Sympathy.

The Shrine of Penitence.

place to lay our sorrows down, here, putting on a thorny crown, e humbly bend and meekly own The sins that are too much our own.
Oh, what a boon to man is given
for guide his erring steps toward heaven!
The shrine of penlience and prayer,
With God's forgiveness waiting there.

To feel, to know, however sore
The wound may be, there's healing there;
That open wide is heaven's door.
If earth's wild storms of grief and care,
Doth crush life's hopes and bid despair
Thrust thee away from all that's good,
Remember, then, God's holy word—
It came to us from highest heaven—
"If you forgive, all is forgiven."

Go tho' thy life has sin and woe, And humbly bend in meekness low; The darkest stain of crime will fly, As there, beneath God's watchful eye, The inward page of life is open. The word of peace to man is spoken; There is no joy save that of heaven Like unto this to mortal given.

Oh, Holy Sacrament, what peace Thy benediction brings to all: At thy feet all life's sorrows cease, All full of tenderness thy call, Like gentle mother who would save Her children from perdition's grave Thou art the fount to heal and bless In life's sad hour of wretchedness.

PLANTAGENET'S WELL.

A True Story of the Days of Richard the Third.

By Lady C. Howard.

Around the hall were martial shields,
Which baron bold and knights of yore
Had borne in murderous battle fields—
Where prince and peasant fell before
The well-aimed blow and hurtled spear
M. S.

The green trees whispered low and wild— It was a sound of joy! The green trees whispered for and what It was a sound of Joy!
They were my playmates when a child, And rocked me in their arms so wild!
And still they looked at me and smiled
Asif I were a boy.
Prelude—Longfellow.

It was the close of a day in early sum mer. The last rays of the setting sun made the forest trees shine like burnished gold, reflecting them in the depths of the still, calm pools, which here and there diversified the scene. Groups of sheep and herds of deer were browsing on the short velvet grass, making, with the sweet notes of forest birds and the ever busy hum of insects, a perfect picture of happy, peaceful English life.

Two men were walking through the

Two men were walking through the sunny forest glades: judging from their dress, one was a priest, the other a boy

of some fourteen summers.

The priest was a man of about fifty-five tall and rather inclined to embonpoint. He had earnest grey eyes, hair of snowy whiteness, a Roman nose, rather a weal expression about his mouth, and a broad, intellectua forchead.

A more benevolent looking man was

A more benevolent looking man was perhaps never seen, and his character was fully carried out by his deeds. He was a good, kind friend to the poor; none who sought his aid ever went away with their griefs unlightened, if it was not, his power to assuage them, and if it was not, his poorer neighbors took the will for the deed, and returned home comforted. Every one, and with reason, blessed the good Padre, or Father John, as the people usually called him. Casual observers good Padre, or Father John, as the people usually called him. Casual observers might have taken him for the father of the fine boy whose hand was so confid-ingly placed in his. He was, however, only his sincere friend, guardian and pre-ceptor. The boy himself was in all ap-pearance slight and tall. He had a frank, open countenance, deep blue eyes which looked at you fearlessly, a very straight nose, a complexion sunburnt from expos-ure to all weathers, and a mouth and chir whose expression showed an amount of whose expression showed an amount of firmness and perseverance rarely seen in one so young. Very small feet, and white, strong hands, gave evidence of gentle, perhaps noble birth. As the two saun-tered along, they were engaged in a conversation which seemed deeply interest-ing to both master and pupil, and well it ing to both master and pupil, and well it might be, as the subject under their notice was none other than Homer.

