotland. And neither in Scotland, nor in the whole universe could they find a vestige of

THE RELIGION KNOX MADE, and which in fact never existed until he produced it for the Scottish Parliament. The Reformers forced their Church upon the people. The matter even in the Scotch Parliament was put to a vote, and it was by a large majority of the unprincipled barons the new religion was declared to be the church out of which there was no salvation. In all he has said of the new church, the preacher added in conclusion, he had alleged nothing but what he got on the authority of Knox himself, and all the writers he had read on the subject were Protestants. He would ask them to consider this fact—that the church was made in four days—four days he repeated—while God Himself became man and worked miracles to establish His church. Christ had said His church would continue for all time. He gave it to the power of His Eternal Father—"As the Father has sent Me, so I send you." Let those who formed their belief from the prejudiced traditions of the Protestant church consider, with the facts brought to light in later years, whether it is in the Catholic Church they can be saved, or in the church established by the assassins and forgers of the Scottish "Reformation."

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POPULAR MISREPRESENTATIONS OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

His Lordship the Bishop of London lectured on this subject in the Cathedral on last Sunday evening. Notwithstanding the fierce blizzard that prevailed, there was a very large congregation in attendance, and a considerable number of our Protestant fellow-citizens. The lecture lasted for more than an hour and was exceedingly interesting and instructive throughout.

It dealt with the following Protestant misrepresentations: 1. The Catholic Church is the enemy of the Bible and shuts it up as a sealed book from her children.

2. The Church uses an unknown tongue in her services in order to keep her people in ignorance and to clothe her worship and teachings with the cloak of mystery.

3. The Church practically ignores the atonement of the Cross, depreciates the work of Christ, hides the Redeemer from her people, and has more faith in the prayers of saints than in the merits and merits of the Crucified Saviour.

4. Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin and give her the honor due to God alone. Catholic worship is saint worship and not the worship of God.

His Lordship dealt with these misrepresentations in an able and convincing manner, showed their utter falsity and injustice, and in the clearest manner annulled the teaching of the Church on these various questions. The Bishop intends, we understand, to lecture on every Sunday evening during Lent on doctrinal subjects, and the result will doubtless be a vast amount of good effected amongst Catholics and Protestants. The following is a brief synopsis of the lecture delivered on last Sunday evening:

His Lordship took his text from 13th chapter of Daniel, 48, 49 verses. (This portion of Daniel is usually placed in the apocrypha in Protestant Bibles): So I am standing in the midst of them said, "Are ye such fools, ye Sons of Israel that without examination or knowledge ye have condemned a daughter of Israel. Return again to the place of judgment for they have borne false witness against her."

These words, said His Lordship, were spoken by the Prophet Daniel on an important occasion. Susanna was condemned to death by perjury and was being led to the place of execution when Daniel, who saw her innocence, exclaimed, "Ye men of Israel, are ye such fools that without examination or knowledge of the truth ye have condemned a daughter of Israel. The judgment was reopened; the nature of the testimony against her was exposed; her justice and her honor were vindicated. The foregoing, said His Lordship, was applicable to the subject of discourse. I say, ye men of the nineteenth century, are ye such fools that without examination or knowledge of truth ye condemned the Church of Christ. Return to the place of judgment for they have borne false witness against her. And I venture to say that if the judgment were reopened by intelligent and impartial men, the sentence that has been passed against the Catholic Church would be reversed, and her honor and purity vindicated.

The Church Catholic, Apostolic and Roman is a world wide institution that challenges the attention and demands the consideration of its foundation by the Son of God. It was established by Christ to represent Him on earth and to do His work. The Church is one in faith, one in worship, one in government. It speaks with the same voice the world over. It is holy in its founder Jesus Christ, in its children and in its ministry. It is universal in time and place. It is universal in its teachings and ministrations, and it appoints an unbroken line of ministers from the day that Christ appointed Peter head of the church to the time of Pope Leo XIII. That long unbroken line of succession, like a mighty chain binds century and century and age to age, and connects Leo XIII, in the Vatican with Peter on the streets of Rome. The Church is the mother of Christian civilization. When the Roman empire fell to pieces before the northern barbarians, she went out, bowed in hand, met these men of iron and crossed their necks to the sweet yoke of Christ. There is no nation that owes its Christian civilization to the Catholic Church. She has a consolation for every human sorrow; for every wounded heart she has a balm; there is no question for which she has not an answer; no problem of which she has not the solution. Veni, like she wipes the face of suffering humanity; and to every Gethsemane of sorrow she enters as an angel of comfort. This wondrous church is as old as Christianity itself; as universal as mankind. To-day after twenty centuries she stands as strong and as fruitful as she was when she first received it as their charge. And yet this church is denied a hearing and is condemned without examination or knowledge of the truth. These accusations are so frequently made that men, honest and earnest men, begin to believe them to be really true. She hides the scriptures, it is said; she shuts them up and keeps her people in ignorance. She is also said to be an idolatrous church, and to place the creature before the Creator she is said to deny the efficacy of the atonement of the Son of God, and is accused of relegating to herself the power, which belongs to God alone, of forgiving sins. These are some of the things that are believed by good, well-meaning people, and there are thousands of men and women who receive these accusations as gospel truths, "without examination or knowledge of the truth. Now is this fair? Is this just and honest? Is this the way that intelligent men act in the ordinary affairs of life? If you wish to have a fair estimate of your neighbors, do you go to their enemies? If you want to know the benefit of the N. P. do you go to its opponents? Do you go to the Man to find out about the Grit platform? And yet what men will not do in the ordinary affairs of life when they do it where their immortal souls are at stake? If you want to know the truth about the Catholic Church go to her priests and teachers and ask them that you may form your judgment. I say, therefore, ye men of this country, why are you so foolish as to condemn without examination a great Christian church? Return again to the place of judgment for they have borne false witness against her."

