The Sanctuary Lamp. FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Lamp of the Sanctuary, pale and dim, Why, 'mid the shadows of the holy place Communest thou thyself unceasingly, Unseen of human eye, before God's face?

'Tis not the soaring pinions to direct
Of love and prayer in their etherial flight,
Nor to illumine, feeble, flick'ring flames
The eye of Him who said: "Let there be
light."

'Tis not from His adorers' feet to clear Away the ghostly, solemn glooms which The columned aisles; thy distant ray but makes
The darkness deeper and more sombre

Tis not to pay the homage of thy fires
To Him whose walk is o'er the starry zone.
The heavens and the earth show forth His power, And suns are burning ever round His

Yet still, dost thou, O Lamp, with zealous care
Preserve undimmed thy flame which never dies— Before all Altars still art seen to sway In the low breeze which through the tem ple sighs.

Upon thy shining light, that in mid air Suspended hangs, mine eyes do love t dwell, The while, in reverent awe, my hushed hear

Lamp of the Sanctuary, thou doest well! Perhaps it is, O Sanctuary Lamp!
That as a spark of God's immense creation
Before God's shrine, thou dost but symbol

A seraph's everlasting adoration. Thou, too, my soul, art as a flame unseen— Thus musing to myself I murmur forth— Burning ever in presence of thy God, Amid the shadows and the sighs of earth

Forget not ever, O my soul, to turn To Him with all thy yearnings and de As yonder Lamp, which floats before the Lord, And worships Him with never-failing fires.

On Him, as on thy guiding star, ne'er cease To fix thy gaze, whatever winds may blow And like a cloud, though sable to the view Shalt thou within shine with a radian

And so it is, with heart serene and calm, I feel there is one point of golden light On which no darkness can intrude, undin med. Amid the shadows of this earthly night.

A flame which, unextinguished, uncon sumed,
Abideth ever in its lustrous urn,
On which we may at all times incense throw,
That it with brighter radiance still may
burn.

And thou shalt shine forever in the light, The very light of Him before whose glance The stars that wheel aloft through space are

maught, motes that in the evening sunbear -J. C., in London Lamp.

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAPTER XVI.

Richard h d not long left home before a large force of police marched to the cota large force of police marched to the cot-tage for the purpose of arresting him. His parents, on learning their intent, became deeply affected. They begged of the chief to leave them in peace. They said that Richard was good and innocent, and that they might as well take the lamb from the field as take him. Poor parents! they might well know that their tears or entreaties could not move the stony hearts of English officials, and that innocence of English officials, and that innocence and virtue were no safe guards from tyranny and injustice, at least in Ireland. "Our Richard cannot be guilty of any crime," said the unhappy mother.
"This is all right and good," said the

chief, sternly, "but we must obey orders. He is charged with treason, and whether he is guilty or not guilty is not our affair. Is he at home?"

We know not," said the father, sadly "We will soon see," said the chief.
"March in, men, and search the house in the name of her Gracious Majesty. Be dili-gent; these rebels have a great knack of v are wanted In a few minutes the force was dispersed

throughout the whole house. There was not a box, nor a nook or corner in the cellar, nor in any of the rooms of the cottage that was not carefully examined.
"I fear," said the disappointed chief,

after a long and fruitless search, "that the bird smelt the powder, and has flown away. Let us now look for arms. The cottage, from our information, cannot be without a few rifles." Immediately the zealous servants of the

Crown set to work in good earnest. They tossed everything upside down, like children at play. They ripped the bedticks with their bayonets, tore down pictures from the walls and books from the library shelves.
"What are you looking for ?" said an old servant maid to the Chief of Police, with

an air of great simplicity.
"We are looking for pikes and gurs at present, good woman. Can you tell us where to find them?"

"How much will you give me if I tell you where to find some pikes?" said the servant, in a low tone, as she looked

around timidly.

"I'll give you five shillings," said the chief, in a whisper.
"I won't tell you for so small a sum," said the servant, and she looked as if she

"Well, if you hurry up, good woman,
I'll give you ten shillings," and the chief
put his hand in his pocket and drew out

the money.