"Richard's guide returned, and found

As they discussed the giorious poetry of the grand old bard, and Father John told this young pupil of the brave deeds of the warriors there described, the boy's eyes sparkled and his cheeks flushed, and sparkled and startled by the interview. Heaven forfend, then no means will be left you but instant, speedy flight; you must veil your head and seek concealment. clasping his hands, he eagerly exclaimed, is mind, and ask him a few questions.
"Oh! that I may live to be a man, then "Oh, sir," said Richard, "tell me, I pray "Oh! that I may live to be a man, then will I be a soldier, and by God's grace will

strive to imitate these glorious deeds."
"Yes, Richard," said the kind priest, smiling at his companion's boyish enthusiasm, "so you shall; and meanwhile, by much study during these precious years of your boyhood, and many deeds of charity, making your poorer neighbors' woes your own, you will earn a crown of immortal glory, better, far better than all the principal with the property of the world?" the perishable ones of this world.

In conversation such as this did the good mind the seeds of good deeds, of acts which should make his name bles many a humble abode, looked up to and reverenced even as his own was, and the boy gave promise of repaying his guardian for all his trouble and unceasing care. So conversing, the two came to a large rambing old house, situated in the heart of one entirely covered with ivy, which clung to its grey, time-stained walls, twining itself in and out of the quaint casements, making the home of many a sparrow and starling, which, in return for the shelter afforded them, sang a never ending hymn of joy and praise. In the lovers' "Language of Flowers," ivy means "True Friendship." Its powers of constancy are beautifully described in the following lines of Bernard Barton, addressed to Mrs. Hemans:—

"It changes not as seasons flow.
In changeful, silent course along,
Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,
It outlives Summer's song; Attumn no wan nor russet stain Upon its fadeless glory flings, And Winter o'er it sweeps in vain With tempest on his wings."

The other side of the house was built of grey stone, and ended with a squarebuilt tower, where, at certain hours, the curtew rang, bidding all to put out their fires and lights. A characteristic old porch, with a door curiously studded with teel nails, opened into a moderate-sized hall, strewn with rushes, and with a fire of huge logs of wood shedding a warm

glow over everything.

High-backed chairs, the legs of carved wood, and the seats of crimson leather. were placed round the hall, in the centre of which stood an immense oaken table. Trophies of the chase adorned the walls, stags' heads, with noble antlers ; spears, and

or grace 1481. Here, it this ionely forest retreat, Richard had spent all his life, as he could remember, with no companion but Father John, ignorant whose son he was, or even if his parents were living. Richard was the only name by which he

knew himself. His leisure hours were spent in the forest in summer, and in reading—curled up in the deep seats of the windows in the old hall, when the weather was too severe for him to go out. It was a happy life,

free from care and sorrow.

His little room opened into Father
John's, and his in turn into the hall. None of the numerous other rooms in the house were ever used, except the kitchen and a tiny room where the one servant of the establishment, old Allan, slept and grum-bled. He was a quaint old man, in keep-ing with the house and furniture. He had a hooked nose, like a parrot's, small black eyes, set very near together, which made him look as if he could read every thought in your mind, and grey hair, which hung in locks down his back from under a velvet cap. He was very active, in spite of his seventy years, and really willing, but he had a tongue like the clapper of a

Such were Richard's companions and

Such were Richard's companions and life at the age of fourteen. Money was supplied to the house from time to time by a stranger who paid them short visits. The days passed on swiftly and quietly until the October following the day when this tale begins. It was early in the month, but the trees were changing fast; every day seemed to deepen and alter the beauty of their tints. The leaves as they fell lay rotting in heaps, making a melan-choly picture. One day the stranger came choly picture. One day the stranger came and took Richard away with him. After going through many miles of country, and stopping frequently to rest, they came at last to a very large city with hundreds of houses, thousands of men, women, and children thronging the streets, and where the noise and tumult seemed to bewilder Richard. Presently they stopped at large house, like a palace, and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state Richard felt that there was a likeness cheek, in your downcast eye; you need to large house, like a palace, and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the boy into a lofty hall, where state and the stranger fed the stranger fed

their office; so he stood there, quiet and still, but with a sort of doubtful joy in his heart. Seeing Richard's fear,

purse, heavily filled with gold, and kindly pressed his hand. For some time did they

As they discussed the glorious poetry of him dazed and startled by the interview. proud Richmond gain the day,

you, why you show such care for me, why you employ your time in my behalf. And tell me who is that man of pride and dignity who deigns to notice a stranger Richard's question confused his guide,

but he did not seem displeased; but he told him nothing, though he seemed to know much; he said:

only do my duty; you have no kindred blood with mine; but, hard to say, your birth must to you still remain a secret. Ask no more.