It is asserted that the church is the enemy of God's word. For thirty-two years I have preached the doctrine of the Catholic church and should know what it is. The Catholic church teaches that the Scripture is the Word of God and of very little of it is inspired. The church reverences and loves God's word because it is God's word. For three hundred years, while she was still weak and while the whole Roman empire was trying to crush her, the Catholic church protected the Scriptures and clasped them to her bleeding heart and took care of them as a mother takes care of her child. When the Roman empire fell under, the Catholic church it was that saved the word of God from the universal wreck and ruin. Her monks it was that passed their lives transcribing the Scriptures and translating them. And yet, she is put down as the enemy of the Bible. The Bible would not be in existence to-day if it were not for the Catholic Church. She is not its enemy but its mother. She causes a portion of the Bible to be read every Sunday to her people and obliges her priests to read scripture for at least an hour every day, and I would not allow a priest to officiate who did not spend at least one hour a day in reading the Bible and commentaries on it. Strange way of showing hostility to the word of God! Before the invention of printing she fastidiously in the vernacular of her people. In France, Spain, Italy and other countries, His Lordship then read a copy of a letter from Pope Pius VI. to the Bishop of Florence in which the writer strongly urged the reading of scripture as a preventive against the heresies then rampant. It was a Pope, continued His Lordship, "the man of sin" that said that the church is not only the guardian and protector of the Bible but is its teacher and expounder. She fulfills the command of Christ: Go and teach all nations. She gives to her children the right to read the Bible in due submission to her teachings. Legislatures pass laws, but does the State say to the people, here are the laws, take what meaning you like out of them! In that case the state appoints men to explain such laws. And that is what Christ has done.

Speaking about individual interpretation His Lordship said that Christ never wrote one word of the scriptures nor did He commission any of His apostles to write His apostles never intended the scriptures to be used as a rule of faith. For nearly sixty years after the ascension of Christ the New Testament was not completed: Down to the time of the invention of printing it was impossible to bring the scriptures within reach of the masses of the people. It was a whole life's work to transcribe one manuscript. The majority of the people could not read the Bible if they had it. Many of them could not understand it if they could read it. As to the Latin tongue in the church's ceremonies. In the first place the church is not a National church. It is an English church it would use the English language; if it were a French church it would use the French language. But it is a universal church and, therefore, uses an unvarying language which can be spoken in every clime. Again the church defines her doctrines in the clearest manner and makes use of a dead language, the words of which are fixed in their meaning. Living tongues change even in a life time, but dead languages never change and the church makes use of one of the latter because her doctrines are unchangeable. The church in her infancy used the Latin tongue and when the Roman empire fell asunder she still retained it. In this respect the church is unchangeable in her speech, as well as in her doctrine. The word of God is preached in the vernacular and the catechism is taught in the vernacular also, so that Catholics cannot be said to be ignorant of what the church is doing.

