

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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PARALL THE SILENT.

An English Impression of Chas Stuart Parnell, "The Mystery Man of Modern Politics."

MR. GLADSTONE'S HIGH TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH LEADER'S ZEAL AND EARNESTNESS.

Parnell is an inscrutable, incomprehensible, and mysterious being to the average Englishman. The following character sketch of the Irish leader, drawn by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will amuse and interest our readers:

Mr. Parnell is the mystery man of modern politics. He is the one man of that windy palace house at Westminster who has risen to the front rank by holding his tongue. He speaks seldom, and when he does not exactly know what to say remains silent. Hence a reputation gained largely by the simple method which led the ancients to select the owl as the bird of the goddess of wisdom. To him almost alone among Parliament men silence has been golden. Nor is that by any means his only peculiarity. He has dwelt and dwells a part. For many years it was said that he was the only member of the House of Commons who had no postal address. In former years he used to disappear mysteriously from the haunts of men, and for days no one knew where to find him. Then he would re-appear; and so great is the awe that he inspires among his associates that no one ventured to ask him where he had been. This mystery and reserve, maintained studiously for eleven years of the part of a young man in the heart of the greatest gossiping shop of all England, is a phenomenon almost without precedent. It has added greatly to his power, and it has enormously increased his influence among the impressionable, superstitious people who have placed their destinies in his hands. Whether he has adopted this attitude from calculation, or whether it is the natural outcome of a suspicious, furtive disposition, interesting itself and therefore distrusting every one else, it is difficult to say. But it has had its effect. The impenetrable mystery of the man has served his purpose as well as the veil, the silver veil of the prophet chief, the Great Molokana, who occupied

That throne which the blind beiter Of millions raised him.

But in this case the veil is not of silver so much as of impenetrable brass. This apartment has often been referred to, but seldom has it been more graphically described than by Dr. Schneider, one of the few ambassadors of the press whom German journalism maintains in London. Describing "this engine in the shape of a human being," Dr. Schneider says:

Parnell watches his mind as if it were a fortress, and no one is allowed to look through the windows of his eyes. His companions are as strange to him to-day as they were when they met for the first time. They are numbers, powers; he knows where to make use of them in his Parliamentary attacks, and beyond that all relations are broken off. In loneliness and silence he goes his way, creating around him a desert, at the edge of which his followers are patiently awaiting his behest.

The awe in which he is held by his followers, even by those who have been in jail with him, is very noticeable. He is the head of the Irish Sept—he must not be spoken of with light irreverence, as if he were but a mortal. His is a sacred name, which it is not better not to use. For behind the veil of mystery there is a jealousy even as that of offended Juno, and who is to be the man who gives the Irish chieftain cause to suspect of rivalry or of lack of supreme devotion to the supreme chief.

There have been those who argue that the leader of the Irish democracy is in reality *non compos mentis*, and they maintain that this moodiness and the semi-morose fashion in which he holds mankind at arm's length are traits of an hereditary complaint which affects more or less all the Parnells. But the theory, although taking enough, seems to rest upon slender foundations. Miss Parnell, who died recently in the States, had a crazy for collecting rubbish, which she imagined to be valuable bric-a-brac. Mrs. Parnell, who is now nursing her son at the Easton Hotel, displays occasionally extraordinary fertility of imagination, which perplexes her friends, but that is capable of a more prosaic explanation than the theory of hereditary lunacy. There is a brother Parnell somewhere in Italy, learned in Latin, but ignorant of arithmetic, who periodically retires with loathing from the society of his species. But all these eccentricities, even in one person taken together, would be insufficient to justify the most reckless of mad doctors in signing a certificate of lunacy. As for the evidence which is afforded by Mr. Parnell's public career, all that need be said is to quote the saying attributed to Lord Wolseley. Some one was saying, as fools were always saying in those days, that "Gordon was mad." Lord Wolseley remarked, "I wish, then, that he would bite some of our generals." If Mr. Parnell is mad, there are few Parliament men who would not be better for a biting from stern and silent squire of Avondale, whose unwavering resolution and iron will have placed him on a pinnacle of power higher than that occupied by any leader his nation has produced.

As a speaker Mr. Parnell is dry, clear and direct. He is not an orator. Of eloquence there is no trace in any of his speeches; but he possesses one great gift, to which Mr. Gladstone publicly paid a high tribute in the days when he and Mr. Parnell were in the opposite camps. "The hon. gentleman," he once told the House of Commons, "is not in the habit of using words in this house which he has not well weighed. No man as far as I can judge, is more successful than the hon. member in doing that which it is commonly supposed all speakers do, and which in my opinion few really do—and I do not include myself among those few—namely in saying what he means to say." He is a cold and frigid speaker, but his words are to the point. He speaks as he sees, and the clearness of his vision gives precision to his utterance. He never makes an epigram, and probably never indulges in the luxury of a trope. But just as the few pregnant sayings of the taciturn Grant became the watchwords of a nation in the throes of a great crisis, so some of Mr. Parnell's words have played a prominent part in the Irish campaign of liberation. Few sayings are more familiar than his famous avowal in regard to the land agitation: "I would not have taken off my coat and gone to this work if I had not known that we were laying the foundation of this movement for the regeneration of this legislative independence." It was he who invented the famous phrase about "prairie value," and he who alluded with sinister emphasis to the fact that the value of the land in Ireland had not yet "touched bottom."

But although Mr. Parnell has invented apt phrases, he can hardly be said to be a man of much originality. The land agitation was Davitt's work, not his. In the Home Rule movement he but succeeded Mr. Butt and Mr. Shaw. He had been, as he himself phrased it, the jockey rather than the creator of the Irish movement. It was not an easy riding. His party consisted of patriots of all classes. He had to ride not only one steed, but several; and it was no easy task to keep them together. That he succeeded in accomplishing his all but impossible task was due largely to the conviction universal among all Irish patriots that "Parnell hated England." They hated England and they trusted him. That has been the lodestar of his career. He has hated England as the oppressor of his country and the great obstacle in the way of the recognition of Irish nationality. There is also something of an American addition to his Iberian animosity, which in no way moderates its rancour.

Mr. Parnell is the great idolot of our time. Mahmood the idol breaker was nothing to Parnell the blocker of Parliaments. Before his time the faith in parliamentary government was with most Englishmen a superstition of the most extraordinary kind. To give a country parliamentary institutions was, in the opinion of the British public, to give it a fair start on the road to paradise. To depose a Parliament was clear proof of lunacy or of the blackest of villainy, of which only Tzars and their satellites could be guilty. And the House of Commons, the mother of all Parliaments, was held in peculiar reverence. It was the very Ark of the Covenant, radiant with the glories of the constitutional Sheehelah. That was only a dozen years ago in point of time; but what a gulf yawns between where we stand to-day and the archaic simplicity of the Parliamentary worship of that time. And it is all Mr. Parnell's doing. It is he who by his coldly calculated policy of Obstruction has dispelled the glamour round Parliamentary institutions, and compelled us sorrowfully to admit that constitutionalism is but a fetish like other fetishes, and that, of all modes of governing an empire, government by a paralyzed mob at St. Stephen's may be one of the worst. Let us sacred arena entered this young man—he was but 31 when first elected for Meath—and boldly laid impious hands on the palladium of our liberties. Instead of being smitten down like the unfortunate Uzzah, this intruder threw amain. As the power of Parliament waned the power of Mr. Parnell grew, until at last the scuffling Obstructionists, pointing to the Houses of Parliament in scorn, might well exclaim: "These be thy gods, O England! Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; neither is there understanding in their midst." Whether Mr. Parnell invented Obstruction himself or was only the apt pupil of Mr. Biggar, who bettered the instruction of his master, is not quite clear. But the policy was laid down by him as far back as 1878, and since then has been resolutely adhered to. He saw from the very first that England was most vulnerable in the House of Commons, and that if he struck her there, the blow would tell. It was to punish England he adopted it; and he predicted with confidence that England would very soon get afraid of "the policy of punishment." He foresaw also that this punishment would lead to a policy of expulsion; and he probably wonders that the prediction he made in 1878 has not been fulfilled before 1887.

Still Coming Nearer.

From the Catholic Standard.

"There's some strange goings on," says the *London Univers*, "in Protestant churches of the metropolis of England. In three of those churches the custom of praying for the dead has been fully established. Lists of deceased persons are put into the hands of the members of the congregation, and the list is headed by a request for prayers in their behalf."

One of the hymns sung has for its theme, "Rest eternal, grant to them, O God, the *Dies Irae* the words are added: 'Grant a Blessed Requiem.'" Words also are added in their "Communion Service" implying that "the Sacrifice was received in the memory of the dead," and also a prayer "for everlasting rest and perpetual light."

HEALY IN GLASGOW.

HE MAKES A THOROUGH HOME RULE IMPRESSION ON THE SCOTCHMEN.

Towards the close of December Mr. Timothy M. Healy addressed a large gathering of Scotchmen in the great city on the Clyde. Subjoined is a portion of his speech. He declared that after another six months of government by nobodies, the people would find that to turn out Mr. Gladstone did not pay, and would pay, turning out Lord Salisbury did not pay. As to the question of his lecture, "Home Rule for Ireland," the speaker said that old question had been presented to Englishmen and Scotchmen for many years. It had been tinkered and tampered with by statesmen of every description, and they apparently were as far off the legislative settlement of it to-day as they were before. (Cries of "No.") Well, he was roughly speaking, they were, in the minds of the majority of the members of the House of Commons, at any rate, as far from setting it as ever they were. The Irish question had this disadvantage—the Irish people were ruled by a democracy which did not understand its position. Five millions were ruled and governed by 35,000,000 people, whose only mode of information concerning them was what came from landlord and hostile sources, because at the bottom of this opposition to home rule they would find simply a question of pocket, a question of cash, of pelf, of lucre, and that the people who were engaged in spreading hostility to the Irish movement, and in formulating falsehood and lying stories, were people who had a distinct interest in keeping up the present system. Every impartial correspondent of a newspaper who went to Ireland—every traveler who went to Ireland, and every Englishman who had shown talent in his administration in Ireland, from Lord Spencer down to General Buller, had become converts to the home rule cause. There might be exception, but one swallow does not make a summer. Then, secondly, eighty per cent. of the representatives of the Irish people by the only constitutional means open to them had declared in favor of home rule for Ireland; and thirdly, he presented this fact to them that the greatest statesman whom this age had produced, after having been engaged in attempts to keep alive the present system in Ireland under one of the ablest and most determined rulers whom modern Liberalism had sent to Ireland, had declared that the time had come to allow the Irish people to manage their own affairs. Fourthly, he presented to them the fact that all over the English-speaking world they had self-governing colonies and islands which had been centres of turbulence and disorder until, like the magician's wand, the power of popular vote was placed in their hands. He took these four points, and he wished from thinking men an answer to the question, "What is there in the demand by the only constitutional means open to them for the rule that should lead you to refuse it?" As to the cry of some of the enemy that the Irish were savages, murderers and sympathizers with crime, he would ask what had been the cause of the crime that had unfortunately stained Ireland? The fact that they had half a million of cultivators of the soil, and 10,000 owners who took money from the people, who fixed the rent at whatever figure they liked, who spent the money outside the country.

