Alice Cary's Sweetest Poem.

Of all the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is one of a dim old forest, That seemeth best of all; Not for its gnaried oaks olden, Dark with the mistletoe; Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below; Not for the milk white illes That lean from toe fragrant hedge, Coquetting all day with the sanbeams, And stealing their golden age; Not for the viges on the upland Where the bright, red berries rest; Not the pinks nor the pale, sweet cowslips, It seemed to me the best.

2

I once had a little brother. With eyes that were dark and deep-In the lap of that olden forest He lieth in peace asleep: Light as the down on the thistle, Free as the winds that blow; We roved there the beautiful summers, The summers of long ago; But his feet on the hills grew weary, And one of the autumn eves I made for my little brother A bed of the yellow leaves.

A bed of the yerios terres. Sweet his pale arms folded My neek in a meek embrace, As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face; And when the arrows of sunset Lodged in th a tree-tops bright, He fell, in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the gates of light. Therefore of all the pictures That hang on Memory's wall, The one of the dim old forest Seemeth the best of all.

From the Catholic World.

THE REPUBLICAN'S DAUGH-TER

away without saying adieu to his father. Celestine, who was then about thirteen, The picturesque little town of Xin Brittany is situated on the brow of a hill surrounded by fine old trees, bounded by an extensive march. The town is comwept and begged her brother not to leave home, but he was inflexible in his rewashed houses, in the centre of white-stands the ancient church built of gray solve. "Celestine," said he, embracing her ten derly, "you know that in a few months

the conscription will come, and they will force me to be a Republican soldier ; but stene. In the year 1794 the proprietor of the castle of Rieux, about half a league from X\_\_\_\_\_, was Monsignor Vander, a quiet, reserved man of fifty years of age. It was I prefer to die for God and the king. I prefer to die for God and the king. Is that not a nobler cause, sister l''Celestine did not reply. In the depths of her heart his words found an echo, but she did not wish to acknowledge that her

thought by some that he was a republic-an because of the haste with which he became the possessor of the estate to the ex-clusion of the Dowager Marchioness d'father was in the wrong. "Sister," urged Pierre, "other motives also oblige me to go. There are things Onessant, the last lady of Rieux, a refugee in England. But others declared that he was a secret partisan of the exiled princes, and that the castle was only in his hands on trust, that he might preserve the valuehappening here that you do not see and that you could not understand. Monsieur Vander is not what he appears; Jean Martin does not remain at home at nights; and the hour is coming when the woods able property for the rightful owners. And the latter opinion, being more gener-ally received, secured to Monsignor Van-der considerable respect, for the peasant Bretons were strongly opposed to the reof X—will resound with fire-arms, but it will not be the joyous sound of the chase "What do you mean?" exclaimed Celes

tine.

"One day-it was the last time I saw

"Go !" cried Celestine, who trembled a the idea—"oh ! go quickly, brother."

mbrace and dis-

publican government. Monsignor Vander received no one at the castle, and visited no one unless it was sometimes Jean Martin, formerly beadle of

our good cure—in bidding me adieu he embraced me fondly and I felt a tear roll down my cheek. 'Pierre,' whispered he X when the church was open, and Dr. Chambert, the surgeon of the town. Citizen Chambert had several points of resemblance to Monsignor Vander. He was cold, stern, and severe. His republic-an principles were so well known to every one that, as the Bretons had given to the

one that, as the bretons had given to the soldiers of the Convention, the title of Blues, he was usually called the Blue Doctor. His political opinions rendered him very unpopular, but his skill in his profession saved him from public hatred, the title of There was also another cause which greatly softened the ill-feeling of his neighbors towards him; he had a daugh-

ter who was loved and respected by every-body. Her name was Celestine. She was only fifteen years of age, but her childlike smile and the angelic candor of her brow made her appear even younger. At times, however when she was alone

getting late. Celestine took the road to her father's house. In passing the church, which was shut and deserted, she knelt and gave herself up to the dreams of soliand gave herself up to the dreams of soli-tude, her great blue eyes, her finely arched eyebrows, her graceful head, her rosy lips half concealing her ivory teeth, her whole features so delicately formed, gave the upon the threshold and in a low voice "Almighty God! permit not this horrible fear to be realized. Both of them are impression of a more mature age. From her infancy the precocious melancholy which often clouded her radiant brow had good and are following the voice of their conscience. If one or the other is deceiv-ing himself and is doing wrong in thy seemed to many of her neighbors to for-bode her early death, and when she passed sight, take 'my life in explation, O God! but permit not that an impious fight should bring them together, and that—" they took off their hats and cried: "Good

