With heartfelt pleasure With heartielt pleasure
Doth memory treasure
A fond remembrance
Of that dear old town;
And the scenes of childhood,
When like lark in wildwood,
I gamboled freely
O'er mead and down,

Again I've rambled, Where of yore I gambolled, Where the dew enamelled, Each grove and hill, But a new voice stealing O'er my chords of feeling Fills my heart with rapture By thy shore, Lough Gill,

The Bells of Shandon
Toil blithe and bland on
The peaceful slumbers of Mahony;
While the sweat bells tinkle,
And the pale stars twinkle,
Where Poe lies sleeping
By Ann Bell Lee.

yet not proud steed timing, To the frost bell's chiming, Nor duleet rhyming Of summer rill, Awakes such pleasure As that soothing measure Which stirred the echoes Around fair Lough Gill,

Oh! noble people!
From yonder steeple
Swells forth your pean
To Liberty;
Oh! bless its pealing
Thro' the calm air stealing,
Earli speaks of triumph For it speaks of triumpl Over Slavery.

May its sweet tone swelling
O'er each peaceful dwelling
Strife's death-note knelling
With enchanter's skill,
Long haunt those bowers
Where Breffai's towers

Smile calmly down Upon fair Lough Gill

LITTLE DORINDA

WHO WON AND WHO LOST HER.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE BALL.

The ball was at high tide. Hoarse shouts, as the carriages were called up, come from the streets, whence the crowd saw, on the canvas which had enclosed the long balcony, some amusing "Chinese shadows" flitting spasmodically, and were tantalised by the inviting sounds of Waldtenfel's last entranc-ing valse. Within, the business of pleasure was rampant and riotous, the wonderful gymnasts, the

dancers, using their feet, arms, hands tongues, and eyes all together to the melodious strain.

Two of the patient beings who take daughters to balls stood looking rather wistfully across the room—

anxious parents. s a long time away," said the lady. "What do you think?

"Dorinda is driving home the nail—must have clenched it by this time."
"I don't know. She is such a perfect child. Ah.

"I don't know. She is such a perfect child. Ah, see! there they come!"

Afar off in the door, were standing the pair; a tall, gaunt, rather "hulking" man of about forty; scracely good-looking, though he might seem so to indulgent eyes—certainly gaunt—with a large mouth, and bushy brown, gorse-like moustache. On his arm was the brightest creature in the room—Dorinda Fanshawe by name the young lady in whom her da Fanshawe by name, the young lady in whom her parents were so interested. How she sparkled, as well from the brilliance of her hair, eyes and complexion as from the restless movement of her pretti-ly-turned head and neck! She was small, the top of her head scarcely reaching to his chin—but she seemed really what she was—a high-born, clean-bred little maid with a dash of haughtiness ever ready

bred little maid with a dash of haughtiness ever ready to dissolve into the most engaging smiles.

This is always did when some good-natured dame, without knowing her looked kindly at her; not being able to help it. At intervals during the night Mrs. Bellamy—who has not drank Bellamy & Co.'s good beer?—But Lady Doubleton was bringing them out, and enabled them to give this most successful of balls;—Mrs. Bellamy, then had come to her with the most honeful of young browers to her with the most hopeful of young brewers— eldest son and heir—whom Dorinda received good-

humoredly. Joe! Won't you dance with him, Mis Dorinda Fanshawe?"

She was too good-natured to refuse. Indeed, from the same wish not to hurt feelings, she had not the heart to decline or ever throw-over a num-ber of undesirable "hangers-on," whom her mother called reptiles, and who took up valuable time and profitable dances which could have been laid out on useful, desirable men.

And thus we too have ceremoniously introduced

the reader to Dorinda, only daughter of Sir John

and Lady Fanshawe.

The parents had to wait with scarcely-concealed anxiety, for it was hard to get through the crowd.

