[From the Spanish of Don Jose Zorilla

[From the Spanish of Don Jose Zorilla.]
O'er Granada's smiling plain
Rides a Moorish cavaller,
With twice twenty men-at-arms,
Bearing shield and gittering spear,
At the city-gate he relia.
His white charger for a while,
And a maiden, bathewise the states,
Thus accosts with winn tears,
For I go, with a gradens bright with flowers,
Girt win gardens bright with flowers,
In Granada stands my palace,
Girt with gardens bright with flowers,
In Genil's green plain I own
A vast fortress, hoar and old,
Web shall be the queen of all,
Web shall be the queen of all,
Web shall be the queen of all,
Boasts a park so fair and wide.
The pomegranate, bright of hue,
And the fig, of thickest shade,
Deck each nill and valley too.
There the tail and stately palm,
The pomegranate, bright of hue,
And the fig, of thickest shade,
Deck each nill and valley too.
There the walnut, rooted deep,
There the walls thou mayst behold.
In my pleasance, elms uprear
Their huge growth unto the skies,
And from silver-silken cages
Birds outpour their melodies,
Velvets of the rarest dye,
Odors of all eastern lands,
Greelan vells and Cashmere shawls,
Shall be tready to thy hands.
Feathers whiter than the foam
Flashing mid our sunny seas,
Shall be thine, dear maid, to grace
Thy fair brow, if thou but please,
Paarls of price shall gem thy hair,
Baths shall cool the sultry heat,
Roses shall thy bosom deek,
Necklets round thy throat shall meet.'

"What care I, O Moorish chief,
For thy wealth," the maiden cried,
"If thou rob me of my sire,
Of my friends and all beside?
Give me back, Ol: give me back,
To my sire and all that's mine,
For my castles in Leon
Your Granada's far outshine."

In deep silence did the Moor
Listen to the walling cry;
Then he spake, as one who dreams,
While a tear-drop dimmed his eye:
"If thy castles, maiden, are
Fairer than all these of ours,
It because they bloom at home,
Lovelier are thy own sweet flowers-If, to one of thy own race,
Thou hast pledged thy love sincere,
Houri from bright Eden, go—
Go and join thy cavalier!"

Then he gave her his white steed, With a score of valiant men, And in silence turned away, Nor beheld her face again. · Nopal-prickly pear.

TALBOT,

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAP. XXI.

The first night that Richard spent in the cave passed off quietly. On the second night, however, he had a glimpse behind the curtain of human life. After the inhabitants of the cave had eaten a meal of fat lamb, and beef "rich and rare" taken from the flocks and herds of the Marquis of Waterford, the Captain bade some of them tell Mr. O'Connell how they came to lead such a strange life as they were leading.
"If you wish to hear some wonderful

history," said the Captain to Richard, "you must go and sit near the fire."

In a few moments the whole company

were seated around the fire. "I was," began the old man already introduced to the reader, "a good, innocent fellow when the Orangemen first began to show their bad blood. I cared little how the world went, provided I was left in peace in my little cabin. I ate and drank, and sang and danced, and was as happy as any one could wish to be. About the year 1809, the Orange dogs first began to bark and bite in Kerry—for about lifteen years before that period they hal existed in other parts of the country, especially in Donegal. These bloody Orangemen be-

Croppy-lie-down! 'Death to all Papists!' and a thousand other such things. They quickly arose and began to dress themselves, but before they had all their clothes on, the Orange ruffians burst in our cabin door and dragged my father into the yard. There they hanged him from one

yard. There they hanged him from one of the shafts of his own cart. They set the cabin on fire, and burned my dear old mother and little brother to ashes."

The old man here stopped his narrative to wipe the tears from his eyes, while the company cursed the Orangemen who had done so foul a deed.

"Well, enough is told," continued the story-teller. "I heard of what was done. I went to the place where my father's blackened body lay, and I swore before my Maker while I held his cold hand in mine, that I would seek revenge, bloody my Maker while I held his cold hand in mine, that I would seek revenge, bloody revenge, upon my enemies and the enemies of mycreed and country. I immediately became a Ribbonman, and how I kept my solemn oath you all know. I am now the last and only Ribbonman on Lieb ground?