Thus he reproved Richard, doing it

After he had gone Richard's heart waxed sad; he felt as if he had sustained some heavy loss; but in the company of Father John all tumultuous thoughts gave way, words alike softened his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing his way to the Earl of Richmond, hewing sorrow. Unruly care was far distant from him. Grief's wildest ravings ceased in The King's valour was astonishin gly

ary hopes passed away, leaving a future dark and drear. As in March the sun-

other implements of use and war were scattered about.

It was the 10th day of June, in the year of grace 1481. Here, in this lonely forest retreat, Richard had sepent all his life, as he could remember, with no companies he could remember, with no companies he could remember, with no companies he could remember with no companies he could remember the control of the rest and food, as the door. They rode on in silence at the utmost speed, and, only remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember, with no companies the could remember with no companies the could remember with no companies the could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, at the door. They rode on in silence at the utmost speed, and, only remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remembe the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, he could remember the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, and the control of the remaining a few moments for rest and food, an kept on until their panting coursers brought them to Bosworth, in Leicester-

brought them to Boswoith, in Leicestershire.

Here they stopped, but did not dismount. Richard gazed around him with
astonishment, and his heart began to beat
fast. Far as the eye could see stretched a
wilderness of tents, with banners floating
in the air, prancing steeds all around, and
archers trimly dressed. The sun was just
setting in a cloud of burnished gold, tipping the points of the spears everywhere

moved on towards the tents with wary pace, and dismounting, befriended by the stars, which shone with a bright light, they walked quickly on, answering the challenge of the sentinels, until they came to Eastwell Park, in on a martial form who barred their fur-

it back, he snatched Richard's hand, and, leading him with swift steps, never slackened his pace until he came to a splendid tent. The pavilion was hung with glowing crimson, the shade deepened by the light of many tapers. A royal couch was in the centre, and beside it lay a polished suit of armor, bright and ready for its owner's use.

In 1546 Sir Thomas gave him a piece of ground, with permission to build himself a house thereon. This he accordingly did. One day Sir Thomas came upon him, sitting by the side of a well, reading; he took the book from him, and was surprised to see it was written in Latin, and that "Richard Plantagenet," was in-cribed on the fly leaf.

suit of armor, origin and ready owner's use.

The crown was there glittering in the light with many splendid gems gracing it, and close by, as though to guard its safety and dignity, lay a weighty "curtelax" unsheathed. The chief took off his cap, and drew Richard to him. Wrapt in gloom, his face appeared like a clouded sky ere his face appeared like a clouded sky ere brudgery and toil were not your position;

and splendor seemed to reign. Passing through the hall, they came to a range of rooms, each more magnificent than the last, with sculptured arches, painted roofs, matchless tapestry adorning the walls, the

morrow's sun will behold me conqueror or will see me among the dead; for Richard joy in his will see me among the dead; for Richard the great will never grace the victor's car, but glorial I ask is your history—confide that to heart. Seeing Richard's fear, the great man strove to mitigate the harshness of his brow, and with kind speeches cheered his aching heart. He questioned Richard closely on his manner of life, what his occupations and amusements were, and stroked his sunny curls.

Yet while he talked he seemed to be always keeping something back; his looks implied much more than his speeches said. Then he gave Richard an embroidered purse, heavily filled with gold, and kindly was feed to more than his speeches and movement of the battle. If highteous fate give me the conquest, then purse, heavily filled with gold, and kindly was feed to me."

So spoke Sir Thomas Moyle; and at his drooping head, and, with a grateful glance at his benefactor, began his sad tale. Sir Thomas listened with deep attention, and with the close, shaking the old man's hand kindly, he left him to repose.

