Some One.

is broken— the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friend-hip weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low;—but no one knows of the mental maiady which previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its

/

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly witherlug, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could

ing lines:

Every note which he loved awaking— Ah! little they think, who delight in hel

beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed flove. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Strains, How the heart of the ministrel is break-ling!

Every one must recoilect the tragical story of Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. Daring the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression public sympathy. He was so young—so intolligent—so generous—so brave—so Three Quarters of a Century in the Cloister.

Notes a with Mass blows.

Note a with Mass blows.

N

Nor ever, truant, from the fold withdrew

To perish in the wild: but, where he led,
All followed, doctle to the hand that bred.
Now the long day was fading in the west;
The aged shepherd knew his hour of rest
Had come. Beyond those portals wide,
Where greener pastures laved a crystal
ide,
And flowers forever bloomed, his place
would be,
With his dear flock, from every ill set free.—
How caim this scene!
Another rises. Mid the Convent shades,
An aged nun awaits the peaceful close
of her long day of life. Its sunset glows
With all the radiance of that western sky,
Foretold in glory when the orb was high.
Like the old shepherd, gazing on the west,
She longs to reach the land of endless rest.
Beyond the crystal flod, a rapturous sight
Her faith benois.—It fills her with delight.
When will He come, she cries, the God I
love!
When shall I see his face in bliss above!
Faint is my heart with longing to possess
My sovereign Good, my only happiness!
Thus while our hearts were moved, beyond
control,
Poured forth the ardors of that loving soul;
And still, upon her flock, in mourning near,
ested at times her look, 'immed by a
tear.—
Mother beloved! thy course so nearly o'er

guile.
guile.
guile.
scothed every pain, inspiring ardor new,
On! charity like hers, guides all aright,
And renders "sweet the yoke, the burden
light."

that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an Goodness, inherent, filled her noble heart— Hers was, towards all, a tender mother's amiable and exemplary wife, and made an
effort to be a happy one; but nothing
could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very
soul. She wasted away in a slow, but
hopeless decline, and at length sunk into
the grave, the victim of a broken heart.
It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines: "Blest are the pure in soul! e'en here be-

low,
God is their portion; all His love they know.
The meek inherit all the goods of earth;
The poor in spirit never know the dearth
Of disappointed hope; in peace they rest."
Thus from the Mount, our Lord marked out
the blest.
Rejoice then, dearest Mother, in thy God!
Thou hast pursued the path the saints have
trod. She is far from the land where her your

A dazzing crown is thine, O Mother, now—And well doth it befit thy noble brow!
Protect us still, and from thy glorious throne,
Let Gabriel off attend upon thine own;
Till all assembled on that happy shore
We praise with thee, our God, forevermore! hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gazs, an
weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying. the sings the wild songs of her dear nativ

Happy are they who in the Lord Have sunk to peaceful rest, Their works shall live in their reward, Their home be with the Biest! strains.

How the heart of the ministrel is break-Ursuline Convent, Quebec,

" Tis better not be, than be unhappy." and no one can be happy whose system is and no one can be happy whose system is deranged by poisonous secretions. Nearly all ills that flesh is helr to, arise from torpid liver and derangement of the digestive organs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets correct irregularities of the liver, prevent constipation, and promote good health. Buy them of your druggist.

PROF. Low's SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, &c.

INFIDELITY.

REV. FATHER DRUMMOND'S LECTURE ON SOME PHASES OF UNDELIEF.

North West Review, March 15.

Albert Hall was densely packed last Wednesday evening with an audience of Catholics and Protestants of various denominations assembled to hear Rev. Father Drummond, B. J., discuss some of the absurdities of infidelity.

The lecturer was introduced in a neatspeech by Hon. J. E. P. Frondergast.

Rev. Father Drummond began by anticipating a question as to the advisability of lecturing on such a subject in this city, before a G.-d-fearing people, lest doubt should be raised in the minds of simple and innocent persons, and lest the very fact of his lecturing should show inddelity to be a live issue. He admitted that we are a God fearing people, as the observation of Sunday showed; nevertheless, he was afraid there was a good deal of unbelief, as there was a good deal many of the current magazines without meeting infidel teachings. He hoped that, in trying to clear up doubta, he would not be misunderstood, as a Bishop of London was when preaching from the words, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," the parish clerk afterwards telling him that he and an acquaintance had been discussing the sermon, that they considered it very fine, but after all could not help thinking there was a God. He recalled a story of an old verger at St. Many's Church, Oxford, who after having heard every sermon preached in the church for fifty years expreased his thankfulness that he was a Christians still.