It would be difficult to tell the effect of these words upon that fiery audience. They clenched their fists, they shook their heads, and looked knowingly into one another's eyes. Passion was the absolute master of their hearts. With the savage they believed firmly that revenge is sweet and a baly and saved duty.

"Not at all, Jim," said the Captain

"Not at all, Jim," said the Captain encouragingly, "we wish to hear your story, because it is not so long ago since the things you tell us happened."
"All right, then," said Jim who only waited to be pressed, "sure if you wish it I am willing to tell you all. It is now going on twenty years since the first black day came upon our house and home. I was then but a small boy, but I still remember all the sad circumstances that brought ruin and desolation upon us. It was a fine day in May, a Monday mornbrought ruin and desolation upon us. It was a fine day in May, a Monday morning, when I strayed along the double ditch looking for bird's nests. I was very fond of this kind of amusement when I was young. Just as I had found a wren's nest with about eighteen beautiful little eggs in it, I saw a great number of men with spades and shovels, and guns and crowbars, coming along the road. I naturally thought that most of these men were looking for work, and that perhaps a few more were going to hunt. Though I felt a little afraid of them at first, I followed them home with my hat full of eggs. When they came opposite our house they halted and called my mother's name in a loud rough voice—my father

"What do you want, gentlemen ?" asked

"What do you want, gentlemen?" asked my poor mother, very politely.
"We want to give you orders to leave this house immediately," said a black-hearted man, who seemed to be the leader of the band.
"What!" cried my mother, as she almost fainted, "are you the crowbar bri-gade come to put me out of house and home?"
"We are whatever you like to "We are whatever you like to call us,

but our intention is to make you and your family clear out of this house with-

your family clear out of this house with-out delay."

"I have paid all my rent, and you can never force me to leave this house," said my mother, proudly.

"You talk, my good woman, very much like a child. You do not seem to know us, or our way of doing things. We al-ways do what we are told to do. Hurry up now and get out of our way. Men, throw out the furniture on the road-side.
This will make things easier for this good

"For God's dear sake," said my frightened mother, "leave us here for a few days longer. Two of my little, helpless children are very sick. Oh, good men, leave us here until they get well, and God will bless you, and I will pray for you the longest day I live. Oh, my poor, little darlings, what will I do with them where can I put them?"

"We don't care where you put them," shouted those cruel demons, "only put them out of our track, otherwise you will be sorry. Get them away from here as fast as possible; we intend to do our duty." Soon the bloody work was done. My two little sisters were roughly taken from their beds and cast upon the roadside. My hope we have the content of the state of the stat poor mother—God rest her soul—was bru-tally dragged from the home of her fath-

ers, from the place she had loved from her childhood, from the comfortable dwelling where she and my father had lived for years in peace and joy and plenty. Oh, how her cries pierced the skies when she saw these accursed men set to work when she saw hars and shayels and lived for years in peace and joy and perishable life in the midst of the changes when she saw these accursed men set to work, when she saw bars and shovels and spades uplifted in destroying that dear old house. Before the sun went down that day our loved home was a heap of ruins, one of my little sisters was dead, and my mother and I and my remaining sister were without shelter and provisions; we have the single in the midst of the changes of this world. Dynasties, empires, kingdoms, have passed away like the shadow that passes over the grass, but the Church of God shall not pass away. It remains filled with imperishable life as on the day doms, have passed away like the shadow that passes over the grass, but the Church of Fentecost; and in the midst of the changes of this world. Dynasties, empires, kingdoms, have passed away like the shadow that passes over the grass, but the Church of Fentecost; and in the midst of the divisions and dissolution of all human things it stands in its inclissoluble unity—the in other parts of the country, especially in Onegal. These bloody Orangemen became so troublesome to the poor people, who were protected by no one, that they resolved to form a society of their own after the pl n of the Orange Society, then was formed the Ribbonnen's Society,"

was formed the Ribbonnen's Society,"

was formed the Ribbonnen's Society,"

was formed the Ribbonnen's Society, "

in other parts of the country, especially in the first fruits" of God in the world—