In his comfortable house Richard Planting the propose of the propose of the camp there is a rising the close, shaking the old man's hand kindly, he left him to repose.

In his comfortable house Richard Planting the propose of the victor's car, but glorious die! But me."

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In his comfortable house Richard Planting the propose of the victor's car, but glorious die! But me." righteous fate give me the conquest, then hall your noble birth be known to all. Then you may boldly come to the centre stand thus, the man of noble mien looking deeply into Richard's face, his bosom swelling with emotion, as though he wished to speak; but suddenly he started, frowned, and abruptly left the room.

Bishead's guide returned and found the field, and amidst my chieftains I will own my son. But if I am robbed of swelling with emotion, as though he wished to speak; but suddenly he started, frowned, and abruptly left the room.

Bishead's guide returned and found the field, and amidst my chieftains I Sixth's reign, and he was buried in the parish church of Eastwell, in Kent, the empire and renown, then you may be seat of the present Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, on the 22nd of December 1550. were dishonor and disgrace than on his son, Richard's foes will wreak their vengeance, rage, and fear, even when Richard himself shall be no more. So, go, my son; one more embrace, and Heaven keep you; some short reflections claim this awful night before a glimmering in the east heralds the approach of day, when my knights attend to arm me for the fight."

m nothing, though he seemed to know uch; he said:

"Youth, you owe me no obligation; I to check a rising tear, he led him forth overwhelmed with grief.

This was on Sunday evening, August the 21st, in the year of grace 1485. The morning of Monday, the 22nd, rose dark Thus he reproved Richard, doing it, however, as if he pitied him; so Richard bowed to his mild rebuke, and promised each other that during the night many obedience.

Arrived at the old hall, he consigned Richard to his faithful guardian's care, and, blessing him by the Holy Cross, departed.

Arrived at the old hall, he consigned Richard and joined Richmond's army. When the day broke the forces were drawn up in line of battle. The parted.

him. Grief's wildest ravings ceased in his presence, and in his blameless life well did he prove "That the House of Goodness is the House of Peace."

Here for some months Richard's life round him, and at last Richard, who fought flowed on evenly, quietly, with nothing to mark the days. By degrees he began to feel that perhaps it was well for him that he was ignorant of the secret of his wounds. His helmet was so beaten in birth, and to see that he had better not try to find out that which fate appeared to wish concealed.

But soon things were altered; his visionary hopes passed away, leaving a future

Thus died Richard the Third.

The battle only lasted two hours. You shine seems to give promise of a fine day, but, with that treachery which belongs to the time, as the day wears on the sun discoverhim for one last look at his parent. But appears, leaving everything damp and gloomy—this was the case with Richard's pect to him in the event of the battle life.

One day his guide arrived, not as of late, quiet and calm, but he seemed possessed with a wild impatience; care and thought were written in his face.

pointment. Going into the old hall, he saw Father

archers trimly dressed. The sun was just setting in a cloud of burnished gold, tipping the points of the spears everywhere to be seen until they shone like fire. The hum of many voices resounded on the evening air, and sounds of music from the evening air, and sounds of music from time to time came floating down the breeze.

Twilight crept on swiftly; the chieftains tor, Richard quitted the old house in the were all in their tents, and sentinels were forest for ever, with a sincere prayer that posted around. Richard and his guide the God of the fatherless would lead him

one evening he came to Eastwell Park, in Kent. Its owner was Sir Thomas Moyle, ther progress.

He seemed to be listening, his face muffled in his cloak. Suddenly throwing it back, he snatched Richard's hand, and, leading him with swift steps, never slackened his recognition to be successful to be successful. In 1546 Sir Thomas Sir Thomas Moyle, a benevolent man, to whom he applied for employment, which was given him, and as chief bricklayer he lived for many years in Sir Thomas's service.

