FRIDAY, OCT. 29.]

The Leaves of October. BY THOMAS J. M'GEOGHEGAN. ing on the Luxembourg gardens, on the fountains and the lilacs; and talked of the

him a desert. The religious instructions he received there, the gradual enlighten-ment of his mind, the innocent affection

M. and Madame Maret took him to see all the sights of the capital; and in the even-

increasing loveliness, but very delicate ap-pearance, of her daughter. The peculiar

The body tasked, the fine mind overwrought With something faint and fragile in the

whole,
whole,
As though 'twere but a lamp to hold a soul.

Mrs. Norton

the ceremony had taken place. The world had crowded to witness a novel sight; the sacred building was filled with courtiers and women of fashion. Spy-glasses were raised, whispers exchanged,

juestions asked and answered round Ming

d'Auban, but she heeded them not. "Her eyes were with her heart," and both were

bent on the youth for whom she had so long and so ardently prayed. She was

Bishop of Auxerre had been preaching,

Bishop of Auxerre had been preaching, and was so absorbed in her devotions that, after the whole ceremony was over, she did not notice that Madame d'Orgeville had gone into the sacristy to speak to him, and that every one had left the church ex-

cept one lady, who came up to her and touched her on the shoulder. She raised

her head and recognized Mademoisell

full of tears. They had been both deeply

Wide apart as earth and heaven were the

state of their souls at this time, but both had felt what others had not felt. There

was something in common between them

The banner with a strange device, Excelsior.

"Pray for me," said the actress, bend-

ing unconsciously her knee as she approached the young girl, and then disappearing before the latter had had time to

and imagination increasing these misgiv-ings she dreaded showing what she had

nd constrained in her manner, which in-

creased her daughter's sensitive apprehen

sions. But when, on the following day, the young Indian suddenly entered the

voluntary coldness towards h

altier, whose eyes were, like her own,

from which the

eeling near the pulpi

The leaves of October are falling Over bawn, over brooklet and pond; They are blasted like hopes I'm recalling, And they drift o'er the graveyard beyond When the sky of October's unclouded They drop through the sunbeams, and lie Like poor little strangers unshrouded That far in some desert wastes die.

Those frail, broken leaves of October, That are shaken by breezes so rude, Tho' they seem so seared, yellow and sober. Once they sheltered the humming-bird brood.

They once were arrayed all in beauty, To grace some gay school-girl's brow But the school-girl deems it her duty To trample the fallen leaves now.

Ah! sure, such is the way of the world, When high up 'twill court you asthore, But when from your dizzy height hurled, The world will heed you no more!

To the frail, broken leaves be more tender Though you trample them down in The woodlands, arrayed all in splendor, Will wave their green foliage again!

So the poor, bowed in grief and abjection, Tho' once they had riches galore, In the day of the great Resurrection Will spring into glory once more.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON

"Very young, and he has left no brother to succeed him. Have you a brother, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina?" She blushed very much, and answered, "Ontara is my adopted brother. When my mother was afraid Osseo would drag me away from her, Ontara adopted me as his sister, after the manner of the In-

"I have heard that they consider the the of adoption as sacred as that of blood. And so you have no real brothers and sisters? Neither have I; but when I was young I had a playfellow who was very like you."

And did you love her very much?"

coldly.

health:

"With all my heart."

"And is that little girl dead?"

"I thought she was for a long time, but I now believe she is still alive. But I may afraid we shall never have any was a long time, at the long time at Havre, and then to travel by slow time at Havre, and the total I thought I thought I thought I thought I am afraid we shall never have any more happy hours together. We can never be children again. Our early years, as has been said, to leave France, to break off all associations, and earry Mina away off all associations, and earry Mina away off all associations are the happiest in

our lives."
"I suppose so," said Mina pensively.
"I don't think I shall ever be so happy as her as she noticed on her arrival the ever I was at St. Agathe?"
"Where is St. Agathe?"

"Where is St. Agather"
On the banks of the great Indian
River in the Illinois. It is the most beautiful place in the world."
"More beautiful than Paris, or Versail-

les, or St. Cloud?"

Mina shrugged her shoulders in a con-

temptuous manner, which infinitely amazed the count.

"Were you born in America, Mademoiselle Wilhelmina?"

