My wandering soul is satisfied : I rest where blooming islands ride

The sky of summer shines serene. And sapphire rivers flow between The thousand bosky shields of gr

I know the tale the red man sung— How, when this Northern land was you And by a smiling heaven o'erhung.

Its beauty stirred the Arch-flend's ire, Till, burning with insane desire, He smote it with a shaft of fire

And shattered it to fragments. "See!" He cried with diabolic glee, "The paradise that mocked at me!

'Tis sunk beneath the wave! No trace Reminds me of its native grace And witchery of loveliness."

But Time repairs the wreck of old And veils, with touches manifold, The shining sharde with green and gold

The sad wounds hide in tender moss, And ferns and lichens creep across And every ragged scar emboss.

The pine its coronal uprears, And banished beauty reappears 'Neath the caresses of the years.

The fairy-land again has grown; The Huron god has found a throne, And Manito reclaims his own.

And so the summer shines serene, And sapphire rivers lapse between The thousand bosky shields of green

And so I drift in silence where Young Echo, from her granite chair, Flings music on the mellow air.

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake Until her phantom carols wake The voices of the Island Lake.

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides; The muskallonge in covert hides, And pickerel flash their gleaming side,

And purple vines naiads wore A-tiptoe on the liquid floor, Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

The shadow of the waves I see, Whose silver meshes seem to be The love-web of Penelope.

It shimners on the yellow sands, And while, beneath the weaver's hands It creeps abroad in throbbing strands.

The braided sunbeams softly shift And unseen fingers, flashing swift Unravel all the golden weft.

So, day by day, I drift and dream Among the Thousand Isles, that seem The crown and glory of the stream. — W. A. Creffut, in the Continent.

## TALBOT.

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER III. [Continued]. There is an old saying that "truth is found in wine." If this be not always true, at least in the present instance it was so. These two old sinners (Gore and Nelson), whose lives had been filled with untruths, for the greater part of those who knew them now began to speak the dark sentiments of their hearts. They felt a strange joy in exhibiting to each other the wickedness of their corrupted hearts. Men are in the last stage of wickedness

when they take pride in it.

After a few minutes of cruel laughter Gore again began: "Mischief is now affoat.
Our future will soon be made; all our hopes will be realized. The country will soon be a prey to all kinds of crimes and disorder. The disorder. The streets of Dublin will run red with rebel blood. The priests of Ire-land must be destroyed—they alone have power to frustrate our plans, "They alone have influence over the hearts of the

'A mighty bad influence," here growled

in Nelson.

"Yes," replied Gore, "bad for you, and Talbot, and myself, and for all who make their pot boil by disorder and rebellion.

But I was going to say that the priests alone have power over the people—they alone can keep the excitable Irish blood alone can keep the excitable Irish blood within its proper channels—they alone can think for the masses. Destroy their influence and the country becomes a prey influence and rule supreme. We to disorder; we can rule supreme. We can get up a fight, a war at any time. In weeks we can make red-handed rebellion rise up-and, consequently, we can have one-half the ignorant papists of the country hanged, and the other half

"And fill our pockets with the great rewards for putting down the rebellion,' chimed in Nelson.

"Well, destroy the power of the priests and the game is all in our own hands." That has been the great work of our

"That has been the great work of our lives, Colonel."

"That is true, Major," said Gore, as he again knocked the ashes from his cigar, "but we did not set to work in the proper manner. The youth of Ireland now begin to show us the way. All the ministers, preachers, tract-distributors, Gores and Nelsons in the English service have ons in the English service, have not done as much injury to the priests of Ireland as has been done in a few months by the organs of the extreme patriots of The revolutionist The revolutionists are our They will sow a better crop for our reaping than either the Freemasons or Orangemen could sow. I say this with all respect for our dear brothers

of the craft, and with due consideration for our Orange friends. Ha, ha, ha." "What, do you favor the Fenians too?" asked Nelson, assuming an air of much

simplicity.
"Most certainly I do," responded Gore with a tone of pride, as he flung the stump of his cigar into the ashes under the grate. "Bless your innocent soul, I have written for their papers some of their most inflammatory articles. 'The Sunburst of Irehand must kiss the pure breeze of our native hills. The golden strings of Erin's harp must again pour forth the soul of music upon the chiefs and ladies of another Tara. The lion of England must be hurled into the Urish Sea. All other be hurled into the Irish Sea. All obstacles must be cast aside. It is sweeter to bleed for centuries than to rest but a moment in chains. Let us fight till we die, rather than live as branded slaves. Let not narrow-minded priest or buried monk-let not Bishop or even Pope, tell us that we must not redden our hands in

## the blood of England's hirelings. Greatest Discovery Since 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Sold by druggists.