castle. He, Dr. Chambert, and the Abbe Gozon, then cure of X\_\_\_\_\_, formed a little circle to themselves. The worthy cure took charge of the religious education of Pierre and Celestine, whom he loved as his own children. Monsignor Vander, formery a military man, taught Pierre the use of arms. At sixteen he was a imple betted formert of Celestine has a bis church and disappeared behind the typest terms of the centerly. Before the cure of X\_\_\_\_\_ bowed before the cross of his church and disappeared behind the typest terms of the context. Context of the cure of X\_\_\_\_\_ bowed before the cross of his church and disappeared behind the typest terms of the cure of X\_\_\_\_\_ bowed before the cross of his church and disappeared behind the typest terms of the cure of X\_\_\_\_\_ bowed before the cross of his church and disappeared behind the typest terms of the cure of the cure of the cure to the torms of the wolf who was an of the torms of the terms of the torm to the torm to the terms the the trunk of the oaks, or of the wolf who the torm to the torm to

castle. He, Dr. Chambert, and the Abbe Gozon, then cure of X -----, formed a little circle to themselves. The worthy cure took charge of the religious education of Pierre and Celestine, whom he loved as his own children. Monsignor Vander, formeriy a military man, taught Pierre the use of arms. At sixteen he was a simple-hearted, fervent Christian youth, devoted to those whom he considered his yew-trees of the cemetery. Celestine, though still very sad, felt her

simple-hearted, fervent Christian youth, devoted to those whom he considered his benefactors, robust, brave to excess, skilful in the use of arms, and so good a hunter that his equal was not known for ten leagues round. The Kevolution came, when the good cure was obliged to fly; the family of fifteen country squires joined the army of fifteen country squires joined the army of fifteen at X—\_\_\_\_\_. As to Pierre, the flight of his companmained at X\_\_\_\_\_. As to Pierre, the flight of his compan-ions, and above all the cure, had filled his

The news of the departure of his son The news of the departure of his son was a terrible blow to Dr. Chambert. Until now he had counted on bringing him to his own opinions, but all hope for the future was lost. "Have I lived," cried he, "to see my heart with sorrow. Accustomed to live in the midst of the humble squires, who were loyal as their swords, and only able to judge the new government by its deeds, he began to hate it. His father, sincerely imbued with republican ideas, often tried to win him to their side; but the youth

Celestine did not attempt at that mo-ment to defend her brother. It was essen-tial in the task of reconciler which she had imposed on herself that she should exerwould listen gravely and reply : "The republic has forced away the family from the castle, who were the ben-efactors of the country, and has deprived cise great prudence and caution : there-fore she waited for a favorable moment. us of our friend the cure, whose whole life was but a long series of beneficent ac-That evening the disappointed parent refused to taste the supper which Celes-tine had carefully prepared for him. He all that was noble and good among us ? I cannot love it." retired early to his room, and passed the night a prey to anguish of mind. The flight of Pierre had doubled its hatred of So one day he took his gun and went the partisans of the exiled princes. He accused the Chourans of having seduced

his son and drawn him into their dark designs. This suspicion foundation. Pierre, unknown to his father, had fre-Pierre, unknown to his father, had fre-discourse the subscription of the subscription of the subscription induces the subscription of the subscription This suspicion was not without