As to the atonement: The Church teaches that Christ is the Son of God of co-eternal with the Father. That He died for the redemption of mankind and that there is no other name under Heaven whereby a man can be saved. There is not a child of Adam that was not redeemed by the blood of Christ. The blood of Christ in its redemptive power went up to the very gates of Paradise and will come down to the last child on the face of the earth. For three hundred years the Church has held the Divinity of Christ against the Arian heresy, till at last the doctrine triumphed. Thousands and millions of people in the Catholic Church out of love for Christ has left the world to lead a life of meditation and devote themselves to the work of Christ in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. But do not you honor the Blessed Virgin? We do, but we do not give her supreme honor which belongs to God alone. Christ is God, the Virgin is a creature. There is an infinite degree between God and any creature. The perfection which the Blessed Virgin has attained she has received from God, and in honoring this perfection we are indirectly paying honor to God. You cannot honor a man by dishonoring his mother. To God we ascribe grace and mercy; of God we were Virgin assistance only. To God we say, have mercy on us; to her we say, pray for us. We ask her to pray for us because of her influence with her Divine Son. Just as a man might ask me to use my influence with the government of the day to secure him a situation in the belief that I hold influence with it and would on that account be more likely to obtain it than he who had no influence. As to the doctrine of the remission of sins! Christ promises to his apostles. Whatever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. This promise was given to the apostles in their corporate capacity; these papers were founded. Christ also promised his apostles, according to the 20th chapter of St. John. Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted to them, and whosoever ye shall retain they are retained. You may say you do not believe this. You are free to deny the Divinity of Christ; but if you believe that Christ is God you must believe His words. As to the conditions required of the sinner:

The penitent must be heartily sorry for the sins of his life. His sorrow must be greater than his sorrow for the death of a wife, a father or a mother. It must be in proportion to the magnitude of the fault. He must make restitution. He must make a confession of his sins to a fellow-man—the deepest humiliation that a man can undergo. He must do penance for his sins. Does this encourage sin? Just try it once or twice and see.

But don't you teach that what appears to be a bit of bread is really the body and what we have for so doing in the 6th chapter of John. Christ says there, I am the living bread of life which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the bread that I shall give is my flesh. This and other passages His Lordship quoted and contended that they were to be taken in a strict literal sense, for so the Jews understood them and Christ did not correct the impression made upon their minds, which He would have done had he been wrong.

In conclusion His Lordship said that he was perfectly well aware that the men now living in our midst were not responsible for the erroneous ideas that prevailed. He knew of their kindness and of their goodness. There is not a population in the world, said he, more kind, more honest or more intelligent than the people of Ontario, and I thought they would like to hear the disputed questions concerning Catholic belief cleared up. He asked those desirous of obtaining knowledge regarding that church to examine the books and catechisms and other authorities before they formed a decision. Let us, he said, endeavor to serve God who created us, Jesus Christ who redeemed us, that serving Him her with earnest hearts we may enjoy His glory hereafter, the blessing that I wish you all.

DIocese OF PETERBORO.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIocese. The following circular was read in all the churches of the diocese on Quinquagesima Sunday by order of the Bishop-Elect.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—You are hereby officially notified, that by Pontifical Letters, dated the 14th day of December, 1886, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has been pleased to appoint the Rt. Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Peterboro, to succeed our late lamented and saintly Prelate. You will receive notice in due time of the date and place appointed for the consecration of the Bishop-Elect.

In the meantime, you are respectfully directed to say in the Mass, as often as the rubrics permits the prayer "De Spiritu Sancto;" and repeat with the congregation, after the parochial Mass on Sundays three "Our Fathers," and three "Hail Marys," for the intention of our new Bishop.

The following are the diocesan regulations for Lent:— 1.—All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days—one meal and a collation.

2.—All persons who are twenty-one and under sixty years, are bound by the law of fasting and abstinence.

3.—By virtue of powers granted us by Apostolic Indult, we permit the use of meat on all Sundays at discretion, also at the usual meals on all Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember week, 5th March, and Holy Saturday.

4.—Fish and flesh are not allowed at the same meal.

5.—The use of milk, butter, cheese and eggs, is allowed on all days.

6.—The use of dripping or lard (not suet), is allowed as a condiment in preparing food on all days except Good Friday.

Those exempted from fasting are: all persons under twenty-one and over sixty years of age, the sick, infirm, women carrying or nursing infants, all employed at hard labour.

8.—All who cannot fast should give more abundant alms, be more assiduous in prayer, and attend more frequently to their religious duties, so as to make up for the loss of corporal mortification.

N. B.—Further dispensations, when occasion requires, can be obtained from the respective Pastors who are hereby empowered to grant them.

It is recommended in missions where the people can conveniently attend, that special devotions be held on Wednesday evenings and Friday evenings. On Wednesday evenings the Rosary may be said followed by Benediction and Friday evening the Stations of the Cross, whenever erected, may be substituted for the Rosary. This circular shall be read in all the Churches of the Diocese, on Quinquagesima Sunday, or on the first Sunday after its reception.

By order of the Bishop-Elect, P. D. LAURENT, Administrator.