"Yes; at St. Agathe, and I lived there till I was nine years old. But it is sold to strangers, and I shall never see it

Did your mother love it as much as

"She loved it very much, but she never talks of it now. My father was so ill after the Natches' insurrection that she does not wish to live amongst Indians. I do not think she herself would mind it." D. your parents intend to remain in

were going away. Lookerson had wondered at the earnest manner in which the count had been conversing with her. She said "good bye" to him in a confiding friendly manner, which seemed, for some reason or other, to affect him. He kissed her hand with a respectful tenderness which puzzled the lady who had vainly tried to attract his attention. She wondered how he could find amusement in talking so long to a pretty child. When Mina was gone, he remained some time in the same place buried in thought. Did she or did she not know who her mother was? That was what he could not make She seemed quite indifferent about seemed agitated when he asked if she had a brother. He resolved to call in a few days at Madame d'Orgeville's, and to sift

the mystery.

During the following week Mina was taken every day by Madame Maret to the Bishop of Auxerre's house, near the church of St. Sulpice. There she met Ontara; and it was a curious thing, in the midst of the Paris of that day, to see a girl and a youth, both totally unacquainted with the world, in the midst of which they had been suddenly thrown together, engaged, the one in teaching, the other in learning, the Christian religion. The gaged, the one in teaching, the other in learning, the Christian religion. The group in Monseigneur d'Auxerre's study would have made an admirable subject f.r.a picture. The gray-haired bishop looking kindly on the two young creatures at his feet. The dark-haired, olive caloured youth, with his eyes fixed on the fair girl, who, half sitting, half kneeling, her hands clasped together and her soul shining through her face, translated the prelate's instructions, and by gestures and oks, as well as words, transmitted to him their meaning. It was a labour of love. The bishop had said something to the effect that Ontara would prove hereafter the future teacher of his dispersed coun enthusiasm. He would not, she felt sure, live for himself alone. He would carry to his unhappy brethren the religion which hallows suffering, and can ennoble even the condition of a slave. His words would one day enlighten the Children of the Sun now sunk in the depths of a two fold darkness. High and pure were the teachings of her guileless lips, and deeply did they sink into the heart of the young The aged man could scarcely restrain his tears as he looked on these chil dren of different races, born under the same say and endowed with such kindred res. "Out of the mouths of babes sucklings hast Thou ordained strength," he often thought, as Mina spoke and Ontara hearkened to her words.

and she clasped him to her heart with a tenderness heightened by the reaction which had taken place in her feelings. It was some time before she could master her emotion. strength," he often thought, as Mina spoke and Ontara hearkened to her words. Sometimes he was called out of the room on business, and then the brother and the sister stood at the window look-

had hitherto performed, and M. d'Auxerre iu a few days confided to him the care of Ontara's instruction. He came every night to their lodgings, studied with Col. d'Auban, and read with Mina. These were his happy hours. He began to understand the enjoyment of domestic lifethe blessings of the Christian idea of home. His affection for Mina was unbounded. One dev he seid to her:—

The sthought passed through his mind confidence in by an imposter. The stronger than give credit to so improbable a story, they might deem that he had been taken in by an imposter.

fountains and the lilacs; and talked of the grand forests and the waterfalls, the purple fields and fiery blossoms of their own land, their hearts throbbing with the pleasure and the pain of remembrance. These were Outara's only bright hours in the city of the white men. The bishop's house appeared an oasis in what was to him a desert. The religious instructions the blessings of the Christian idea of nome. His affection for Mina was unbounded. One day he said to her:—
"You are all things in one to me: my angel, for you pray for me; my teacher, for you instruct me; my sister, for you love me; my child, for I once carried you in my arms; and one day, when I have of his adopted sister—the only tie he had in the world—gradually healed the bleeding wounds of his soul. In the afternoon, M. and Madame Maret took him to see all own land in a palace covered with roses, on the shores of the beautiful river."