The reverend lecturer hoped that after hearing him the audlence would be Christians; still.

The title of his lecture was "Some Aburdities of Infidelity," and in the first and a protestant pen in the Free Press, evidently from a Protestant pen in

reverend secturer noped that after nearing him the audience would be Christians still.

The title of his lecture was "Some Absurdities of Infidelity," and in the first place he must say that he understood the word infidelity to mean not only disbelief in Christianity but disbelief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. They would allow him to divide all anti-theists into two classes—the dogmatic atheists and the agnostics. The first were those vho said, "There is no God. I deny there is a supreme, infinitely perfect being, or that the soul is immortal;" and the agnostic said, "I do not know if there is any God, and I cannot know." Some of them went even further than that, measuring the whole human race on their own standard, and said, "No one else can know if there is any God or if the soul is immortal." The dogmatic atheists might be called the said, "No one else can know if there is any God or if the soul is immortal." The dogmatic atheists might be called the "bullies" of inidelity, while the agnostics might be designated the "dudes;" the dudes had more style and the bullies more impudence, but he meant to show that both of them were wanting in what had been called "sweet reasonableness." After saying that it would be quite impossible for him to touch on even the principal objections to Christianity, but only to indicate the lines of thought, he said those who poked fun at the Bible, at the arrangement of the universe, at the existence of evil, and all scoffers, were atheiste. They were fond of saying, "What is the use of this or that in nature?" but he contended to go on asking such questions when they had the fact before them was to be absurd. When they had a fact before them and the main proofs of that fact given, they must first try to destroy those proofs before putting up childish objections. The dogmatic atheist said, "There is no God," but it had been well answered that to be able to deny dogmatically the existence of God supposed that every part of the universe had been scanned by the eye of the unbeliever and examined by his intellect. It would not do to say in answer to this, "Oh, but we may doubt whether the proofs are sufficient, for if there was a doubt the man was not a dogmatic atheist. He To many the disappoint of the bid explosion of the bid explosion of the bid explosion of the bid of th formed it, and they must further conclude that it was an intelligent cause. They might say, "But who made that cause?" and the answer must be something greater, and they might go on extending that series of makers, but it was against common sense to suppose an infinite series. The lecturer went on to develop more fully the argument from design by which the existence of God was established, and he quoted freely from Father Lambert's answers to Ingersoll. He then read a letter he had received that morning from a person signing himself "An Agnostic," and proceeded to show that the writer, whoever he might be, was not really an agnostic at all since he had a very high opinion of God. He commented on each sentence of the letter, saying that if the writer would communicate with him he would be pleased to discuss the subject with him. Father Drummond then went on to expose the inconsistency of agnostics, showing their consistency of agnostics, showing their consistency of agnostics, showing their consistency which credulity in matters of science which were very far from being proved, and their refusal to accept as sufficient evidence any matter of history with regard to the authenticity and genuineness of the Scriptures. Agnosticism asserted they could know nothing but what they saw with their eyes, touched with their hands, heard with their ears, or what came to them through the evidence of their other senses and yet agnosticism was based on the assumption that all matter was composed of atoms and force. Did ever, he asked, an agnostic see an atom or a force? While denying

see an atom or a force? While denying the evidences of the authenticity of the

RIDEAU STREET CONVENT.

Secopted without question the gaussians of the books were historically true, and this once proved the many references found in them to the books of the Old Testament and the language used in these found in them to the books were historically true. Then, when they had proved the books were historically true, they are the historical works announced during a long term of years the coming of a deliverer. At first that a they found this Redeemer was to come in the family of Abraham, lases and Jacob, and still further on, of the time of Jacob. Then it was prophecide still further that he may prophecide still further that he may be a state of David to the family of Abraham, lases and Jacob, and still further that he may be a state of David to the family of Abraham, lases and the best family of Abraham, lases and the best family of Abraham, lases and the best in the briefly are of the terms was given. This was one of the lines of argument by which the gaustinesses and uninvested to the history of Christianity, tho wing the superiority of the latter.