WITHOUT A CARE OR THOUGHT

of the people from whom they drew it, except that the moment that they fell short of it they were ordered to be expelled from their houses. They had armed the landlords with all the power of the law, had placed an alien church, police men by the thousands, and soldiers by tens of thousands over the people; they crushed out every manufacture and industry on the beach, so that the country was reduced to nothing but the work of agriculture; and when he stated these facts could they wonder at crime, when for more than one hundred years men were driven out of the country to America like vermin, or hunted to Scotland and England to reduce the wages in these countries. He desired to state that he was presenting matters to the audience in the mildest form. Then the magistrates on the bench, and the members of the grand jury were of the landlord party. When they had such a system of government as existed in Ireland, the wonder was, not that there was crime, the wonder would be that there would be no crime. But it was said the Irish people were idle and would not work, and that when they had a fair tribunal to fix their rents they would adopt the Plan of Campaign. Whatever attempts they made to redress the grievances of the Irish people, the landlord party raised the cry of the people and there had been this being dishonest, and that their being dishonest was a reason for refusing home rule, as being outside the pale of civilization. Those who saw Irishmen in England and Scotland working in foundries, in the brickfields, the harvest fields, or on the railways would not call them idle; and those who saw the Irish at home, saw the mountains cultivated on top four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea, would not call them idle. Till

THE LAND ACT OF 1881.

the peasant was liable to be evicted and his improvements confiscated at the beck of the landlord. By the land act the people were not, however, even then protected from the exactions of the landlords, and it gave them no "fair trial" for fixing fair rents. Out of the 600,000 holders of land in Ireland there had been fair rents fixed in only 90,000 instances, and there had been 80,000 agreements. The 5000 leaseholders were not admitted to the benefit of the act as to the rents fixed by the court. The court nullified the act as to the tenants' improvements and the agreement cases were those of tenants who could not manage to pay a whole year's rent at one time, and had to come to agree with their landlords as those who stopped on the highway by robbers with a

blunderbuss over their heads had to agree. As to the plan of campaign, it was said that it was invented for the purpose of taking away the tenants' money, who would otherwise pay to the landlords. That was his number one, because what the plan of campaign did was this, it saved the landlord the trouble of collection and the cost of the agent's fees. After all the money was collected the landlord was quite free to take it, but he would not take it. That was what they (the people) complained of. It was because he refused it they were obliged to invest the money abroad. If the landlord would take the money it was there for him at any time, all they wanted from him was a clear receipt. But it was said

"TO FIX THE RENT YOURSELF."

They did not want to do anything of the kind. They were willing to leave it to any honest tribunal, but not to the landlord—they did not think he was an honest tribunal. John Bright once said, "Take away the improvements the Irish tenants has made in the soil and it would be as poor and naked as an American prairie."

The Irish tenants were willing to give the Irish landlords as much as John Bright said they ought to have, and when the landlord claimed to fix rent on his property, they said, "It is not your property—it is our property," and the tenants of Ireland, with legislative sanction, declared that these improvements were their own, and that rent was not to be put on the land without their having a say on it.

Let the writers in Unionist and landlord papers and the authors of such phrases as "organized embezzlement" be good enough to recollect that the land act makes the tenants practically the owners of the soil. When the Irish leaders saw their people being driven out of their homes without a refuge were they to stand by for fear of incurring the criticisms of the ignoramuses of England and Scotland who wrote against them? Besides the landlord there was another minority against the rule—the Orangemen. Their objection was a religious one, but, as facts showed,

THEY HAD NOTHING TO FEAR

from their Catholic fellow countrymen. It was only in Belfast churches were sacked, and they were Catholic churches. If ever they got Home Rule one of the first things they would do was to amuse and release the Belfast Orange rioters, although, unfortunately, at the time they would not have the inclination to put in the original authors of the riot, Lord Randolph Churchill. Nearly every one of the Irish leaders had been Protestant. As to the fear of separation, the speaker said the Irish people wanted no separation. The Irish people had helped to make the empire, and they wanted some of the good things of it. In conclusion, the speaker referred to the assistance the Scotch could give the Irish people in their struggle.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

SPEECH OF MR. O'BRIEN.

At Fairymount, between Roscommon and Mayo, on Sunday, Mr. O'Brien addressed a meeting of the tenants of Lord de Fyne, Lord Dillon, and Mr. J. C. Murphy. In the course of his speech he said: I do not shrink speaking of the plan of campaign, even after the proclamation of His Most Serene Highness the German Emperor (cheers and laughter). The plan of campaign has now been over two months in full working order through the country. It has been assailed by the landlords, and by the Government who have done their worst, and I ask you, has the plan of campaign stood the test? (cries "it has.") There never was a moment when I for one felt more confident than I do at this hour that the plan of campaign has a power within it which will smash every rack renter's eye, and that it is a plan which will take the landlords a fall with it (cheers). When the landlords talk about putting the tenants into bankruptcy I tell them here to-day that if they want to make a Bankruptcy Court the battle will be met there. I warn these Irish rack renters that if once they enter into the Bankruptcy Court they will never leave it except as rascals and bankrupts themselves—(cheers)—and that their estates will be sold off in the public market for whatever their tenants choose to bid for them (cheers). It is because they are baffled and because their spirit is broken that the Government has come to the rescue and is trying to wrestle with us itself. I want to know how the Government like the wrestle up to the present. Have they crushed the plan of campaign? (No.) The Government are suffering at the present moment from a very dangerous internal disorder. They have got what I may call a rush of Lord Randolph Churchill to the head (laughter). I do not think they are long for this world (laughter). The Chief Secretary made a speech at Dublin Castle the other day which sounded for all the world

LIKE A LITANT FOR THE DYING

(loud laughter). I would just like to ask Sir Michael Hicks-Beach how or in what fashion he thinks to cripple us and the plan of campaign. Was it by the proclamation of the Shigo meeting? Was it by the little bit of thievery done at Loughrea? Or is it by sending policemen froling all over the country on outside cars

playing a game of hide-and seek after us? Have they prevented us from collecting estate funds whenever we wanted to do it? Have they succeeded in preventing us keeping a firm grip on the money when we got it? (cheers) They are going to bring us to trial some time in February, and they are going to send us to jail for the Lord knows how long if they can find an Irish jury who will say that we have done a single act or said a single word that was wrong or illegal, and when they have found twelve such men in all this land we will begin to consider our position (cheers and laughter). But between this and next February we are not going to be idle. We are conspiring here to-day just as usual. We mean to go on conspiring in the same way (cheers). We have not the least notion of leaving the tenantry of Ireland defenceless until whatever time it may suit the Government to bring us to trial (cheers)

POETRY OF PURGATORY.

THE BEAUTIFUL COMMENTS OF THE GREAT FRENCH WRITER, CHATEAUBRIAND.

The doctrine of Purgatory opens to the Christian poet a source of the marvelous, which was unknown to antiquity, will be readily admitted.

Nothing, perhaps, is more favorable to the inspiration of the muse than the middle state of existence between the region of bliss and that of pain, suggesting the idea of a confused mixture of happiness and suffering. The gradation of the punishment inflicted on those souls that are more or less brilliant, according to their degree of proximity to an eternity of joy or woe, affords an expressive subject for poetic description. In this respect it surpasses the subjects of heaven and hell, because it possesses a future which they do not.

The river Lethe was a graceful appendage of ancient Elysium; but it cannot be said that the shades which came to life again, on its banks, exhibited the same poetical progress, in the way to happiness, that we behold in the souls in purgatory. When they left the abode of bliss to re-appear among men, they passed from a perfect to an imperfect state. They re-entered the ring of the fight. They were born again to undergo a second death. In short, they came forth to see what they had already seen before. Whatever had been measured by the human mind is necessarily circumscribed. We may admit, indeed, that there was something striking and true in the circle by which the ancients symbolized eternity; but it seems to us that it beggared the imagination by confining it always in a dreadful enclosure. The straight line extended *ad infinitum* would, perhaps, be more expressive; because it would carry our thoughts into a world of undefined reality, and would bring together three things which appear to exclude each other—hope, nobility and eternity. The appointment of the punishment of the sin is another source of invention which is found in the purgatorial state, and is highly favorable to the sentiment.

What ingeniously might be displayed in determining the pains of a mother who has been too indulgent to a maiden who has been too credulous, of a young man who has become the victim of too ardent temperament! If violent winds, raging fires, and icy cold lend their influences to the torments of hell, why not milder sufferings be derived from the song of the nightingale, from the fragrance of flowers, from the murmuring of the brook, or from the moral affections of the heart? Homer and Ovid tell us of the joy of grief. Poetry finds its advantage also in the doctrine of purgatory, which teaches us that the prayers, and the good works of the faithful may obtain the deliverance of souls from their temporal pains. How admirable is the intercourse between the living son and deceased father, between the mother and the daughter, between husband and wife, between life and death! What affecting considerations are suggested by this tenet of religion!

My virtue, insignificant being as I am, becomes the common property of Christians; and as I participate in the guilt of Adam, so also the good that I possess passes to the account of others. Christian poets, the prayers of your Nisus will be full in their happy effects by some Eurysides beyond the grave.

The rich, whose charity you describe, may well share their agonies with the poor, for the pleasure which they take in performing this simple and grateful act will receive its reward from the Almighty in the release of their parents from the expiatory flames. What a beautiful feature in our religion to impel the heart of man by the power of love and make him feel that the very corn which gives bread for the moment to an indigent fellow-being entitles, perhaps, some rescued soul to an eternal position at the table of the Lord.

"UNION OF THE CHURCHES."

Cleveland Universe

In these days in which dogmas are not retained firmly and distinctly among non-Catholics, and indeed not even taught, we do not wonder that they express surprise at the lines that divide the different denominations. Nor are we surprised to find Protestants express a longing for union among professing Christians. We may add in rather trite language that this union is a "long felt want." From the days of the "Confession of Augsburg," when Protestantism was still in its infancy, those who separated from the Catholic Church found a scandalous lack of cohesion among themselves.