"As I'm nothing but a poor woman,

"As I'm nothing but a poor woman, I cannot refuse the money. Count it right down here in my hand."

The chief did so with much inward pleasure and satisfaction. When the maid had carefully stowed away her reward, she led the chief and his men down to the kitchen. When they had come to the kitchen, the maid stood with a sad and puzzled air, and said:

"I am sorry, but I cannot tell you where the pikes are now. Some one has taken them away."

taken them away."
"Come, come, none of this conduct. If

you deceive us we will take you to the Bridewell immediately, where you will be put to hard labor and get nothing but bread and water."

Young or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffa'o, N. Y. and he authorizes us to say so.

"But I tell you the truth. Since you ame in here some one has removed the came in here some one has removed the pikes."
"Where were they when you saw them

"On that table there."
"How many were there?"
"Three or four." "Are you sure the pikes were on that able when we entered the cottage?"

able when we entered the cottage?"
"I am."
"Were they on that table when we ame here to search this kitchen?"
"They were."
"Did we see them?"

"You ought to be able to answer that question yourself. I did not see through "No insolence, woman. Who do you think removed them? Was it Mr.

"I think not. I did not see him here." "Was it Mrs. O'Connell?" "No; at least, I think not."
"Was it you?"

"No, it was not." "Be careful, now. No falsehoods to

"It was not I who removed them. would not touch them. The sight them always made me sick.

"Who do you think took them away?"
"I would not like to tell you." "Be not afraid, good woman, but tell us mmediately. Who do you think took

hem?"
"I think, though I am not sure, that it was the cook."
"Where is the cook now?"

"Where is the cook now?"

"There she is near the fire," said the maid in a whisper.

"Say, good woman," said the chief, approaching an old female of unkempt brows, who stood by the fire watching something she was in the act of cooking, "why did you remove the pikes from that table when we entered the cottage door?"

"What pikes?"

'What pikes?" "No nonsense with us, old lady. Answer my question. Why did you remove the pikes from that table when we entered

he cottage?"
"Because it was then high time to do "Who told you to hide them?"
"No one did."

"Weigh well your words. Did any one tell you to remove them?" "Who?"

"My mistress." "That's good. Now tell us where you "I never like to give too much infor-

nation without being paid for my trouble was once a school-teacher." "Sooner than lose any more time," said the chief, "if you tell me at once where you put the pikes I will give you two shillings."

"A small sum for valuable information," said the cook, with a look of contempt. "But two shillings will find more room in my pocket than in yours, so give me the money."

The chief handed her a two-shilling

The old woman hid the money in the depths of a long, narrow, laced bag, which she used for keeping her little sav-

ings.

"And you want to know where I put them." "Yes," stormed the chief. "We want to know where you put the pikes that were on the table a short time ago. Where are they?"

"Do you want to eat them?"
"Yes," said the chief in a rage.
"But they are not yet half cooked."
"Woman, what do you mean?"
"I mean what I say. The fish are not alf cooked." alf cooked."

half cooked."

"Why, old woman, you have lost your senses. You are dreaming. What fish are you talking about?"

"Why, the pike-fish I found on that table, and that I put in this pot to boil."

"You old hag. I'd like to run a bayonet through you."

"If you went the pikes don't go before

net through you."
"If you want the pikes, don't go before looking in this pot," said the cook with a comical smile, as the chief and his men left the kitchen cursing to themselves.
When the chief had reached the door of

the cottage a little boy was standing there with a large black bottle in his hand.
The angry chief frowned on him.
"Say, Chief," cried the urchin, "you for-

got to search in one place."
"Where?" the chief had condescended to inquire.
"In this bottle," said the youth, holding

"In this bottle," said the youth, holding up the bottle.

"I am sorry, lad, that you are not a few years older, and I would pay you for your impertinence," said the kind officer. The Constabulary formed in a line and marched off as if they had just gained a victory that would immortalize them. Every one they met on their way to town passed them by as quietly and mod-estly as possible. One unfortunate fel-low tried to appear pleasant in order to propitiate the representatives of law and order. The chief, who was in no laughing mood, noticing him smiling, actually kicked him several times, and then ordered him to be taken to bridewell "on suspicion of treasonable practices."