Death of Mother St. Luce. News reached the city yesterday of the sudden death at Montreal of the Very Reverend Mother St. Luce, Provincial of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Mother St. Luce, it was remembered, met with a serious accident in landing here from one of the steamers in September last, as a consequence of which her health was very much shattered. Yielding to the advice of her physician, she left Charlottetown for Montreal in the fall, hoping to regain her health sufficiently to return to her post next spring. While visiting the Academies of the Congregation in Montreal she was suddenly taken ill of rheumatism of the heart, and died in a few days. Her death, made so much felt by its suddenness, will be keenly felt by the good sisters of the different convents on the island and those of Nova Scotia over which her jurisdiction extended.

Mother St. Luce was a member of the General Council of Congregation. As Superior she had presided over some of the most important Missions in Canada and the United States. She was a religious of extraordinary talent and administrative ability. At the time of her death she was in her 77th year. To the Sisters here we tender our heartfelt sympathy. R. I. P.—Ottawa (N. B.) Herald.

DOMINION ELECTIONS.

OPPOSITION.

Table with columns: Riding, Member, Mtd. Includes Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia.

FROM UPTEREGROVE.

CONCERT AND LECTURE.—The concert and lecture given here on Tuesday, the 31st inst., in St. Columbkil's church, was very successful taking into consideration the discouraging appearance of the evening. Father McGinley deserves great credit for the musical and literary treat he provided on this occasion. Father Rhoades of Yroonanton conducted the musical portion of the programme with his usual ability. The Misses Shannahan and Moore of Orillia ably assisted in the solos and choruses. Messrs. J. A. and E. P. Gilgoly contributed several pieces very creditably, particularly in their duet:—"Justus est Palma."

The lecture was delivered by Rev. Father Hayden of Apte, Ont., the subject being the "Philosophy of religious education." After a brief introduction in which the Rev. gentleman acknowledged the difficulties surrounding the subject, arising partly from man's complex nature, from surrounding influences, from the conflict of creeds, from natural peculiarities and the ambition of governments, he said that man at his birth belongs to three distinct societies, each complete and perfect in its own sphere, the family, the church, and the state. The question he proposed to discuss was to which of these communities belonged the education of the young or if to all conjointly. In what order and subordination. After premising a few remarks on the meaning, nature and great length, and with varied arguments, to elucidate his theme. He assigned the first place to the family, the next to the church, and the last to the state. He concluded an able and closely argued lecture by exhorting his hearers to be ever one with the church in the maintenance of sound principles of education, and to resist by every legitimate means all attacks from whatever side that would go to either control or impair these principles.—Uptergrove Correspondence Landay Post, Feb. 5.

IRISH NEWS BY CABLE.

The police had great difficulty in effecting an eviction on Griffith's estate, in the 22nd. They found the tenant in bed, chained to a large stone which had been deeply sunk in the earth. A large crowd assembled and witnessed the work of removal with intense excitement.

Unemployed workmen of Dublin City met in demonstration before the Lord Mayor's residence. They were not allowed to enter, and were advised to go to Dublin Castle.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt writes that the Round Table conferees are still laboring to reunite the Liberal party on a basis, which shall contain no deviation from Gladstone's principles respecting the Irish question.

MINISTERIAL.

Mr. O'Brien addressed a mass meeting at Mitchelstown, on the 22nd, which had been convoked stealthily in order to prevent its being proclaimed. Eight thousand persons attended and great excitement prevailed. Resolutions were adopted favoring the plan of campaign and condemning the Speaker of the House of Commons for "gagging" Mr. Dillon during the recent debate in Parliament.

The people of Dingle, county Kerry, were made aware of the arrival there on the 22nd, of an evicting party by the blowing of horns and the ringing of the chapel bells. A crowd of fully 2,000 persons quickly collected. Father Egan, acting on behalf of the tenants, had a long conference with the sheriff, and at the conclusion of which he announced that a settlement had been arranged under which each tenant was to pay one gale's rent, Father Egan himself paying the sheriff's costs.

A disturbance occurred at Newross, Ireland, on the 24th. One hundred policemen went to the workhouse there and arrested the refractory paupers, but at the Sessions Court the charges of assault against the prisoners were withdrawn, and they were allowed to return to the workhouse. A Nationalist band, which celebrated the result by parading through the streets, came into collision with the police. In a fight that followed the musicians' instruments were broken and many of the men were injured.

While a force of two hundred policemen were making a seizure on the Nolan Farrell estate at Ballyhanna, County Mayo, they were attacked by about 200 men and women, armed with sticks and stones. Several policemen were injured in the affray. Finally the Rev. Mr. Warlow intervened and prevented further violence.

CONCERT AT PEMBROKE.

