

Written for The Record.
The Light of Hope.

The light of hope hath a power
To soothe the aching breast;
Beauty, health and life it doth shower,
A fair and blossoming flower,
Dispelling all unrest.

Come, lonely heart, by sorrow rent
— And view this golden star:
Thou'lt feel its joy, its sweet content,
As way will vanish all lament.
Thou'lt count sad, dreary hours misspent,
Thou'lt find thy peace and rest.

And as the balmy breath of Spring
Makes verdant all around,
So thou, O, Hope, of heavenly wing,
Thy song of cheer dost ever sing,
Its echoes everywhere do ring,
With wondrous happy sound!

O, hear me 'neath thy sunshine fair,
The blossom of true rest—
And thy gladness give me share,
Thy happy smiles to always wear;
Encircle me with thy trust rare,
Thou glowing beauty blest!

Dim and dreary, oft times dark
May life and love appear;
But thou, O, Hope, art ever bright,
Just as of old Noah's ark,
O' God's protection thou'rt the mark,
O, sunlight, soft and clear!

O, Love, thou art the holy bond,
A treasure of the heart,
So pure and tender, fervent, fond;
The blossom of our life and soul,
From brighter realms far beyond
Thou art the shining dart!

To earth-worn spirits send thy calm,
Thy olive wreath of rest—
Let heartersound with thy gay psalm,
Soother our sad hearts than any balm,
On desert sands thou art the palm,
Thou wondrous pilgrim's rest!

Hamilton, Ont. PASSEON FLOWER.

TALBOT.
THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAP. XXII.

On the evening appointed in Kelley's letter for the meeting, Richard left his hiding-place to go and see his friends. A lonely though picturesque piece of scenery stretches along the road from Coolnamuck to Two-Mile Bridge. Upon one side of the road is a rich and smiling plain extending to the river's bank, on the other side a chain of wooded hills rises gently for a considerable height. In many places the road itself is shaded by giant oaks, or tall, dark green firs. Here and there is a sweet little cottage nestled among the trees, occasionally you may meet a farmer's house, or some gentleman's residence. Well cared-for orchards and beautiful gardens also help to cheer the pilgrim on his road.

Richard ventured forth in a military dress, which Captain Slasher had the kindness to lend him for the occasion. So well was he disguised that, as he passed along the road, he few peasants who met him merely bowed their heads to him and moved away without recognizing him as an old and dear friend. He could hardly be said to have any particular train of thought as he proceeded on his journey. Like flashes of lightning his thoughts came and went. Now a tender thought of those he loved came like a beautiful bird to his mind; now thoughts of sorrow, like flocks of ravens, came casting the black shadows of their dark wings along the fields of imagination. He thought of his dear friend Kelley, and the joy of soon meeting him, and he thought of a fair and pious girl—Katie O'Donohue.

As he drew near the place appointed for the meeting his heart began to beat rapidly; a sorrow, a darkness came over him. Do coming events really cast their shadows before them? If not, why did he feel so oppressed just at the moment when he expected to see his dear friend? There was nothing cowardly or superstitious about Richard, so he despised his feelings and boldly and joyously rode on to meet Mr. Kelley. He must by all means shake the hands, at least once more, of that good and generous friend.

The moment he reached the spot named in Kelley's letter four policemen, who lay concealed behind some bushes, rushed out and seized him.

"You, Richard O'Connell, are our prisoner, in the name of the Queen!"

Richard saw that there was no chance of escape by flight, or resistance, so he quietly surrendered himself. The work of handcuffing him and binding him was of short duration.

That night he slept in Clonmel Jail. A thought of treason on the part of Kelley never entered the prisoner's mind. Happy and innocent soul, he did not yet know what the bitterness of his cup of sorrow—Kelley, thus ran his thoughts, as he lay upon a hard bed in a foul cell, was arrested before me. He went, no doubt, to the place appointed for our interview and was there arrested and sent to some other cell in this horrible place.

Soon the news of O'Connell's arrest became generally known. The public sorrow was intense throughout the entire country. As Kelley was also missing, Carrick was filled with a two-fold grief. Some thought that he had been sent off secretly to Dublin last the indignant people should make an attempt to rescue him; others, and they pretended that they knew much of the dark ways of the English Government, whispered their apprehensions about his life being cut short by some foul means.