"Yes, by all means, another toast," said

The glasses were again filled. "All right, so this is our last, for our bottle is empty, let us drink to the mem-ory of Brother Voltaire, that indefatigable soldier. All the battles he fought he gained, my brother, on our behalf and for

gained, my brother, on our behalf and 122 our profit."

"Forward arms," "Present arms,"

"Take aim," "Fire."

The glasses are "fired off" in a moment.

"Let us have a song, Colonel," said
Nelson, whose head began to grow most fearfully heavy. So heavy, indeed, that his peak could search support it.

his neck could scarcely support it.
"Yes, a song," said Gore, who just then
began to see the two sides of everything.
"I know only one verse," stammered

"I know only one," said Gore. "Let each of us sing his verse," again said Nelson.

In order to save my readers the trouble of trying to make out the words of the verses as sung by these intoxicated gentle-

They come, who to the foreign foe the hall of welcome gave;
He comes, the open rebel flerce—he comes the Jesnit sly;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.
We will delay no longer with these agents of satan. It saddens our hearts to think that some of the best and noblest of Ireland's sons were the dupes of wicked men like these. Who of Irish blood and feelings has not seen a brother, a relative or a friend injured by his connection with secret societies? Many have suffered imprisonment, transportation, and a few even death. Some have survived to feel that their Faith was wrecked, their ritue lessened, and their happiness lost.

Thus it will ever be for those who listen rather to the false voice of designing knaves, than to the faithful whispers of conscience, and the sage counsel of their

## CHAPTER IV.

The next day a crowd of idlers assem bled at the railway station. They had been attracted there, no doubt, by the im-posing sight of a large body of police that awaited the arrival of the Dublin train. Why the police awaited the train was an entire secret. "You may be sure," said one of them, as he looked very deep, "that some member of the Royal Family, or at least the Lord Lieutenant himself, is comin' to pay us a visit. It is a long time. ime since any one with royal blood in hi

weins showed his face in Carrick."

"That's very true," said another, "and what is better, it will be longer still before another shows his face here. Carrick is in no great favor with the kings or queens of England. I have been told or seed of England. I have been told, on good authority, that England has a mortal fear

"And so well she might," said a third, "for we'll yet put a nail in her coffin."
"While this conversation was going on, in an undertone, in one corner of the

crowd, a few noisy lads joked, laughed and shouted in a manner that displeased the orderly eyes and ears of the police. The chief and some of the older members of the constabulary, cast now and then a glance of reproof at the culprits who seemed amused by the effect of their mirth on the authorities.

The shrill whistle of the approaching cast into prison, or transported beyond

train put a stop to an unseemly wit.

In a few seconds the putting monster stood before the "station house." Two gentlemen, one of whom had a huge trunk covered with brass plates and copper nails, were the only passengers who left the train.

"This must be the trunk of the Princ of Wales," observed a youth with admira-tion, as his wide eyes fell upon a dazzling "And this must be the Prince himself," said another, as he gazed with awe upon a thin figure, low of stature, indeed, but of royal bearing, and long, black

whiskers. "He must be a Yankee," remarked a shrewd old fellow, who saw that the little gentleman wore a slouched hat, a glitterng watch chain, and a pair of square-toed

oots. The "Yankee" as he was called, soon be

ame the centre of attraction.

The other passenger was so ordinary in a dress and look that he attracted but little attention. He was slightly above the middle size, symmetrical, and straight. His face was rather long and his cheekbones prominent. One would suppose him to be about thirty-five years of age. "Seize that trunk," said the chief coolly

as he pointed to the box that glowed in brass plates and copper nails. "This is my property, sir; yes, sir, this is my property," said the little gentleman as he deliberately sat on his trunk.