Mina did not believe in this palace in the new world, but she left off saying so

ing they sometimes conducted him to places of public entertainment. But amusement and shows of any description amusement and shows of any description had not the least attraction for him. No thing pleased his eye except the beauties of : ature. He was perfectly indifferent to art in all its shapes. But his quick intellect discerned the practical uses of when it vexed Ontara; and she was happy to see her parents so kind to him. was no longer anxious to leave Paris. There did not seem any immediate prospect of it. Solicitation is weary work; mechanical inventions, and examined with interest the wonders of physical science. Many a plan Mina and he laid day after day d'Auban was disappointed of the answer he was expecting. Two out of the three months, at the end of which together; many a castle they built in the wilderness to which their thoughts were ever turning. A temple more grand than Notre Dame itself was one day to rise in an American forest, and many black robes his wife had promised to communicate with the Comte de Saxe, had already elapsed. Mina related to her the conver-sation she had had with him at Madame de Senac's. Sometimes she thought of disclosing to him her secret, and obtain-ing his assistance in forwarding her huswere to dwell there, and a great Christian city to rise around it. Mina and her par-ents would come and live in the new City of the Sun, and the black robe would join their hands before the Christian altar, and band's appointment; but as soon as the Ontara become the son of the white chief. Mina used always to shake her head when caused her indescribable apprehension. It had always been in her nature to meet with courage inevitable evils, but decis-ions frightened her. She intensely wished the closing scene of this vision was drawn. She knew now that French girls did not to leave France, and only to send him her promised letter when the sea would be choose themselves whom they would marry, and she remembered her mother's saying that she must never marry an In-dian. Then she wondered if his being a rolling between them. Every morning awoke with the hope that that day would Christian would make a difference. And

be the last of tedious suspense.

One evening at dusk, as d'Auban was then she thought that the sight of one of his race made her father shudder, gave her exquisite pain. She felt as if her heart would break if her parents greeted him they lodged, he met somebody coming down, who took off his hat and passed on. He could not see who it was, but his ser"No, Antoine; I am thinking," an-They arrived in Paris about three weeks vant Antoine, who was in the ante-room of their apartments, told him it was the after the eventful evening at the Hotel de Senac. Madame d'Auban had been taken ill the day after her daughter's letter had German, Reinhart. He had been talking, he said, to the people of the house, and he had seen him go in and out two or three times. D'Auban was much disturbed at this intelligence. He had heard, since he was in Paris, that this man was a spy, and in the pay of whatever governments chose to employ him. He did not at all like his having traced them. Whether he was still seeking evidence about the jewels, or was on the scent of a still more important discovery, in both cases he dreaded the consequence, and began to consider if it would not be desirable to leave Paris at light in her eyes was more vivid than usual; there was a spiritual beauty in her face which is seldom seen in persons of strong place where she would be out of this man's way. One measure of prudence he thought it necessary to suggest to her: this was to pack up and hide the jewels

she still possessed.
"I have nothing now of any value," That night, bending over her bed, her said. "Perhaps we had better sell

nother whispered to her, "My beloved child, henceforth pray for the repose of your brother's soul; God has taken him out of this world . . ." Tears choked what there is. . . ."
"On no account," he exclaimed. "That est, what do you mean by nothing of value? Where is the locket, with the czar's picture?"
She smiled, and said, "I did not mean her utterance.

Mina threw her arms around her neck

Mina threw her arms around her neck and murmured, "O mother, may he rest in peace." Thoughts of that buried brother often haunted Mina in future years. Her father was right when he had wished her not to know anything of the secret which was never to be actually disto tell you, but as you ask about it, I sup-pose you must needs be informed that 1 parted with the diamonds last September, when I wanted money to pay the doctor and our lodgings in the Rue de Louvre. Part of that sum I still have in bank notes. What is the matter?" she asked,

"O no; my father is trying to get an appointment in the West India islands."

At that moment the conversation between the Comte de Saxe and the young girl was interrupted. M. and Madame d'Orgeville were going away. Lookers, Merche was never to be actuany discovered the week throw a slose to the the Mysteries always throw a slose to the Mysteries always throw a slose transfer to the actually discovered the Mysteries always throw a slose throw

"I did not sell the picture, Henri, only the diamonds. You were ill, and I was determined you should not be troubled "I know. I see how it was. You are

an angel of goodness. But whom did you sell them to?" d'Auban asked, trying not o seem anxious. "To a dealer in diamonds, whose direction I got from M. Lenoir, Wisbach, a

"Good heavens! an agent of the Ruswho thought to save me anxiety!
Well, but never mind. Do not be unhappy. I have no doubt it is all right."
"But what do you fear, Henri?"