Many houses in Carrick were searched,

and many young men were arrested on that same day. A reign of terror was in-augurated. Peace and safety were ban-ished. The shadows of gloom and sorrow fell upon the streets and homes of the

once gay old Carrick.

We will, for the present, leave the Constabulary at their work of tyranny and lestruction.

CHAP. XVII.

Among those who visited the O'Connells Among those who visited the O'Connells during the course of the day, Mr. Kelley was a conspicuous figure. He was constantly saying something kind to the different members of the family. Many and many a bitter imprecation did he launch forth against tyranny, tyrants, and misrule. A fierce man he was.

"Poor Richard, generous Richard," he several times exclaimed. "Oh, how sad is the patriot's fate in our days and land. There was a time when the lover, the ben-

There was a time when the lover, the ben now chains, exile, and death await the man who would serve his country. How long, O, how long, will this thing last?

D. McCrimmon, of Lancaster, writes that he has suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, more or less, from childhood, and had tried nearly all advertised remedies with but temporary effect. Burdock Blood Bitters have radically cured him,

Better far to be without a country and a home, better far to be buried fathoms down in the ocean, than to live and witness the things that we see."

Towards evening he and Ellie were seated alone in the drawing room. Poor Ellie, tears were in her eyes and on her pale cheeks. She could be truly called a picture of sorrow. The appearance of Kelley was no less sad, as he gazed upon her. Never before did she seem so lovely in his eyes. Never before did she seem so worthy of noble love. His heart burned within him. Oh, the power of sorrow to win men's hearts, to create lofty, generous feelings within the human breast! Kelley was perfectly conquered; Ellie's smiles had not half the charms of her quick, bright tears.

Ellie's smiles had not half the charms of her quick, bright tears.

"You must not weep, Ellie," he cried, rising to his feet and approaching nearer to her. "It makes my heart bleed to see you thus sad. I would sooner see ten thousand men fall in battle than see those tears of yours falling so fast. I will remain with you in place of Richard to console you, to strengthen you, to protect

you."
"Oh, Mr. Kelley, you are always generous and kind," said the weeping girl in tones of intense sadness, "but you must not remain here. By doing so you only add to my grief. You can do nothing for us now. Seek your own safety in flight. us now. Seek your own safety in flight. We know not the moment, alsa, when you will be seized and cast into a loathsome dungeon. If you had never raised your voice for Ireland, your friendship for our dear Richard would be treason enough to have you marked for destruction. Oh, my heart will break. Fly, fly, Mr. Kelley, and let us hope to meet again in a brighter and happier hour."

The poor child dropped her head on her breast and sobbed bitterly.

"I cannot leave you, Ellie. My heart, my hopes, my life, are centred in you. It

"I cannot leave you, Ellie. My heart, my hopes, my life, are centred in you. It is harder for me to leave you than for the soul to leave the body. It cannot be, it must not be, I would sooner die than forsake you in the hour of darkness."

"If you—if you wish to please and satisfy me, you must fly to some place of security. I cannot be happy while Richard is away and you are in dancer."

ard is away and you are in danger."
"If I must go from you, then I must be with Richard, brave high-souled youth.

I'll share his fortune, whatever it may be.
If we are driven from the land of our fathers, if we must go for peace to the ex-tremity, what matters it, so long as we will be together. We will send for you, Ellie, and then happiness will again dawn upon

"Oh, how sad and dreary this world is. moralized the now thoughtful Ellie. "It is well to remember that there is a land beyond the grave, where sunshine never fails, where love is never crossed, where angels and saints love and love forever.
When all earthly consolation fails us, then
especially our Holy Faith comes to cheer
and console us. Oh, ye dear servants of
God? Oh, ye saints of Ireland! look down upon us with eyes of pity and com-passion. May good St. Patrick and St. Bridget pray for us this day."
"Amen," responded Kelley with deep

motion.
At this moment Mr. O'Connell, Mrs. O'Connell and Maurice entered the room "Oh, Mr. Kelley?" they all exclaimed i The chief of the police boasts in town that you will be the next to suffer for your boldness and bad principles."