"And who are you, sir? Give us your name without delay," said the cool "Sir," said the thin man slowly, as he erected his head, and smoothed his raven

beard, "did you make inquiry after my name?" "Your name without delay!" again

"Look here, sir; you are wondrous civil. I would say right smart polite, to trouble yourself so much about me. I'm

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen. N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizstages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden ziness almost to blindness, over two years MedicalDiscovery." It is also a great blood-after he was told that Hop Bitters would purifier and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Hop Bitters.

here broke out the chief, as he glanced at the card, "you're a prisoner in the name young O'Connell became friends.

"It takes two to make that bargain, I guess; I bet a five dollar bill, old fellow, you are mistaken this time. Hands off! hands off, sir!" shouted the indignant Mr. Hall. "Seize him, men!" cried the chief.

The police rushed towards him.
"Keep off! keep off! ruffians, I am an

American citizen."
"So much the worse for you, good man," muttered the police, as they seized him roughly by the collar of the coat. "I'll telegraph to the President this mo-

"My name is Kelley," responded the stranger in a firm tone.

"Have you ever been to America?" again began the chief.

"Have you ever been to America?" asked Kelley with a smile of contempt.

"Answer my question, sir! Have you ever been to America?"

"Never to my the plades?" "Never to my the plades."

'Never, to my knowledge," said Kelley with a sharp look at the crowd.
"Mr. Kelley, where have you come "I have just come from that train."

"Come, sir, no nonsense; from what town did you come?"
"The last town I left, I believe was "What's your native town?"

"My native city, to be more exact, is "Where did you become acquainted with the prisoner, Hall?"
"On the way from the Limerick Junc-

said the chief pleasantly.
"You'll bring disgrace not only upon yourselves but upon all Ireland, by such

yourselves but upon all Ireland, by such conduct," said Kelley in fury.
"Give no insolence, sir!" while he reddened with anger, even to the extremity of his ears, "You may thank the stars that you got away so easily. You seem anxious to partake of our hospitality for ome time.

"Courage, Hall; courage, boys," whispered Kelley, as he passed near the prisoner, who was swaggering, threatening and cursing England, Ireland and the President of the United States.

"Fall in!" roared the Chief with the voice of allon.

voice of a lion.

In a few seconds the police were in

ranks "Fall in!" yelled our friend Larry. "Fall in!" shouted a hundred brazen

and much rearing

After they had succeeded in forming some kind of nameless ranks Larry began to clap his hands. All soon followed his of the dogma was admitted: the only example. At a given signal all became

still again.
"Let us have a song," cried out Larry. Larry then commenced to sing, in a voice loud and high, though not very

The mob joined in the song. It is better not to say much about the melody of that performance. Many went so high that they could not be brought down to earth again: others went so low that people might imagine their voices came from their boots. We cannot say what a musician would think of it, but certainly it was very unpleasant for the ears of the police. Even Mr. Hall did not like it

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suf-

TO BE CONTINUED.

RENAN AND THE PRIESTS.

Beautiful Tribute from an Unbeliever.

The following article is from the Paris correspondent of the New York Nation (Carl Schurz's weekly). Though the writer is a Protestant, and the subject an

man," muttered the police, as they seized him roughly by the collar of the coat.

"I'll telegraph to the President this moment; I'll have war declared in less than twenty-four hours. I'm an American citizen, I am. I'll blow up this whole isle if I'm not let loose in less than a jiffy. You have the wrong man to deal with just now, old boys. I'll burn down this town to-night, I will, it's a fact."

During all this time the other gentleman seemed filled with indignation. The blood rushed to his cheeks, and his eyes grew doubly bright. He was heard by the crowd muttering hard things against the werses as sung by these intoxicated gentlements, and promoters of human happiness, I shall give them as I find them in the poems of the notorious Orange Ziacker.

NELSON'S VERSE.

Hurrah. hurrah. for liberty, for her the sword we drew, And dar'd the battle, while on high our Orange colors flew; Orange colors flew; Other many of the Boure woe worth the hour—woe worth the hour—woe worth the hour—woe worth the State, of the Boure of wd muttering hard things against the contemporary literature; he lived in the past. The name of Chateaubriand was "Do you think war will be declared as soon as the President hears from him?" asked a third.