German

"Why, my dearest, you know that years ago in America there were inquiries made and reports circulated about your jewels having been stolen. And if these diamonds should be recognized and traced to you, no explanation can be offered but

"O, but the picture was not seen. Only the setting; only the locket. . ."
"But, my dear heart, this man Wisbach as for years and years executed all the one was struggling out of the depths, the other going forward in the brightness of early morning, but both following from orders for jewellery at the Imperial Court. should not be surprised if he had made that locket himself. Do not be fright. ened. I only want you to see the necessity of prudence. If you will put the picture and the trinkets together, and seal them up in a box, I will take the parcel to M. Maret, who will, I know, take charge of it for me, without inquiring as o its contents. Madame d'Auban, who had now be-

People often think themselves better than they are, but it also sometimes hap-pens that they are taken by surprise the other way. Madame d'Auban had been struggling ever since she had heard of On-tara's arrival in Paris to cononer her reome a little nervous, went to fetch a box at of her bedroom. She took out of it a miniature, and a few chains and broaches, and was just placing them in a small case, whilst her husband was lighting a candle, and looking for ceiling-wax, when they were startled by a sound of steps on the tara's arrival in Paris, to conquer her inangry with herself for her ingratitude, stairs. She had scarcely time to thrust back all the things into the large box, before two men entered, and announcing persuaded herself she felt. When Mina themselves as police agents, arrested them poke of him there was something nervous One of them instantly began searching the box and drawers in the ad-joining room. The picture and the trinkets were of course discovered, and one of the men nodded to the other, and said, "That's it." D'Auban was confounded room, all feelings of coldness vanished at once from her mind. The scenes of her captivity rose again before her, but with them vivid remembrance of what that youth had done for her child and herself, at the strangeness of their position. His usual coolness and presence of mind almost forsook him in this complicated emplausible an accusation and such overwhelming evidence, the only defence that could be set up would of necessity appear an absurd invention, a preposterous lie. It seemed to him incredible at that mo-

These thoughts passed through his mind with the quickness of lightning, for the angel, for you pray for me; my teacher, for you instruct me; my sister, for you love me; my child, for I once carried you in my arms; and one day, when I have learnt all the white men can teach, you will be my wife, and we shall live in our own land in a palace covered with other stolen property. They scarcely allowed Madame d'Auban time to put up a change of clothes, and to kiss her daughter. She was taken too much by surprise to be able to collect her thoughts. She could only strain her to her breast. D'Auban selled Autoin, who was standing note. ban called Antoine, who was standing pale and trembling at the door, and said, "Take care of her. Take her to the Hotel d'Orgeville. Tell them that through some extraordinary mistake we are accused of a crime, and thrown into pri-

> "No more talking, if you please," said one of the police agents, and hurried them down stairs. When Madame d'Auban had reached the last step she turned round to look at her daughter, who was following her in silence; too agitated to speak, too terrified to weep.
>
> "Mina!" she cried, as the carriage-door

closed upon her. What more she said the young girl could not hear. When it had disappeared she slowly went up stairs again. Antoine was frightened at her still composed look.
"Ah! Mademoiselle Mina," he cried.

"for God's sake do not look so. You make my heart ache. But I am sure it is no wonder. To see monsieur and madame go off in such company, and to such One evening at dusk, as d'Auban was a place, is enough to upset one. I am walking up the stairs of the house where

swered the child, with her head resting swered the child, with her head resting on her hands, and an expression of in-tense thoughtfulness on her brow. The color gradually returned to her cheeks, and she breathed a deep sigh. When and she breathed a deep sigh. When Antoine had brought her the wine and water, she swallowed it, and then said:

"Where are they gone, Antoine? I mean to what prison?"
The utterance of that word loosened springs of sorrow, and Mina burst into the springs of sorrow, and Mina burst into tears. Then poor old Antoine was as anxi-ous to stop her from crying, as he had been before that she did not cry. "Where—where?" she sobbed, whilst

he stroked her hand and kissed it. "To the Conciergerie," he said, in a low voice; and then he added, "It is all a great mistake. They will come back very soon. But we must do as your papa said, and go to the Hotel d'Orgeville." No, Antoine, I am not going there;

not yet, I mean."
"And where are you then going, mad-"Do you know where the Comte de

Saxe lives ?"
"No, mademoiselle; but perhaps I can find out. But why do you want to

"Because I must see him immediately—

immediately, Antoine."