Take Drammond was heartly applicated to the history of Christianity, thowing the superiority of the latter.

Take Drammond was heartly applicated to the history of Christianity, thowing the superiority of the latter.

The following letter subsequently appeared in the Fine Press, evidently from a Sim.—The Bev. Father Drammond was heartly applicated to the history of the latter.

The following letter subsequently appeared in the Fine Press, evidently from the pressure of the pressure was present and annual three that he was present to research the pressure was present to the well as Agnoticides and the best in the world.

The following letter subsequently applied to the history of the latter.

The following letter subsequently applied to the history of the pressure was present to the pr From Blackwood's Magazine.

Knox had resolved that, so far as in him lay, the policy of moderation, of conciliation, should be defeated. There could be no truce between the idolater and the people of God, between "the Roman harlot" and "the Immaculate Spouse of Christ." At whatever cost, Mary should learn the truth. On the Sunday following her return, she heard in the courtyard of the palace the gentlemen of Fife, with the Master of Lindsay at their head, clamoring against the Mass. Not only was the Queen to be deprived of the most solemn sacrament of her Church, but the persons who celebrated it were to be punished according to God's law. "The idolater priest should die the death." Knox passionately declared from the pulpit of St. Giles, that one Mass was more fearful to him than "ten thousand armies landed in any part of the realm." Arran protested against the proclamation of August 25th, on the ground that it might protect the Queen's Popish servants who went to mass against the penalties attaching to idolatry—a protection which ought not to be afforded, he continued, "na mair nor cif they commit slauchter or murder, seeing that the one is meikle mair abominable and odious in the sight of God than is the others." A peculiar and ponderous vein of pleasantry charactized the entertainments provided for Mary by the Council when she entered the capital in state. Maitland was away

ment of God; she had attended the Popish service in her progress, or, as the Reformers phrased it, "all which parts she polluted with her idolatry;" and this was the appropriate punishment. "Fire followed her very commonlie in that journey." On her return to Edinburgh, she found that the magistrates had issued a proclamation by which drunkards, adultators, Catholic wrists and other improper erers, Catholic priests, and other imprope characters were banished from the town.

"The Queen was very commovit" at the
tenor of the order, and caused the provost and ballies to be removed from office.
Knox's indignation at the high-handed
action of the Court was unbounded. Yet
no redress was to be had, "unless we
would arm the hands of the people in
whom abideth yet some spark of his fear;
for even the Protestant nobles were ready
to humor the Queen; the permission of
that odious idol the Mass, by such as have
professed themselves enemies to the same,
doth hourly threaten a sudden plague."

"Ohl where shall rest be found"?
The worn-out mother sighe;
Stockings to mend, and trousers to darn,
Dishes to wash, and butter to churn,
While my back feels to break, and head
and heart burn.
And life is a constant friction.
The summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs;
Elastic her siep, and ronnded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
and the change was made in one short
week.

Scriptures, agnostics would embrace scientific theories that had not a leg to stand on. As an evidence of this, Father Drummond instanced the doctrine of evolution, showing how the agnostics eagerly accepted that, although Darwin himself never claimed it could be a certainty. Father Drummond then went on to indicate a line of argument to be followed in proving the authenticity of Scripture, showing clearly from writings of the

RIDEAU STREET CONVENT-

Senator Stockbridge of Michigan is something of a wag. He was sitting in his committee room the other day when one of those fellows who are always demanding documents came in. The caller had secured almost every book, pamphlet, and bill which the Government magnanimously prints and gives away. But he still longed for more.

"I am very anxious," said he, "to secure a copy of the Constitution of the United States. Could I enlist your help, Seator?"

"Why, certainly; but it would be useless. The effort will be futile."

"Indeed. And why?"

"Well, you see, there were so many demands from people like yourself for coules of this condensate that the condensate of the condensate it is the condensate of the condensate that the condensate is the condensate that the condensate is the condensate that the condensate is the condensate is the condensate that the condensate is the condensate is the condensate in the condensate in the condensate is the condensate in the co

mands from people like yourself for copies of this good work that the supply nearly ran out. There was only one copy left, and the President has just sent that to the Pope."—Chicago Tribune.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease, By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of myremedy FREE to any ef our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Younge St., Tor-

onto, Ont.