"My dear friends I care not for the chief

and his threats, I will never leave until I learn that Richard is safe. When you find out where he is tell me that I may go and

share his fate."

share his fate."

Mr. O'Connell thanked Mr. Kelley for his devotedness to his son, while Ellie's tearful eyes eloquently spoke heartfelt gratitude, and, perhaps, something more! All were silent for a moment.

"I think," said Maurice, breaking the painful s lence, "that I know where Richard is concealed. Some time ago he told me of a cave near Clonnel, where one of the ancient Irish hermits lived concealed for many years. During the l'enal Days for many years. During the Penal Days it was one of the favorite hiding-places of the proscribed priests and faithful laity. Richard told me laughingly that if he ever should fly from the vanities of the world and turn hermit, he would select this cave as his dwelling place. Here, a large task is a dwelling place. Here, a large task is the more readily win them. as his dwelling place. If you, dear father, will allow me to go in search of him, I feel almost certain that I can find him."

"Certainly, Maurice," said the father, "you may be able to find out something about him; perhaps, the dear fellow is in need of food or money."

"You are a noble boy, Maurice," said the authoristic Kellow.

the enthusiastic Kelley.
"It is now too late, my son," said Mr O'Connell, "to leave home, but to-morrow

O'Connell, "to leave home, but to-morrow, as the sun rises, you can go and seek our poor Richard."

"Maurice, be kind enough to bring Richard this little note from me," said the bailiff, handing the youth a piece of paper which had the following words written on it:

written on it: CARRICK-ON-SUIR. My dear Richard—The hopes of Ire-land are crushed for the moment. There must have been some traitor in our ranks. May Heaven do him justice, may his life be miserable, and his death unhappy, accursed; may his last hours be black, and a warning to all future generations, ranking to all future generations, ranking to the limit of the second second

Though I deeply deplore your departure, I glory in having in you a friend who was one of the first of Ireland's patriots to be forced to fly from the hands of the oppressor. You have now a place among the marters for Erin. You will for the oppressor. You have now a place among the martyrs for Erin. You will for the future be named when Wolf Tone and Emmet are spoken of. From my heart I congratulate you. May I not say that I envy you? They have not thought it worth their while to lay hands on me as yet. I hope to do something yet for Ireland that will make me worthy to suffer, or to die for the glorious land that we or to die, for the glorious land that we

It is evident that we will now be treated as vanquished rebels. I cling to Ireland like ivy to a tower; still I have determined to seek for that peace and liberty which are denied me at home, in some far foreign land. Before I go, my brave fellow, I wish once more to grasp your hand and say good-bye. I trust you will meet me next Sunday evening at the "Rock," near Two Mile Bridge.

God bless you, my dear Richard. Hoping to see you soon,

I remain, your devoted friend.

I remain, your devoted friend, KELLEY.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE JESUIT.

The Priest and the Parson of two Hundred Years Ago.

GRAND TESTIMONY TO THE FAITH AND DE-

VOTION OF THE "THUNDERING LEGION" BY THE REV. DR. NEVIN, PRESBYTERIAN Attribute the fact to whatever motive Attribute the fact to whatever motive we please, accord to it whatever degree of deserving, one way and the other, our several prejudices may incline to, it is nevertheless indisputable that the Roman Catholic Church has always moved far in advance of all other Christian denominations in missionary enterwise. Justified Catholic Church has always moved far in advance of all other Christian denominations in missionary enterprise. Inspired by a sublime devotion, the self-denying priest has never hesitated to respond to a conviction of duty, nor paused to consider the hinderances in the way of its discharge. No field of labor has been so remote, no intervening stretch of wilderness and solitude so vast, but that to attain the one, he has bade willing defiance to the toile, the trials, and the perils of the other. Pestilence has not stayed him, famine has not restrained him, fire and sword have not dismayed him. Outstripping the march of civilization, distancing even the enterprise of the few, made famous by the feat, who, led by desire of traffic, or the love of wild adventure, have accomplished their bolder advances, penetrating far, over long extending leagues of pathless way, into the heart of savage wastes, he has assumed the more marvelous achievement, nor rested content until, traversing the weary reaches between, of forest, plain, desert, and