"All that I can say is that he is a friend of liberty and of poor Ireland, you see. It is a crime in our days to love liberty. We are slaves in the land of our fathers. We are a the mercy of every insolent servant of the British crown—would that we could break—"

At this juncture the chief and some of his men directed their attention to him.

> priests. Renan was born priest, he says himself, as others are born soldiers, lawyers. In the year 1836 Renan obtained all the prizes of his class. The Abbe Dupanloup, who was looking everywhere for recruits for the seminary which he then directed in Paris, heard of this years good the seminary which he then directed in Paris, heard of this years good to be a seminary when the seminary was a selection of the seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was a seminary which a seminary was young scholar, and he offered him a place in his seminary of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet, and young Renan, who was fifteen and a half years old, was sent to fifteen and a half years old, was sent to Paris. He was thrown out of his natural orbit into a new sphere of attraction. Renan was like a tree transplanted to a new soil: he felt very unhappy at first; he became very ill. He was saved by M. Dupanloup himself, who took a great interest in him, and showed him much kindness. Renan says that the Abbe Dupanloup literally transformed him; he

ealth."

of Paris has two great houses—the house in Paris, which stands by the church of Saint Sulpice in the Latin Quarter, and the house in Issy. Saint Sulpice owes its origin to Jean Jacques Olier, a contemporary and a co-operator of Vincent de Paul, of Berulle, and of various founders of congregations who had for their object the reform of ecclesiastical education. The result of this great movement was the creation of the clergy who filled the second part of the seventeenth century—"the most disciplined, the most regular, the most nation and the most learned clergy.' Port-Royal was a sort of rival of Saint-Sulpice; it had the same virtues, but it had no docility. Olier, the founder of Saint-Sulpice, wrote a book called 'Christian Catechism the Inner Life'—an extraordinary book, in which the ideal life of the Christian is called 'the state of death.' Humility is the great virtue; the corruption of the flesh Now began a scene of great disorder.

The mob tried to get in ranks. Small men and tall men, big boys and little boys strenuously endeavored to have a strenuously en men and tall men, big boys and name boys strenuously endeavored to have a place in the front rank. There was place in the front rank. There was century. It was neutral; it cared really for nothing but the Orthodox faith; it sources of Christianity were the holy fathers, the councils, the doctors. The divinity of Christ was not proved by mod-ern arguments. The Sulpicians were roice loud and high, though not very sweet:

"A Banshee Peeler went out one day, on duty an' patrollin', O:

He met a goat upon the road, who seemed to be a stroilin', O:

Bayonet fixed, he sallied forth, and caught him by the weazand, O.

An' thundered out an oath that he would send him to New Zealand, O.

The most self-effacing style. They saw the words in the most self-effacing style. They saw the most self-effacing style. They saw the send him to New Zealand, O.

The most self-effacing style. They saw the most self-effacing style. They saw the send him to New Zealand, O.

The most self-effacing style. They saw the send him to New Zealand, O.

The most self-effacing style and now say in his care for the fact him by the weazand, O.

The most self-effacing style and now say in his care for the fact him by the weazand, O.

The most self-effacing style and now say in his care for the fact him by the weazand, O.

The most self-effacing style and now say in his care for the fact him by the weazand, O.

The most self-effacing style and now say in his care for the fact him by the weazand, O.

The most agreements. The Sulpicians were truth, all the rest seemed to me indifferent, frivolous, unworthy of interest.' He felt like a lover whose love had been shattened to be a stroilin', O.

The most agreements. The Sulpicians were the theological pathos which has been invented by fashionable preachers; they did not care for literary effect; they wrote in the most self-effacing style. They saw the word in the self-effacing style. They saw the self-effacing style saw the self-effacing style saw the self-effacing style. They saw the self-effacing style saw the self-effacing style saw the self ly forgetting care for the form, and think-ing only of ideas. Before all Saint-Suling only of ideas. Before all Saint-Surpice is a school of virtue. What there is
of virtue in Sulpice, says Renan. would
suffice to govern a world. . . . Peosuffice to govern a world. . . . Peo-ple will never know what treasures are contained in these old schools—of silence, the also had the approbation of his sister, versation of good in humanity. Renan speaks with tenderness of the place where he spent four years—the most critical of his life. With the plasticity of his nature, he entered at once into the spirit of the