the first fruits" of God in the world—

the beginning, not only of the creation of God, but of the Resurrection. "Blessed and holy is he that shall rise in the first resurrection." And what is this "first in Lordon, and stories were told of her resurrection." And what is this "first beauty and wit that made the Prince of wales very anxious to meet her. Miss a story which, the distribution of the through the beginning, not only of the creation of God, but of the Resurrection. "Blessed and holy is he that shall rise in the first resurrection." And what is this "first beauty and wit that made the Prince of wales very anxious to meet her. Miss a story which, the original certitude, and if there be no Christian certitude where do we who claim to God, but of the Resurrection. "He sals that a story which, the the first fruits" of God in the world—

the first fruits" of God in the world—

the beginning, not only of the creation of God, but of the Resurrection. "And what is this "first be was invited to some of the best houses in Lordon, and stories were told of her truits" of God, but of the Resurrection. "And what is this "first be was invited to some of the best houses in Lordon, and stories were told of her beauty and with that made the Prince of Wales very anxious to meet her. Miss lotters are the teachers of evil; controlled where do we who claim to increase the rest of corrections. The definition of the beginning not only of the creation of God, but of the Resurrection. "And what is this "first be was invited to some of the best houses in Lord Here a murmur of applause arose from the listeners.

"Well," the old man continued, "for a the civilized world, and a shame to our by nature, and, alas! prone to be, bound by nature, and, alas! prone to be, bound

and resolved to go to America. As I had no money to pay my passage, I was obliged to work my way out on a sailing vessel which was leaving Waterford. This I did.

"I was not long in New York before I earned a little money which paid my way to distant parts of the country, where, falling in with bad companions, I gradually adopted their evil ways, and in the end became a criminal and a wanderer. My hands are red with blood, my heart is black with crime, my soul is as foul as

you have mended your ways and resolved to do better," stammered his excited hear-

ers.
"Well, never mind now," he continued,
"I fee "here I am again in old Ireland. I feel better from the air I breathe here. I have only one job on my hands, and then I'll be fully satisfied."

After these words he looked fixedly upon

After these words he looked fixedly upon the blazing wood, while his eyes shot rays like the glowing tongues of fire that licked the red branches before him.

"And what job is that?" asked the old fellow who had already told his story.

"That is," said the wanderer, taking a pistol from his breast, "to put the contents of this through the brains of that bad man who caused the death of my noor mother.

ships, wrongs and temptations pierced his heart. He thought of the sufferings of his unhappy countrymen, and the tears filled his eyes; he thought of a proud, strong and unmerciful government at the other side of the Irish Sea; he thought of the agents of darkness who took occasion from the very virtues of the Irish race to lead the innocent and unwary astray, and his indignation almost choked him, "Poor Ireland, unhappy Ireland," he said to himself, "may God save you from the hands of tyrants and knaves."

of tyrants and knaves."
Richard, after long and fervent prayers, retired to rest. About midnight he was awakened by strange noises in the cave. The moment he opened his eyes he beheld a wonderful sight. All the men to the number of about twenty, were dressed in white garments and had lamps and pikes in their hands. Their faces were so blackened that he could not tell one of them.

They made strange gestures, and seemed to him to speak some foreign tongue. After looking on them for a short time he closed to the strange gestures and seemed to him to speak some foreign tongue. his eyes and wept silent tears over their

"Ah, the world has sadder ruins
Than these wrecks of things sublime;
For the touch of man's misdoings
Leaves more blighted tracks than time,
Ancient lore gives no examples
Of the ruins here we find—
Prostrate souls for fallen temples—
Mighty ruins of the mind."
"SPERANZA." "SPERANZA."

TO BE CONTINUED. THE CHURCH.

God's Greatest Gift to all Generations, A Heritage that Time cannot Weaken, nor the Enemy Destroy.

BEAUTIFUL DISCOURSE BY CARDINAL MAN-

NING.
Preaching on a recent Sunday morning in the Church of St. Mary of Angels, Bays-water, the Cardinal-Archbishop of West-minster pointed out that in establishing His church to carry on and perpetuate His own Divine work upon earth, our Divine Lord conferred on us certain great gifts. The first of these gifts is the gift of This will make things easier for this good woman if she wishes to carry anything away with her. Out with the beds, cradle and chairs first."