Autoine shook his head. "Monsieur said I was to take you to the Hotel d'Orge-TO BE CONTINUED

recently before the Ossory Archæolgical Society. It dealt with a proceeding against "Popish recusants" in the county Kidare in 1658. In those delightful of Ridare in 1698. In those delightful days one might enjoy comfort in anything but the profession of the Catholic re-ligion, and the obstinate people, who declin-ed to surrender the faith of their fathers at the bidding of ferocious laws had a pretty warm time of it. The marvel is pretty warm time of it. The marvel is that the Church survived at all. A special session was held at Naas in 1668, by "trusty and wellbeloved" administrators of the penal code, and thereto were summ some 150 gentlemen and yeomem reputed to be "Popish recusants." They were exected to come forward and take the Oath of Abjuration, and that strange oath ran

I. A. B., abhor, detest, and abjure the authority of the Pope, as well in regard of the Church in general as in regard of myself in particular. I condemn and anathematize the tenet that any reward is due to good works. I firmly believe and avow that no reverence is due to the Virgin Mary, or to any other saint in heaven; and that no petition or adoration can be addressed to them without idolatry. I assert that no worship or reverance is due to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or to the elements of bread and wine after consecation, by whomsoever that consecration may b lieve there is no purgatory, but that it is a Popish invention; as is also the tenet that the Fope can grant indulgences. I also firmly believe that neither the Pope,

nor any other priest, can remit sins, as the Papists rave. And all this I swear, etc. We must say it was tolerably comprehen-sive, as a Cromwellian provision would naturally be. It left no room for equivocation. The men who subscribed to it might safely be enlarged as loyal subjects, and given any little pickings falling the authorities from confiscation. the gentlemen and yeomen who were cited

to Naas on the memorable 1sth of January, 1658, did not put in an appearance We do not suppose it was the cold weather that kept them away. As conscientious "Popish recusants" they could not swallow so nauseous and disgusting a dose as the Oath of Abjuration. Of course they would be declared con-tumacious and in outlawry, and the hand of every "undertaker" would be raised against them. But principle stood what higher with them than pelf. valued their religion above their material interests. It was possible to begger them, but not to metamorphose them into Puritans. So that although they lost their worldly possessions and fell down low in the social scale, they retained and transmitted the treasure which endures forever

POOR EUGENIE!

WIDOWED, CHILDLESS, HOMELESS! The scene is Camden Place, Chiselhurst; the time Thursday, the 9th of September; the news—the extraordinary, unexpected, bewildering news—that the empress has serious thoughts of leaving England and taking up her abode in some foreign country, whither (so she says) she will carry her illustrious dead.

On the great, gloomy pile wherein the broken-hearted lady ever broods over the loss of her husband, an emperor, and her

loss of her husband, an emperor, and her son, destined, all fondly thought, to wield the sceptre of the Third Napoleon, shines the bright September sun as it shone ten years ago on the spiked helmets and gleaming cuirasses of the conquerors of France. Birds sing their gay autumn songs; the sky is blue. It is suffocating to songs; the sky is blue. It is suffocating to leave the pure, health-giving air, so balmy and sweet, for the small square chamber, where all is black—hopelessly, sadly, deadly black. The hardest heart softens, the eyes of the most callous grow dim by the side of the narrow box which holds the last of his race—the Fourth Napoleon. A queen has laid her wreath here; a princess—the princess—has written the sorrowful in memoriam for her husband (so kindly disposed towards the young life kindly disposed towards the young life nipped in the bud by the cruel Afric frost) and herself. All this is good, all this is noble, all that is pure—all have crowned the bier of the hope of France. If it be, indeed, that the empress, cast on a sea of troubles, and not knowing whither to look for comfort, has resolved to carry with her this mass of lead and oak, gar-landed with flowers, bedecked with gold

landed with flowers, bedecked with gold wreaths and plaques, and inscribed with the name "Napoleon," then we cannot take too long, too lingering a look at it. The empress often kneels here.