In 1546 Sir Thomas Moyle, a benevolent man, to whom he applied for employment, which was given him, and as chief bricklayer he lived for many years in Sir Thomas's service.

right. I read the answer in your blushing Richard felt that there was a likeness cheek, in your downcast eye; you need not have resort to speech. Often have I matchless tapestry adorning the walls, the floor carpeted with rushes, in marked contrast to the splendor of the rest of the place. At last Richard's guide left him, and he remained alone in a state of suspense and fear, although he did not know of what he was afraid.

Presently, to his astonishment, a man of noble mien appeared; his commanding form and stately bearing awed Richard, as he advanced towards him, fixing his penetrating eves upon his face. His yest was an as soon as my power has quenched. aching void? Tell me all your longing

ery, dying at the ripe old age of eighty-one, in the fourth year of Edward the

of Eastwell Church, still exists, but it appears to be of a much later date. There erect images of their great doctors, appears to be of a much later date. There is remaining in existence in Eastwell Park the ruin of a dwelling said to have been his house, and a dried-up well near it, which to this date is called "Plantait, which to this date is called "Plantagenet's Well." There Sir Thomas Moyle persuade Protestants that they worship

In a recent sermon, Bishop Wigger, of Newark, N. J., said:—"It is time to raise a warning voice when men, otherwise good and learned, publicly proclaim that good and learned, publicly proclaim that the hold of the hold of the learned property. The honor was meant. It was only a mark of respect and allegiance due to the throne (that is, of course, the person who occupies the throne).

And shall not Catholics bend the knee to the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the altar on which is the Altar of God, the good and learned, publicly proclaim that man has no right to property. The Church has very clearly-defined principles on this point. She has always taught that man has a right to ownership of property. True it is, she teaches that absolute ownership belongs entirely to God; but what we acquire by hard labour, or by other legitimate means, belongs to the stone altar they pay their homage, and not rather to Him who sits thereon? Yet this is the Protestant commentary of the act. A Protestant reading this would be act. us, to the exclusion of our fellow beings; and no man has a right to deprive us of it. If you hear even a priest teaching doctrines opposed to this principle, beware of him—for his utterances are not of God, but the of the "real presence" founded on the diswild vaporings of a depraved imagina-

"Female Complaints."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—I write to tell you what your "Favor-tte Prescription" has done for me. I I wa had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially the "draggingown," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I got three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. vise every sick lady to take it. EMILY RHOADS, McBrides, Mich.

An Admonition.

To neglect a cough or cold, is but to inite Consumption, that destroyer of the human race. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation will cure the cough and allay all irritation of immense importance to me, as for the of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and first time it gave me an insight into mysessed with a wild impatience; care and thought were written in his face.

"Rise, youth," said he to Richard, "and mount this steed."

Richard did as he was told, and bidding and bidding of the forest, at the door of the lay, he turned thought were written in his face.

"Rise, youth," said he to Richard, "and where his father lay, departed. After a long, weary journey he found himself in the heart of the forest, at the door of the lay, he turned thought were written in his face.

"Rise, youth," said he to Richard, "and where his father lay, departed. After a long, weary journey he found himself in plaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c.

"Rough on the the ordinant and the sad events of the day, he turned thought were written in his face.

"Rough on the throught were written in his face.

"Rough on the throught were written in his face.

"Rough on the throught were written in his face.

"Rough on the throught was and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary Complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Vhooping Cough, &c.

"Rough on the first time it gave mean insight into myself. I was surprised and astounded that prejudice could influence me so strongly. I could not believe that it was prejudice, munks. 15c.

A Conversion to the True Faith and how it Occurred.