Holy Ghost. "This is life eternal, to know left to the grace of the Holy Ghost." Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." And the nations of the world still in the shadow of that darkness which has rested upon the world since entered, and this because the knowledge of the only true God is not there. And the mystical body of Christ which men call "the Church," in which we profees our belief when, in our creed, we say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church," and which is the perpet-Catholic Church," and which is the perpet-ual witness of God upon earth, has its Divine Head in heaven, and is filled with the perpetual presence of the Holy Ghost, "the Father of Light, in whom is no change nor shadow of alteration." THE CHURCH OF GOD, against which the world makes war, and

of which even the children of the Church sometimes speak as if it were a human creation and burdened with human infirmities, is a Divine creation. It has an im-perishable life in the midst of the changes were without shelter and provisions; we were the meanest beggars in Ireland. Grief, it is said, soon does the work of age. The current of my young thoughts was changed; the warm, generous blood in my heart grew cold, and I felt in my little breast anger, hatred, and a desire for revenge. Oh, ye cruel tyrants; oh, heartless leadly only and beartless. England we here in the truth. The Church is one of "the first fruits" of God in the world-ness leadly only and heartless. England we "Well," the old man continued, "for a long time all the members of our family refused to become Ribbonmen, not because they didn't love Ireland and justice, but because O'Connell—God rest his soul—and the clergy warned them against secret societies. One fine night, when the moon shone bright upon the hills of Kerry, and the red deer leaped joyfully from crag to crag, my old father and mother, and little brother, went to sleep in peace, after their night prayers were over. I was not at crag, my old father and mother, and little brother, went to sleep in peace, after their night prayers were over. I was not at home at the time, because I had gone to a wake, where I expected to meet my little sweetheart. Well, to and behold you, the poor creatures had hardly closed their eyes before they heard the taunting shouts of 'Croppy-lie-down'? 'Death to all Papists!' and a thousand other such things. They quickly arose and began to dress themselves, but before they had all their clothes and resolved to go to America. As I had ittle the gift of His Spirit and there arose in the world this new creation—this perpetual illumination from the Father of Light, and wherever the great spiritual unity of the kingdom of God was established these great gifts became the inheritation and a thousand other such things. They quickly arose and began to dress themselves, but before they had all their clothes Day of Pentecost—it is that unity which made England to be one. The unity of England was not the work of warriors or legislators. No; it was the unity spring-ing from one faith, one illumination, the grace of regeneration, the sacrament of holy marriage which created the Christian adopted their evil ways, and in the end became a criminal and a wanderer. My
hands are red with blood, my heart is
black with crime, my soul is as foul as
hell itself."

"Don't say that—don't say that. Sure
and conflicting races who slew one another and conflicting races who slew one another in warfare became one people, one brotherhood, and our land became united in that supernatural unity which is the first fruits of the new creation of God. What is it now? The other day we kept the Feast of St. Augustin, who founded the See of Canterbury. But who outside the Catholic Church recalled the memory of the carist? The day before yesterly of the saint? The day before yesterday we celebrated the Festival of St. William Archbishop of Old York. Who in England, outside of the little band of Catholics were mindful of his memory? This very day we are commemorating the Feast of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Who in Scotland remembers her except the Catho-lic Church? In the undying remembrance of the Catholic Church their names are

they believed firmly that revenge is sweet and a holy and sacred duty.

"Tell us your story, Jim," said the Captain to a man whose hair was long and silvery, though he had not yet reached the middle of his age.

"You are a true man. You are a noble the middle of his age.

"You are a true man. You are a noble man," his auditors cried.

Richard O'Connell spoke not a word. The sight of these poor fallen creatures, here, you're all tired of listening to me and my story."

"You are a frue man. You are a noble man," his auditors cried.

Richard O'Connell spoke not a word. The sight of these poor fallen creatures, here, you're all tired of listening to me and my story."

"You are a moble man," his auditors cried.