vanity. The pupils are free to work or not to work; they are treated like men. The two years spent at Issy were devoted chiefly to philosophy. Cartesianism and the Scotch philosophy were the atmosphere of the place, but philosophy was completely imbued with Christianity. Malebranche, who was a Cartesian, said his Mass every morning during all his life. The Sulpicians did not dread a philosophy which could live in such perfect harmony with their faith. Renan gives us the portraits of all his professors, and among them were very original types. The young pupils showed an extraordinary ardor for study and for discussion; he never played;

pupils showed an extraordinary ardor for study and for discussion; he never played; he never went to Paris.

"M. Gottofrey (one of the professors) spoke very rarely to me, but he observed me with much curiosity. My Latin argu-mentations, made with a firm tone and much accent, astonished him which much accent, astonished him, made him uneasy. Sometimes I triumphed too much; sometimes I showed how weak I found the reason found the reason spowed how weak I found the reason opposed to me. One day, when my objections had been made with much vigor, he interrupted the discussion. In the evening he took me aside. He explained to me with elo-

Gosselin, who calmed and reassured him.
This incident shows what moral tempests This incident snows what moral tempests can break the calm of these quiet paradises of faith. M. Gottofrey was right, as Renan confesses: the germ of unbelief had been planted in his heart; science had

begun its work.
"After two years of philosophy, he went to the great Seminary of Saint-Sulpice, in order to pursue his theological studies. Renan confesses now that he ought to have followed the impulse given At this juncture the chief and some of his men directed their attention to him. The conduct of this gentleman, under the circumstances, was no less bold than imprudent. At this time it was easy to arouse the suspicions of the police, and once that was aroused, farewell to safety. "Who are you, sir?" asked the chief with much sternness. "My name is Kelley," responded the stranger in a firm tone.

but a spiritual and intellectual life: any lucrative profession seemed to him servile and unworthy of him. Renan pays the highest homage to his classical professors: 1 spent thirty years of my life in the hands of priests, and I never saw the shadow of a scandal. I have known no priests but good priests."

'In the little college of Treguier, all good scholars were looked upon as future priests. Renan was born priest, he says ing is not very old), but intellectually and century kept in the midst of modern Paris; not materially (as the present building is not very old), but intellectually and morally. It is something like Port-Royal and the old Sorbonne together. M. Garnier, the Director, a learned Orientalist and exegete, never spoke of Bossuet otherwise than as Monsieur Bossuet, of Fencion otherwise than as Monsieur Fencion: it seemed as if he had lived with them.

"Renan speaks at length of M Le. His

"Renan speaks at length of M. Le Hir, who was certainly the most remarkable was perfectly well versed in the German exegeris, he was a great linguist, he knew the doctrines of Gesenius and of Ewald; he remained orthodox to the end, and died prematurely in 1863, while prepar-ing to go to Rome to the General Council "Where did you become acquainted with the prisoner, Hall?"

"On the way from the Limerick Junction."

"Has he come from Dublin?"

"Has he come from Dublin?"

"I think he has. Mr. Hall, I believe, told me that he came from Dublin."

"That's enough for you, you may go your way. Be more civil the next time you speak to an officer of the royal constabulary."

"Let Mr. Hall come with me," said "Let Mr. Hall come with me," said Shelley in the tone of a superior. "He is an honorable gentleman, travelling for his health."

"The great Seminary of the Diocese of Paris has two great houses—the of the Church. Renan speaks with a pen-etrating emotion of the time he spent at thus have taken the first of the sacred orders which constitute an irrevocable en-