Finally, the gaunt man, Mr. Naylor, had restored his partner to mamma. Dorinda was much excit-

"Such good news, mamma an papa, dear? Such news!" Papa and mamma put on a kind benevo-lent expectant expression, as the parents of a prodigy listen to its performance. "Such news! Oh what listen to its performance. "Such news! Oh what do you say to Algernon being here! I saw him! Such fun! He must have stolen away out of the col-

Mamma beather fan impatiently. The Father frowned and looked distressed.

"Now you mustn't be angry with him. It was so good of him to come up; he wanted to

so good of him to come up; he wanted to see me, and you too, of course. But he was afraid you would be angry. Algy, come here, sir."

The tall gaunt partner was looking on with a sort of interest, as the little lady called foward a slight, dark-eyed youth, not unlike herself in the feminine turn of bis face, and who was somewhat confined. turn of his face, and who was somewhat confused.

"And you have dared to leave your school to said his mother angrily; "you wild fel-

low, always in a scrape! You will never come to "I will get him out of it," said Dorinda, proudly, herself a little "mud-lark" of society—if such an ex-

pression be permissible.
"Mother, dear," said he, "I wanted to see Dorry and you all. I'll get back in time, never fear. They

won't miss me. The partner, Mr. Naylor who had been listening

with a sort of cold impatience, now said, I will return later on. May I not?"
"All right!" said Dorinda carelessly, only you must remind me. I've such a head!"
"You have indeed," said he bluntly, looking down at the charmingly-balanced head that was be-

low him, "Compliment, Dorry—eh? Like what the sculp

you recollect, when he wanted to do you "He's been paying me the nicest compliments all

ne evening.
Father and mother now looked gratified. They

were in good humor.
"Well, Algernon, this is not the way to get on in your profession; but mind you are back before

will be no looking back. I am jealous by nature-a jealous barbarian, as I told you. And so they rry.

"Not a bit! Well done, Algy!" she said with admiration. Mr. Naylor then departed, and her mother stooping down, whispered anxiously, while the father listened eagerly.

"What have you to tell us? But I suppose nothing done. Ah child always!"

"What! Oh, that! Of course, if I had let him he would But there's no hurse."

"What: On, that: Of course, it I had let him he would. But there's no hurry."

"No hurry!" The father drew a deep-drawn sigh. He was a grave distinguished looking man, who had been in the diplomatic service—or rather his lady, who conducted all the business of their lives. Dorinda heard the sigh, and turned to him impetu-

ously.
"Do come with me," she said. "Let me lean your arm," and she patted it fondly, "and walk through the rooms. You know, dear," she whispered as she drew him away,—"you know I'd soones be on that arm than with the finest lover in the world—the best parti of them all,, you know that?" And she gave the arm she praised a little squeeze each time she used the words "you know," and seemed to wish to draw him closer. 'Now, tell me Why did you sigh in that way?

What is it? Why did you sign in that way?
He smiled on her with great love.
You look at everything, Dorry, dear, so cheerfully. You hardly know what a sigh is. God grant that you may never know. But you see—Would you know," he added abruptly, "what I and your mother feel like to-night? Why not tell you

dear?"
"Not ill, my own!" She was always full of these "Well—no, no; as a gambler at Homburg do

remember our pleasant time at Homburg!—when the cards are being dealt, and all he has is on the table. He must feel nervous. Eh?" Dorinda began to look grave. "Well, my dear, to-night all depends on you—as I have been trying to hint to you lately. You see, we have been living terribly belately. You see, we have been living terribly beyond our means and now I am at the end of my tether. This last season has done it, and 1 can do

Dorinda listened in genuine wonder.

"Do you mean to say we are poor, instead of being rich."
"Nothing could describe our state better."

"I am so glad—I am, indeed. Now we can live all together in a small house or lodgings. Oh, and I shall be so glad to work—work for you, my own. We'll all work."

"Your work, my poor child, would do little for us.

At what? With what? Ah, no!"

"Then, I'll look at you working. Oh, I should be so de-lighted—she loved these little capricious bits of emphasis—"to sit and watch you. That's all I'd ask-to be allowed to do that. Really and truly,

s. But I see you don't believe me."
The father first smiled, then sighed again. "That's all very well in the novels.