A large and enthusiastic audience assembled in the Music Hall of the Convent, Pembroke, to witness the first public entertainment given under the management of the Sisters of Charity. The concert was opened by the chorus "Fairly Bowers," sung by the pupils, Misses Ida Poupore, E. Rooney, K. Mehan and J. Fortin. Miss O'Meara in her usual style of elocution recited "The Painter of Seville." Miss N. Dowley then came forward and in a loud and clear voice sang "Sweet the Angelus was ringing." She was accompanied at the piano by Miss M. O'Meara, and the violin by Mr. J. McPhee, and on the cornet by Mr. M. Dowley. A comic dialogue entitled "The Country Aunt," was then played in an accomplished manner by the pupils. A vocal solo was then rendered by Mr. O. Blonidin. The first part of the programme was finished by a piano solo by Miss I. Poupore, who kept the ears of the audience electrified for about twenty minutes. After a few minutes' intermission the pupils opened the latter part of the programme by singing a chorus entitled "My Mother." After this Mr. Andrew Irving in his usual eloquent style a reading entitled "The Sisters

SUMMARY.

Table with columns: Province, Mtd., Opp. Includes Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia.

CONCERT AT FORT WILLIAM. Fort Arthur Sentinel, Feb. 22. The musical entertainment given in the Catholic church at Fort William last night was one of the most successful concerts ever held in the district. The entertainment was in aid of Rev. Father Baxter's handsome new church, and the large attendance at this concert certainly indicates the high respect and kindly feeling with which the esteemed father is deservedly regarded by the general public. The church is a magnificent structure, and would do credit to a much larger town than Fort William, but it will be in keeping with the prosperous future which apparently awaits that place in common with the advancement of Port Arthur and the development of the great resources of this district. The building is spacious and well lighted. It provides comfortable seating capacity for nearly three hundred people, and is a model of good taste and elegance in its furnishings, with handsomely carved pews and a splendid chandelier of new design, purchased in Philadelphia, which illuminates the whole church. The reverend father is entitled to a great deal of credit for the successful result of his efforts to construct such a fine church. Three coaches crowded with passengers left Port Arthur for the concert, and there could not have been less than fully five hundred people in the church. Every seat was filled and even standing room was difficult to obtain. The programme was excellently rendered and many of the selections were enthusiastically applauded.

CONCERT AT FORT WILLIAM.

The entertainment was without doubt, in the estimation of every one present, one of the best ever given in Fort William and included talent of a high order. The accompanists of the evening were: Mrs. Gough, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. H. Sellers, Miss Gilbert and Miss McLean, who acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Thos. Ryan, under whose management the entertainment was arranged and carried out so successfully, deserves the thanks of the large audience for the pleasure afforded by the excellent programme. Rev. Father Baxter desires to return his grateful thanks to the generous public who patronized the concert, and to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly assisted in making the entertainment such an unqualified success.

BRANTFORD NOTES.

Mr. E. H. Sison has received an appointment in the civil service, and has resigned his position as classical teacher at the Collegiate Institute of this city. Mr. Sison has been a very successful teacher and has won praise from many sources. Entering the institute about eleven years ago, quite a boy, he applied himself industriously to his studies, and in less than six years had matriculated at Toronto University and held a position among its teachers. How he has succeeded as a teacher may in some measure be judged from the address read to him from the staff and students on the evening of the 18th. It speaks of regret at his removal, but expresses pleasure at his prospective advantage; says he has won esteem by his good qualities as teacher and counsellor; that the gift presented is not a reward but a testimony and pledge; and closes with warm good wishes for his future. The reading of the address was accompanied by the presentation of a valuable gold watch. Mr. Sison is to be congratulated. Miss May B. Bald, B. A., Essex County, will succeed to the position.

Mr. Dennis Burke died at the hospital here on the 14th of February, at the age of 47 years. About ten days before he was driving to Hamilton with a load of pork and his wagon got upset at Oatlandsville and he was injured in the fall. He leaves a widow and a large family. He was a member of the C. M. B. A.

It is announced that Father Lennon has secured the services of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly of Detroit, treasurer of the National League of America, for a lecture on St. Patrick's Day, and the news is received with pleasure by the people of Brantford.

Rev. Father Talley, of Providence, R. I., preached in St. Basil's on Sunday morning from the words, "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." Father Murphy preached in the evening.

Mr. Joseph Quinn has been elected a member of the school board, for the East Ward, in place of John Ryan, who resigned to go to the High School Board.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ST. MARY'S.

The citizens of St. Mary's will have a genuine treat on the forthcoming St. Patrick's Day. The Catholics of that town are arranging for a grand concert on the evening of the 17th, in which Miss Aggie Knox and Miss Stevenson, of St. Mary's; Dr. Sippl, of London, and others of note, will take part. The programme will be one of the best ever attempted in St. Mary's. Further particulars will be given in due time.