Among those who adhere to the Episcopalian or Anglican denomination it may be said that there are many who really desire a more substantial union than that to which the rationalistic indifference of which we have just spoken points. And still the obstacle to this substantial union

is simply insurmountable. Those who desire this union forget that it could not be formed except by ignoring that which absolutely is the only bond of union among Catholics themselves, the supremacy of the See of Peter. Take away that cardinal principle of Catholic unity and the Catholic body would inevitably be dismembered and split up into a thousand different parts. Thus we can see that such a union would mean disunion and disruption of the organization that now embraces far the greater part of those who profess Christianity at all, a disintegration far far worse than now exists of all who claim to be followers of Christ.

Some persons not of the Church express gratification at every semblance of cooperation among different religious organizations as evincing a tolerant spirit of union for a common cause. The truth is that this "sinking of denominational differences" really means not the growth of charity and zeal but an indifference as to doctrine which is really tantamount to proclaiming that it is absolutely of no importance to hold any Christian belief whatsoever.

A Catholic may find some comfort in this state of things among non-Catholics when he reflects that this indifference means an abandonment of pertinacious error, but the comfort is lessened to the reflecting mind by the fact that the abandonment of error is simply an item in the great abandonment to doubt and indifference of all important and accented truth of revelation. Catholicity does not receive as many accessions from the ranks of indifferentists as from the ranks of those who adhere to one or other of the non-Catholic bodies. And still this very looseness and disintegration among non-Catholic denominations serves with the grace of God to awaken in those who profess Christianity a sense of the perishable basis of every belief that does not rest on the Rock of Peter.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D.

A PROTESTANT REFLECTIONS ON CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

Ave Maria.

The *Germania*, of Berlin, quoted in a recent article a significant passage from a new work by the historian Jean Scharer, one of the bitterest adversaries of the Church in Germany. Notwithstanding his intense hatred of our holy religion, he can not help recognizing the magnificence and utility of its exterior worship. The following reflections were called forth by a visit to the famous sanctuary of Notre-Dame des Ermites, at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. They are the more remarkable in being the production, as we have already stated, of an anti-Catholic pen:

"The mischievous spirit of criticism was beginning to exert itself within me, when I stood before the *Sainte Chapelle*, and contemplated the faithful kneeling crowds of men. But the inconceivable fact that hundreds of thousands, even millions of people, overwhelmed with weariness and sorrow, come to kneel in this privileged chapel to confide their troubles to the Mother of God, and go away comforted, consoled, and perhaps even relieved—is not this a great, a veritable miracle?"

"Are not these poor wretches, from a human and mortal point of view, far superior to the half-civilized and entirely uneducated populace of our great cities, to that populace which has lost its one faith, that of the brutal dogmas of materialism?—Man is but an animal,—and from which it concludes that it can and ought to conduct itself as an animal?"

"The materialists have not the slightest idea of what passes in the soul of the people. They do not concern themselves about it in the least. They believe themselves to be serving the cause of progress by trying to banish the cause of progress from the world; that is to say, by taking humanity to its knees. And, yet, without gods, without ideals, without illusions, man is but a two-legged animal."

"The prophets of the fatal materialistic teachings are bereft of all good sense, through their pride and foolish blindness, when they do not realize the fact that, at the most favorable computation, not more than one-twentieth part of humanity have any adequate fore-sense; more but one other hand, ninety five hundredths have an aptitude for faith, and consequently can not make a god of science. Moreover, what is our proud science? So small a thing that only fools can pride themselves upon it. Of the first cause of the idea and object of the world and the existence of humanity, we know just as much as did our ancestors thousands of years ago—that is to say, nothing at all."

"The ceremonial of the Catholic mass is and will remain one of the most beautiful conceptions of which the human mind is capable. It is marvelously arranged, according to the idea, that one must offer something to the senses; for, as every one knows, man is mind only in a restricted measure."

"The Reformers, who did not take this principle into consideration, committed the gross error of despising the divine service of its artistic nature. The strength of Catholic worship is animated by symbolization each one of its acts. With a profound knowledge of man and his needs, the Church has pressed all the arts into her service. Impartial observers, capable and sincere, admit that in Catholic churches one feels that one is in the presence of a durable power; while in Protestant places of worship, on the contrary, one perceives that one has to do with but a passing opinion."

When Louis XVI. of France was a prince he had many enemies. Upon becoming king he made a list of all his enemies and put opposite the name of each a big black cross. As soon as his enemies found this out they all fled, fearing that they were to be punished. The king recalled them, assured them of his pardon and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the cross of Christ, that he might follow the forgiveness of his Master.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"I knew the Prince Hur. We were associated in some enterprises lawful to merchants who had profits in lands beyond the sea and the desert. But I pray you, and Esther, some wine for the young man. Nehemiah speaks of a son of Hur who once ruled the half part of Jerusalem; an old house; very old, by the faith! In the days of Moses and Joshua even some of them found favour in the sight of the Lord, and divided honours with those princely men. It can hardly be that their descendant, finally come to us, will refuse a cupful of wine of the genuine vine of Sorek, grown on the south hillsides of Hebron."

By the time of the conclusion of this speech Esther was before Ben-Hur with a silver cup filled from a vase upon a table a little removed from the chair. She offered the drink with downcast face. He touched her hand gently to put it away. Again their eyes met; whereat he noticed that she was small, not nearly to his shoulder in height; but very graceful, and fair and sweet of face, with eyes black and impressively soft. She is kind and pretty, he thought, and took as Tirzah would were she living. Poor Tirzah! Then he said aloud: "No, thy father—if he is thy father?"—he paused.

"—Am Esther, the daughter of Simoni- dea," she said with dignity. "Then, fair Esther, thy father, when he has heard my further speech, will not think worse of me if yet I am slow to take his wine of famous extract; nor less I hope not to lose grace in thy sight. Stand thou here with me a moment!"

Both of them, as in common cause, turned to the merchant, "Simoni-dea!"

"Then, fair Esther, thy father, when he has heard my further speech, will not think worse of me if yet I am slow to take his wine of famous extract; nor less I hope not to lose grace in thy sight. Stand thou here with me a moment!"

There was a sudden start of the wretched limbs under the robe, and the thin hand clenched.

"Esther, Esther, the man called sternly; there, not there, as thou art thy mother's child and mine—here, not there, I say!"

The girl looked once from father to visitor; then she replaced the cup upon the table, and went dutifully to the chair. Her countenance sufficiently expressed her wonder and alarm.

Simoni-dea lifted his left hand and gave it into her, living lovingly upon her shoulder, and said dispassionately, "I have grown old in dealing with men—old before my time. If he who told thee that whereof thou speakest was a friend acquainted with my history, and spoke of it not harshly, he must have persuaded thee that I could not believe than a man distrustful of my kind. The God of Israel help him who, at the end of life, is constrained to acknowledge so much! My loves are few, but they are. One of them in a soul which—" he carried the hand holding his to his lips, in manner unmistakable—"a soul which to this time has been uselessly mine, and such sweet comfort that were it taken from me, I would die."

Esther's head drooped until her cheek touched his.

"The other love is but a memory; of which I will say further that, like a benison of the Lord, it hath a compass to contain a whole family, if only—"his voice lowered and trembled—"if only I knew where they were."

Ben-Hur's face suffused, and, advancing a step, he cried impulsively, "My mother and sister! Oh, it is to them you speak!"

Esther, as if spoken to, raised her head; but Simoni-dea returned to his calm, and answered coldly, "Hear me to the end. Because I am that I am, and because of the love of which I have spoken, before I make return to thy demand touching my relations to the Prince Hur, and as something which of right should come first, do thou show me proofs of who thou art. Is thy witness in writ? Or cometh it in person?"

The demand was plain, and the right of it indisputable. Ben-Hur blushed, and clasped his hands, stammered, and turned away at loss. Simoni-dea pressed him.

"The proofs, the proofs, I say! Set them before me—lay them in my hands!"

Yet Ben-Hur had no answer: He had not anticipated the requirement; and, now that it was made, to him as three years in the galley had carried away all the proofs of his identity; mother and sister gone, he did not live in the knowledge of any human being. Many there were acquainted with him, but that was all. Had Quintus Atrius been present, what could he have said more than where the found him, and that he believed the pretender to be the son of Hur? But, as will presently appear in full, the brave Roman sailor was dead. Judah had felt the loneliness before; to the core of life the sense struck him anew. He stood, hands clasped, face averted, in stupefaction. Simoni-dea respected his suffering and waited in silence.

"Master Simoni-dea," he said at length, "I can only tell me, and I will not that unless you stay judgment so long, and with good will desire to hear me."

"Speak," said Simoni-dea, now, indeed, master of the situation—"speak, and I will listen to thee more willingly than I have not denied you to be the very person you claim yourself."

Ben-Hur proceeded then, and told his life hurriedly, yet with the feeling which is the source of all eloquence; but as we are familiar with it down to his landing at Misenum, in company with Arius, returned victorious from the Ægean, at that point we will take up the words.

"My benefactor was loved and trusted by the emperor, who heaped him with honours and rewards. The merchants of the East contributed magnificent presents, and he became doubly rich among the rich of Rome. May I now forget his religion? or his birthplace, if it were the Holy Land of our fathers? The good man adopted me his son by formal rites of law; and I strove to make him just return: no child was ever more dutiful to father than I to him. He would have had me a scholar; in art, philosophy, rhetoric, oratory, he would have furnished me the most famous teacher. I declined his insistence, because I was a Jew, and could not forget the Lord God, or the glory of the prophets, or the city set on the hills by David and Solomon. Oh, ask you why I accepted any of the benefactions of the Roman? I loved him; next place, I thought I could, with his help, array influences which would enable me one day to unseat the mystery close-locking the fate of my mother and sister; and to these there was yet another motive of which I shall not speak except to say it controlled me so far that I devoted myself to arms, and the acquisition of everything deemed essential to thorough knowledge of the art of war. In the pelagius and circles of the city I toiled, and in the camps no less; and in all of them I have a name, but not that of my fathers. The crowns I won—and on the walls of the villa by Misenum there are many of them—all came to me as the son of Arius, the duumvir. In that relation only am I known among Romans. In steadfast pursuit of my secret aim, I left Rome for Antioch, intending to accompany the Consul Maxentius in the campaign he is organizing against the Parthians. Master of personal skill in all arms, I seek now the higher knowledge pertaining to the conduct of battles and sieges in the field. The consul has admitted me one of his military family. But yesterday, as our ship entered the Orontes, two other ships sailed in with us flying yellow flags. A fellow-passenger and countryman from Cyprus explained that the vessels belonged to Simoni-dea, the master-merchant of Antioch; he told us, also, who the merchant was; his marvellous success in commerce, of his fleets and caravans, and their coming and going; and, not knowing I had interest in the theme beyond my associate listeners, he said Simoni-dea was a Jew, once the servant of the Prince Hur; nor did he conceal the cruelties of Gratus, or the purpose of their infliction."