She paused, looked down a moment, then lifted

She paused, looked down a moment, then lifted her head slowly. "What! by this Mr. Naylor?"

"It is much easier than working in a garret."

She grew a little silent. "Indeed, I meant to get him to propose to night." Then reflected. "Indeed, he wants no yetting," she added, suddenly dismissing her grave manner, and bursting into a laugh. "Is that all? Oh, it's nothing! Wait a little, my dear, and you shall see what you shall see."

They had now returned to mamma, Husband and wife interchanged a look. She was satisfied. Presently arrived Mr. Naylor once more. He had been standing in one position watching this promenade. She tripped lightly away with him at once, looking back with a significant nod to papa.

Her position was now changed. She felt she must invite or encourage what she before repelled.

Hooking back with a significant nod to papa.

Her position was now changed. She felt she must invite or encourage what she before repelled.

"I am not going to ask you to dance," said Mr. Naylor, "but to talk. Do you object?"

"Pray," said Dorinda, opening wide her mischievous eyes, "what does that mean.

Don't all women like to talk."

"Because I wished to talk before, and you checked ne for some reason. Perhaps it was a charitable

one; and if so why-"Let us sit down here and talk, and have it out

once for all," she added smiling.

After a pause he said abruptly, "I would ask you, what do you think of me? I mean what idea have

She laughed. This was going to be exciting?"
"Well, we have known you—let me see—three
months, and I believe we have seen you nearly every day, and yet"-She stopped with a puzzled look.

"Yet you do not know what to think of mc. Let me tell you what I am. I had a rough, hard life, sent away when a child by parents that did not care for me. Out there where I met hard cruel men and

hard cruel treatment. Not very wonderful if I became hard and cruel myself, Isit?" "But I don't quite believe you," she said gently and in a low voice. We have not found you so."

"Kind and like you to say so; but I am," he went on "Still Leanly with to be about the went on "Still Leanly with to be about the standard of the second of t "Still I could wish to be changed and made

better, if some one would take that trouble. better, if some one would take that trouble. Do you think there is anyone?" He paused and Dorinda also paused. "In short," he said "if you would think it worth your while— Your father and mother have been good enough to give me some hopes, and if you"—

Now there was something a little too business-like in this, mode of "proposing," and our Dorinda interested as she was had no idea of dispensing with the appropriate of the stabilished "laying at one's feet."

onventional, old established "laying at one's feet of the property known as a heart, gravely, "If I what?"

of the property known as a heart. So she said gravely, "If I what?"

"If you would accept—take me. I know I am unworthy of you, and have little to recommend me, but," he smiled, "but my money! But what could be expected of me? I have lived with, breathed eaten, and drank money. It is all I have to offer. You shall have abundance of it—no end of it, as whetever you like, wish, or dream of: they say. Whatever you like, wish, shall take it as a favor if you will tell me what you wish; and in return try and like me a little, and

t me love you a great deal." Dorinda was not a little dazzled by this splendid rospect, and could not help smiling with satisfaction. prospect, and could not help siming with satisfaction.
Moreover, there was something straightfoward and
even pathetic in the appeal. In fact, without in
tending it, he had chosen one of the most efficient
modes for "driving the nail home," as her mother had put it.

she smiled and put out her hand. She was not nervous or excited, as might be expected. On the contrary, she was composed and pleased at the

new situation.
"I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to "I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you," she said, in her quaintly ceremonious, old-fashioned way, "for paying me so great a compliment, and I shall try to be worthy of your regard. I have never thought of it seriously, as yet, so it comes on me rather by surprise."

"Then consider it well first. Pray, do consider it till temperature," he said with corrections.

it till to-morrow," he said with earnestness, "for it is no trilling matter. If you entered on this lightly, and later repented, it would be terrible for you. peak for your sake. I have still so much of the rage—the barbarian—in me that if I felt I had been played with, I think I would do something

She laughed. It was impossible to make her think of it sericusly. It was so piquant and novel, this getting a proposal, and this her first! These were strange words of warning to be addressed to She became grave for a moment.

her, though. She became grave for a moment.