content until, traversing the weary reaches between, of forest, plain, desert, and mountain, he has journeyed from sea to sea, and made the passage of a continent. In 1626, Jean de Brebeuf, of the order of Jesus, starting from Quebec, entered upon his first missionary labor, fixing his station among the Huron Indians, on the Canada shore of the lake of that name, nearly a thousand miles from the point of canada shot of the lake of the hand, nearly a thousand miles from the point of his embarkation on the St. Lawrence river. Ten years later, the exiled preacher, Roger Williams, the foremost venturer among his Puritan brethren, sought out a scene for his personal toils—and for a new settlement—among the Naragausetts in Rhode Island, but the enterprise took him scarcely beyond sound of the axe of the pioneer in the clearings on the frontier of the Plymouth settlements. In 1658, John Eliot, the most noted of evangelical apostles among the Indians, officiating on a salary of fifty pounds per annum, had extended his labors to the backwoods, perhaps half a dozen miles outside of Boston harbor. Seven years before the scene for his personal toils—and for a new Boston harbor. Seven years before, the canoe that bore them landed Father Jogues and Raymbault among the Ojib-was or Chippewas, on the banks of the Sault Ste. Marie, close upon the waters of Lake Superior, midway between shore and shore of the opposite waters. Whole generations later, and within memory of living men, when ministers, under auspice of the domestic missionary societies, first went out to serve among the mixed popwent out to serve among the mixed populations, native and imported, of Western (peninsular) Michigan, they found the orchards, grown old and crumbled from decay, which were planted by the Jesuit fathers nearly a century and a half be-

fore.

If a comparison be instituted between the teachings and the preachings of the Papist and Puritan, in the time of which we treat, the contrast will be marked, and strikingly at variance with a prevailing conviction respecting the fact. The inconviction respecting the fact. The in-structions under which the follower of structions under which the follower of Loyola entered upon his work demanded an exclusive devotion to the specific object of his errand,—to proclaim Christ and his Cross to the benighted savages of the New World. The Christian virtues were to be held in strict observance. He was to be meek, patient, forgiving, temperate, charitable, and of untring affection. He was to conform as pearly as possible to the was to conform, as nearly as possible to the manners and customs of the tribes among which he might be thrown; loving them as brothers; tendering a cheerful proffer of all courtesies and civilities, even the ne might the more readily win them over to the embrace of the Faith which it was

his mission to preach.

The Puritan, on the other hand, took upon him his office independently, and in boasted contempt of higher human author-With the Bible for his rule and conscience for his guide, only to God would he hold himself accountable. His peculiar dogmas regarding forms of belief and of dogmas regarding forms of belief and of worship, of government ecclesiastical and civil, and of individual conduct, made up mainly his religion. In his preaching he preferred to discourse upon points of doctrine; to denounce the Divine Right of Bishops; to discuss the question whether Sanctity of Life is Evidence of Justification, or to deliver a solemn protest against the eating of mince-pies on Christmas. Thus it happened that while Roger Williams was proclaiming vehemently against the cross in the English standard, to the spiritual edification of his hearers, and while, with his ready right hand, Endicott was defiantly cutting it out, Father Jogues, a defiantly cutting it out, Father Jogues, a tortured, mutilated prisoner, far away in a camp of the Iroquois, in the fullness of a more amiable zeal, was carving the same sacred symbol, and with it tracing out the adorable name of Jesus in the bark of the adorable name of Jesus in the bark of the trees. And so it was, that while the "Apostle of the Indians" found topics quite up to his taste, for pulpit delivertes, in such themes as "The Wearing of Wigs and Long Hair," and "The Use of Tobacco," Charles Granier, the gentle disciple of Ignatius, was proclaiming the compassionate lessons of his divine Master in his own inspired utterances; preaching repentance and faith to the Huron and the Iroquois, and administering the saving the Iroquois, and administering the saving sacrament of baptism to his converts,—all the while, and everywhere, steadily pur-

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizztness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot fushes low spirits and gloomy forshed. lushes, low spirits and gloomy forebod-

suing, through hazard and through hard-ship, his appointed task which was to find its requital at last in the crown of martyr-dom, for which, in his moods of ecstasy,

dom, for which, in his moods of ecstasy, he was used to petition so fervently.