gagement. "He spent the vacation of 1845 in Brit-tany. He felt there that his doubts were becoming more and more embarrassing, and he determined to continue his studies freely, and not to return to Saint-Sulpice. His masters showed him much kindness M. Le Hir offered him money, if he needed any. His sister Henriette gave him 1,200 francs to help him during the first months of his independence. He left the seminary on the 6th of October, 1855, and took a room in a little hotel near the seminary, called the 'Hotel of Mademoiselle Celeste'; it received chiefly priests, and was a sort of annex of Saint Sulpice. The Abbe Gratry offered Renan a place of proctor (surveillant) in his school; he accepted it, but soon found himself in the old bonds, threw it up, and became a repetiteur in a large institution of the Quartier Saint Jacques, a dependence of the Lycce Henry IV. He received no pay, but had a room, and took his meals with the young men. The little pension of the Rue de Pabbede-PEpee would have been a paradise for him as he cared for the receiver the rece as much force as does Catholicism, and to as much force as does catholicism, and to find yourself alone in the terrible struggle. The universe,' says he, made on me the effect of a dry and cold desert. Since Christianity had ceased for me to be the truth, all the rest seemed to me indifferme?' and now she was no longer pleased with him. His ignorance of the world was complete.

not wear the gown of a

"Pity, no, no, you dare not. Priest—not you, our Father, dare.

Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare.'

"You seem to be a blunderbuss," said the witty chief, "but it matters little what you are. Your name instantly:"

"Well, sir, if that be all, I can easily accommodate you. Here is my card, if you sure you will succeed in all your undertakings. Let us have another toast, you

"Mr. Henry Francis Washington Hall,"

"In none of your big guns—none of your tall your tall much, for he fancied that they were callenged. "Seize that scamp," cried the Chief, "but it matters little what you are. Your name instantly: "Well, sir, if that be all, I can easily accommodate you. Here is my card, if you should ever come to New York just drop in to—"

"Mr. Henry Francis Washington Hall,"

"Mr. Henry Francis Washington Hall,"

"One of your big guns—none of your tall much, for he fancied that they were callenged that they were callenged. "Seize that scamp," cried the Chief, "But it matters little what you are. Your name instantly: "Seize that scamp," cried the Chief, "But it matters little what you are. Your name instantly: "Seize that scamp," cried the Chief, "But it matters little what you are. Your name instantly: "Well, sir, if that be all, I can easily accommodate you. Here is my card, if you should ever come to New York just drop in to—"

"Well sir, if that be all, I can easily accommodate you. Here is my card, if you should ever come to New York just drop in to—"

"When Henry Francis Washington Hall,"

"Mr. Henry Francis Washington Hall," constitute a sort of public confession, too proud in its assumed modesty, too unconscious in its assumed analysis. Renan examines himself on the four points which were the basis of the Sulpician code of virtue; first, disinterestedness of poverty; second, modesty; third, politeness; fourth, chastity. He prides himself on having essentially kept these four virtues of clericity. Those who are curious to verify the truth of Pascal's saying, 'Le moi est haisable,' had better read this extraordinary examination of conscience. Much as ary examination of conscience. Much as I admire Renan, I confess that it has made on me a disagreeable and almost painful impression. It could be easily ridiculed.

## STEPS WHICH LED A CONVERT IN-TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

That very many converts have been re-eived into the Catholic fold, from time to time, since the close of the Revolution-ary War, and from the different shades of dissent, is fully evidenced by our annals. It is not so long since some of those have passed off the stage of life. There were Virgil H. Barber, in 1815; Geo. F. Has-Virgil H. Barber, in 1815; Geo. F. Has-kins, in 1839; James Roosevelt Bayley, in 1842; Nath'il Aug. Hewitt, in 1835; C. Donald McLeod, and Dr. Forbes, in 1849; Orestes A. Brownson, in 1844; Thos. S.

ern man,—we find that Mr. Huntington, like all his brother converts, states that in his days of Protestantism he had a horrible idea of Catholicity. He says on this

had never had a suspicion that the views might be false in which we had been educated, with regard to the Church of Rome.
We had been taught to consider that
Church as the anti-Christ which was to Church as the anti-Christ which was to come in the latter days; as the embodi-ment of wickedness in its viles; form; wickedness concealing itself in the external garb of purity. When a boy, I should have been struck with the past inventor have been struck with the most incredu-lous amazement, had I heard the idea suggested (which I certainly never did) that a Roman Catholic might possibly be a good man, and a sincere Christian: and my only idea of the Pope was that derived my only idea of the Pope was that derived from Bunyan's representation of him, as sitting at the mouth of his den, like a disabled wild beast, vainly gnashing his teeth at the "pilgrims" on their way to the Eternal City. 'Pope and Pagan' were always associated, in my mind, as twing monsters, equally appenies of Cod and monsters, equally enemies of God and