Richard O'Connell spoke not a word. The sight of these poor fallen creatures, his pour mind and in your spirit, in your conduct, in your words, in your actions? Perhaps there is not on the face of the

earth a people more divided on questions of faith and religion than the people of this land. Divisions, sub-divisions, sections, sub-sections, perpetually warring dissolution on every side in matters of faith. Rationalism and unbelief, the pride of intellectual men who won't know dod—these are what is spread over the whole face of this land, which was once so filled with the illumination of the Faith. There was a time when from sea to sea, and from north to south, there was one There was a time when from sea to sea, and from north to south, there was one faith in every part of this land. There were churches, cathedrals—churches in every parish, chapels by the wayside altars, tabernacles, and the presence of Jesus shedding light. And then there was one heart and one mind, for all worshipped together! How is it now? In the Catholic Church, which is reduced to a handful, is the sole and only unity which remains. And you have inherited a share in this great heirloom. In the midst of the doubts and the contradictions, and the unbelief of men, you have the Divine and unbelief of men, you have the Divine and infallible Faith, that light to which there is no change nor shadow of alteration from the Father of Light Himself. In a

wide wastes and arid sands,
YOU HAVE THE CHURCH OF GOD, YOU HAVE THE CHURCH OF GOD, you have the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. These are yours, these are your inheritances. Are you not, then, first fruits in every sense of the word? And ought you not to bring up your children to prize that great heritage as more precious than life itself? Ought you not to give the best of your time, the first hours of the day—ought you not to give of your substance, the perishable things of this world, which come and go, if, by giving, you can make them first fruits of God? The wise men laid gold at the feet of the Infant, but more precious in the sight of God than more precious in the sight of God than worldly gold is a soul which images its Redeemer and has been regenerated by the Holy Ghost. Then your gifts; appreciate them; and rejoice that you are called to be the fruits of the Creation of God. In conclusion his Eminence appealed for funds for the support of the parish schools, whose maintainance involved an annual outlay of £700, of which £130 went to meet the mortgages which had been incurred when the schools were being built. Having dwelt on the efficiency of the schools, his Eminence complimented the teachers on the success with which their evidently careful efforts has been crowned. Remember the seed time—the seed time of the great eternal harvest. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."
"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap. He that soweth of the flesh shall reap corruption, and he that soweth of the spirit, shall reap life eternal." In that great harvest home the reapers who have great harvest home the reapers who have to sowed of the spirit shall come bearing with joy their sheafs with them, and among them may hope to be even the least of you who toiled for the salvation of little children. These first fruits of the children of God—innocent, because they have not yet offended Him, with the image of God bright upon them—are like the beginning of the grass in the field or the lily in the varden, lovely to look upon, the lily in the garden, lovely to look upon, but most helpless in themselves; the most unprotected, often the most outcast, but

Catholic Actress and the Prince of Wales.

dear to the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer who lifted them up in His arms and left

them for our example.

Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. A gentleman who returned home from London last week says Mary Anderson has had a more cordial reception there than has been given to an American actress for many years. He also tells a story which, if correct, cannot fail to increase the res-Anderson was informed of this flattering expression of His Royal Highness, but, most unaccountably, as it seemed to the English friends, she showed no desire for the presentation. Finally, a gentleman who knew her very well was asked by the Prince to say to Miss Anderson that he would be pleased if she would indicate a time when it would be agreeable to her to time when it would be agreeable to her to receive an introduction to His Royal Highness. She replied that, while she wished to show no disrespect to the future ruler of England, she must decline to receive him. Such a reply had never before been made to a request for an introduction by a prince of the blood, and she was asked to explain. "An introduction to the Prince of Wales," she pluckily answered "an do me no good professionally. the Prince of Wales," she pluckly answered, "can do me no good professionally, and I know very well how he regards actors generally. Personally, I have always maintained my own dignity and self-respect, and I do not mean to put myself in pect, and I do not mean to put myself in any position voluntarily where I may be compelled to forget them. Therefore, I must decline to be presented to him. I have gone thus far in life without a breath of scandal attaching to me, and I do not mean now to do anything that might change that condition." This settled the matter. The story got out in London and was widely repeated, and it was noticeable after that the Princess of Wales invited Miss Anderson to her garden party, an honor she had never be-fore conferred on any actiess of the Eng-lish stage. It is a pity some of the Ameri-can girls who are getting themselves very much talked about in connection with the Prince of Wales couldn't follow Miss An-