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At this allusion Simoni-dea bowed his head, and, as if to help him conceal his feelings and her own deep sympathy, the daughter hid her face on his neck. Directly he raised his eyes, and said, in a clear voice, "I am listening."

"O good Simoni-dea!" Ben-Hur then said, advancing a step, his whole soul seeking expression. "I see thou art not convinced, and that yet I stand in the shadow of thy distrust."

The merchant hid his features fixed as marble, and his tongue as still.

"And not less clearly I see the difficulties of my position," Ben-Hur continued. "All my Roman connections I can prove; I have only called upon the consul, now the guest of the governor of the city; but I cannot prove the particulars of thy demand upon me. I cannot prove I am my father's son. They who could serve me in that—as! they are dead or lost."

He covered his face with his hands; whereupon Esther arose, and, taking the rejected cup to him, said, "The wine is of the country we all so love. Drink, I pray thee!"

The voice was sweet as that of Rebekah offering drink at the well near Nahor the city; he saw there were tears in her eyes, and he drank, saying, "Daughter of Simoni-dea, thy heart is full of goodness; and merciful art thou to let the stranger share it with thy father. Be thou blessed of our God! I thank thee."

Then he addressed himself to the merchant again: "As I have no proof that I am my father's son, I will withdraw that I demanded of thee, O Simoni-dea, and go hence to trouble you no more; only let me say I did not seek thy return to servitude nor account of thy fortune; in any event, I would have said, as now I say that all which is product of thy labor and genius is thine; keep it in welcome. I have no need of any part thereof. When the good Quintus, my second father, sailed on the voyage which was his last, he left me his heir princely rich. If, therefore, thou hast thought of me again, be it with remembrance of this question, which I do swear by the prophets and Jehovah, thy God and mine, was the chief purpose of my coming here. What dost thou know—what canst thou tell me—of my mother and Tirzah my sister—who my should be in beauty and grace even as this one, by sweetness of life, if not thy very life! Oh! what canst thou tell me of them?"

The tears ran down Esther's cheeks; but the man was wilful: in a clear voice he replied: "I have said I knew the Prince Ben-Hur. I remember hearing of the misfortune which overtook his family. I heard it by his father, who wrought such misery to the widow of my friend; he is the same who, in the same spirit, hath since wrought upon me. I will go further, and say to you, I have made diligent quest concerning the family, but I have nothing to tell you of them."

Ben-Hur uttered a great groan. "Then—then it is another hope broken!" he said, struggling with his feelings. "I am used to disappointments. I pray you pardon my intrusion; and if I have occasioned you annoyance, forgive it because of my sorrow. I have nothing now to live for but vengeance. Farewell!"

sun should. Hearken! A young man is now descending to the store-rooms—tall, comely, and in the garb of Israel; follow him, his shadow not more faithful; and every night send me report of where he is, what he does, and the company he keeps; and if, without discovery, you overhear his conversation, report them word for word, together with whatever will serve to expose him, his habits, motives, life. Understand you? Go quickly! Stay, Malloch: if he leaves the city, go after him—send, mark you, Malloch, be as a friend; if he bespoken you, tell him what you will on the occasion most suited, except that you are in my service; of that, not a word. Haste—make haste!"

The man saluted as before, and was gone. Then Simoni-dea rubbed his hands together, and laughed.

"What is the day, daughter?" he said in the midst of the mood. "What is the day? I wish to remember it for happiness come. See, and look for it laughing, and laughing till we die, Esther."

The merriment seemed unnatural to her; and, as if to entreat him not to, she answered sorrowfully, "Woe's me, father, that I should ever forget this day!"

His hands fell down the instant, and his chin, dropping upon his breast, lost itself in the muffling folds of flesh composing his lower face.

"True, most true, my daughter!" he said without looking up. "This is the twentieth day of the fourth month. To-day five years ago, my Rachel, thy mother, fell down and died. They brought me home broken as thou seest me, and we found her dead of grief. Oh, to me she was a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Eggedi! I have gathered my myrrh with my spice. I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey. We laid her away in a lonely place—in a tomb cut in the mountain; no one near her. Yet in the darkness she left me a little light, which the years have increased to a brightness of morning." He raised his hand and rested it upon his daughter's head. "Dear Lord, I think thee that now in my Esther my lost Rachel liveth again!"

Directly he lifted his head, and said, with a sudden thought, "Is it not clear day outside?"

"It was, when the young man came in."

"Then let Abimelech come and take me to the garden, where I can see the river and the ships, and I will tell thee, dear Esther, why but now my mouth fills with weeping, and my tongue with anger, and my spirit like to a roe to a young hart upon the mountains of spices."

"Thou shalt hear all, Esther; be patient. Before I am through thou shalt see it were easier for me to forget myself than thy mother. . . . At the end of my service, I came up to Jerusalem to the Passover. My master entertained me, I was in love with him already, and I prayed to be continued in his service. He consented, and I served him yet another seven years, but as a hired son of Israel. In his behalf I had charge of ventures on the sea by ships, and of ventures on land by caravans eastward to Sus and Persopolis, and the lands of silk beyond them. Perilous passages were they, my daughter; but the Lord blessed all I undertook. I brought home vast gains for the prince, and richer knowledge for myself, without which I could not have mastered the charges since fallen to me. . . . One day I was a guest in his house in Jerusalem. A servant entered with some sliced bread on a platter. She came to me first. It was then I saw thy mother, and loved her, and took her away in my secret heart. After a while a time came when I sought the prince to make her my wife. He told me she was bond-servant for ever; but if she wished, he would set her free that night; but was happy where she was and refused her freedom. I prayed and besought, going again and again after long intervals. She would be my wife, she at the time said, if I would become her fellow in servitude. Our father Jacob served yet other seven years for his Rachel. Could I not do as much for mine? But thy mother said I must become as she, to serve for ever. I came away, but went back. Look, Esther, look here!"

He pulled out the robe of his left ear. "See you not the scar of the awl?" "I see it," she said; "and oh, I see how thou didst love my mother!"

"Love her, Esther! She was to me more than the Shulamite to the singing king, fairer, more spotless; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. The master, even as I required him, took me to the judges, and back to his door, and thrust the awl through my ear into the door, and I was his servant for ever. So I won my Rachel. And was ever love like mine?"

Esther stopped and kissed him, and they were silent, thinking of the dead.

"My master was drowned at sea, the first sorrow that ever fell upon me," the merchant continued. "There was mourning in his house, and in mine here in Antioch, my abiding place at the time. Now, Esther, mark you! When the good prince who had I had related to be his chief steward, with everything of property belonging to him in my management and control. Judge you how much he loved and trusted me! I hastened to Jerusalem to render account to the widow. She continued me in the stewardship. I applied myself with greater diligence. The business prospered, and grew year by year. Ten years passed; then came the blow which you heard the young man tell about—the accident, as he called it, to the Procurator Gratus. The Roman gave it out an attempt to assassinate him. Under that pretext, by leave from Rome, he confiscated to his own use the immense fortunes of the widow and children. No, stopped he there. That there might be no reversal of the judgment, he removed all the parties interested. From that dreadful day to this the family of Hur have been lost. The son, whom I had seen as a child, was sentenced to the galleys. The widow and daughter are supposed to have been buried in some of the many dungeons of Judea, which once closed upon the doomed, are like sepulchres sealed and locked. They passed from the knowledge of men as utterly as if the sea had swallowed them unwe. We could not hear how they died—nay, not even that they were dead."

Esther's eyes were dewy with tears.

"Thy heart is good, Esther; good as thy mother's was; and I pray it have not the fate of most good hearts—to be trampled upon by the unmerciful and blind. But hearken further. I went up to Jerusalem to give help to my benefactress, and was seized at the gate of the city and carried to the sunken murettes of Daphne; then a king's guest!" He turned, and walked rapidly down the landing and back to the kitchen.

"The road to Daphne!" the steward said, surprised at the question Ben-Hur put to him. "You have not been here before? Well, count this the happiest day of your life. You cannot mistake the road. The next street to the left, going south, leads to Mount Sion; the Amphitheatre; keep it to the third cross street, known as Herod's Colonnade; turn to your right there, and hold the way through the old city of Seleucus to the bronze gates of Epiphane. There the road to Daphne begins—and may the gods keep you!"

A few directions respecting his baggage, and Ben-Hur set out. The Colonnade of Herod was easily found; thence to the bronze gates, under a continuous marble portico, he passed with a mixed multitude of people from all the trading nations of the earth. It was about the fourth hour of the day when he passed out of the gate, and found himself one of procession apparently interminable, moving to the famous Grove. The road was divided into separate ways for pedestrians, for men on horse, and men in chariots; and those again into separate ways for outgoing and incoming. The lines of division were guarded by low balustrading, broken by various pedestals, many of which were surmounted with statues. Right and left of the road extended margins of sward perfectly kept, relieved at intervals by groups of oak and sycamore trees, and vine-clad summer-houses for the accommodation of the weary, of whom, on the return side, there were always multitudes. The ways of the pedestrians were paved with red stone, and those of the riders strewn with white sand, commonly rolled, but not so solid as to give back an echo to hoof or wheel. The number and variety of fountains at play were amazing, all gifts of visiting kings, and called after them. Out south-west to the gates of the Grove, the magnificent thoroughfare stretched a little over four miles from the city. In his wretchedness of feeling, Ben-Hur barely observed the royal liberality which marked the construction of the road. Nor more did he at first notice the

Esther, art the sovereign excellence of His favor."

He drew her to his breast and kissed her many times.

"Hear now," he said with clearer voice—"hear now why I laughed this morning. The young man faced me the apparition of his father in comely youth. My spirit arose to salute him. I felt my trial-days were over and my labors ended. Hardly could I keep from crying out. I longed to take him by the hand and show the balance I had earned, and say, 'Lo, all thine, and I am thy servant, ready now to be called away.' And so I would have done, Esther, and I would have done, but that moment three thoughts rushed to restrain me. I will be sure he is my master's son—such was the first thought; if he is my master's son, I will learn somewhat of his nature. Of those born to riches, nothing you, Esther, how many there are in whose hands riches are but bleeding curses!"—he paused, while his hands clenched, and his voice shrilled with passion—"Esther, consider the pains I endured at the Roman's hands; nay not Gratus alone; the merciless wretches who did his bidding the first time and the last were Romans; they all had to be heard to hear me scream. Consider my broken body, and the years I have gone shorn of my stature; consider thy mother yonder in her lonely tomb, crushed of soul as I of body; consider the sorrows of my master's family if they are living, and the cruelty of their taking-off if they are dead; consider, tell me, with Heaven's love about thee, tell me, daughter, shall not a hair fall or a drop run in exclamation? Tell me not, as the preachers sometimes do—tell me not that vengeance is the Lord's. Does He not work His will harmfully as well as in love by agencies? Has He not His men of war more numerous than His prophets? I am not His law. Eye for eye, hand for hand, foot for foot? Oh, in all these years I have dreamed of vengeance, and prayed and provided for it, and gathered patience from the growing of my store, thinking and promising, as the Lord liveth, it will one day buy me punishment, of the wrong-doers! And when, speaking of his practice with arms, the bymaster said it was for a nameless purpose, I named the purpose even as he spoke—vengeance! and that, Esther, that it was—the third thought which held me still and hard while his pleading lasted, and made me laugh when he was gone."