Pierre, unknown to his father, had fre-quently visited Jean Martin's cottage. Jean was too prudent to influence the youth himself, but he had under his roof an advocate who had no little power over Pierre's heart. Louise Martin was a royalist, and gave her opinions with all the ardent impetuosity of her character. When she spoke of the death of Louis XVI., or of the innumerable massacres by which the Convention had dishonored its cause, her eyes flashed and her childlike voice vibrated with almost manly tones. voice vibrated with almost manly tones. Voice vibrated with almost many tones. Pierre listened eagerly to the young enthusiastic. His own indignation was strengthened by Louise, and he mentally vowed to wage war against the tri-colored ockade, not remembering that these were his father's colors. Celestine was ignorant of all this. She

had strictly obeyed her father, and had ceased for a long time to see Louise. The latter, though she dwelt in the humble cottage of Jean Martin, had habits which were ill-suited to a peasant's daughter. She was dressed as a young lady, and was often seen in the forest paths mounted on

adown my check. 'Pierre,' whispered he is my ear, "unhappy times are coming. Civil war and its horrors often break the ties of family. But whatever happens, remember the divine precept, and do not make an enemy of your father.' This coursel I wish to follow, and so I must was a single the present of the present of the present of the present Martin," they used to say, "does what he bill the present of the present of the present of the present Martin," they used to say, "does what he is all of the present of the present of the present of the present make an enemy of your father.' This coursel I wish to follow, and so I must likes, and his daughter also : that is all.' Celestine bowed her head sorrowfully. And Dr. Chambert, in speaking to Celes-"You, dear sister, who know so well how to give blessings and consolation to tine of Louise one day, said : "There is in the blue veins which variegate the deli-cate, soft, white skin of her beautiful the unhappy, you will remain with my father and be his comfort and protection. father and be his comfort and protection. As for me, better that I should forsake him than be forced to fight against him." hand the blood of an aristocrat." And he shook his head. The two years which followed the depar-

ture of Pierre flowed on sadly with Celes-tine in useless efforts to soften by degrees Pierre gave her a last embrace and dis-appeared by the road to Vannes. It was the bitter hatred of her father. sought on every occasion to say a word in favor of the absent, but in vain : for the hitteness of the doctor seemed to increase rather than diminish. He was in the midst of his loyal countrymen like a spy

midst of his loyal countrymen like a spy of the republican army, and more than once he had been the means of bringing the army of the Blues across the marsh close to the castle. The peasantry were indeed very indig-nant with him, but his daughter softened his wrath. How often had she taken in and succored the unfortunate wounded Chourans! How many of the wives of those who were in the ranks owed to her se who were in

waits in the dark to devour his prey ?" Then he stopped, and, endeavoring to re-

befall them !" Celestine's eyes filled with tears. "Poor Pierre!" murmured she. "It is two years since we heard of him." "May we never—" The doctor was going to add, "see him again," but his heart gave the lie instantly to his plasphe mous wish, and he stopped. "Celestine," mous wish, and he stopped. continued he in a calmer tone, letting go her arm, "this cross and this writing go her arm, "this cross and this writing are clear and sad warnings. Another insur-rection must be going to break out. I have been expecting it. The brigands of La Vandee, vanquished at the Loire, are coming here to seek shelter and proselytes. Return home directly and prepare my travelling-bag: I will start to-night for Redon."

father, to bring the republican army again into this unfortunate country ?" asked

the castle and make an explanation with Vander, and you must go straight home. Poor Celestine obeyed without reply,

She passed on without stopping, merely waving her hand in a haughty way. Cel estine returned Louise's cold salutation by a cordial "Bon jour!" She had never seen Louise arrayed in such a costume, and thought her perfectly beautiful. On looking again at her old friend after she had passed she remarked the double-bar-relled gun attached by a silken cord to her shoulder, and the white cockade that ornamented her velvet hat. "Where can she be going ?" thought Celestine, calling to mind the hint her father had expressed about her; "and who can she wonder ?"

The castle of Rieux had not been sub jected to any dismantling, thanks to the purchase of it by Monsieur Vander.

upon it, had been whitewashed over. At hour when Celestine was returnin home alone three persons were assembled in the great saloon. Seated in a large arm-chair by the chimney-place, Martin, in peasant costume, was conversing with signor Vander in a low voice. The rich man and the poor cottager seemed on

the latter. The third person wore a long hat pulled down over his forehead, and a large cloak which covered him entirely. Taking no part in the conversation, he occupied him-self in looking at the old family portraits which still graced the walls. Suddenly a knock was heard at the door

of the salcon. "That can only be the doctor," hastily whispered Monsieur

THE CHURCH AND THE SLAVE. Buffaio Union

SEPT. 15, 1882

his eyes down and stooping in a careless way: but when excited by any angry feeling he threw back his head, and his flashing eyes and fierce expression made him appear a formidable foe. However, in appraching the doctor on this occasion, he merely fixed on him a defiant look. "Monsieur Chambert," said he-"or citizen as it is your wish to The Church was the first to proclaim that The Church was the first to proclaim that all men are equal. Christ died, she taught, for all men equally; God is no respecter of persons; all men are brethren and He their common Father, holding the poor slave-child as precious as the son of the king. Such doctrines grated harshly on the ears of the mighty aristocracy of the

said he—"or citizen, as it is your wish to be called so—I should like to give you a "I give you permission," replied the doc-tor with disdain. little advice."