The religion of the Puritan may be said to have been a religion of the head, charactenistically cold, rigid, and vindictive. Charity with him was an unfamiliar virtue. His ministry was devoted to the rooting out of heresies, and to the instillation of "wholesome spiritual doctrine." The Law furnished him with texts and his proofs, rather than the Gospel, as Moses was his master of inspiration rather than the Messiah. To keep a salutary espionage over the consciences of his fellow communicants,—to disfranchise Wheelright, and to banish Mrs. Hutchinson, for the very fault (none else than non-conformity) which had made himself an exile from his native land,—was a more praiseworthy service than would have an exile from his native land,—was a more praiseworthy service than would have been the conversion of a Mohican or a Wampanoag. He seemed to act upon the presumption that the truth could make its own way among the Gentiles, and that the exclusive office of the teacher or pastor was to see that the "professor" lived tor was to see that the "professor" lived up to the line of Congregational orthodoxy. His function was to call the righteous, not sinners, to repentance. It was nothing out of the way that Parris should take it as worthy a heavenly benediction when he "preached and prayed" against deaf Rebecca Nurse, and had her handed by the new control of the production of t hanged by the neck, one summer's day, till she was dead. Cotton Mather thought that he was winning a peculiar claim to celestial favor when he harangued the celestial lavor when he harangued the crowd whose unsanctified instincts threatened to tempt them to the rescue of the condemned preacher, Burroughs, as he stood on the scaffold, and with a comfortable conscience could thank God "for justice being so far

executed among us."—the governor and the president of Harvard College respond-ing "Amen" to it,—as his miserable vic-tim was lsunched, strangled, into eternity. The religion of the Jesuit, on the other The religion of the Jesuit, on the other hand, was eminently a religion of the heart. Love was the cardinal element of his faith. Christ with him, was all and in all. Calvary was the sacred mountain to which he turned for his oracles, rather than Sinai. The injunction of his adorable Lord he put literally in practice,—taking up his cross and following him. He never tarried to discuss mooted questions in theological science, receiving the dogmas of his church without cavil and confessing to its mysteries dutifully, satisfied fessing to its mysteries dutifully, satisfied, as he was, in the terms of old and approve acceptance to understand as he believed and not to fetter and imperil himself by assuming only to believe as he understood.

Freed thus from the necessity of lingering at home to watch against the upgrowth of schism, he was at liberty to take up the more benevolent and consistent offices of his vocation, and wherever souls were to be snatched from pardition, the offices of his vocation, and wherever souls were to be snatched from perdition,—the more distant and dangerous, the more inviting the mission,—thither to force his way, or—for with his face once set upon an errand he never turned back—to per-

ish in the attempt.
"O my Jesus," said the pious Gabriel "O my Jesus," said the pious Gabriel Lallemand, "it is necessary that Thy blood, shed for the savages as well as for us, should be efficaciously applied to their salvation. It is on this account that I desire to co-operate with Thy grace, and to immolate myself for Thee." "What shall I render to Thee, O my Lord Jesus," reads the vow of the noble Jean de Brebenf "for all that I have received for reads the vow of the noble Jean de Brebeuf, "for all that I have received from Thee? I will accept Thy chalice; I will call upon Thy name. And now I vow, in presence of Thy eternal Father, and of the Holy Shost, before the angels, the apostles, and the martyrs,—that if, in thy mercy, Thou shalt ever offer unto me, Thy unworthy servant, the grace of martyrdom, I will not refuse it. From this hour I offer unto Thee, with all my will, O Thou my Jesus, my body, my blood, my soul, so that, by Thy permission, I may die for Thee who hast deigned to die for me. So, Lord, will I accept Thy chalice and invoke Thy name, O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, I's devo

This was the spirit of the Jesuit's devo-tion, and these types of the illustrious company of those who, like Rene Menard, Chabanel, Garreau, Le Maistre, Du Pois-son, Antoine Daniel, and their fellows, son, Antoine Daniel, and their fellows, dedicated themselves to martyrdom, that the faith to which they were plighted, with its saving grace, might be implanted in the hearts of the heathen.