A Valuable Little Work.

We have received from Benziger Bros., New York, a very neat little work entitled "A Thought from St. Ignatius for every Day of the year." It is translated from the French by Margaret A. Colton. The book will be a most valuable addition to Catholic household libraries.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

Mr. Sexton, M. P., High Sheriff, has, as was his official duty, filled an answer to the writ of *scire facis* issued in answer to the Queen's Bench respecting the treatment of Mr. John Dillon's bail.

On January 30th, an enthusiastic meeting was held at Bridgetown, a village a short distance from Wexford. The preparations made by the people were of the most elaborate description.

The people of Wexford have taken prompt measures with Mr. Mayor Harpur, whose action in attending in London to take part in the deliberations of the Queen's Jubilee Committee has caused the most intense disgust among those who bestowed on him the highest civic honors in their gift on the faith of his Nationalist pretensions.

An enthusiastic meeting was held, on January 30th, at Clongoree, to adopt the "Plan of Campaign." The meeting was convened rather hurriedly, the posters having only been issued on the previous night; but, notwithstanding the lateness of the notice, a large concourse of people from the surrounding district were present.

At Clongoree, county Kildare, on Jan. 30th, a meeting was held of the tenants of the estate of Mr. De Penuthony O'Kelly, whose mortgage is the prime mover in the endeavor to wring from the farmers what the land has not yielded.

Major Stevenson, of Londonderry, has evicted Mr. Molloy, of Portloman. The Major has now executed his death sentence. He has thrown down the gauntlet to his entire tenantry, and to the spirit and manhood of the people of Westmeath.

The tenants on the estate of the Leaders Minors, near Youghal, have been served with writs, not being able to pay their rents. Fearing a seizure, one of the tenants, Mrs. O'Halloran, sent thirteen fine head of cattle to Killeagh, where they were put up for auction by Mr. Thomas Condon, auctioneer, of the "Plan of Campaign" paddock, kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. Patrick Cronin.

Mr. E. D. Gray's paper, the Belfast

Waterford.

The section of Lord Muskerry's tenantry, known as the March and September, upon each occasion did not pay at his offer of 15 per cent. were notified that if they had not paid their rents no reduction would be allowed them on the September rents. The tenants came forward on Jan. 29th and settled at the reduction of 15 per cent.

On Feb. 4th, a large force of police, under District Inspector Yates, Kanturk, visited the now notorious Corris property of Mr. N. W. Leader, J. P. Dromagh Castle, on which the Plan of Campaign is vigorously adopted, and visited the houses of thirteen of the tenants on the estate, against whom judgment has been made in the superior court, and made a search for arms, but found none. The police returned to Kanturk late in the evening, and thence returned to their respective stations.

The death is announced on Jan. 26th inst., at the residence of his father, Ballinacorney, Co. Kerry, of Laurence Dillon, aged twenty-four years. The deceased was a Seminarian and was within a few months of his ordination.

The tenantry on the Kilsnoon, Kilmarnock, estate of Major Broderick attended at the office of his legal agent, Mr. David Mahony, solicitor, accompanied by their parish priest, the Rev. J. K. Fitzgerald, for the purpose of negotiating with respect to the purchase of their land. The tenants bought the land at thirteen years on the judicial rents, and the agreement is perfected to be signed.

A number of prosecutions arising out of the abortive eviction of a tenant named Davoren, near Knocklong, were fixed for hearing at the District Sessions on February 20th. The Kiltelly band played in the village before the court assembled, and the police charged them with their batons, bawling and dispersing the crowd and breaking their instruments. The act of the police in dispersing an harmless crowd was commented upon. The cases were dismissed.

Another attempt was made on Jan. 31st, to evict Mrs. Scallan from her holding at Lisalton, near Rathkeale. The house was barricaded and defended by a number of men, who threw boiling meal on the bailiffs. Finally they were driven out, and formal possession was taken.

On Jan. 31st, upwards of one hundred tenants, on the estate of the Marquis of Conyngham, from the districts of Kilmalee and Inch, headed by the Rev. P. Hogan, C. C., marched in procession to the residence of the agent, Mr. Marcus Keane, J. P., Beech Park, with the object of demanding an abatement of 30 per cent. Father Hogan urged the reasonableness of the demand, and pointed out that a prudent and considerate agent should have no hesitation in adopting the proposal of the tenants, who, he said, were desirous of maintaining the friendly relations which have hitherto existed between them and the landlord.

Henry Charles White, Esq., Charleville, Roscrea, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tipperary.