Esther crossed the faded hands, and said, as if her spirit with his were running forward to results, "He is gone. Will he come again?"

"Ay, Malloch the faithful goes with him, and will bring him back when I am ready."

"Not long, not long. He thinks all his witnesses dead. There is one living who will not fail to know him, if he be indeed my master's son."

"His mother?"

"Nay, daughter, I will set the witness before him; till then let us rest the business with the Lord. I am tired. Call Abimelech."

Esther called the servant, and they returned into the house.

crowd going with him. He treated the processional display with like indifference. To say truth, besides his self-absorption, he had not a little of the complacency of a Roman visiting the provinces fresh from the ceremonies which daily added round and round the golden pillar set up by Augustus as the centre of the world. It was not possible for the provinces to offer anything new or superior. He rather availed himself of every opportunity to push forward through the companies in the way, and too slow-going for his impatience. By the time he reached Heracleia, a suburban village intermediate the city and the Grove, he was somewhat spent with exercise, and began to be susceptible of entertainment. Once a pair of goats led by a beautiful woman, woman and goats alike brilliant with ribbons and flowers, attracted his attention. Then he stopped to look at a bull of mighty girth, and snowy-white, covered with lines freshly cut, and bearing on its broad back a naked child in a basket, the image of a young Bacchus, squeezing the juice of ripened berries into a goblet, and drinking with libational formulas. As he resumed his walk, he wondered whose altars would be enriched by the offerings. A horse went by with clipped mane, and the fashion of the time, his rider superbly dressed. He smiled to observe the harmony of pride between the man and the brute. Often after that he turned his head at hearing the rumble of wheels and the dull thud of hoofs; unconsciously he was becoming interested in the styles of chariots and chariotmen as they rattled past him going and coming. Nor was it long until he began to make notes of the people around him. He saw they were of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and all in holiday attire. One company was uniformed in white, another in black; some wore flags, some smoking centers; some went slowly, singing hymns; others stepped to the music of flutes and tabors, and such were going to Daphne every day in the year, what a wonderful sight Daphne must be! At last there was a clapping of hands, and a burst of joyous cries; following the pointing of many fingers, he looked and saw upon the brow of a hill the templed gate of the consecrated Grove. The bymaster called to louder strains; the music quickened time; and, borne along by the impulsive current, and sharing the common eagerness, he passed in, and, Romanized in taste as he was, fell to worshipping the place.

Rearward of the structure which graced the entrance-way—a purely Grecian pile—he stood upon a broad esplanade paved with polished stone; around him a restless exclamatory multitude, in gayest colors, relieved against the iridescent spray flying off to the southwest, dustless paths radiated out to a garden, and beyond that into a forest, over which rested a veil of pale-blue vapour. Ben-Hur gazed wistfully, uncertain where to go. A woman at that moment exclaimed!

"Beautiful! But where to now?"

Her companion, wearing a chaplet of bay, laughed and answered, "Go to, thou pretty barbarian! The question implies an earthly fear; and did we not agree to leave all such behind in Antioch with the rusty cart! The winds which blow here are respirations of the gods. Let us give ourselves to wastage of the winds."

"But if we should get lost?"

"O thou timid! No one was ever lost in Daphne, except those on whom her gates close for ever."

"And who are they?" she asked, still fearful.

"Such as have yielded to the charms of the place and chosen it for life and death. Hark! Stand here, and I will show you of whom I speak."

Upon the marble pavement there was a skurry of sandalled feet; the crowd opened, and a party of girls rushed about the speaker and his fair friend, and began singing and dancing. The abrupt themselves touched. The woman, cased, clung to the man, who put an arm about her, and, with kindled face, kept time to the music with the other hand overhead. "Now what think you?" cried the man to the woman.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Devoted—priestesses devoted to the Temple of Apollo. There is an army of them. They make the chorus in celebrations. This is their home. Sometimes they wander off to other cities, but all they make is brought here to enrich the house of the divine musician. Shall we go now?"

Next minute the two were gone.

Ben-Hur looked on with the assurance that no one was ever lost in Daphne, and he, too, set out—where, he knew not. A sculpture reared upon a beautiful pedestal in the garden attracted him first. It proved to be the statue of a centaur. An inscription informed the unlearned visitor that it exactly represented Chiron, the beloved of Apollo and Diana, instructed by them in the mysteries of hunting, medicine, music, and prophecy. The inscription also bade the stranger look out at a certain part of the heavens, at a certain hour of the clear night, and he would behold the dead alive among the stars, whither Jupiter had transferred the good genius.

The wisest of the centaurs continued, nevertheless, in the service of mankind. In his hand he held a scroll, on which, graven in Greek, were paragraphs of a notice:

"Oh Traveller! "Art thou a stranger?"

"Hearken to the singing of the brooks, and fear not the rain of the fountains; so will the Nalades learn to love thee."

"I, the invited breezes of Daphne are Zephyrus and Auster; gentle ministers of life, they will gather sweets for thee; when Eurus blows, Diana is elsewhere hunting; when Boreas blusters, go hide, for Apollo is angry."

"The shades of the Grove are thine in the day; at night they belong to Pan and his Dryades. Disturb them not."

"IV. Eat of the Lotus by the brook-sides sparingly, unless thou wouldst have succoree of memory, which is to become a child of Daphne."

"V. Walk thou around the weaving spider—his Arachne at work for Minerva."

"VI. Wouldst thou behold the tears

of Daphne, break but a bud from a laurel-bough—and die.

"Hed thou "And stay and be happy."

Ben-Hur left the interpretation of mystic notice to others fast enclasp him, and turned away as the white was led by. The boy sat in the white followed by a procession after that again, the woman with the goats; behind her the flute and tabors played and another procession of gift-bringing.

"Whither go they?" asked a stander.

Another made answer, "The Father-Jove: the goat!"

"Did not Apollo once keep the lion of Admetus?"

"Ay, the goat to Apollo!"

The goodness of the reader is besought in favour of an explanation. A certain facility of accommodation in matter of religion comes to us a such intercourse with people of a fervent faith; gradually we attain truth that every creature is illustrated good men who are entitled to our respect but whom we cannot respect with courtesy to their creed. To this Ben-Hur had arrived. Neither years in Rome nor those in the galley had made any impression upon religious faith: he was yet a Jew, this view notwithstanding, was not imply to look for the beautiful in Grove of Daphne.

The remark does not interdict further saying, if his scruples had ever so extreme, not improbably he would at this time have smothered them. Was angry; not as the irritable, but as the trifler; nor was his anger the fondling, pumped from the wells of heaven, to be dispensed to the world; it was the wrath peculiar to animals rudely awakened by the sudden annihilation of a hope—dream, if will—in which the choicest happiness were thought to be certainly in reach, such cease nothing intermediate will of the fowl's, pumped from the wells of heaven, to be dispensed to the world; it was the wrath peculiar to animals rudely awakened by the sudden annihilation of a hope—dream, if will—in which the choicest happiness were thought to be certainly in reach, such cease nothing intermediate will of the fowl's, pumped from the wells of heaven, to be dispensed to the world; it was the wrath peculiar to animals rudely awakened by the sudden annihilation of a hope—dream, if will—in which the choicest happiness were thought to be certainly in reach, such cease nothing intermediate will of the fowl's, pumped from the wells of heaven, to be dispensed to the world; 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of Daphne, break but a bud from a laurel bough—and die.

"Heed thou 'And stay and be happy.' Ben-Hur left the interpretation of the mystic notice to others fast enclosing him, and turned away as the white bull was led by. The boy sat in his basket followed by a procession; at their head, the woman with the goats; and behind her the flute and tabret players, and another procession of gift-bringers.

"Whither go they?" asked a bystander. "Another made answer, 'The bull to Father Jove; the goat?'" "The bull to Apollo, one keep the flocks of Admetus?" "Ay, the goat to Apollo?" "The goodness of the reader is again besought in favour of an explanation. A certain facility of accommodation in the matter of religion comes to us after much intercourse with people of a different faith; gradually we attain the truth that every creed is illustrated by good men who are entitled to our respect, but whom we cannot respect without doing violence to our creed.

The remark does not interdict the further saying, if his scruples had been ever so extreme, not improbably he would at this time have smothered them. He was angry; not as the irritable from the chafing of a trifling matter, but as the fool, pumped from the wells of nothing, to be dissipated by a reproach or a curse; it was the wrath peculiar to ardent natures rudely awakened by the sudden annihilation of a hope—dream, if you will—in which the choicest happinesses were thought to be certainly in reach. In such case nothing intermediate will carry off the passion—the quarrel is with Fate.

Let us follow the philosophy a little further, and say to ourselves, it were well in such quarrels if Fate were something tangible, to be despatched with a look or a blow, or a speaking personage with whom high words were possible; then the unhappy mortal would not always end the affair by punishing himself.

In ordinary mood, Ben-Hur would have come to the Grove alone, or, coming alone, he would have availed himself of his position in the consul's family, and made provision against wandering idly about, unknown and unknown; he would have had all the points of interest in mind, and gone to them under guidance, as in the despatch of business; or, wishing to squander days of leisure in the beautiful place, he would have had in hand a letter to the master of it all, who-soever he might be. This would have made him a sight-seer, like the shouting herd he was accompanying; whereas he had no reverence for the duties of the Grove, nor curiosity; a man in the blindness of bitter disappointment, he was adrift, not waiting for Fate, but seeking it as a desperate challenger.

Every one has known this condition of mind, though perhaps not all in the same degree; every one will recognize it as the condition in which he has done brave things with apparent serenity; and every one reading will say, "Fortunate for Ben-Hur if the folly which catches him is but a friendly harlequin with whistle and painted cap, and not some violence with pointed sword-pilates."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Sowing Wild Oats."

A phrase has long been in common use which has wrought great evil. It is that of "sowing wild oats." It implies that youth must have a time of wickedness, the defying of authority, and the abusing of opportunity, after which all will come right. Never was there a more diabolical lie. That which you sow you shall reap; if you sow wild oats you shall reap wild oats. Not one instance can be found in all humanity where the evils indulged in in youth did not mar and scar the soul through life.