As to the merits of the one order of

As to the merits of the one order of these ecclesiastical functionaries, and of the other it may readily be conceived that a decided opinion prevailed in the minds of the savages. "You saw me," said one of them, representing his people Lefore the Governor of Massachusetts, "long before the French did; yet neither you nor your ministers over snoke to me of prayer or the French did; yet neither you nor your ministers ever spoke to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They saw my furs and my beaverskins, and they thought of them only. These were what they sou lat. When I brought them many I was their great friend. That was all. On the contrary, one day I lost my way in my canoe, and arrived at last at an Algonquin village, where the Black Robes taught. I had hardly arrived when the Black Robe came to see me. I was loaded with pelcame to see me. I was loaded with pel-tries. The French Black-Robe disdained to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell, and of the Prayer which is the only path to heaven. I heard him with pleasure. At length prayer was pleasing to me. I asked for baptism and I received it. Then I returned to my own country, and told what happened to me. They envied my happiness,—and set out to find the Black-Robe, and asked him to baptize them. If, when you first saw me, you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the misfortune to learn to pray like you, for I was not able then to find out if your prayer was good. But I have learned the prayer of the French. I love it, and will follow it till the earth is con-

While the labors of the early Catholic missionaries were devoted chiefly to the natives inhabiting the wildernesses of natives inhabiting the wildernesses of Canada, they were not so to the exclusion of a more extended exercise. Their enterprise led them beyond the boundaries of that province, and brought them within the borders of a strange land, which, lying south of the chain of lakes, away in the rear of the Plymouth settlements, reached with its bread arease. flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

tianity in these regions,—the regions of "the West," as the term had its application and limitation down to within a score or two of years ago,—that this sketc proposes to treat

TO ROME! TO ROME!

Like the half-mad Junius, of Tarquin Like the half-mad Junius, of Tarquin fame, the ignoble crowd of roughs who go to make up the "Salvation Army" is crying out "To Rome! to Rome!" and already the project is afoot to give the Eternal City an exhibition of their grotesque antics. Of this movement the London Standard (secular) in a recent issue

thus discourses:

The city of Rome is menaced with a visit the bare rumor of which, we should visit the bare rumor of which, we should imagine, must suffice to make Pio Nono turn in his grave in the crypt of the exquisite Basilica outside the gate of San Lorenzo. The Salvation Army, we are told, meditate the dispatch of a band of skirmishers to the Eternal City. Goth, Gaul, Hun, Bourbon, Garibaldian, Piedmontese, all in turn have entered it, and now the Salvation Army proposes to make a breach in the composite walls that gird the Seven Hills. Rome is to be converted afresh by the Salvation Army. What will the Seven Hills. Rome is to be converted afresh by the Salvation Army. What will be the special scene of its labors? Will it obtain permission to hold forth in the Colosseum? Hardly, for the colossal wooden cross that used to stand in the centre of the Flavian Amphitheatre, with its surrounding emblems of the "Stations," has been removed; and having got rid of Franciscan and Dominican friars, the S. P. Q. R. would scarcely consent to have has been removed; and having got rid of Franciscan and Dominican friars, the S. P. Q. R. would scarcely consent to have them replaced by the agents of General Booth. Will these new missionaries, sent out to indicate to Pagan Rome the error of its ways, mount the Janiculum, take possession of San Pietro in Montorio—or of the neighboring Sant' Onofrio, where Tasso died—and explain that they are the true successors of the Apostles, and the chosen poets and prophets of the ninetenth century? Will they post themselves on the top of the branching steps of the Trinita de' Monti, and—hard by the famous Convent, where hidden nuns sing with voices so divinely sweet—bellow out their semi-bachanalian hymns? Perhaps they will take up their station where the air breathes and burns of Cicero, and teach the Roman people what is true eloquence, conclusive argument, and the real perpolita oratio. The ganing Temple of Peaces the the Roman people what is true eloquence, conclusive argument, and the real perpolita oratio. The gaping Temple of Peace, the Corinthian peristyle of Saturn's Temple; the Ionic colonnade of the Temple of Vespasian, will be most fitting sites for their religious exhortations and their familiar travesties of the baldest prosody of Sternhold and Hopkins.