On a July day ten years ago, on the hilly ground running down to the railway bridge that spans the parti-colored Saar (on the Prussian side, need it be said), the hot air laden with cannon smoke, the horrible gr-r-r-r-r of the mitrailleuse making the heart sink and the spirit faint at the horrific carnage, I was told by the spiked-helmeted men that some of them had helmeted men that some of them had seen on the leafy heights up by the Exercir-Platz the "Kaiser von Frankreich und "Lulu." It was even so. The emperor and the prince imperial were both in action.

That would have been a clever man who and shown father and son, ten years after laying side by side in this poor Kentish church, and the weaker vessel of all, the mpress, sad, solitary, deserted, in yonder Time rolls on. My first definite im-

pression of the empress dates from a certain day in January when all that was left of representative imperialism gathered at Ch'slehurst to weep over Cæsar dead and gone. It was, in fact, the day after the funeral. Gray-headed, grizzly-bearded generals and marshals of France; officials of all grades under the fallen empire; beardless boys from Paris and the departments, olive-complexioned nobles of Spain, common soldiers and the poorest vriers, all were assembled within Camden Place, together with many sorrowing ladies—the aristocracy of the strangled empire. If I may complete the catalogue I would venture to say that two Englishmen were also there, and two only -Captain Baynes and the writer of this chronicle. Those who had been bidden to this ever-memorable reception lined the long corridor and stood around the various rooms—the Blue Room, I think, furnished A CHAPTER FROM THE PENAL the most striking picture, for here it was that, after passing stowly by the kneeling, alarmed at observing a look of annoyance in her husband's face.

"Oh, my dearest," he said, "why did you not speak to me before you sold that locket?"

"I did not sell the picture. Henti, only

"I did not sell the picture. Henti, only able calmness the prince imperial stood by his mother. Pale he was, but he never flinehed, bearing himself proudly and erect. He was greeted there and then "Imperator!" Subsequently the air was rent with shouts of "Vive VEmpereur! Vive Napoleon Quatre!" and again and again "Vive l'Empereur!" He never oved a muscle.
Entirely absorbed in her son, and fondly

believing that he would one day occupy his father's place at the Tuileries, the empress was long in realizing the fact that he, too, had been taken from her, and in a most horribly cruel manner. Hers had been for years a life of sorrow-her road e Via Crucis. She had yet to endure another pang—it was a bitter one. They told her when she got home (home!) that the statue of her poor boy might not They told her whe after all be given a corner in Westminster known to be for the universal kindne English ground, she staggered under this low, the more so as it was not easy to ex-lain to her why Parliament had set its face against the erection of the piece of marble in the venerable church. It was all a dream to her. Her expressed intention of leaving Chiselhurst was c with the grievous shock which tained by the decision of the House of Commons. Her idea now is, as I began by saying, to reside abroad in future at her Chateau of Arenenberg, tuated, as everybod knows, in one of the most lovely parts of Switzerland. Further, the empress's present intention (whether or no she will eventually carry it out, it is, of course, impossible to say) is to remove the bodies of the emperor and prince from St. Mary's and place them in a mansoleum to be built wherever she takes up her permanent abode.

This determination of the empress, now made public for the first time, will be read th interest throughout Europe. It sed not occasion surprise to those who with know anything of her imperial majesty's sad life at Chislehurst. One are two friends, t is true, are staying with her for the moment, but she is really alone in the world, and her Kentish home is full of gloomy reminiscences. Wherever she goes she will be followed by Wherever she oughts, for even the most bitter foes of thoughts, for even the most bitter loss of imperialism recognize in this grief-torn lady, bereft of husband, son, and home, one who has been the sport of fatewhose pathway in life is watered by her tears.—Whitehall Review.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw erry cures summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sour stomach, colic, nauses, vomiting, canker, piles, leucorrhœa, and all manner

ALL BUT MARTYRS FOR THE FAITH.