"It would be a pity to run any risk, and it is not too late," and her eyes become roguish.

"What I mean is this: It will be serious—there will be no looking back. I am jealous by nature—will be no looking back. I am jealous by nature—there will be no looking back. I am jealous by nature—there will be no looking back.

"Their lives!" and she drew away a little. "Oh,

"Their lives." and she drew away a little.

how dreadful! What do you mean?"

"I mean risk living with me—undertake a responsibility. Don't think the worse of me for warning you; that is because I really love you."

She smiled triumphatly. "There! yes," she said in a low voice; "I agree. Will that be enough?"

She smiled triumphatly. "There! yes," she said in a low voice; "I agree. Will that be enough?"
"I think you can hardly know," he went on, "and hardly guess, how much my heart is set on this, and what a changed being I am. I hardly know that I live or breathe. I can scarcely believe in my good fortune. Don't laugh, for I know it sounds absurd in one of my age;" and Dorinda noticed then that he was actually trembling. All which gave her most intense pleasure, and made her like the man. They returned to her parents.

"Good night," said he to them gravely. I have arranged with Miss Dorinda to-morrow early. May I hope to find you?"

Dorry looked down shyly, and the pleased papa

Dorry looked down shyly, and the pleased papa and mamma knew that all was settled happily.

CHAPTER II. THE SUITOR.

Now about the Fanshawe family. The Fan-Now about the Fanshawe lamity. In Franshawes were persons of a good stock, with a handsome place in the country, having three children, another son, besides the youth we have seen at the ball. But, of the whole party of five, it was Doringhalbert personal transfer of the party of the party of five it was Doringhalbert personal transfer of the party of th da that attracted interest. A truly elegant little da that attracted interest. A truly elegant little person, with her quaint name and her graceful style, a beauty after Chalon—a style set off with pearls and lace, and which seems old-fashioned amongst the earthier and more "flaring" decorations now in favor. She was as high-spirited as she was high-bred, and with that fine courage of a higher sort than the merely brute courage of facing moral dangers. On her father she doted more than on her dangers. On her father she doted more than on her mamma, but her cal treas re was the wild, good looking lad who had been placed at a naval college, and was ever in scrapes. She cared nothing for money, and was careless as to spending it, because she assumed, as a matter of course, that there was abundance in the family. And her father an ambitious man, had been very wasteful in striving to carry out the obbeen very wasteful in striving to carry out the object of their ambition; aiming at having high office as governor of an important colony, he had lavished all his means. Many a picture had father and daughter sketched together of their future state in this situation—they all to be like royalties, and "My own Dorinda" a little princess, with all the colonists bowing and worshipping, and she ordering about the aide-de-camp. With this view Fanshawe House was always filled

with this view ranshawe house was aways lined with company; influential persons were always staying there on visits; and Sir John's moderate resources became gradually crippled. And then it was whispered that he had begun to speculate in companies, of which he figured as chairman and director. That night, as they drove home in their dark cell of a carriage he whispered in delight to bis child.

',Dorinda, darling! you have saved me—saved us all!" "So glad, my own? Oh, it will be great fun won't it?"

And with her mother that night, to whom she was unfolding all, she spoke of this important step as though it were a picnic, to which, indeed, her life might be likened; for there was no trouble, no anx-

might be likehed; for there was no trouble, no anxiety, not even a shade or annoyance. But, as yet, no one appeared for whom "she cared."
"Of course, we shall be happy together," she said, gaily. Isn't it always so where people are naturally good in their disposition?"
"Asyou both are certainly. Look a; your father and me."

and me."
"Ah!" she said gravely, "we can't expect that." "Ah!" she said gravely, "we can't expect that."

"If you knew what a weight is off my mind! And,
Dorry, you managed it so well! I didn't give you
credit for such gifts. I begin to think you are a
clever little woman, more clever than we imagined.

"You think so, really! Upon your word, now,
you think I have some little cleverness? Now I am
so glad! I'm not sharp, but I know how to manage
a thing when I want, eh!" and she laughed quietly;
"purred," as it were because everybody was pleased
with her.