From the Australian Advocate. The following autographic sketch of a conversion, which occurred more than twenty years past in the colony of Victoria, Australia, was written for private use only, and was recently found in Dubli in among the papers of W. J. A., the deceased convert. He was employed as an engineer on one of the earliest constructed railway lines of Victoria, but subsequently returned with his family to Ireland. The simple, natural style in which the writer records his religious experiences is our chief inducement to publish this sketch; but if it should come under the notice of Protestants who are hopestly seeking the truth or who would

grace of final perseverance. Many very serious reflections have passed through my mind, and I see many causes for thanks-

the lungs, and was given over by the doctors who attended me; but was raised to life—I believe firmly—by the efficacy of the last sacrament of religion, to which St. James refers in his epistle. Since then I have been again dangerously ill; but James refers in his epistle. Since then have been again dangerously ill; but anxieties, and these inflammatory sermons, I had worked myself into a perfect frenzy. the workings of the mind and heart which, which Protestant slander has never omitted to designate by the terms idolatry, and which I believed to be idolatry, and

Rome.
For example, I found in myself an instinctive horror of pictures representing the crucifixion, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, etc., or an image or statue of the sort, and an impulse (I will now call it a fiendish impulse) to tear down, destroy, and consign to the flames anything of the sort. I would not keep such a thing in my possession; the word "superstition" would immediately rise to my tongue on being shown anything of this description, and, if I did or said no more, I would and, if I did or said no more, I would turn away with a sneer of contempt that was equally divided between the person who could believe such nonsense and the nonsense itself. But when I turned my eyes inward and demanded a reason for this horror—this fiendish impulse (for every man let him be ever so unreasonable, professes to act by reason) I made a discovery! I found myself not acting upon reason, but upon prejudice. This is told in few words, but my reflections

ccupied my spare time for some weeks.

I had always been told that Catholics worshipped these images. Could that be the fact! Could it be possible that men of first-class education, who know infin-

history.

Has Man a Right to the Possession of Land.

In a recent sermon, Bishop Wigger, of Newark, N. J., said:—"It is time to a warning warn

say—"But I deny the presence of God upon the altar." Well I am not writing upon the altar." Well I am not writing controversally; but I will observe in pass tinct and unerring words of our Saviour, "This is my body, etc.," and be sure the Adorable Lord will never blame you, or me, for yielding implicit credence to His own words, how difficult soever to be-

I was presented with a likeness of my father. My first impulse was to kiss itand a very good impulse it was—but it struck me forcibly at the time:—If it were a representation of a head crowned with thorns I would call the act supersti-tious. Now, here were motives to anal-yze. It would take me a week to write thoughts which arose in my mind on this subject. However, I arrived at the con-clusion above named. Nor would it be possible to arrive at any other than that prejudice was the inspiring cause, not rea-

and yet my reason was convinced it was nothing else. Then followed the first beam of light—the inference that I might

lish this sketch; but it it should come under the notice of Protestants who are anxiety on her account; and although honestly seeking the truth, or who would hard worked during the day (having gennot at least shun the light, it may hapnot at least shun the light shun not at least shun the light, it may happily do some good.

"Ist May, 1859, Low Sunday. This day is the anniversary of my reception into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church—a day of holy joy and thanksgiving. Two years ago I was baptized by the Rev. L. Shiel, of the Melbourne University, at the Church of St. Francis, Lonsdale street, in that city; when I took the additional name of Joseph. May that holy saint pray to God to grant me the grace of final perseverance. Many very giving to God for past mercies.

On this day last year (588), I was lying very ill at Fortwilliam of inflammation of the lungs, and was given avery by read it. The sermons I dwelt most upon were entitled—"No Popery," "Judas, a type of the Papacy," "Is the Pope Anti-Christ?" etc.

My frame of mind was anything but

a few days—perhaps years, to do penance.