Father E. Coutto, the Jesuit missionary priest in the Bengal district, writing of the native converts, says:

"Strange, wonder of all wonders that the very thought may seem, namely, that a native convert—a man usually stigmatized by even missionaries themselves as a stain, a foul blot on the fair and comely face of Christinnity, about the same of the s comely face of Christianity—should be so true, so virtuous, and so firm as to merit the glorious name of almost a martyr, yet
—mirabilis Deus in Sanctis Suis'—the fact
stands here realized beyond the shadow of a doubt. The good God of heaven and earth has, once for all, deigned to throw earth has, once for all, deigned to throw before the eyes of the rustic Bengali con-vert a brilliant example, whose dazzling splendor cannot but force him to see that virtue may easily find a home in the heart of Bengali Christian, provided he do but

will it so. "A little farther south of Kaerah Pookur, which latter is a large village along the margin of an offshoot from Tolly's Canal, and where the London Missionary Society have a church and school, under the active have a church and school, under the active surveillance of the Rev. Tara Prosad Chatterjea, lies the small and obscure hamlet of Banerjea Chowk. Here my worthy predecessor of missionary renown, lower down the Soonderbunds, the in-defatigable Rev. Father Edmund Delplace, I mean, some four years ago or so, opened a chapel for the spiritual benefit of the three or four families that eagerly placed themselves beneath his pastoral care. It was a modest little cot, closed in with mats, and roofed with straw, which for these past years, served adequately the purpose of its erection.

"How often did I celebrate the Holy

Sacrifice for the good and peaceful little family that formed my flock, and administered to them the Bread of the Lord! "But what a horrible scandal was not all this to the entire dissenting neighbor-

all this to the entire dissenting neighbor-hood around! For shame! A Catholic mission, and a Catholic chapel, too, opened under the very nose of their Baboo Padri, It cannot, must not be. Oh, the vile wretch who brought in the Catholic Sahib, and gave him whereon to build his idol-atrous tabernacle! They loudly protested, by thefts, by robbery, and even blows, that no mortal Catholic should be allowed to snuff dissenting air so long as they had

hands and feet.

"And, indeed, the event verified their threats. Day after day the poor Catholics were taunted by these ravenous wolves. The former saw their vegetables, their their very eyes. This man's goat was stolen to-day, while the other was well thrashed to-morrow; till, at last, they could stand persecution no longer. It wa too much for Bengali courage, in thes ordinary run of their endurance, I say, By dint of repeated trials and maltreat ment, one by one they were constrained to join the herd outside, all but poor Dhow-modass, the victimized subject of the present budget. "This decrepit old man, with his family, comprising his wife, his with his family, comprising his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, and his two little grandchildren, were determined to remain steadfast to their conscience and faith, cos

what it may.
"And much, alas! has it actually cost that poor faithful family. After near five years of incessant annoyance and damage, their ruthless presecutors became wild in their bitter disappointment. Nothing they saw, could shake the constancy of the

pious old man. ness was the rebuilding, on a more perma-nent and substantial basis, of the idolatrous tabernacle. Like all frail things in this which meant to say, 'We shall stand here, and be doubly firm, in spite of you.' was not this truly aggravating? Their maddening fury was 'screwed to the sticking point itself.' They could stand it no longer; and, on the third Monday of May, at twelve o'clock at night, a band of about twenty to twenty-five of these blood-thirsty furies incarnate burst upon the house of these harmless, unoffending creatures, while men, women and children were all fast buried in their first sleep, and belabored to senselessness itself every human being that came in the way.

"But why speak farther in my own ongue and name? I have the copies of various depositions made by the the various depositions made by the plaintiffs at the Court of Alipore; and you shall hear from his own lips what tales of woe each one has to relate."

"LIES! BIG LIES!"

Not so fast my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming mer, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almodeath, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths." in another column.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST AFFINITY exists between the numberless cough mixtures with which the market is flooded and that successful preparation—Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It stands alone, distinct, is like itself, and nothing else. It embodies the best results of advanced pharmaceutical science. plishes positive, decisive results, effectually relieving coughs (when the lungs are not tuberculous or hopelessly affected), colds, laryngits, and diseases of a scrofulous origin. While it does not cure Consumption, it is the most reliable means of defence against that dreaded scourge. invigorating properties of the hyp hites reimburse the system debilitated by the constant tear and wear of a cough, while the paroxysms rapidly diminish in violence, in consequence of the soothing emollient action of the cod liver oil upon the imflamed lung membrane. The phosporous, lime and soda in combination with it, are all natural components in the construction of the bodily edifice, which in a state of decay, lacks a sufficiency of those elements. These the hypophosphites supply, increasing the nutritive properties of the blood, and building up and rehabilitating the tottering hu with a degree of promptitude as astonishing as it is gratifying to the invalid. A per-ceptible gain in flesh as well as in strength is one of the consequences of using this standard preparation, which both t and experience have demonstrated to fully worthy of the confidence reposed in it. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman,
Toronto, and sold by all druggists. BY SUNDYNE.