Mr. A. Pollard, a Tipperary clothier, has written to Mr. Gladstone stating that, as an ardent admirer of his transcendent genius and of his noble and unceasing efforts in the cause of Ireland, he had presumed to erect a bust of the right hon. gentleman in front of his establishment. Mr. Pollard expressed a hope that its presence there would be accepted as a small indication of the esteem and regard in which Mr. Gladstone was held by the matchless sons of gallant Tipperary.

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A number of prosecutions arising out of the abortive eviction of a tenant named Davoren, near Knocklong, were fixed for hearing at the District Sessions on February 20th. The Kiltelly band played in the village before the court assembled, and the police charged them with their batons, bawling and dispersing the crowd and breaking their instruments. The act of the police in dispersing an harmless crowd was commented upon. The cases were dismissed.

Another attempt was made on Jan. 31st, to evict Mrs. Scallan from her holding at Lisalton, near Rathkeale. The house was barricaded and defended by a number of men, who threw boiling meal on the bailiffs. Finally they were driven out, and formal possession was taken.

On Jan. 31st, upwards of one hundred tenants, on the estate of the Marquis of Conyngham, from the districts of Kilmalee and Inch, headed by the Rev. P. Hogan, C. C., marched in procession to the residence of the agent, Mr. Marcus Keane, J. P., Beech Park, with the object of demanding an abatement of 30 per cent. Father Hogan urged the reasonableness of the demand, and pointed out that a prudent and considerate agent should have no hesitation in adopting the proposal of the tenants, who, he said, were desirous of maintaining the friendly relations which have hitherto existed between them and the landlord.

Henry Charles White, Esq., Charleville, Roscrea, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tipperary.

Mr. A. Pollard, a Tipperary clothier, has written to Mr. Gladstone stating that, as an ardent admirer of his transcendent genius and of his noble and unceasing efforts in the cause of Ireland, he had presumed to erect a bust of the right hon. gentleman in front of his establishment. Mr. Pollard expressed a hope that its presence there would be accepted as a small indication of the esteem and regard in which Mr. Gladstone was held by the matchless sons of gallant Tipperary.

Major Stevenson, of Londonderry, has evicted Mr. Molloy, of Portloman. The Major has now executed his death sentence. He has thrown down the gauntlet to his entire tenantry, and to the spirit and manhood of the people of Westmeath.

Mr. E. D. Gray's paper, the Belfast

DEATH IN THE WATER.

Is the Element we Drink Decimating the People?

HOW A UNIVERSAL MENACE TO HEALTH MAY BE DISARMED.

A few years ago the people in a certain section in one of the leading cities of the state were prostrated by malignant disease, and upon investigation it was found that only those who used water from a famous old well were the victims.

Professor S. A. Lattimore, analyst of the New York State Board of Health, upon analyzing water from this well, found it more deadly than the city sewage.

The filling up of the old well stopped the ravages of the disease. Not long since the writer noticed while some men were making an excavation for a large building, a stratum of dark colored earth running from near the surface to a depth of several feet.

The same condition of things exists in our large cities, whose water supplies are rivers fed by little streams that carry off the filth and drainage from houses. This "water" is eventually drunk by rich and poor alike with great evil.

Some cautious people resort to the filter for purifying this water, but even the filter does not remove this poison, for water of the most deadly character may pass through this filter and become clear, yet the poison remains in it.

It is a scientific fact that the kidneys have few nerves of sensation; and, consequently, disease may exist in these organs for a long time and not be suspected by the individual. It is impossible to filter or take the death out of the blood when the least derangement exists in these organs, and if the blood is not filtered then the uric acid, or kidney poison, remains in the system and attacks any organ, producing nine out of ten ailments, just as sewer gas and bad drainage produce so many fatal diseases.

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AYER'S PILLS

CURE HEADACHE.

Headaches are usually induced by costiveness, indigestion, foul stomach, or other derangements of the digestive system, and may be easily cured by the use of Ayer's Pills.

CURE BILIOUSNESS.

John C. Pattison, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice. I was so dangerously ill, that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor. I feel certain that I owe my recovery to your invaluable Pills."

CURE INDIGESTION.

Ayer's Pills act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, influencing healthful action, imparting strength, and eradicating disease. G. W. Moore, Walla Walla, W. T., writes: "I have suffered from Dyspepsia and Liver troubles for years past. I found no permanent relief, until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, which have effected a complete cure."

CURE RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatism is among the most painful of the disorders arising from vitiated blood and derangement of the digestive and urinary organs. Ayer's Pills relieve and cure Rheumatism when other remedies fail. S. M. Spencer, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I was confined to my bed, with Rheumatism, three months, but, after using a few boxes of Ayer's Pills, became a well man."