In pondering on the considerations which induced me to change my religion, the workings of the mind and heavy which (I might better say raved) on the "abominations of the confessional," etc., as set forth in this book. When I consider the the workings of the mind and heart which, through the grace of God, brought about that, to me, great change—a change which, with truth, I can compare to nothing but a foretaste of eternal happiness—it has occurred to me that the question of pictures and images as used by Catholics, and which Pestterior the confessional. The confessional etc., as set for the confessional etc., a thanksgiving to God. How often did I wish myself (God forgive me) dead? As often as each new day came. Many times when I had seen the lightning and contributed more than anything else to start me on the right road, which I had long sought to find, but never dreamt of looking for in the old crazy church of Rome. action, which brought reflection I still continued to pray night and day for the long desired conversion, not doubting but that God would at length hear and but that God would at length hear and grant it. Each month (as is the practice of the Church of England) while in Melbourne, I received the communion, hoping against hope, and persuading myself I found strength and comfort in it. And when obliged to leave the city for Keilor, I became trustee for the little church in became a trustee for the little church in

that village, believing it but just that I should do all the good I could in the service of God, from whom I expected the great boon of my wife's conversion. But how mortified was I always with the old cheerless service of the church, when I was all on fire—I may say—with anxiety and hope. I looked to find in others the same warmth, but how cold and miserable everything in the shape of devotion!
While collecting the minister's dues with
a brother trustee I endeavored at the same time to raise a subscription for the schools, and succeeded admirably; but the minister, for whom we raised a very reseat of the present Earl of Winchijsea and Nottingham, on the 22nd of December, 1550.

The record of his burial is still to be found in the old register of Eastwell Church, as follows:

"Richard Plantagenet's tomb, in the wall of Eastwell Church, still exists, but it appears to be a content of the present Earl of Winchijsea and believe that it could hear or see them; the present Earl of Winchijsea than I do, could so abandon reason as to kneel before a lifeless clay or stone image, and believe that it could hear or see them; the present Earl of Winchijsea than I do, could so abandon reason as to kneel before a lifeless clay or stone image, and believe that it could hear or see them; No! No reasonable man could believe such a thing. In fact, I admitted to myself that I did not believe that any Catholics or the subject, they have always tall and I was not mistaken.

In speaking to Catholics on the subject, they have always tall and I was not mistaken.

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In speaking to Catholics on the subject, they have always tall and I was not mistaken. pondering and considering it many times occurred to me as strange that my prayer place these in lad never been answered. Was I to go had never been answered. Was I to go thus to the end of my days? The words thus to the end of my days? The words thus to the end of my days? able, idolatrous religion of Rome, the very name of which I detested. This must surely be the will of God. cause of my non-success must rest with myself; I did not ask properly. Was I too wicked for God to hear me? Or, perhaps, the time which God saw best for her conversion had not yet arrived. These and other attempts at an explanation passed in review before my mind; the last one I adopted, and resolved patiently

to wait God's own time.

It was at this stage, and while I pondered on these things, that I commenced to consider the difference between reason and prejudice, as I have written at the commencement of this sketch, and to dis-tinguish between them. On New Year's Day of '57, I had occa-

sion to go to Melbourne from Keilor. I started early on purpose to be in time for divine service at St Paul's, and as I rode by the Catholic Chapel, what crowds of people, some going, some coming! I shook my head and pitied the poor, deluded creatures; though not before reason had extorted the admission from me, that no matter how absurd might be their belief, they certainly were to be admired for their zeal. On reaching the church how different the scene! about a dozen people—not more—seated here and there through the large building. The same service was gone through, the same chilling effects as heretofore was the result; whatever devotion I might the result; whatever devotion I might have had before was cooled down to the temperature of Protestant theology before I left. TO BE CONTINUED.

"Rough on Rats." clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chip-

When sorrow casts its shadow o'er Our weary souls, how sweet to pour Into some willing, listening ear, Each hope and joy, desire and fear! To lay the brow whereon is pressed The band of care, of pain's unrest. Upon some warm and faithful bread Oh, surely this is to feel blessed. If in this world, where all is change; We find one soul in the wide range That 'mid life's trials will be true, 'Tis sweet as heaven's refreshing dew. Yes, friendship in its purity Is deeper than the deepest sea; Ritcher than the golden mine. It will the diamond's light outshine.