derson's example. A DILAPIDATED PHYSIQUE may be built p and fortified against disease by that incomparable promoter of digestion and fer comparable promoter of digestion and fer-tilizer of the blood, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It counteracts Biliousness and Kidney complaints, overcomes bodily ailments special with the feebler sex, causes the bowels to act like clockwork, and is a safeguard against malaria and rheumatism. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dun-

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of wild Strawberry has more well earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand invos-

title, which is a lat it is from Buddhism, or perhaps with a kindlier leaning towards Buddhism. In fact it is no more Christian than is the New York Independent, whose average doctrines are as bad as its average poetry, doctrines are as bad as its average poetry, and than its average poetry nothing could be worse under Tupper. Dr. Ewer's views of Christian union, published in the Living Age, we attended to some weeks ago. They proposed a union founded on disorganization, and were simply absurd; hardly up, in fact, to the level of the views of the Episcopalian Churchman on the subject, and the Churchman's views of union do not go beyond Churchman on the subject, and the Churchman's views of union do not go beyond the skirts of Mrs. Loyson, if the lady is entitled to that name. Salvation, according to the Churchman, is to come through the Loysons, or the "Old Catholics" who are dwindling in to nothing, but whom the Churchman continues to chirrup to and feed with its motherly pap. And so the subject goes the rounds, from one vagarist to another, all looking askant at the visible centre of Christian union, the Holy See, which, whether it be in Rome or in Avignon, in the Catacombs or in the gilded dungeons of a Napoleon, stands once and forever the final mouthpiece of Christian authority on earth, the Vice-Christian authority on earth, the Vice-Gerent of the Divine Founder of Chris-tianity, with whom, and with whom alone, stands the abiding promise of infallible teaching.
"One of the most cheering signs of the

"One of the most cheering signs of the times," says the Register's correspondent, "is the growing interest in Christian union." We are glad to be assured of this, and only wish that it may be true. The writer seems to write in good faith and with a real desire towards the union which he deplores does not exist. "Those out of the Church want it," he says, "in order that they may come in, and those in it, in order that the objects of being in it may be better attained." And now comes they will be in the objects of the order that the objects of the order in the objects of the order in the order the practical question: "How shall this union be brought about?"

Here again company. Here again comes the everlasting rub. Of course the Catholic Church stands in the

way. She won't knock under. She won't budge an inch. She won't meet those who are out half-way and tell them they are in. "Either come in or keep out," that is her downright motto. "You can't crowd the doorways and hang around the walls and call that being in. Come right in, if you will, in God's name, and we will receive you with a heart and a half. But cross the threshold you must, and be as we are and as the Church prescribes. You cannot be at once Catholics and no Catho-

"The Roman Catholic Church," says the writer, "conforming itself, as every insti-tution will, to the methods of its own time, sought to secure union by absolute authority. In the ages in which that Church grew up, that was the only method believed to be practicable." Come, now, what would our unknown friend have in matters of faith. Surely Jesus Christ spoke with absolute authority, and He was hardly likely to leave a maimed and broken thing, with uncertain voice, after Him. He never hesitated, never quav-ered, never spoke with doubtful sybilline

ered, never spoke with doubtful sybilline or oracular utterance. Questions of faith and morals admit of none but absolute authority, otherwise there is no fixed standard between right and wrong, truth and falsehood. Matters of discipline are of another kind. If there be no absolute Christian authority, then is there no Christian authority. Christian authority, then is there no Christian certitude, and if there be no Christian certitude where do we who claim to be Christians stand? And if there exist the christian stands is there when the christian authority when its

and only can be, the Catholic Church, that comes down in unbroken succession and with unbroken faith from the Apostles and Christ Himself, for Peter lives in Leo.