My idea is that you are treading on

the easy of the might with the more than the might be the second the like before. It had never entered even into the dreams of their best men and wisest. The old, infirm, and helpless poor were to them but rubbish, cumbering to dangerous ground, good master." "I am not your master, Martin. If I were, my first command would be, Go the earth, and to be similarly gotten rid of. Slaves were property a little more valuable

"Then you would make a mistake, my good sir. As for me, on the contrary, I say to you, Stay !" "What does this wretch mean ?" ex-

than horses or cattle, of course, but almost equally remote from any equality with their lords. Slaves might be malclaimed Chambert, addressing himself to M. Vander. The latter only replied by an impatient

treated or killed, or forced to butcher each other in the amphitheatre "to make a Roman holiday," and no protest would be uttered, because no public opinion would gesture. "It means," continued Jean Martin, drawing himself up to his full height, "that you speak to a captain in the service of his Majesty the King of France ; that, be outraged. The Church began to change all this. Hence the world hated her. It was not

Hence the world hated her. It was not for her "one God, one Faith, one Baptism." The powers of Rome cared little whether men worshipped one God or one hundred. The gods were but part of the political machinery—and of little consequence otherwise to those who swore loudest by them. Political, far more than religious, zeal inspired the persecution of the Church during her first three centuries of exist-ence. (Has any subsequent persecution or his Majesty the King of Finite, thate, that in fact, you are not my master, because 1 am yours; that you have too long played the part of spy of the republic in this country, and that your deeds of this kind are at an end and you are my prisoner." In those days of strife every one carried arms. Chambert seized his pistol, but Jean Martin stopped him by thrusting one

ence. (Has any subsequent persecution lacked similar motive?) This "subversive" doctrine of the equal-ity of man, implying new views of the of his against his breast. "No bloodshed," cried the man with the cloak, who thrust himself between them and separated them. "Martin, why this duties of man to man, was the root of all the trouble. The empire rich and powerviolence? Chambert, give me your arms, and I give you my word that he will do ful as it was, feared the Church even more

than it hated her. There were sixty million slaves in the Roman dominions. vou no harm.' If this singularly attractive doctrine, mean-ing temporal as well as spiritual regeneration, should spread among them! The bare thought shook the Golden Palace of

the Cæsars, and the towered and turretted dwellings of the nobles. "They are enemies of the State. They

preach sedition, and stir up the people,<sup>7</sup>, was the accusation against the Christians. The same had been brought by the jealous tor of the scene, but now, coming for-ward, said : "My dear Chambert, I beg Jews against Christ Hinself. Centuries rolled on. Despite the fierce onslaughts of earth and hell, the Church-the Church of the poor and the enslaved-triumphed; and risen from the Catacombs your pardon for what has happened, but what Martin says is true; you are his prisoner." "What, you also against me ?"

reigned and ruled in imperial Rome. There and everywhere she was the hope of the down-trodden. There and every-"Yes, I more than any one," continued Vander. "I have not changed my calling. I am, as formerly, the servant of the house

where master and slave, prince and pauper, polished Greek and rough barbarian, met as children of one family about her altars. "By what right am I a prisoner?" "Excuse me, the law is positive. Mar-tin has pronounced a sentence painful but true : you occupy among us the office of a She was ever the champion of the people against cruel or oppressive rulers; prompt in her rebuke of a Theodosi dear doctor." "I acknowledge it," interrupted Chamruler of a worldwide domain, as of any

petty feudal lord, terrorizing over the luck-less vassals of his barony. Where she bert. "I do more, I glory in it." "Each one takes glory to himself ; but, could, she struck the fetters from the slave. in all conscience, your confession suffici-ently justifies Captain Martin : and but opened her schools and her hospices to the poor; and though she could not wholly

hinder "man's inhumanity to man," she everywhere mitigated both it and its conthrow aside his disguise rather than per-"Do you think me base enough to de-

nounce him ?" "I do not say that. But never mind ; you wish to be free ?"