Yes, if there be one joy on earth That has from heaven its royal birth, It is to know without a fear One soul is trusted and held dear; Trusted with life, with hope and love, Next to the joy that from above Sheds o'er us its immortal light Is this sweet faith 'mid sorrow's night

GREAT SPEECH OF MICH DAVITT.

An open-air demonstration was he Sunday at Wexford, at which M Davitt, Healey, Redmond and spoke. Mr. Davitt said that when f spoke. Mr. Davitt said that when I face with the fifty-second Coercio passed for Ireland, it was difficult is who had been pursuing a constitu action in this movement to fight lines of the Land League. On the lines of the Land League. On the hand, no man who had ever been fied with the principles of the League could, for a single momer away from the fight with Irish landlo (A voice: "No; not at the point British bayonet," applause). No how the man might be circumstant how hard his lot or position might could still not abate one jot of his how hard his lot or position migui-could still not abate one jot of hi tion, or the hope of his heart, hav-feeling that his cause rested upor and justice, and that his ener wrong. Although the action of the League was arrested to-day in I the manhood of Ireland kne throughout its career rested on the form of truth and justice, and that PRINCIPLES WHICH WERE ETERNA

(cheers). He confessed that the fe (cheers). He confessed that the feared and to-day was that which are the contemplation of how little sulted from the great agitation of three or four years. When they ered the sacrifices which had been fout the lives which had been fout the lives which had been sacrificantly are thelp feeling disappoint. could not help feeling disappoint outcome of this great movement they had a mountain of agitat only a mouse of a land measure landlordism had been given a rent extractor in the shape of second Coercion Bill. In addit saw a system that was the parent ian outrage and poverty, seeming washed before the civilized worl washed before the deeds prompted becourse. He was compelled to sp disagreeable truths. No matter lisagreeable truths. disagreeable truths. No matter consequence might be to him, ei the side of popularity among people, or from the side of the co the Government,

the Government,
HE WOULD SPEAK THE TRU
Whatever were the causes wh
the present situation, this land r
had been started upon a plai
issue—not an issue to fix fair issue to make a compro landlordism, but an uni issue—Irish landlordism and its complete abolition (applause) had been pursuaded to make her platform, and the entire I throughout the world rallied throughout the world rallied to the state of "Down with landlordism; the the people" (cheers). Every of of land reform was beaten out of argument, and landlordism w to its knees, but in one prodigi of the government the Land been arrested in its career What enabled the Governm this? It was the wild impuls of the Irish people overcoming ment, and causing them to do ment, and causing them to decommit outrages that gave this the government. He concilevery shot previous to the sughther Land League had to pass of the body of that organizat reaching the body of the victime EVERY MURDER THAT HAD BE

TED, since the Land League has pressed, an additional nail we the coffin of the Land League. the coffin of the Land League.
the causes which suppresse
League, and not the Land Co
Mr. Kavanagh (groans). It
tactics of the Emergency Co the skill of the landlord pa the skill of the landford pa brought this about, but it w known as the "wild justice in addition to this, there cause responsible for the pres cause also sprung fre ness. It was the tendency ics to go off at a tangent f laid down to achieve success. the people rose up in agitat everything before them, but in possession of the key of were led from their track. away from the main track, in the west of Ireland, "do being seduced to do this by of the Whig party—some legislation to accomplish th he Irish people and consp feat. He was not to be meaning that the Parlian which had worked so well the House of Commons was be blamed for this than the of the Land League, who to the assembly. All their without exception, worked worked unceasingly in the movement since its inceptio were to be given for any been attained, most of it sh he honestly admitted, to the

bers of THE IRISH PARLIAMENT. the IRISH PARLIAMENT (hear, hear). Having said way of mild censure aga side of the House, he had say of the other. Concerni say of the other. Concerniment, he might be told th be an act of prudence on h with a man who owned a like Mr. Gladstone, not to little Coercion Act Mr. G had in force for his (Mr. D lar advantage (cheers and he win 20 British empires,