There is the Roman senate, the Curia Julia itself, from the midst of whose halfrestored colonnade the Pagan Papists of Rome might be edified by a few "colonels" and "captains" expounding the real dog-mas and the genuine purport of Christian-ity. Or perhaps the dainty little Temple of Vesta would furnish a fitting pulpit for these Hyperborian reformers. And if that perch suited them, they might take up their abode in the house of Rienzi, just opposite. Recent explorations have laid bare a considerable portion of the Sacred Way; and where Horace once sauntered, immersed in trifles, the solemn personages of the Salvation Army might demonstrate how very much better they understand this world—to say nothing of the next—than the famous lyrist. Verily, our countrymen have an inexhaustible talent for making themselves ridiculous. The antics of these illiterate Evanguist. of these illiterate Evangelists are not agreeable even in Houndsditch or in Min ories; but the ugliness of the scene is more or less in harmony with the ugliness of their performances; and the associations their performances; and the associations of the one are about on a par with the associations of the other. But that they should transport their trumpets and tomfooleries to the Tombs of the Apostles, that they should screech and harangue where the same sown the seed of the markers that they they should screech and harangue where was sown the seed of the martyrs, that they should propose to roar out their revelations where "lamblike Agnes spotless leveling where "lamblike has been should be sho inspires," where Stephen has his shrine and Regulus his memories—all this argues a crassness of vulgarity and presumption of which Englishmen alone seem to be cap-able. Do the Salvationists know what Rome is like? Rome is eminently what some people would call a well some people would call a well behaved place, perhaps the most "respectable" city in Europe. If there be vice it has a shrewd way of hiding itself, and if there be any drunkenness it is indulged in outside the city during the Ostobrata, when the vintage is gathered in. So many ruins, perhaps, make men contemplative, soher, self-con-

make men contemplative, sober, self-contained. At any rate, the real Roman make men contemplative, soper, sententained. At any rate, the real Roman people are the staidest folks in the world, knowing nothing of the fine levity of the Tuscans, or the diabolical merriment of Naples. Even were the Salvation Army what its name implies to send its agents Naples. Even were the Saivation Army what its name implies, to send its agents to Rome would be like sending owls to Athens. Rome wants no saving. It only wants to be left alone. With solemn, tranquil brows the Eternal City contemplate the vicisitudes of time, the aphenical contemplate the vicisitudes of time, the aphenical contemplate the vicisitudes of time, the aphenical contemplate is a sentence of the contemplate of the vicisitudes of time, the aphenical contemplate is a sentence of the contemplate of the contemplat plates the vicissitudes of time, the epheplaces the vicissitudes of time, the ephe-meral efforts of successive periods of civ-ilization. It is a sepulchre in which men learn the vanity of all things, unless, like the Salvation Army, they are utterly unteachable BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.
GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOS. G. KNOX.

Messrs. Parker & Laird, of Hillsdale, Messrs. Parker & Laird, of Hillsdale, writes: Our Mr. Laird having occasion to visit Scotland, and knowing the excellent qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, concluded to take some with him, and the control of the result has been very astonishing. We may say that in several instances it has effected cures when ailments had been pronounced incurable by eminent practitioners.

Of far more importance than the National Policy or the Irish Question is the question of restoring health when lost. The most suddenly fatal diseases incident to this season are the various forms of Bowel Complaint, for all of which Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is

A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS. —Procure from your druggist one 37½-cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrheea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach And returing the state of Chinocher of On Stay of the The embrace of Indian Sanctity's Daring the Eurning to To the exquadration of Sanctity's And the sanctity's And the sanctity's And the sanctity's Sanctity's Sanctity's Sanctity's Sanctity's Sanctity Sanc Adoration
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