"The Roman Catholic Church was, of necessity, organized on the principles of imperial Rome." And very good principles of organization they were, the most wonderful and successful that ever were till vice destroyed them. But no the wonderful and successful that ever were till vice destroyed them. But no, the Church was, is, and always will be, the first, and last, and highest of democracies. The Church is essentially a democracy, for it was created for all peoples, and all its offices are open to any of its children. Its Founder was in the world's eyes the son of a carpenter. Its first Pope was a poor fisherman. Its first Bishops were men of a like class with its first Pope. It is of all things, and ever has been, the Church of the poor. It has created mendicant orders to beg for and assist the poor. It has placed beggars on its altars poor. It has placed beggars on its altars as saints, and the sons of swine-herds on the Chair of Peter. Take the Catholic

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years.
They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well.
There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Mis Merr Charachell Fire writte. (After

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 celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Costiveness, etc., it is the ney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

THE FREE-THINKERS' CONVEN-TION.

UNABLE TO SATISFY THE YEARNINGS OF HUMANITY OR TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THE SUPERNATURAL-VIEWS OF A

From the Journal of Commerce

Garrulous people, who bore their friends with a multitude of words not specially pertinent or interesting, are often told to "hire a hall." We never realized the full force and point of this slang expression until the free-thinkers met and adjourned. They have not raised themselves, or their cause, in the public estimation by their utterances at this gathering. tion by their utterances at this gathering.
There are among them some very earnest
and honest people, and these must have
been sorely tried by the meagre outcome
of a convocation that was so widely heralded and which promised so much for the
benefit of "liberal" thinkers.

We can understand how one naturally
skentical may become so restless and dis-

We can understand now one naturally skeptical may become so restless and dissatisfied with the problems of life as to question the very existence of the supernatural, and set aside as unworthy of belief all that he cannot explain or complete and the second stress in human exprehend. The inequalities in human ex-perience have never found an interpre-ter. If man is left wholly to himself to work out his own fortune under the operation of natural laws which are never suspended, and cannot be evaded, then sucpended, and cannot be evaded, then suc-cess or defeat, prosperity and adversity ought to follow in exact proportion as these immutable decrees are respected and obeyed. But no wit of man has yet traced the connection between cause and effect so as to account for the disparities of condition patent to the dullest appre-hension. If failure, disappointment, sick-pass because the poyerty and want come ness, bereavement, poverty and want come invariably from a violation of inexorable law, and the glad fruition of human hopes rewards only and always the obediint, and the result of all labor and travail is

and the result of all labor and travail is the exact test of faithfulness to the precept, then we have a rule easily understood, and there is no further mystery.

This has often been suggested as the true theory of life, but it fails in every application to the problems that sorely perplex us. Men are not rewarded or punished in this life, as far as our sharpest because in a case of the statement of the stateme observation can determine, according to the respect they pay to whatever is known of the laws of their being. It is true that in many cases bitter suffering can be traced to ill-doing, and well-doing is often richly rewarded. But there is a seeming prosperity which defies the rule, and a sore adversity which often follows or waits upon an exemplary life. No one looking on the scene about him, or studying his own experience, can truthfully say that he thinks the distribution of what we call good and evil, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, prosperity and adversity, is in exact proportion to the right and wrong

of human conduct.

Turning from all the natural world can teach us, to what is respected by many as a divine revelation, we find the problem still unsolved. The good suffer, the bad are often at their ease, and no voice out of the spirit realm fully answers our yearning to account for it. Job's friends tell him that his reputation is not his true character, and his sore afflictions are the just punishment of his concealed crimes. The old patriarch holds fast to his integrity and indignantly denies the charge of hypocrisy. The voice out of the whirl-wind which vindicated his truthfulness, while it rebuked his complainings, left the mystery of his sufferings all unsolved. And this is the Bible answer to every such challenge. It does, indeed, promise that retribution in a future state shall satisfy all our sense of justice, but it does not ex-plain the inequalities of our present being. There are hints here and there in its pages that the sorrows and sufferings of the best an absolute Christian authority, where is among us are educational and not penal, it? Once found, with it, and it alone, a discipline to fit the sufferer for a higher can there be Christian unton.