There's a penetrability and permanency in the virus of indulgence, that defies every remedy for removal while we are in the flesh. * * * The indulgence in sin is directly contrary to the aspiration of manliness which is so conspicuous in youth, and which we desire to make enduring; and hence, in order to meet this difficulty, we are apt in our youth to modify our notion of manliness, to eliminate from its definition many of its most important elements, and so to reduce it that it will allow the otherwise prohibited indulgence.

We hold on, for example, to the doctrine that manliness forbids lying—it would be a disgrace to us to be found stating what was not so—but we permit the look or the silence that is the same as the lie. We hold on to the doctrine that it is unmanly to harm the honor of woman, but we permit the low jest and the vile story to be circulated in our company. We hold on to the doctrine that any man's person is sacred, but we count it manly to strike the blow of revenge on to vanish over the vengeance by a challenge to mortal combat, and so we narrow more and more our definition of manliness, until at length we get it so narrow that it will not be in our way when a temptation to sin calls us.—Dr. Howard Crosby in the Church Union.

You Can't Read This without wishing to investigate, if you are alone. Send your address to Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine; you will receive free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, where you are needed, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required. You started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. snug little fortunes await all workers.

THE FACE WEARS A YELLOWISH HUE, pimples appear upon it, sick headache, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blades, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, the bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, which has widely superceded mineral drugs having a dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Constipation, Impurity of the Blood, and Kidney Complaints are entirely overcome by its use.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The growth of Catholicity in England cannot fail to give unalloyed pleasure to every Catholic heart. Time was when England was known as "The Land of Mary," when the matin bell called her myriad monks to prayer, and the vesper tone stole over sea and lake; over valley and stream; over mountain tall and rushing river; calling the Lord in his castle and the laborer in the field to honor the Queen of Heaven and the Divine Infant whom she bore for our salvation. These were halcyon days in England. There were then no poor laws, because there were no paupers. The Church—ever a kind and indulgent mother—provided for the needy. The wealth of the rich was placed in her hands necessarily. The wants of the worthy necessitous. The chivalry of the nation gloried in its fidelity to the precepts of St. Augustine, and the people rejoiced in the manifold benedictions which flow from the throne of grace, when a thousand daily offerings of the Holy Sacrifice implores the mercies of the Eternal Father on a Catholic people.

Change came and England fell away. Pride of life and pride of the flesh eat into the vitals of her chief men. Her people became licentious, too many of her ecclesiastics became worldly and so, when a bold, bad king broke with Rome, the England of Saints became the England of the persecutors; the England of communion with unbroken unity became the England of warring sects; the "merrie" England of Catholic times became the bloody, pauper, fearful England of the so-called Reformation; the England of St. Edward, the Confessor, became the England of Henry, the wild murderer. Impurity was enthroned in the high places, and no longer was England "The land of Mary," the land whose voice at matin chime and vesper bell rang with melodious praise of the most pure Mother of God.

Three hundred years of sad separation from the Church have rolled over since then. Here and there the Faith was kept intact in a few Catholic families. But England in her national life, laws and literature became intensely anti-Catholic; and it is only of late that one can observe a rift in the dark clouds of heresy, which have so long obscured from English vision the light of Catholic truth, the brilliancy of Catholic morals, and the beaming beauty which sparkles in the life of a people who under spiritual allegiance to the head of Christ's kingdom on earth. Another change is coming, and this time, thank God, it is in the right direction. It is of notoriety that the choicest plants that Protestantism possessed, in brains, character and position, have been removed from the deleterious atmosphere of heresy in England. The Mannings, the Newman, the Faber, the Ripons, and all the long list of great and distinguished names now adorning the garden of Catholicity in that country attest the truth of this statement. But at the same time we must not judge of the growth of Catholicity there by the conversion of some distinguished individuals. The Catholic Church is the Church of the people and so long as the masses in a country are outside her pale, just as long will that country be in the darkness of heresy or infidelity.

And right here comes an interesting point, Protestant England persecutes Catholic Ireland. As in the United States so in England did thousands upon thousands of Irish Catholics look for the bread that not even honest toil could win for them at home. They entered the country that bound their motherland in chains, that blighted her fortunes, blasted her hopes, swept away her trade and destroyed her liberties. The priest followed, and with his desolated people on a foreign shore he brought the Cross, the Cross, the Holy Sacrifice. Slowly but surely, gradually but steadily, these Catholics made their way. They settled there and became incorporated in the industrial, social and political life of their ancient foes. Their families grew apace—the priests increased in number—the churches spread—and now from hundreds of altars the Adorable Victim is raised on high; while bending before Him, in union with the attendant angels, the senses of Irish wives beseech God to lift the veil of heretic darkness from off the eyes of their English neighbors. It is a glorious spectacle thus to see how sublimely the Catholic children of Ireland have rendered good for evil, by laying the solid foundation of England's faith in the future. Ireland is recovering England, religiously as well as politically, and the corner stones of English Catholicity is the superabundant faith of St. Patrick's children.

Even on a lower and more selfish ground we can rejoice at this, because it shows the growth and progress, the material, as well as the spiritual enrichment of the Irish race there settled. That race is the backbone of Catholicity in England. Their faith, piety and zeal will react on their English friends; and with the happy increase of a purely English clergy, working side by side with the devoted Irish born priest who follow their people into every land, there must ensue a palpable result of happy conversions in the modern "Babylon."

From the Catholic Times we gather that a vast mission is going on in "the dark spot on the Mersey." All the churches are filled with attendants at this great simultaneous mission. Unfortunately, sinning erring men and women are gathered in. The pulpit sounds the warning, the confessional restores to grace, the worthy Communion revives, prayer and the Holy Mass brings down Heaven's blessing, and saint and sinner, the pious and the reclaimed, in Liverpool, are storming, so to speak, the citadel of God, imploring of Him the crowning mercy of England's conversion.

That prayer must be heard. Already the strides made are enormous. Forty years ago there were only seventy-one Catholic missions and ninety-two priests in the entire diocese. Twenty years ago the number of priests had increased to two hundred, and the missions to 208. To-day, there are as many as 145 missions and 306 clergymen. The Catholics in the diocese number 322,530. They have 140 schools for the education of their children, colleges for the higher training of their youth and charitable institutions, reformatories, asylums and other benevolent agencies for the relief of the poor and the rescue of the erring.

Want of space alone prevents us presenting these cheerful themes. As in London and Liverpool so it is elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of England. Nine out of every ten readers of this paper are political enemies to England and such they will remain until justice is given Ireland—until England relaxes her robber grasp and restores the plundered rights and liberties of the Irish people. But first, and before all our readers are, as this paper is, Catholic to the core. Therefore they will rejoice with us over this growth of the Church of England.

Many great and noble qualities abide in the English character, and were England once more Catholic, purified by sorrow for having so long wallowed in the mire of heresy and eaten of the husks of error, these great and noble qualities would become greater and nobler. Greed of gold, selfishness, pride of life, would disappear. The typical Englishman would then be, not the morose, prejudiced and purse proud creature whom everybody hates, but the gentle, yet manly character of the Newman or Faber or Manning type whom everybody loves; and the matin chime would once more arouse the lark, and the vesper bell anticipate the nightingale, in telling the world that England was again as she was of yore—"the land of Mary."

REGENERATION OF SOCIETY.

HUMAN MOTIVES NOT A SURE GUIDE IN MOVEMENTS TO BETTER SOCIETY. Catholic Columbia.

Society is made up of the units of families, hence to regenerate society we must begin with the regeneration of the family. The family is formed by the Sacrament of Matrimony. This Sacrament elevates the bonds of marriage by sanctifying them.

The wisest human laws cannot check the work of morals, but what is impossible to man, by his own power, is made possible and easy with God's grace. Most people do not seek this aid when their mind is made up to enter the marriage state. Inquiries are minutely made about other matters, but this is not considered. Thus matrimony is made a mere business contract, and loss is guarded against.

I can find no soul, this might do! But man has an immortal soul, and must take more care of our souls than of our bodies; because, "what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The Apostle, St. Paul, has written for our guidance on this subject. What he has penned has the authority of God's revealed words; hence, it is well for those contemplating a married life to consult him. If he permits you to put away your wife, for becoming a slave to any base passion, and to marry another, there is no great risk in the matter. But if this be a mere delusion of corrupt minds, and the Apostle requires you to love her, notwithstanding these great defects, then you must call together all the fortitude in you and bear with her throughout life. If this seem impossible, there is out one remedy, and that is present on.

You must choose a wife, not on account of her wealth or the worldly honors which crown her, but for the practice of the virtues which always make a modest woman beautiful with the beauty which age goldens like the wheat gathered at harvest.

A true man, and noble, will not suffer himself to be dependent on his wife's means. Such a thing should bring the blush of confusion to true manhood. A wife's duty is to preserve the riches accumulated, and to look after the household matters. Life is divided between public and private matters. The life of the husband is in the former sphere; that of the wife in the latter.

A woman smatches herself by loud public occupation. In her family, her advice is often the most prudent and her judgment the most correct. If man exalted woman in all things, he could despise her; and, if woman exalted man in all things, pride could bring motherhood into contempt.

God has appointed the duties of husband and wife, and that there might be no contention for superiority, the wife is subject to the husband. Her subjection is love. Sweetness of disposition is to be sought for in a wife, and not wealth. Marriage, or rather the Sacrament of Matrimony, was not instituted to fill the home with disputes between husband, wife and children, but to prevent them. This Sacrament is intended to prevent discord, law-suits and application for divorce by preventing the cause from being placed for such things. It gives grace to the married couple to love one another, and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. It is the wife's duty of love to be the support and encouragement of her husband in the trials and discomforts which the world heaps upon him. As there is no hand like the mother's to soothe pain in her child, so there is no heart like the fond wife's to scatter the troubles of her husband. The bonds of marriage can never be dissolved except by death. Death alone of one of the parties frees the other.

St. Paul says, chap. vii., 10 and 11, to the Corinthians: "But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband. And let not the husband put away his wife." Children are what the parents are.

Persons seeking consorts must look to and pray to God that they may be directed in their choice for the greater honor and glory of God, and the sanctification of their souls, and this is how society may be regenerated. S. S. M.

Stop that cough, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the best specific for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It will soothe the rough feeling in your throat, aid respiration, and give the vocal organs flexibility and vitality.

Four Years of Suffering. Mrs. Torrance McNish, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years of intense suffering with scrofula, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical aid had failed.

IS THE CHURCH WAXING?

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH LOSING GROUND IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES?

No one thinks of disputing that the Catholic Church has made great gains during the last quarter of a century in Great Britain and the United States. There is, nevertheless, a current notion that traditionally Protestant has been counterbalanced by grave losses in countries historically and still nominally Catholic. That this impression is ill founded is vigorously maintained by the author of a striking article in the last number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review. The writer, Mr. A. F. Marshall, contends that even in the examples of Italy and France, which are usually cited to prove the contrary, the Church of Rome is actually stronger than before the political revolutions which began in 1850 and culminated in 1871.