CURE GOUT.

S. Lansing, Yonkers, N. Y., writes: "Recommended to me as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me not only from that trouble, but also from Gout. If every victim of the disease would have only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. Those words would be, 'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

CURE PILES.

Piles are induced by habitual constipation, debility, indigestion, or a morbid condition of the liver. A cure is afforded by the use of Ayer's Pills. John Lazarus, St. John, N. B., writes: "I was cured of the Piles by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only cured me of that disagreeable disorder, but gave me new life and health."

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Faithful After Death. They say if our beloved dead should seek their old familiar place, Some stranger would be there instead, And they would find an loving hand.

I cannot tell how it might be In other homes, but this I know; Could my lost darling come to me, This side would have no more to do.

Oh! think the flowers have some and gone Six times the winter winds have blown, The wails her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone.

Have you learned from day to day In my life's tasks to bear my part; But whether grave, or whether gay, I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way, And friends are glad to see me, and are glad, They have their place; but her's to-day Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath, And joy too deep for word or sign, To take my darling home from death, And once again to call her mine!

I dare not dream that blissful dream, In this my heart with wild unrest, Where you'd not wish me to be dead, And still must slumber: God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say Our dear beloved would find no place, Have never seen what waits us on the other side, Though years and years for us sweet face.

The Faith of a Little Child. At a certain country church it was decided by the members to assemble together at a given time to pray for rain, which was rarely needed for the growing crops.

At the appointed hour the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself. "What did you bring that for, youngster?" some one asked, with a smile. "So's I wouldn't get wet going home," was the confident reply. It is safe to say that no one in the large gathering had come similarly provided, and not a housewife of these all had set out her tub and pans to catch the rainwater as it would pour from the roof in answer to the succeeding petition.

She Held the Fort. There were brave girls among the early French colonists of Canada. One striking instance is related of a mere child defending a fort seven days against assaulting savages. In Edward Eggleston's recent book, "The Pioneer Days of the West," an October morning in 1672, the inhabitants of Vercheres, a settlement twenty miles below Montreal, were in the fields at work. There were but two soldiers within the fort. The commander and his wife were absent. Their daughter Madeleine, a girl of fourteen, stood on the landing with a birded man, when she heard firing.

"Hun, mademoiselle! run!" cried the man. "Here come the Iroquois."

"Looking round, the girl saw the Indians near at hand. She ran for the fort, and the Indians, seeing that they could not catch her, fired at her. Their bullets whistled around her, and made the time seem very long. As she afterwards said, "As soon as she heard the fort, she cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that she would get assistance. But the two soldiers were so frightened that they had hidden in the block house.

"When Madeleine reached the gate of the fort, she found two women there waiting for their husbands, who were in the fields and had just been killed. Madeleine forced them in, and shut the gate. She instantly went to examine the defences of the fort, and found that some of the palisades had fallen down, leaving holes through which the enemy could easily enter.

"She got what help she could and set them up. Then the little commander repaired to the block house, where she found the brave garrison of two, one man hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that powder, Madeleine?" asked the man. "Light the powder, and blow us all up," answered the soldier.

"You are a miserable coward!" said the girl. "Go out of this place!"

"People are always likely to obey, in time of peril, the one person who shows resolution and coolness. The soldier did as Madeleine had bid him. She then flung away her bonnet, put on a hat, and took a gun.

"Her whole force" consisted of the above mentioned soldiers, her two little brothers, aged ten and twelve, and an old man of eighty—and some women and children who did nothing but set up a continual screaming as soon as the firing commenced.

"Let us fight to the death," said brave Madeleine to her little brothers, who seem to have possessed no small share of her own courage. "We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember, as Madam de la Riviere says, that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the services of God and the king."

"Madeleine now placed her brothers and the soldiers at the loop-holes, where they fired at the Indians lurking and dodging about outside. The savages did not know how large the garrison was, and therefore hesitated to attack the fort; and numbers of them fell before the well-directed shot of the soldiers.

"The girl-commander succeeded, after a while, in stopping the screaming of the women and children, for she was determined that the enemy should perceive no sign of fear or weakness; she flew from bastion to bastion to see that every defender was doing his duty; she caused a cannon to be fired from time to time, partly to intimidate the savages, and in hope that the noise may convey intelligence of the situation and bring them help.

"Thus the fight went on, day after day and night after night, the heroic girl keeping up her right-angled exertions so long that it was forty eight hours before she caught a wink of sleep.

"For a whole week Madeleine held the fort, with no favoring circumstances but the stormy weather, which prevented the Indians from setting fire to her wooden defenses. At the end of that time reinforcements came down the river and 'raised the siege.'—Catholic Youth.

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