On the next morning at noon Mr. J. Naylor ararrived, with his hard, composed face, and Sir John

arrived, with his hard, composed face, and Sir John came down specially to have what must be always an embarrassing interview. Everything was satis-

factory, nothing could be more so. After a time Dorinda was sent for, and entered in the prettiest I have a strange thing to tell you now," he said: "that I must go away for about six months, or perhaps a year even. There is a ship sailing in a week I wish to wind up all my affairs in the

perhaps a year even. There is a ship sailing in a week. I wish to wind up all my affairs in the colony, sell my lands, and become a European for which the sail we may be delay?" ever and aye. You will not mind the delay?"
"No, no," said Dorinda, rather too eagerly.
"I would sooner part with you now," he went on,
"than later—it will be easier for me." [At this moment Sir John, who had been anxiously looking about

ment Sir John, who had been anxiously looking about the room, under books,&c., on this table and that, and had got by stages to the dcor, abruptly disappeared.] "For I have a presentment I shall not bear to have you out of my sight. But you have thought it over as we agreed last night?"

"Yes," said Dorinda, gravely, "and still think as I have a laways had a great regard for

I did then. I have always had a great regard for you, and I am much flattered by your good opinion and professions." (This again in the old-fashioned way.)
"Forgive me if I speak plainly," he went on. "If

"Forgive me if I speak plainty," he went on. "If once I leave this, pledged to you, and you to me, you will not change? For during this interval I put all I have in you, as I might put all I have in a bank. Away, I shall be adding to my capital saving up thoughts, fancies, affections, everything, so if that be lost, all is lost. I am a curious being; all this is new to me." is new to me." All this seemed to Dorinda to be very eloquent,

fine, touching, and the hard face grow handsome and even tender, and she put out her hand with great warmth, and said:

"You may depend on me. I give my word,"

"You promise—you do then give your promise? shall find you the same when I return?"

1 shall find you the same when T is a shall find you the same when T is.

"I promise," said Dorinda firmly.

Love and business being thus settled, Lady Fanshawe now appeared on the scene, then Sir John, and there were general congratulations, and every

there were general congratuation was pleased.

"We are also going away," said Lady Fanshawe.

"We must go back to Fanshawe now. I wish we could have seen you there." It seemed as she said, "But the work is done we need remain no longer. Nunc Dimittis' may now be struck up."

"There is another point," he said after a pause, "almost, in fact, a condition, or request, that I make, namely, that this matter be kept perfectly secret till I return. Will you promise this?"

eeret till I return. Will you promise this
A secret!" said the mother surprisedly. "I have reasons for it-most important When I return I wish to take the matter up exactly where I left it."

"No doubt, though I can hardly understand it," "Why not, mamma?" said Dorinda, who really said the lady. njoyed the prospect of mystery. "I agree with all

"To be sure," said Sir John anxiously. Anvthing Mr. Naylor wishes. He means us to under-stand him thus:—there is an awkwardness in his being absent, and this will prevent all curiosity and

questions."
"Well, with all my heart," said Lady Fanshawe:

"it concerns you both, not me."
"I know that I am a curious sensitive being, full

of whims; but this is near my heart, while I believe that by this I am leaving my treasure better protected in my absence. So I ask you to give me a

regular promise."
Solemnly Dorinda repeated it after him, and then solemnly Dorinda repeated trafter him, and then he departed. Not however before he had per-fectly dazzled Dorinda with some sumptuous pres-ents of jewels. He brought them, not in the dainty way that the usual donor makes his offering, opening them tenderly but tumbling them out before

"Do take this or that-which would you like? Have them all." And again:—"But I don't know how to choose. I don't know how to choose. I know they are not nearly handsome enough"

This did wonders in quite overwhelming Dor-inda, who was really delighted by such magnificence and in such jewel-cases began to see personal virtue and qualifications.

You are too good to me, for what have I done to deserve it, as yet?" cried Dorinda.
"You will try and like me in your absence—try and think of me, and bind yourself to me for ever. You will try?"