of becoming a Congregationalist, the church of his parents, he became an Episcopalian. As he says, himself, he "stood up, and publicly professed [his] acceptance of certain "Articles of Faith without knowing what they were until hearing them read." He had not, however, "for so many years, denied the authority of even the Apostle Paul, in order now to fall back into the admission of that of a modern church committee, or of any uninspired man or body of men. The Bible alone was assumed by him as his rule of faith—not theoretically, but practically. In this new faith, he soon found out, "that John Calvin had no more right to decide upon my faith than had Martin Luther; the Synod of Dort, than the Westminster Assembly; Dr.—at Princeton, than Dr.—at New Haven; that very different views were held and taught by different professors of theology; that the Creed of a [Protestant] church is generally that of its minister, and his that of the school at which he was educated; and that all these which he was educated; and that all these different views, and different creeds represented nothing but the opinions of m who made no claim whatever divine authority to teach divine truths.

From Princeton our future convert went to Andover, with the intention of preparing himself for the ministry. Here, as he examined into the grounds of his so-called "belief," he ends in finding that his "creed came to be nothing but a collection of criminal half with arrivers. collection of opinions, held with various degrees of confidence, but containing almost no articles to which [he] could say credo ('I believe') without any mental reser-vation whatever." When he had completed his theological course, and was "licensed to preach," he finds himself totally unqualified to assume the charge of a congregation. As he expresses it, were he asked if he thought it necessary that another should believe as he did, in order to be saved, he could only reply, "I do not know."

At this stage, although believing in all of Faith is settled upon, the rest of the difficulties are easily overcome.—Catholic

"MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for

feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipa-tion, tasteless, 25c Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, World's Dispensary two first years were spent at Issy, near Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Vaugirard, in a house which once belonged

impression. It could be easily ridiculed, but something besides irony is mingled with the impression which is left on the mind by the 'Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse'."

Donald McLeod, and Dr. Forbes, in 1849; Orestes A. Brownson, in 1844; Thos. S. Preston, in 1849; Bishop Ives, in 1852; J. V. Huntington, in 1843; Geo. Hobart Doane, in 1855, and many others. Taking up recently a little work writ-ten by another of these converts in 1864—by name, Joshua Huntington, an east-

point:"Until within a year and a half ago, I

After many years of doubt, gloom and skepticism, he finally, while at college at Princeton, got religion, again, and instead of becoming a Congregationalist, the church of his parents, he became an Episconalism. its minister, and his that of the school at

the finely sounding generalities about "the Bible alone," etc., he began to realize the Bible alone," etc., he began to realize the absolute want of some certain infalli-ble guide in the interpretation of God's law, because he finds himself threatened in the Scriptures with eternal punishment, in case he failed to act and believe in acde-l'Epee would have been a paradise for him, as he cared for nothing but study, if he had not been tormented by his religious scruples and doubts. It is hard to see the scruples and doubts are self, at length, quite "at home" in the only have a doctring which embraces life with Christian Church, claiming this authority, and able to impart those consoling assurances of certainty to the soul afflicted by doubts and unsolved problems. At the present time, when the world of Protestantism is more than ordinarily the prey of doubt and skepticism—not even spar-ing the pulpit—we can recommend Mr. Huntington's little pamphlet, entitled "Gropings after Truth," which will more fully give his reasons for embracing the Catholic Faith. However, once the Rule

Telegraph.

Spec' de good 'twixt de w Spec' de debbi corn patch

Spec' dar's po heaben w'it Spec' dar's lots wood down Many a nigga debbil's tat Kase he dun f old mudder

JUNE 2

Plant

Many a niggah up his toes Kase he jogs a bes' he kno Nebber spec' te Nor to storm depled hobby

Nebber teach y swaller gin 'Less yo've go squand'rin' Nebber steer screamin' o Nebber spec' to wid de coor Ef yo' coat is la an' nebber Dar's a pile ob punkin vin

Allus sabe de at de mill, Allus sabe yo journey up Nebber dance morrer's gr Or de skein o calves git n AIDS FOR

It is sad to

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