The lonely hours of prison life were sometimes broken for O'Connell by a visit from some kind friends. Father O'Donohue went to see him as he could to Clonmel in order to be able to visit him, and cheer him in his sorrow. A long month of heaviness of heart and loneliness of spirit passed for our dear prisoner. The world began to lose much of its gloss in his eyes. It was God who took him aside to view the many vanities after which the great majority of men run. He examined with severity the conduct of many of those who had placed themselves at the head of the people. Were they like the Real

Hand of Ulster? Were they like young Hugh O'Donnell? Were they like Owen Roe O'Neill? Were they like Patrick Sarsfield? Were they like that old Christian hero, Brian Boru? Were they like the Catholic O'Connell? His heart grew dark as he asked himself the questions. The O'Neills and O'Donnells, Sarsfield and Brian Boru, and the Moses of all Catholics in the United Kingdom, loved Ireland and its Creed, severally and Ireland, for the Faith of Ireland they watched and prayed, and labored and fought, and were willing to shed the last drop of their blood.

Loved Faith of old Ireland, how fair is thy glowing
Thy light is the purest that mortals can see;
The high throne of God is the source of thy
No land is in bondage that thou hast set free.
Full vain is the tyrant, full vain his endeavor,
Who would drive away Faith from Erin's
Nor fire, nor the sword, nor white famine
Our hearts from the crosses and shamrocks
of yore.

Ye may hew down the oaks in our deep valley,
Ye may level our cottages by each dark wood and
Ye may exile each bard that we loved for his
singing,
But our crosses and shamrocks forever we'll
guard.

The newly-arrived apostles of Irish freedom came without having been sent, without any commission from God or man. They preached doctrines altogether new to truly Celtic ears. They spoke loudly, defiantly, and shamefully, of shaking off the yoke of clergy who had for centuries proved themselves to be the best, and often the only, friends of Ireland. They spoke of destroying all authority, human and divine, of tearing up society by the roots. They reached out the hand of fellowship to all the desperadoes of Europe and America. They banded together, we say it with mingled feelings of shame, sorrow and indignation, with the young men of the Liege Congress, who cried out "Hated to God," "War on God!"

Even the conduct of the generous Kelley began to look blame-worthy in his mind's eye. That ardent patriot, in his fervent love for Ireland, often seemed to forget his love of religion. He had done much by word and act to change many hearts with regard to their reverence for the devoted Irish priesthood. Cloned after cloud rolled away from Richard's mind. Things, facts, and men, began to appear to him in their true light. Religion alone came like a sweet balm to soothe his troubled soul, to raise him above the multitudinous evils and sorrows of this earth. "I have," he now used to say to himself, "made a gross mistake. I have worked to no purpose; I endeavored to get my poor people into a war for which they were not in the least prepared. I am glad that things are thus ended, for it is far better that I should suffer than that thousands of good and innocent lives should be lost in an unequal war."

Such were O'Connell's thoughts on the morning of his trial. By prayer and meditation he endeavored to prepare himself for the calm acceptance of any sentence which the law might pronounce on him. The court-house was packed with people who had come to witness his trial. In the yard immense groups were assembled, all talking in a very excited manner. Richard was escorted by a large force of soldiers from his cell to the dock. Many an eye grew dark and wet as the youth passed along, handcuffed and laden with heavy irons. "Oh, the darling young man! Oh, the noble boy! A curse—a black curse—upon the traitor who sold him!" the crowd murmured.

When O'Connell's name was called he answered in a firm tone. At the same moment his eyes turned towards the bench that stood to the left of the judge's door. The door opened and a policeman entered. Another policeman followed him. At the sight of the latter O'Connell grew pale as death, his eyes closed, his strength fled, his head reeled, and he dropped heavily upon the wooden bench in his dock.

"What did he see? Kelley, dressed in his proper guise as a member of the constabulary."

"Judas! Judas! Iscariot!" hissed the people on all sides.

All eyes started at the traitor with horror. Many could scarcely believe the testimony of their senses. Kelley a policeman—it is absurd, impossible.

Poor innocent people! Kelley was a policeman, and the vilest, the most heartless, the blackest that ever polluted the Irish shore with his accursed footsteps. He soon enough clearly explained before judge and jury and all present, who he was and what he was. His real name was not Kelley, but Talbot. He was a Protestant by profession, and a detective in the service of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen of England. The people shuddered when they heard the name of the Protestant as he had always been at heart, for years he had lived in public life of a good, practical Catholic. He frequently went to Confession and even to Holy Communion.