National Prins act promptly upon the
Liver, regulate the Bowels and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

The Old Churchyard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep In the auld kirkyard, They hear nae kindred weep In the auld kirkyard.

The sire wi' silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirkyard.

The heart's sad beating cease, In the auld kirkyard; And aliens rest in peace, In the auld kirkyard.

Where ebbed dark floods of strife, Dove-like hopes, in promise rife Plants the broken branch o' life, In the auld kirkyard.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

AT TORONTO.

Empire, March 19th.

A large and appreciative as assembled in Shi ftesbury hall on Sevening and enjoyed an excellent and a lecture by Mr. J. J. Curran, M. P. of Montreal. The music we ally selected for the occasion, so the Patrick's evening was agreeably selected for the occasion, so the Patrick's evening was agreeably selected for the occasion, so the Patrick's evening was agreeably selected for the occasion, so the Patrick's evening was agreeably selected for the Minstrel Boy," et O'Malley, Miss Annie Higgins, M. Kirk and Miss Sheahan were the formers. A very agreeable surprafforded by the production of comedy, which created great he my first the context of the production of comedy, which created great he my first formers. A very agreeable surprafforded by the production of comedy, which created great he my first formers. A very agreeable surprafforded by the production of comedy, which created great he my first formers. A very agreeable surprafforded by the Curran, who was received without that preparation that we then and the occasion when the sembled to do honor to the fet to arist a noble work of charity same time. (Applause). The chard announced that he would spentification of the patron saint of dear old Irel to arist a noble work of charity same time. (Applause). The chard announced that he would spentificate that would certainly inter this subject was the old, old storying our minds with glowing remit perhaps bringing back to mentender voice of a beloved mother the "Irish Emigrant's Lament childhood's builtaby. (Prolonged story the production of the patron saint of the

the "Irish Emigrant's Lament childhood's lullaby. (Prolonged childhood's fullaby. (Prolonged a Some people cavilled at these cells to Patrickle day they though make way for more modern no purely Canadian sympathies a ations. He thought it was quitting with our love of Causda should not abandon the love of our forgetthers, and that at each of our forgetthers and that at each other than the control of our forgetthers. should not abandon the love of of our forefathers, and that at e of the 17th of March, wheth Giant's Causeway or the echoi of Killarney, by the banks of the or the Liffey, or in this great of Canada or the neighborin of Canada or the neighborin lic, at the antipodes, or wherev heart was to be found, the fithat ascended to heaven should Save Ireland." (Great applaushould not the descendant of Eboast of the "Flag that braved years?" And our Scottish fract they look back to all the miniscences that cluster around the beather? They almost the beather? They almost miniscences that cluster around of the heather? They almos Burns, and "Scots wha has we bled" brings back to their min deeds of chivalrous ancestors a just pride they point to a their former foe both equitable able. (Hear, hear.) The Fredians, not content with their owith the glories that had bee Cremazie in immortal verse, hon je te revis encore," with the deeds of the heroes of Chail 1812 and the part their people in the establishment of Co-Government, still looked to their Mother Land, rejoiced cesses and wept over her sorr men and their descendants ha glorious history. For year glorious history. For year heard the story of the golden intellectual greatness, when

civilization to neighboring was in those days that Done the sixth century: Far westward lies an Isle of ar By naure blest and Erin is her Enroll'd in books. Exhaustles of velny silver and of golden of Her fruitful soil forever teems With gems her waters and health. Her verdent fields with mil-flow.

flow. Her woolly fleeces vie with vi Her waving furrows float

And arts and arms her envied It was not merely of period that they had a right atte pride. Ceuturies of struggles are there to atter trish it may well be said, "I nation never dieth." Irela were the admiration of the vall human calculation. She all human calculation. She before what would have ether people. Theband, a l en the Irish race, says in the

book :
"It is not by a succe progress and decay only the ifest their life and individu any one of them at any existence and comparing peculiarities immediately selves, which give it a part nomy, whereby it may be guished from any other, s agglomerations of men mations or races we see the where observable in natu by which God manifest

Speaking specially of the says:

"For several ages they what constitutes the basin self-government; yet they their individuality as stroithough they were ruled dynasty." We select the selection of the serious the Irish have a serious the arter into the because the Irish have refused to enter into the cef European opinion, although and still more by religion part of Europe. They hacter of their own, unliether nation. To this day in their admirable stubbe when Europe will be shall