

THE ENCHANTED LAND. When a child, an innocent child, playing in a rich, deep meadow, sweet with clover bloom...

standing to a friend. The latter, from some cause, broke down, and Sir John found himself called upon to pay £230,000 in hard cash...

THE REV. FATHER BERRY, of St. Albans, died at Blackburn the other day of small-pox, contracted while visiting patients in that town.

Gen. Terry and staff have arrived at Bismarck, en route for St. Paul. They report that the Indians have escaped to British territory...

log the first locomotive ever built in this country, and also managed a company of laborers on the first railway project in this State.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. The Rev. Michael Gleeson, P.P., Templeberry, acknowledges the receipt of £20 from the Right Hon. Viscount Dunalley...

A special meeting of the Dublin Corporation was held on the 26th ult., for the purpose of considering a resolution that application should be made to Parliament next session for an act to enable the Corporation to purchase, by compulsion...

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.—An interesting ceremony took place at Balleoch last week. The small chapel which once served as an Episcopalian place of worship in the neighbourhood...

CONVERSION OF A BITTER ANTI-CATHOLIC ON HIS DEATH-BED.—There is quite a sensation among the Catholics of Ripon, Wis., over the death of Capt. Randall Fraser McDonald...

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.—In her scientific cruise of three years and a half, the Challenger steamed and sailed 68,930 miles, crossing both the Atlantic and Pacific—the former several times.

THE ENCHANTED LAND. When a child, an innocent child, playing in a rich, deep meadow, sweet with clover bloom...

Enchanted? Yes, the lofty mountains guarding the place beneath, were its imperial walls; I signed to my wistful, wondering gaze rewarding...

And oh, there came a time when to the mountain my way was free, one clear delightful morn— When over cliff and meadow, grove and fountain...

Was there bright castles and brave knights un-armed, Princesses, playing in the witching shade Of fairy bowers, was it a region charmed...

Enchanted. With the light from fairy faces About its borders playing all the while, With more than magic in their witching graces...

Alas, my life has vanished like a shadow— An empty life with idle visions filled, And vain regrets and hopes, since in the meadow...

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