What a number of horrible scurrilities blackened the wretch's soul! It is not without reason that his name was as full of despair and misery as that of Voltaire. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of Our Own Times," is evidently alluding to Talbot when he says: "It is positively stated that in one instance a Protestant detective in the pay of the Government, actually passed himself off as a Catholic, and took the Sacraments openly in a Catholic Church in order to establish his Catholic orthodoxy in the eyes of his companions. One need not be a Catholic in order to understand the grossness of the outrage which conduct like this must seem to be the eyes of all who believe in the mysteries of the Catholic faith."

We are loathe to enter into any details of the shameful evidence given by Talbot against O'Connell. It will be sufficient for our readers to know that Richard was found guilty of treason, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

The rude shock he received at the first sight of Kelley as a policeman soon passed away, and he felt new strength take possession of him. God sent his angels to strengthen and console His servant, for Richard was God's faithful servant.

The noble youth soon converted his prison cell into a little chapel, a little heaven. He always had before him a crucifix and a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, which Katie O'Donohue brought him. When he was not engaged in manual labor or prayer, he devoted himself

to reading and writing. Though he kept up his courage wonderfully and always seemed cheerful, his health quickly began to be undermined. He who was accustomed to roam freely over the Seakin Hills, to stray along the green banks of the Suir, or to sail upon its laughing waters, was not well calculated to live long in a dark, damp cell. Gradually he sank away. Father O'Donohue and some other priests and friends frequently went to see him when they found that he was growing worse. The doctors who attended him became alarmed, and wished to have him removed from prison to the cottages, but the law would have its cruel course. Richard himself saw that his end was fast approaching, and he sighed for the liberty and peace and joy of his everlasting Home. Towards the end the dear name of his poor country was always on his lips: "God bless Ireland! Mary, my Mother, pray for Ireland! I forgive my enemies! May God have mercy on my soul!" These were his last words.

Father O'Donohue, seeing him about to expire, laid the crucifix on his lips, and the generous, Christian, pious youth, while trying to give the Crucified One a last kiss, expired.

Our task is nearly done. All Ireland knows that Talbot was shot in the streets of Dublin. James Anthony Froude, the notorious English romancer, in an article in "The Nineteenth Century," thus gives an account of Talbot's death: "Talbot, a detective policeman, was shot in Dublin in the open day. His crime was that he had been exceptionally active in discovering treasonable conspiracies. Kelley, who killed him, was taken with the smoking pistol in his hand. Here, at any rate, there was no room for doubt; but when Kelley was brought to trial, it was said that the wives of the twelve jurymen received widows' caps by post. Whether the story is true or not matters little; the murderer was acquitted on the ground that Talbot had lived twenty-four hours after he was shot, that he had therefore not died of his wound, but of the unskillful treatment of the surgeon."

Mr. Froude did not seem to consider sacrifice, treachery, lies and hypocrisy as crimes. Yet he would like to be considered a reliable and great historian. A few words more: Ellie O'Connell is still in Ireland. You cannot now see her face, for it is always hid by a long dark veil. She is often seen towards evening, weeping and praying by the grave of her brother Richard. Katie O'Donohue is now in a convent on the banks of the Suir. Her head has long since left the window upon the bright French river, but her thoughts ever stray back to the lovely banks of the river Suir? We think so; we know that they do. Maurice O'Connell is now a religious of the Order of O'Connell. He has changed his name. Captain Slasher and his band have long since left the woods of Coolnamuck, and are engaged in humble, honest pursuits. Father O'Donohue, Larry, and Tim, the Prophet, have left this world of sin and woe. We should also state that our good friend, Mr. Power, is now numbered among the dead.

THE END.

A CATHOLIC BISHOP IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1121.

Celtic Magazine.