I lov'd thee in the springtime, w on all the branches Peep'd from from out of their g just to see if it were spring, And I lov'd thee fondly later, w som avaianches For the nests made a soft lin grass a covering.

Since those happy days have valver felt the pleasure. That vibrated through my with me you pass'd the tim. I've sadly felt your absence (a earthly treasure. We most miss it when transcher sunny clime).

I lov'd thee in the summer, wh rance of the flowers, Like the breath of angels, c another life to think; When this trans'tory stopping, light and its showers, Shall be over, and the water life we'll drink.

No more in the bright moonl walk and talk of places That we never saw in preser only knew in dreams, And imagine the beauty of the noble faces Of those whose writings, of the give only but the gleams.

The autumn came and found heart weighed down with a And my life without an object of which will be a suppressed with peln; And forday in love the control of the and languished.

But for pride's reaction I there is not a garden.

For you heard the soft, smooth bold and handsome strange
And you thought he was perfectance he. ropp'd his mast
And you parted with him sad
away the danger,
And my love again you song
might save yourself the tas For Pride, the haughty demon each soft emotion
That would make me wish you
and your love again to win
And I drift adown Life's River to

surging ocean,
And my thoughts will be forey
joys that might have been I forgive thee, I forgive thee, ar all the blessings
That a mortal ever pray'd for
of hope deferr'd,
And may the brightest angels, w
est of caressings,
Make thy life as pure and je
sing;ng of a bird.

Stamford, Conn., Sept. 29, 1880.

A CATHOLIC BISHOP AND

The Bishop of Cloyne, at a the clergy held at Mallow on

evening, specially summoned, the Irish Land League, said: Before we separate it would we should take into consider titude we should assume in the Land League agitation, w pervading the country. It is ble that many of you, perhaps called upon to express an or called upon to exp called upon to express an of ference to it, by being asked or attend meetings summor body. It is, therefore, most de as all are now here assembled, come to some collective decisi course it would be most advi to take under these circumsta to take under these circumstate individual priests may be spacessity or responsibiliay of take action when called on by mer Land League to preside at or a meetings called by that body ishes. For my own guidan yours, I wish, before I start for the proofer of the conference of the co confer and take counsel with y wisest and most prudent coursued by the priests of Cloym sence in reference to these think it will be admitted by watched the course of events half century that it has ever ciple of action with the priest cese to go with their people a legitimately could in all their assert the rights, or redress th their country. Indeed, they held a foremost place in ever of this kind. Our people kn will, I am sure, admit it rea would also give us credit, I certain, for our disposition and to stand by them in the present future, as we have done every careful movement object the amelioration of the or the removal of the griev which they suffer. They w look up to us then for guidar cretion, and direction in the p through which our country is p fraught with consequences of evil, according as it is used.
guidance should be it is the opesent conference to deter
think we may be perfectly our people will give us creanimated with an honest and to consult for their best intere and temporal, in any decision rive at, and in this they will I can say for myself w perfect truth, and am sure also

you, that the strongest desi ardent aspiration of our hear sanctification of our people, is

sanctification of our people, is thing in our power to impro-poral condition, to make then contented and happy in the birth. And we would be u name of priests and Irishmen

otherwise. For what class of ity, let me ask, is more deep

happiness of our people a priests? We are of themselv

priests t We are of themsetv sprung from them, we have amongst them, sharers in their their joys. We are united to closest ties of kindred assidentity of interests. On eve then, of duty and of gratitude of self-interest, we are bound

by our counsel and advice.

co-operate with them as far as

tiously can, bearing in mind duty to God and to His holy efforts to obtain the redress of

efforts to obtain the redress of grievances and wrongs to whis been so long subjected by the oppressive operation of those regulate the possession and te in this country. The object Land League declares to have remedy these evils, to redrestice, and in this they have our pathy. But it becomes a mous consideration for us, as

ous consideration for us, as ministers of religion, to deter we can agree with them in

they propose, and the means remedy is to be applied, and points that I wish to have y

and to be aided by your advice ical remedy they propose, as

o deeply, interested in the pr