When we remember that Gambetta and the heirs of his ascendancy in the Chamber of Deputies have insisted upon treating clericalism as an enemy, it seems at first sight a bold paradox to affirm that under the French republic, Catholicism is better off than under the pious despotism of Louis XIV. Mr. Marshall, however, does not hesitate to pronounce an absolutism, which used religion as a handmaid, more pernicious to the growth and spiritual influence of Catholicism than a republic which threatens by abolishing the Concordat to thrust religion quite aside.

He declares that Louis XV. did more harm to religion than M. Constant or M. Paul Bert, for the reason that "it is better to have a government which is even anti-Catholic in temper, and which, therefore, avoids the scandal of hypocrisy, than to have a government which so combines religion with the world that the latter is senior partner and director."

That France has no longer a Catholic Government is, of course, undeniable, but there is among her people, according to the writer in the Review, a larger proportion of fervent Catholics than there was two or three hundred years ago. Let us mark the grounds for this assertion. "Leaving out of the reckoning," says Mr. Marshall, "the peasantry of France, who have always been what they are now, intensely Catholic, the upper classes and the upper middle classes are higher-toned Catholics, to-day, than they were when vulgar Cesarism used the Church."

The Bishops are higher toned, because they rebuke an infidel Government instead of shutting their eyes and ears to an immoral Government. The aristocrats are higher toned, because they keep their religion and their politics distinct, and no longer aim at an impossible mixture. The business classes are higher toned, because they have their principles differentiated and know exactly which is the Church, which the devil. In the old Versailles days the world, the flesh, and the devil were all in active fraternity with the show of faith.

There seems, in truth, to be no lack of good sense and sound reasoning in these conclusions, but how, it may be asked, are they reconciled with the irreligious taint which is commonly supposed to defile French literature? The taint is averred by Mr. Marshall to be much less pervasive than it appears to foreign and cursory observers. "The French Catholic literature, in the sense of Catholic journalism, is," we are assured, "abundant in bravery as in circulation."

Even of the secular papers "the vast majority are most respectful toward religion." That the same minority are "blatant and atheistic" is accounted a sign of health, since religion and irreligion thus have their separate camps, and all their respective flags to the mast. There is none of the hypocrisy with which journalism in Protestant countries has sometimes been reproached.

As to Italy, it is not gainsaid that the Catholic Church has been deprived of her former temporal power, and has seen many sources of revenue cut off by confiscation. But is the hold of the Church upon the people weakened? Has she suffered any loss of Catholic souls? According to Mr. Marshall, the answer is, and most emphatically, she has not.

"Numerically there are as many professing Catholics as there were before the Garibaldian aggression, and as to the force of the Catholic religion in the Italian life, it is as keen as it was before persecution." Proof of this aversment is in the fact that those who exercise the franchise constitute a much smaller portion of the Italian population than do those who rigidly abstain from taking any part in the elections.

As most of these abatements are acknowledged to be due to the Pope's interdict, it is forcibly argued that "the Papal party is an imperium in imperio, and that the Papal imperium is the national one. In other words, the Church has lost no ground in a religious sense, even in the peninsula, for 'the elements of the Italian life have been so under any circumstances.'"

Where so impressive a case can be made out for the self-sustaining power of Catholicism in France and Italy, little need be said of Spain and Austria. But the argument of the Catholic Review is materially fortified by the experience of Prussia, which, since the acquisition of Posen and the Rhine provinces, has included a large Catholic population.

Mr. Marshall does not state facts which cannot be contested when he says that the Kulturkampf has had the effect of increasing the number of Catholics in every State and province of Germany, and of forcing from Bismarck the admission that Leo XIII. is one of the wisest statesmen of the age.—N. Y. Sun.

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Penman's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. G. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

Be on Your Guard

Against sudden colds, irritating coughs and soreness of the throat. Keep Hagar's Pectoral Balsam at hand for these prevalent troubles of Fall and Winter.

"THE PRIEST IN THE FAMILY."

London Universe, Dec. 25.

Despite the cold and the fog that prevailed in town on Sunday evening a very large congregation attended the last of Father Robinson's course of sermons at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington. The subject was announced as "The Sufferings of converts," and in dealing with it the reverend preacher proceeded to say that if any man wishes to become a Catholic he must be prepared to suffer. That is what we hold out, sorrow and sacrifice. It is not very inviting, I admit, and that is why so few converts are made. Why do we say this? Because our Divine Master has commissioned us to say it; because it is only a repetition of what He Himself has said. The spirit of the world says the very reverse. There is the difference between the human and the Divine religion, and there we have a magnificent proof that the religion of Christ is not human. I will put before you the words of our Lord, the *optimissima verba*, and you shall have them as they apply to this subject of suffering being the portion of converts to the true faith. In the 34th and 35th verses of the 10th chapter of St. Matthew we read, "Do not think that I am come to send peace upon earth; I came not to send peace but the sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." Are these not remarkable words—can we believe that our Lord, spoken of as the King of Peace, said that? Again, in the 12th chapter of St. Luke we find the words, "Think ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, No, but separation. For there shall be from henceforth five in one house divided; three against two and two against three." Well, now,

WHAT DO PROTESTANTS WHO READ THE BIBLE SAY TO THAT?

Now, in this miserable controversy of "the priest in the family" I read with some amusement a letter from one who objected to the letter of the Cardinal Archbishop in which His Eminence stated that the result of our Lord's mission on this earth would be the Cross and separation. "Oh," says this writer, a doctor of divinity, I suppose, "the idea of His Eminence applying this to us; it only means in the case of pagans." Now, it strikes me that His Eminence knows something about the Bible, and if there is any man in this world who is free from special pleading it is the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He is a thorough Englishman, and that alone would keep him from such a proceeding. Well, this writer says, "Let the pagan suffer"—something like the African slave trade, I suppose—but does not the heathen feel as well as we do?—and are we not to respect his feelings? Our Lord spoke his first words to His Disciples, and the second quotation I have used is delivered to the Jews. Now, a Jew was a member of the established religion at that time, and before them our Lord declares that if any one shall come from that religion to the true religion he must be prepared to suffer. Look at the 9th chapter of St. John. A poor blind man is cured, and believes in our Lord. Still the story of the priest in the family. He is cast out. Read that for yourselves. Why should it be from special pleading that suffering as the portion of those who enter His religion? Between the religion of Jesus Christ and the world there is a deadly antagonism. What did our Lord say in the Garden of Eden? "Cursed is the earth." Why? Because everything is cursed.

WE HAVE A HABIT OF BLESSING

our houses, and we priests are called upon to bless different things every day. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman," and therefore there is a deadly antagonism established by God between truth and the world. We know not how it is, but the whole world is cursed by God. What is the world of which we speak? It is one of the enemies of the soul, it is the most subtle enemy, and why should it be free from special pleading? Have you ever noticed that whenever there is a large demonstration in the park, when large numbers of people get together, there is at once exhibited the spirit of the mob, there is a kind of mischievous instinct that pervades the crowd? The spirit of the world is the direct antagonist of Jesus Christ. Take the case of marriage. Our Lord teaches that it is a most sacred thing, a Sacrament of His Church, that husband and wife can never be separated while they live. They may live apart, but their marriage cannot be dissolved in this life. What does the spirit of the world say? Ah, you know all about it; you have been reading of it only this week.

AM I IN A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

I am told so sometimes, though it is difficult to imagine it. Fancy the publicity given to the disgusting obscenity of that trial which is now going on; we are so used to it that we think nothing of it. It is necessary that these disgusting things should be published I thank God, I saw a letter in the Times the other day asking that question. For G. G.'s sake take up that spirit and write to the papers. Why should such disgusting news be scattered broadcast throughout the length and breadth of the land? I most solemnly protest against it; first, against allowing the Divorce Court at all, and secondly against allowing the publication of all the filthy details, so that the land is deluged with impurity. Men and women read these details, and sins of thought are communicated by them. England is ridiculed at this moment with people who have been separated, and they are marrying somebody else. From the Catholic point such people are not married at all, for as long as one lives the other cannot marry. How, then, can the blessing of God come down upon a land that has given rise to this concubinage? This is the spirit of the world, and the world is the deadly enemy of Jesus Christ. Sometimes even the virtuous, the good, the benevolent, and the self-denying world is not in accordance with the spirit of our Lord. You will say, "How can you prove that extraordinary statement?" You may say that what is good is good everywhere, but the Church says there is a natural and a supernatural virtue. There are such things as natural virtues which have a

supernatural value. The Church teaches that

THE VALUE OF A GOOD ACTION DEPENDS upon its motive. If a man comes into the church when there is no one about and drops an alms into the box, that is a good action; but suppose he waits until there are people about who will see him and says to himself, "Now is my time, they will see me." That action is worthless, because the motive is wrong. There may be plenty of moral virtues in the world, but it has no supernatural value. Take a man of the world, a good respectable citizen of London. What do folks say of him? What do they do for the tombstones in the cemetery? "He was a good husband and brought up his children carefully; he was a good living man, thoroughly honest, perfectly sober"—and that is a great thing in this country—"in fact, he was the very quintessence of virtue." Well, that is what they put on the tombstones, and there is more taken for granted in a cemetery than in any other place in the world. I will show you that that man is the deadly enemy of Jesus Christ. Let him come forth from his tomb, and I let before him a Jesuit,

ONE OF THE LIFEGUARDS OF THE CHURCH of God, Heaven bless them. What will this man of the world say? "Oh, pray don't let me be near a Jesuit; that is the last man I want to be near. What will be say of a nun? 'Oh, she ought to be in the world making a home.' Every sentiment in this good man of the world is against the Church of Christ. Protestants against the Catholicity of London. Well, put on the tombstones in the cemetery. "He was a good husband and brought up his children carefully; he was a good living man, thoroughly honest, perfectly sober"—and that is a great thing in this country—"in fact, he was the very quintessence of virtue." Well, that is what they put on the tombstones, and there is more taken for granted in a cemetery than in any other place in the world. I will show you that that man is the deadly enemy of Jesus Christ. Let him come forth from his tomb, and I let before him a Jesuit,

RELIGION WHICH IS HATED AND DETESTED by everyone about you? Is it not the Catholic and Roman Church? Let us take the case of a very large family with a Protestant father and mother, and you will find an extraordinary diversity of opinion amongst the children as they grow up. One will be High Church, another Low Church, another Broad Church, another Moderate Church, and some will care nothing about any Church. All over England you will find, and perhaps some of the family may become Roman Catholics. You will find another having very Low Church tendencies, having great sympathy with the Plymouth Brethren. Let one become a Catholic and what would be the result? He would be turned out as a disgrace to the family, though the views of the others would after a little estrangement be passively tolerated. Is that not a fact—can any man deny it? I know of a man—a free-thinker—who said he did not care a bit about what people thought; but one day some one said to him, "Suppose your daughter became Catholic?" His answer was, "Then let them be damned." There is one sin in the eyes of the world that has no abolition, and that is becoming a Catholic. Well, I pass on to show you facts. There is a certain priest in England, a man of great theological attainment, had an eldest son, who became a Catholic. What happened? For twenty-five years his father cast him out, and it was only on his death-bed he was persuaded to see him again. A family consists of a dutiful son and daughter who have never given offence to their parent; but they choose to become Catholics. What happens when the will is read out? How often are they not frequently cut off altogether after the father's death? That is a thing happening over England here and there almost every day. Take the case of a wife. I know one—a good, excellent wife, and the mother of a large family. She becomes a Catholic, and a husband says, "Go away." She comes to London from a comfortable home, with a wretched, miserable pittance, and has to suffer almost the pangs of hunger. Father Robinson then cited other cases within his knowledge of the suffering that converts had to endure, and concluded by begging his hearers to carefully weigh what he had said in the course of his lectures, and if he had convinced any one of the claims of the Catholic Church, let them have the courage of their convictions.