"The statement may be startling to some of our readers, but it is the opinion of some of the most eminent authorities which are before us, and by others which we have not been able to personally examine—that the first Catholic Bishop held his seat here more than seven hundred and fifty years ago—A. D. 1121. This was Eric, the first Bishop of the Emerald Isle, and blessed land of the saints and prolific cradle of the Church, the faith had been carried to Iceland; and the Icelanders, the boldest and most adventurous of sailors, pushed their explorations first to Greenland and then to the shores of our own country. In the year 1000 or shortly thereafter, the most of the Northmen in America had become Catholic Christians, and some of these had reached the regions which are now Canada and New England, had coasted along Labrador and Nova Scotia, and had sailed into Narragansett Bay. The colonists already existing in the island of Vinland, which is now the New England States, were of the Catholic faith. With the explorers came the priests, and the most active and zealous of these architects of the Cross was the renowned Eric, the first Bishop who exercised jurisdiction over any part of America.

"Three Northmen, Thorwald, Thorstein and Thorolf, who were of Irish birth, undertook to colonize Vinland; and Eric came with them. Honorius II. was then Pope, and he preceded him in the chair of St. Peter; ninety-five others have since succeeded him. Is this a people of yesterday? What dynasty or family is not a mash-room compared with it? In his new fields of apostolic labor the ardent Eric, for several years with great success, and in 1120 he went to Norway to induce the authorities of the Church there to found a Bishopric in the new colony. They decided that he who plowed the field and sowed the seed, should reap the precious harvest of souls; they marked out for him the new episcopate, the See of Gardar; and exercising wisely the discretion and authority reposed in them by the Pope, they consecrated him Bishop of Gardar, in Greenland, in 1121, with jurisdiction extending over the whole of the Norse colonies in America, including Vinland, which is now the New England States. The consecration was performed in Denmark, and Archbishop Adzar was the presiding Prelate at the time. Immediately after his consecration Bishop Eric set out for his work, accompanied by a band of priests and a colony of settlers. The colony was already established on the shores of Narragansett Bay and received with joy, and Bishop Eric, entraptured with his labor of love, ere long resolved to give over his See in Greenland, which was already well provided with priests, and for which a new Bishop could easily be obtained, and to give himself wholly to the Church in Vinland. This being

arranged, he established his headquarters at or near the place now known as Newport, R. I., now lands, and erected there a monastery, of which the relics still remain; and from thence conducted his work until he went to his eternal reward. "Though the silence of ages has concealed the fate of Bishop Eric and his companions," says Mr. Clarke, "there is every reason to believe that following their zeal and charity amid the dangers of savage war, shipwreck, and famine, they welcomed death in the glorious pursuit." Through the inscrutable decrees of Divine wisdom the tangible proofs of their labors perished with them; but the fact remains that the Catholic Church discovered and colonized America seven hundred and fifty years ago, and that a Catholic Bishop had jurisdiction here in the ages of faith; long before the accused dawn of that revolt against God which is called the Reformation; long before Martin Luther and Henry VIII. were born, and when, throughout all Christendom, there was but one fold and one Shepherd."

CARDINAL MANNING AT THE EAST END.

London Universe, Sept. 22.

Fresh from his trip to the North, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was again in the midst of his faithful and favorite people on Wednesday evening, when he presided at a Canning Lecture, which was given by the Rev. Canon Manning at the East End of London, to re-establish a dormant branch of the League of the Cross, recently revived there under the direction of the new parish priest, Father John Noonan. The sacred edifice was crowded by the honest hardy sons of toil who dwell in the neighborhood. Women were there, too, in numbers, many of them wearing the green ribbon and medal of the League, while the Cardinal's Guards, the members of the Holy Family and the juvenile totalitarians were numerous representatives. His Eminence was accompanied by the altar by the Rev. Fathers Noonan and Quill, while the sanctuary was well filled by acolytes and altar-boys. The local contingent of the Cardinal's League Guards took up their position without the sanctuary rails. The service commenced with the singing of a hymn, in which the whole congregation joined. At its conclusion His Eminence ascended the altar steps, and in the course of an earnest and eloquent address, which occupied some fifty minutes in delivery, and which was listened to with breathless attention, said: "I am come to-night to begin once more a work I commenced here some years back—a work that is to be restored again, made stronger, wider, and more lasting. I am come not to found the League of the Cross, because that I did long ago, but to gather together again, to multiply, and to increase its members; and therefore, I am going to speak to three kinds of people who are before me. Firstly, I speak to those who are members of the League—who have persevered and remained faithful to this day; secondly, to those who were members but have fallen away and deserted us; thirdly, to those who are yet members, who never have been, and who, perhaps, are not even willing to join us now. Still, before I have done, I hope my words may reach the hearts of some, and that before I leave to-night they will take the pledge, for the salvation of those who depend upon them. To you who have persevered I say, 'MAY THE BLESSING OF GOD REST UPON YOU.'