"And indeed I should be most ungrateful after all this; I mean, the love and regard that I know makes you offer these splendid things, which I shall

rize above everything."

"I shall have but the one thought when I am away,"
he said with a sigh. "I cannot expect you to do
that. But I may tell you this," and he smiled.
"There is no one else?"

"There is no one else?"

"I see you are uneasy," Dorinda said,good-naturedly, "I know you think me a little frivolous or uncertain. But I may tell you that, I have never met any one yet whom I have liked. And indeed you are the first who have been good enough to see any merit in me. For this I ought to be, and am, deeply obliged to you. And indeed I do like you, but you see it's all been in a very short tune and it's but, you see, it's all been in a very short time, and it' but, you see, it's an been in a very short time, and it's rather sudden. And, you know, you can't expect me to feel as warmly as I know I shall do. Now do you understand me? But I fear not," and she sighed.

He was listening to her with much pleasure. It

was indeed charming to hear her.
"I do indeed," he said, "and this will send me away with something delightful to think of." Accordingly, in a few days Mr. Naylor had taken leave of his new fancee and was on board of a fast sailing liner, his last word like the ill-fated Charles

to Bishop Juxon, being, Remember!"

Now, to say the truth, this stipulation was not unwelcome to our Dorinda, and rather in the nature of a "relief,' as it put off to a distance what was to be an awful responsibility, and the necessity of apbe an awtur responsionity, and the necessity of ap-pearing in a new and weighty character of an en-gaged person. All the pride and glitter of that position was well enough; but the first excitement it would be a very serious affair; and as her little heart was not warmly engaged, there was no romance to color or emblazon the situation. The se-cret, however, was to become a difficulty, because it had been imposed. Delightful, however, to her was it to see the cleared brow and lightened heart of her father from whose bent shoulders a very por-ter's knot of care seemed to have been lifted. This ter's knot of care seemed to have been lifted. was enough for Dorinda, who chirruped about place in the greatest delight, and had often to be reminded that she was under an engagement to be married—"You are next door to a married woman, my dear,"—the matter having completely passed from her mind.

To be continued.

MR. WARNER TRIES IT.

Mr. Warner, a respectable and law-abiding citizen of Baker Street, rode home in an express wagon the other day, having a hand fire-extinguisher and the driver for company.
"What's that thing?" asked his wife in contempt-

ous tones, as she opened the hall door.
"What's that? Why, that's a fire extinguisher best thing you ever saw-meant to have got one a

year ago."

"Jacob, you are always making a fool of your-self," she continued as she shut the door "Every patent right man gets around you as a cat lays for

Does, eh? If you know anything at all, you'd know that every store and office in Detroit has one o' these. They've saved lots of buildings, and may save ours.

in sarcastic tones.

Does it shoot a fire out?" "If you don't know anything I'll learn you something! It is full of chemicals; you strike on this

knob on top, and she's all ready to open this faucet and play on the fire." She grinned as she walked around it, and finally "Do you get a horse to draw it around?"

"No, I don't get a horse to draw it around. You see these straps? Well, I back up, put my arms through them, and here it is on my

"I see it is," she sneered.
"And can't I run to any part of the house with

it?" he demanded. "See—see—!"
And he cantered along the hall, into the bed oms and out, and was turning the head of the stairs when his foot caught in the carpet. He threw stairs when his foot caught in the carpet. He threw up his arms and she grabbed at him, and both rolled down-stairs. He yelled and she yelled. Sometimes he was ahead, and then she took the lead, and neither of them had passed under the "string," when the extinguisher, bumping and jam-ming, began to shoot off its charge of chemicals. "You old-!" she started to say, when a stream

from the nose struck her between the eyes, and she didn't finish. "What in-o-u-c-h!" roared Mr. Warner, as he

got a dose in the ear.

They brought up in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, the stream playing into the parlor, against the hall door, and upstairs by turns, and she gasped: "I'll have you sent to a fool asylum."
"Who's a fool?" he roared, dancing around with his eyes full of chemicals.