Catholicity in this Country.

An important event in the history of the Roman Catholic Church in this country was the promulgation of the decrees of the Baltimore Plenary Council, by which the Church became in reality a national Church, administered according to canon law and not as a missionary organization. The decrees provide for a strictly Catholic education for Catholic children by means of parochial schools, and for a great central university. They also condemn Sunday desecration and the saloon business, and encourage total abstinence societies.

The Pope has had a year of peace for himself and for his church. The ecclesiastical war in Prussia has ceased, the May Laws have been almost entirely swept away in pursuance of Bismarck's policy of peace, and in none of the European states has the Church been seriously antagonized. The usual hesitation in passing the Budget of Public Worship has not occurred in the French Chamber this year, under the new ministry of M. G. Bert, and the only difficulty of moment between France and the Pope has been that of the French Protectorate over Catholic converts in China. The Pope is desirous of establishing direct diplomatic relations with China, and the Chinese Government is quite ready to respond. Both have cause for wishing to terminate the present diplomatic anomaly.

WORMS often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Louw's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels Worms effectually.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Mail of Saturday speaks of the letters on the school question that have been for some time appearing in our columns, and concludes with the following remark: "Precisely what amendments are required in the Ontario School law is not stated. When the Legislature meets they will probably be elaborated."

Our contemporary is mistaken. There is no purpose to formulate just yet a series of amendments to the School Law. Our purpose is to educate the Catholic public mind up to its true position on the school question. We know too well that there is nothing to be gained by rancor, ill will and sectarian animosity, and decline to take any steps to arouse these evils. We feel convinced that the time will come when the Protestant majority in Ontario will give the Catholic minority the benefit of equality in the matter of education. We do not, however, propose because of this conviction of ours to hurry or harass the majority. We have many reasons for our hopes of the advent of a reign of equality in this Province. We need not mention these grounds here in detail. Let it suffice if we call our readers attention to a letter in the Toronto World, January 10th, signed "A Protestant."

THE LATE BAZAAR.

On last Sunday His Lordship Bishop Walsh thanked the ladies who had charge of the late bazaar in aid of the Cathedral fund. He also paid a high compliment to those of the congregation who had so generously assisted in making the undertaking successful. The following is a statement of receipts and expenses.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes Children of Mary's Table, St. Mary's Table, St. Peter's Table, Total Receipts, and Expenses.

OBITUARY.

Mr. T. Gleeson, Sarnia. We deeply regret to be called upon to announce the death of this amiable Catholic gentleman, which took place at his late residence in Sarnia, on Sunday last.

cularly the poor and needy, will join us in the prayer that God may have mercy on the soul of the departed.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. There are fathers who would knock down any man uttering an improper word before their children. These same fathers think nothing of putting before their children printed sheets of filthy details. Why does a bit of gossip or scandal become less immoral by being printed in a newspaper?

Boston Pilot.

What a theme for a stirring ballad is there in the story of Father Little, priest of Six Mile Bridge, County Clare, as told in the despatches last week. Lord D'Estere sent a posse of 100 constables on Jan. 11 to aid the bailiffs in evicting a poor tenant named John Frost from his miserable hut.

London Universe.

Old Catholicism, as everyone knows, would have been nipped in the bud by the indifference of the general public, had it not from the first been propped up and bolstered up by some of the great of this world, who were actuated by a deadly hatred of the Catholic Church.

Colorado Catholic.

Cardinal Gibbons, in the preface of a little book for the guidance of a temperance society, says: "We approve of the confraternity as it carries out the recommendations of the prelates of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, entreating pastors in charge of parishes to establish temperance societies based on religion."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Bishop Machetouf of Denver, Col., who recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest,

has done missionary work in the Rocky Mountains upwards of thirty five years. Archbishop Walsh of Dublin is said to be absolutely impervious to the attacks made upon him by the English press for his favorable attitude towards the "plan of campaign," which enables tenants on large estates to place in the hands of selected trustees the amount of their respective rents, minus the reductions to which they feel they are entitled.

Catholic Columbian.

Forcible words, these, but oh, how true, taken from an article on the all-important subject of "Religion in Education," from the pen of Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Massachusetts, and contributed to the Catholic World. He concludes with the declaration: "Men are agreed; government demands; society, the family, the child, the soul, all cry out for religion as the basis, the life of every system of public education."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart gives an instance of the edifying conversion of a young lady stopping at a boarding hotel in Atlantic City. Several Catholic ladies were daily at the same table; and the girl noticed that they all scrupulously made the sign of the cross.

New York Tablet.

Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Syracuse, in speaking of the vices and immoralities of so-called fashionable society, lays the lash with stinging effect on one of the most vicious habits of the age. He says: "The latest fashion in female dress for balls and parties is an abomination in the sight of God and man."

COMMENTARY.

Galt, Jan. 29, 1887. THOS. COFFEY, Esq., London.—DEAR SIR—I enclose P. O. order copy for CATHOLIC RECORD to 1st March, 1888. Very reluctantly I took the RECORD from your agent about a year ago for three months on trial.

Galt, Jan. 19, 1887.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record. DEAR SIR—Through the favor of a friend here, Mr. Ed. Radigan, I have had great pleasure in reading several numbers of your paper. The leading article in the number of Dec. 18th is, in my humble opinion, one of the ablest and most patriotic that I ever had the pleasure of reading.

Pembroke, Jan. 22nd, 1887.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed you will find payment of my subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD, which has been a paper that has defended good government and Catholicity in every instance.

BRANFORD NOTES.

When all the returns are counted the Christmas tree proceeds will foot up \$800 the best results yet attained on any similar occasion.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE, HAMILTON.

INTERESTING MEETING AND STIRRING ADDRESSES AT THE B. A. HALL. Evening Times, Jan. 21.

There was a large attendance of the members of the Hamilton branch of the I. N. L. and their friends and sympathizers, including a number of ladies, at the regular meeting in the E. B. Hall last evening. Messrs. Cahill and B. Lynch, prominent members of the Toronto branch, paid a fraternal visit and delivered addresses.

FROM HAMILTON.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record. The popular drama, "Robert Emmet," was presented by the Hamilton Branch of the League of the Cross in Larkin Hall on the evening of Jan. 19th. If an overflowing house is a criterion of popularity, the members of the association may congratulate themselves on being eminently popular.

Correspondence of the Record.

FROM WINDSOR. Friday evening, Jan 21st, at 4 o'clock, a number of the friends of the Rev. Chas. McManus called at the parochial residence of St. Alphonsus parish and presented him with a purse of \$77 and the following address:—

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—We beg to approach you on this eve of your departure from our midst to show you in a slight degree the esteem and regard that is entertained for you among the members of this congregation. The short period which you spent as the assistant of the Very Rev. Dean Wagner gave us ample time to learn to regard you as one of those upon whom the follies of the world, which drag so many away from their vocation, have no influence.

THE SUMMA OF ST. THOMAS.

The strong recommendations to the study of St. Thomas Aquinas put forth by his Holiness Leo XIII. have attracted the attention of the French ex-Minister, Barthélemy St. Hilaire. He declares that the summa of St. Thomas is the grand monument of the Middle Ages, which has produced so many other grand monuments. It is inspired by Christian faith; which is its invincible foundation and which it glorifies, and at the same time, by Platonism and the peripatetic philosophy, from which it borrows nearly all its formulae.

special instance of the injustice and tyranny of a landlord in Kerry, who let a strip to a man for a nominal rent as he considered it worthless. This man, through the assistance of his daughter, one son and himself, carried on their backs the gravel from the hills to the bog and swamp and vice versa, and in the course of time, through their perseverance and hard labor, they converted the sterile patch into arable land and managed to build a comfortable homestead. When the landlord saw the improvements made he said, "You must pay a higher rent for this property."

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A Good Choice.

In consequence of the recent change in the Separate School Act, whereby a member of the School Board is not allowed to be a member of the High School Board as well, C. J. O'Neil, Esq., tendered his resignation as High School representative, and Mr. S. A. Heffernan was unanimously elected his successor.

We fondly hope and pray that your future life may bear the same fruits and that God in His goodness may grant you the grace to faithfully discharge the duties of your state in life towards the flock of which you are about to take charge.

We also hope and pray that he will so ameliorate your physical condition that when you return to pay us a visit, as we trust you soon will, every symptom of the illness which now bears down so heavily on your young life will have entirely disappeared. May the bonds of social and spiritual union that now bind us together long remain unbroken.

Signed in behalf of your many friends, A. H. JOSEPH, T. A. BOURKE, M. J. MANNING, P. J. MOLLOY, W. J. McKERR, J. HARRAHAN, J. O. READING, J. HARMAN.

The shock was so sudden and the rev. gentleman's grief at leaving the parish so great that he was utterly unable to reply. He received numerous handsome presents from the ladies of the convent, his Sunday School class and other friends, so that he will have but little expense in starting to keep house.

PERTH BAZAAR.

DEAR SIR:—Being aware of the many demands that are made on your columns by your numerous correspondents, I shall be as brief as possible in my report of the actual results of our Bazaar here during the past Christmas week. But ere I do this, I beg to thank you for your kind allusions in a recent issue to my humble labours in Perth since the month of June, 1879.

Sheriff Sexton's Pledges.

Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., on the occasion of his installation in the office of high sheriff for the city and county of Dublin, made one of his characteristic speeches. He called attention to the fact that the shrievalty was not now, as it had been of old, conferred on a man who represented the domination of race, the bigotry of creed, or the insolation of faction.

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