Lord, founded forever. That Church is, and only can be, the Catholic Church, that comes down in unbroken succession and comes down in unbroken succession and comes down in the Apostles of the wheat and kept in the golden sunsistence of favor, is not explained by so much as a single word.

These inscrutable mysteries, we say, have led some honest souls to doubt the constant, watchful care of a Superintending Deity, and they have turned to the free-thinkers to see what light they could throw on the perplexing problems that have shaken their faith. The prophets of the Infidel school have been credited with a logical system that afforded a better a logical system that allorded a better interpretation of these difficulties than has ever been furnished by theologians. So they were bidden to "hire a hall" and let the effulgence of their revelation beam

the effugence of their reveiation beam upon a doubting world.

They have met and utterly failed to satisfy a single yearning of any honest heart. Railing at theology and priest-craft, scoffing at the faith and hopes of the Christian, denying or ignoring the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, crying up a few patent nostrums the Chair of Peter. Take the Catholic Church out of the world, were that possible, and the highest and oldest exemplar of democracy would perish. Talk of Christian union without the Catholic Church and you talk to the winds and the waves.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.
I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distance would reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distance would reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distance would reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distance would reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distance worst part. in any human breast. As an associa-tion it has forfeited its right of tion it has forfeited its right of existence, as it has no ministry for help or hope in heart or home.

> Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and feyer, wil used as a remedy for chills and feyer, will appreciate Ayer's Ague Cure, a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances, without a particle of any noxious drug. Its action is peculiar, prompt and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever, and expelling the poison from the system, wet leaving no barmful from the system, yet leaving no harmful effect upon the patient.

Age should always command respect; in the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does; for 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people, for Cholera Morbus, Dysent-ery, Diarrhoa, Colic and all Bowel Com-plaints. Sweetly sunk Placid as the a Riding on a m In coat of ma With martial His single sell "I am your fa That Turkey i

OCT. S,

Swift to the to The Russian F "To Arms—To The fierce defe The God of ba Rolls on his th The Northern tide, Raise mound train to h With whizzing The foe is thin

The summons
While Diebetcl
Points here a fe
If surly answer
A pause ensues
Eyes his uncon The roaring car Shrill trumpet. Thick wedg'd b The war-horse By gleaming st Points out whe The stout forlor With scaling 1 mand.

Now trembling
In pale suspens
What scenes of
What wars may
Time lab'ring i
This vast event
Death's flag,
Tow'rs
Cold horror th
pow'rs. The signal giver
The Ugsine bille
The massy bulw
The battlements
In quick success
Whose lightnin
Midst smoke r
climbing fe
Saber'd, comes
below.

At weaker point
While stately st
A bursting brea
The electric sho
Destruction, has
Divide their cot
To sue for terms
Check'd in the
blood to flo

A Flag of Truce:
While blue destricts trenches cra
The brazen trum
With din of arms
While gasping he
With trembling Saves tott'ring V PROTESTAN

The Very Rev. I.

One among greatly affected tianity was the r sixteenth centur Millions of Chris

of time separate Christian Church unchristian, that nature and a co acknowledge th Saviour, should in hostile attitud where such a stat error somewhere humanity means Truth is one. A highest sense of These disagree

more and more a becoming more these primary tru haps the time l which have broug religious dissensid among Christians in on all sides prayer of Christ Him might be a would find its for

hope. To contribute in the signature of Be that as it may may be assured of the sincerest desi We have nothing who fears to face The main point

who thinks serious this point is the cl sistance to her a was an attack aga therefore, imposs matter thoroughl factorily without is the church? Is a society establish whose instruments Christians? Do church? or does t the statement of is affirmed by Cath If Christians ma

testants maintain t

one to ask: How, Christians? For Christ agree that th ing a Christian is 1 ication from Christ Now, man is a material body unit This personality through the instru Christ came in coupon earth, through tion. The question practically into the from generation to end of time, reach them Christians?

of Christ's person men? The chief a give to this is, The
If the reading ordinary means ap receive the grace of then the first thing this: as God wishes

he would bestow upread at sight. But stands to reason, the the Bible cannot be t those who do not reaching Christ in a Again, everybody