To you who took the pledge and have fallen away, I say, 'You are a bad man, and you have deserted his colours and must be brought back to the ranks.' The third class of people I ask to listen to what I have to say, weigh with your reason my argument, and may the grace of God in your hearts enable you to do what I recommend—become members of the League of the Cross. I come to-night to prevail upon you to do that which God gave me the grace to do—that is to say, I see drink, like a pestilence, is carrying off tens of thousands on every side. It destroys the body of man with all kinds of diseases, and all the diseases he had to deal with were made worse by drink, if not actually caused by it. Every year no less than 60,000 die through drunkenness. In the great battles we read of, sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, or forty thousand men are slain, but here we have sixty thousand annually killed by drink. This is the harvest that comes from the hundred and forty millions of money. His Eminence next proceeded to enlarge upon the spiritual destruction that was wrought through over-indulgence, commencing with neglect of the Holy Sacraments, and ending with the loss of faith. The Cardinal made an urgent appeal to the people to join the League, as, though a drunken man was bad enough, a drunken woman was infinitely worse. He caused considerable sensation by the relation of an anecdote of a poor girl,

THE DAUGHTER OF A DRUNKEN MOTHER.

who, while dying on the only bed they possessed, and lying beside her drunken mother, was obliged to receive from the priest the last Sacraments under the prostrate body of her intoxicated parent. In concluding, His Eminence said: "You will, perhaps, say to me to-night, 'Why do you ask us these things? Do you think we are what you are describing? No; I don't. If you had no higher, nobler, no more tender hearts than those of whom I speak, you would not be here. But I ask you can we be happy in our homes, can we go happily to the altar, to our Holy Communion, without endeavoring to do our utmost to put a stop to this state of things? Therefore I call on you to become members of the League of the Cross. The League is a great union, a great fellowship of the friends of God, who, by example and prayer, desire to put a stop to this state of things. The first fall of the young son has been when he was under the influence of drink, and the first fall of the daughter is always when some fiend has made her brain to reel. For the sake of your children, be teetotalers, and bring them up in the same way. Will you, fathers and mothers, be the tempter to teach them that drink is sweet? If you bring them up without the taste of it in their mouths, they will surround you on your dying bed, and bless you that you did so much for them. His Eminence then gave the pledge to nearly all present, and gave his blessing. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament terminated the sermon.

THE SHAME AND THE SCANDAL OF THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

We are the richest people on the face of the earth. There is no nation in the world so rich, and yet there is no place where there is so much poverty and pain, as exists here in our midst. Are we not a wise and understanding people? Do we not know what we are about? We ought, for we are an educated people. Still, is it not wonderful that, in the midst of all our wealth and riches, we have people who die of famine? There would not be a pauper in the land if there were no intoxicating drink. I do not say there would not be a poor man, because one

may be poor through misfortune, for which he is not to blame. But a pauper and a poor man are not the same. One might be a poor man to-morrow, but he need not, therefore, be a pauper. Eighteen years ago, when I first had the duties placed upon me which I now bear, I found some 1500 or 2000 poor little Catholic children in the Protestant schools of our workhouses. How did they get there? They never would have been there if the father and mother had not been paupers, and that poverty brought on by drink. Their parents went into the house, where the children were taken from them and put into the Protestant school. It was not sickness or disease or want of work that took many of them there. It was drink that made the father unfit for decent employ and deprived the mother of her power to work. Drink had made father and mother destitute, and drink, then, made Catholic children Protestant. Those little innocents never knew what it was to say the "Hail Mary," never knew their religion. Thus they grew up, thus they lived, and thus they died. That system had been going on for generations, and