"I'm fainting!" she squeaked.
"And I've broken my back!" he shouted. It was a sad house when those two highly respectold people got so that they could use their eyes and discuss matters calmly. And she doubled up

"Take that investigator or distinguisher, or whatever you call it, back down town, and tell every-body that you are a lunatic."

And he said:
"Dummit, I know more than all your family put together."—Detroit Free Press. Dr. Dollinger, it is reported, has severed

himself completely from the Old-Catholic movement, and is in friendly communication with the Archbishop of Munich. Thus great hopes are entertained for the conversion of this unfortunate man, who in times past rendered great services to the Church, and for whose conversion many prayers have been

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.—The Bishops of Ireland lately assembled at Maynooth, adopted a resolution expressive of their surprise and disappointment that the Government is to make no attempt to settle the IrishUniversity Question this session, and they call on ment of the question.

Continued from 6th page.

continued from 6th page,
no other name can I make intelligible the doctrine
of Mr. A., which maintains that Christ is present
only in His image. Indeed the presence of His
image seems to be the most absurd invention which ever emanated from the human
mind. It has no foundation either in reason or
Revelation. However, he quotes thus from Origen:
"But if Christ, as those Marcionites say, was without flesh and blood, and therefore only took bread
at the support of what sort of flesh, of what body at the supper, of what sort of flesh, of what body and in fine, of what kind of blood was the bread and cup he ministered the signs and images." I have examined carefully the five chapters which are in Origen against Marcion, and this passage—with all its unintelligible grammatical construction—is nowhere to be found. It is possible, however, that I may have overlooked the part of Origen where Mr. A.'s quotation may be found. The argument seems to be: "If Christ was without flesh, as the Marcionites say, what kind of a body and what kind of blood did Christ give in the blessed Eucharist when he administered the images: the appearances of bread and wine?" By this question (if in Origen) he would evidently imply that he gave in the Blessed Eucharist His real body and blood. Therefore Mr. A.'s quotation confirms the Real Presence.

My antagonist also guotes Tertullian. In view

My antagonist also quotes Tertullian. In view of the cavalier-like way in which he rejects Origen as a heretic, one would think he would consider Tertullian as equally unworthy to be quoted as a Christian author, for while Origen unintentionally taught erroneous speculative theories, Tertullian was at last a most decideded heretic. Some of his writings appeared when he was in the Church, but his book against Marcion appeared when he was a decided Montanist, and was therefore cut off from the pure primitive church, according to the belief of even the most decided Protestants. Strange to say, Mr. A. quotes from Tertullian's Montanist writings. Let us hear Tertullian speak when he actually belonged to the Church, and was not tainted with heresy. We shall thus be more likely to ascertain the real belief of the Church in Tertullian's day.

A. D. 200, he says, De corona, c. 31: "We are fearful lest we allow any portion of our chalice or bread to fall upon the earth." How admirably with the Catholic respect for does this care accord with the Catholic respect for the Blessed Eucharist, and how remarkably does in the Blessed Eucharist, and how remarkably does it contrast with the usages of many Protestant communities, who conduct the "Lord's supper" as if it were a pic-nic party, and who have been sometimes known to gather up the particles and "give them to the hens." Again Tetullian says (on the Resurrection of the body, c. 8.): "The flesh is washed that the soul may be cleansed; the flesh is annointed that the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened; the flesh is shadthat the soul may be strengthened. owed by the imposition of hands 'hat the soul may be illumined by the spirit; the flesh feeds upon the body and blood of Christ that the soul may be filled with God." This justly famed writer, therefore, at tests not only the use of the sign of the cross in the early Caristian church, but he speaks of the effects of Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Order and the Blessed of Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Order and the Blessed Eucharist, four Catholic sacraments, on our soul; and of the last named sacrament he says that "the flesh feeds upon the body and blood of Christ." Again, (ad uxorem c. 5, B. 2.) after pleading forci-bly that Christian women should not marry pagans, he says: "Will you be unseen (by your husband) when you sign your couch and your body? and when you pray by night? Will you not be sus-pected rather of exercising magical art? Your huspected rather of exercising magical art? Your husband will not know what you taste in secret before all other food; and if he should recognize the bread, will he believe it to be Him (Christ) by whose name it is called? Being ignorant of these matters, will he not complain of your conduct and suppose that it is bread or perhaps poison?" Here he evidently alludes to the Real Presence of our Lord, and to the church practice of receiving Holy Commnion with a strict fast. Does this look as if the pure Primi-tive Church agreed in belief and practice with Rev.