TO-DAY THERE ARE ALL OVER LONDON

men and women engaged in trade, with faces from that faithful land to which most of you belong, who were born of Catholic fathers and mothers, who are now doing well and know not the religion of their forefathers. They are not Catholics, for they were never educated to it, and they are not Protestants, because they do not understand it. They are here in their tens of thousands, the children of Irish parents, with Irish and Catholic names, living to-day in this Protestant land, without God in the world. My labours all these years to get those children out of these places has cost thousands of pounds to build schools and places for them, and I thank God I have got them out, and they are now having a good sound and pure Catholic education in our own schools. Is not the ruin that has attended so many poor little innocent children reason enough for you to abstain from intoxicating drink? We are the most business-like people in the world. There are no traders or merchants more skillful and knowing than we have in London, Glasgow, and Dublin. What must those men think, but that drink is a bad business, when they see the ruin that has attended so many of their children? Traffic alone was greater than that expended in the combined industries of coal, iron, and wool? When the drink is made and consumed, what is the return for it? If one-third of the one hundred and forty millions annually squandered in drink were spent in sowing the ground with wheat and draining the land, what would be the return? Great harvests and an abundance of bread. If another third were expended in making clothes, the return would be that there would not be a man without a good coat on his back and no woman or child without good clothing. Apply the other in paying wages

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WHAT A RICHMOND GRAND JURY HAVE DONE.

New York Freeman's Journal.

"The Grand Jury in Richmond, Va., have set an example that Grand Jurors in larger cities may very properly follow. All the newsmen in the city have been indicted for selling the Police Gazette, the Police News, and the Week's Doings. The penalty provided for those who sell "obscene prints" is \$500 properly imprisonment, and the dealers hope by agreeing to sell no more of these papers to escape punishment. These proceedings under the law may seem severe, because the dealers sell these papers without much thought about the harm they are doing and without any intention or desire to degrade their patrons or encourage crime, but the circulation of such demoralizing publications ought to be prevented in some way, and the Richmond way seems to be effective. Such papers educate criminals and increase the amount of crime in any city where they are read, so that the authorities may properly proceed against them not only in behalf of morality, but also for the purpose of reducing the cost of the machinery by which criminals are detected and punished."—N. Y. Times, Sept. 28th.

The pictures displayed in these papers on the news-stands attract crowds of gazers, young and old. The boy, fresh from school, with his satchel on his back, pauses to consider an obscene cut in which a crime against the Sixth Commandment is depicted. He may be seen any day, in front of the news-stand, taking lessons in vice and learning the ways of "fast life" from these pestiferous papers.

They are popular; they sell well. The barber-shops may dispense with the daily journals, but the Police Gazette and the like must be supplied to their patrons. It would be hard work to dilute these public favorites. They corrupt youth; they increase crime. The newsmen would probably prefer to be rid of them, but for one newsdealer to refuse to sell them, while others in the business kept on, would be to ruin his business. The public, which does not object to being virtuous spasmodically on matters touching the morality of youth, would not be quick to reward such heroism.

The Richmond Grand Jury have set an example which ought to be followed everywhere. The "police" sheets are openly indecent, obscenely suggestive, depraving to public morals, and encouraging to crime. They are filled with morbid imaginings often founded on a small foundation of fact. They have not one redeeming quality. It is too much to expect that the great body of middlemen through whose hands vast numbers of them pass every day should constitute themselves guardians of morality to their own loss, unless the law, which has the right to protect public morality from public outrage, should interfere after the trenchant manner of the Grand Jury in Richmond.

Miss Howitt's Conversion.

Church Times (Anglican).

For it must not be forgotten that Rome has made many converts directly from Dissent. We believe that the Marquis of Bute was never an English Churchman at all; and that the late Mr. Lucas was originally a Quaker. Another conversion from a Quaker family, and one of a most remarkable character, is just announced—that of Miss Margaret Lowitt, a daughter of two well-known writers, the late William and Mary Howitt, the former of whom was, many years ago, the author of an venomous attack upon the Church of England, entitled "The History of Priestcraft." Her account is very instructive. It should be presented to every denier of the influence of the Church of England. She states that her parents had set her the example of never hesitating to forsake a preconceived opinion, or to relinquish a precious friendship when they felt it interfered with the main duty of becoming a Christian. This was the motto of her life. Her father, a Quaker, was a man of a most remarkable character, and just announced—that of Miss Margaret Lowitt, a daughter of two well-known writers, the late William and Mary Howitt, the former of whom was, many years ago, the author of an venomous attack upon the Church of England, entitled "The History of Priestcraft." Her account is very instructive. It should be presented to every denier of the influence of the Church of England. She states that her parents had set her the example of never hesitating to forsake a preconceived opinion, or to relinquish a precious friendship when they felt it interfered with the main duty of becoming a Christian. This was the motto of her life. 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