Ir. Andrews and his Church?

Now as regards Mr. Andrew's citation from Tertullian, I may here remark that as the Montanists even believed in the Real Presence, it is probable that Mr. A. has mistaken Tertullian's meaning. In fact the quotation is not correct. He does not make the difference between the pluperfect and these. They've saved lots of bundings, and may rive ours."

"You throw it at the fire, don't you?" she asked sareastic tones.

"You throw it at the fire, don't you?" she asked sareastic tones. a sarcastic tones.

He carried it up-stairs into a closet without relying, and she followed on and asked:

consecration is a figure of Christ's body, as in Jeremias xi, 19.; Marcion says, its body is but a phantasm, but this is absurd, for a phantasm can have no figure. The meaning, then, which Tertullian intended to convey by the part of Mr. A.'s extract which is correctly translated is: "The bread which our Saviour took and distributed to His disciples, our Saviour took and distributed to his disciples, He made His body, saying, 'This is my body,' that is, the figure of His body.' is made His body. The part which Mr. Andrews has not translated right is "but there would not have been" that is previously that is the same at "that is previously that is a superior of the same at "that is previously that is a superior of the same at "that is previously that is a superior of the same at "that is a superior of the same at the same at "that is a superior of the same at the same at "that is a superior of the same at th "but there would not have been" that is previously "the figure of His body, if there vere not" that is, then, "a true and real body." That this is the meaning of the passage is maintained by the best of Latin scholars; and it is borne out by the fact that the Real Presence was believed by the herteical community to which Tertullian then belonged.

Rev. Mr. Andrews will see that I am not taking extracts second hand from Ousley, as he has done. This Ousley was a local preacher sent to convert the Irish in 1799 with the aid of money and blankets. You are well aware

the aid of money and blankets. You are well aware what reliance is to be placed upon the translations from Greek and Latin Fathers like Origen and Tertuilian, when local preachers are the translators.
The amount of Greek and Latin lore which local preachers usually possess is well known to you all-it is more easily imagined than described.

In conclusion, then, my friends, let me entreat you to consider the nature and solidity of the arguments by which we are enabled to defend our doctrine. You have heard it abundantly proved form Holy Scripture and confirmed by the testimony of the most ancient and venerable Fathers of the Christian Church; every apparent objection from Christian Church; every apparent objection from Scripture has been fairly examined, and satsifactorily removed, and the doctrine has been proved to be in no way repugnant to the principle of reason and sound philosophy. In possessing Jesus Christ thus really present under the sacramental veils, we possess him in the manner best suited to our present state. To the Jews it was given to possess him in figure only; to the blessed in Heaven it is granted to behalf this gab a is face to face; but to Christians. ld Him as he is, face to face; but to Christians, who hold as it were the intermediate state, it is granted to possess Him truly and really indeed, but hidden under the saramental veils. In no other mode could we ware mode could we more appropriately possess Him in the present life, which is to be a life of faith; and as the Apostle defines it, is "the evidence of things

that are not seen."

I have not either the time or the inclination to ontinue a controversy with one who so evidently seeks notoriety by controversy. While I hold myself free to take such course as I may see fit in the future, It is probable that I shall take no more notice of Mr. A.'s fierce and unwarranted attacks upon Cotholic description. Catholic doctrine.

Conversion at the State Prison.—Several edifying conversions to the Catholic Church among the inmates of the Massachusetts State occurring simultaneously with such conversions as are now announced in the most cultured circles of England, including the poet Swinburn, Miss Kislingbury, Miss Nicholas, the Irish representatives to use every consti-tutional means to enforce a satisfactory settle-the highest to the lowest the Catholic Church is adapted to the wants of every soul.

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