our own day and in our own country. Albeit a quiet influence, there is none stronger or more active than that of the Catholic Church in the work of regenerating the colored race. Even in slavery times, she was the slave's unfailing friend. She softened his hard lot by her steadfast

teaching of his dignity in Heaven's sight, and the reward in store for him through Louise Martin, promising on oath—I be-lieve in your word—promising to treat her as your daughter, and, above all, not reprove the master when he forgot hi

to go to Redon." Chambert began to reflect. At this moment the outer gate of the castle was head to open, and the sound of a horse's and cast down before those whom here

doctor," hashiy winspered Monsteir Vander. "I wish he were far enough," cried Jean Martin, rising instantly and taking a more humble posture. The man in the cloak pulled his hat further down over his fore-head and retired to open, and the sound of a noise s tred in the courtyard. The hesitation of the doctor was at an end. "Neither one nor the other will I promise," replied he. "In leaving here my head and retired to a corner. Head to open, and the sound of a noise s tred in the courtyard. The hesitation of the doctor was at an end. "Neither one nor the other will I head and retired to a corner. Head and retired to a corner.

SEPT. 15, 188

Man's Mi BY SPER.

I. Human lives are slient Be they earnest, mild. Noble deeds are noblest From the consocrated Poet-Priests their anthe Hero-sword on corsiet I When Truth's banner Youthful preachers, gei Pouring forth the souls Till their preaching s

Each must work as Go Hero hand or poet so Work is duty while we This weird world of si Gentle spirits, lowly ki To the Throne of Hea Stronger natures, culm In great actions incarn What another can bu 111

Pure and meek-eyed as We must strive-mus We must preach the sa Ere we claim the sai Work for all, for work We fulfil our mission s When, like Heaven's Blend our souls in one And the social dispaso Sounds the perfect c

Life is combat, life is s Such our destiny bel Like a scythed chariol Through an onward Deepest sorrow, scorn, Will but teach us self-Like the alchymists Pass the ore through c If our spirits would a To be God's refined 1

We are struggling in With the spirit of til But we trample on it Lot the eastern sky We must watch. The Soon, like Meanon's With the sunrise in We shall raise our vo Chant a hymn for co Seize the palm, nor

We must bend our th We would strike the With a purpose of th Take the Cross, and Sufferings human lif Take the Cross, and Sufferings human lif Sufferings lead to Go Meekly bear, but n Like a man with soft Like a God with com So to love, and wo

THE KING

**A** Catholic Priest Sable

The Rev. A. Mo mina, on the Gold containing an accou Coomassie, the cap Moreau visited Co of seeing if it were mission there. Th of the place and found of much in

ST. J.

ELM WEST AL The first idea of to me last year, w at Elmini to settl difficulty occasion He used to come tried to get on go arrived once when with our school 1 tened quietly, and tice he asked me him on the harmo so very fond of n I told him I wishe asked him if the order my head to he said, "will be be sure of it, w was last year in for an opportuni It was not before that I could leav are a few extrac The distance fro

via Cape Coast i independent of slowly, and took tance. н is practiced here else. There is r

your mid-day night. But you choose the best

take possession own. The own

away their few

you the unmol

Of course, one h

before leaving.

they expect son pay a visit to t will treat you t

acceptable prestired. Truly, t

Whenever I we

inquired if then

people.

short time I

me ointment

all that was re

fame of a grea

my science fel my reputation

about fifty can

Some Mi He lost it, he

ing the war o much to see people. "I ha

people. "I ha said, "God onl eyes." "Well," me;" and

way back th

fail to come a

man came an

present four e

anas she was

I should no Hill, the only made its height

of the sea. Kushia Bepo

stands close to was about ei

the foot of th

pendicular in

traight up, I

der, at St. H

expedition a the hill had h

but all traces

I summoned

climb up wit a time I stop made and th

last I arrived was forest a

not see anv plain-that i

once I came had been cu

water, wood,

Above the great door the escutcheon, the only signs which the republicans had left

terms of equality, though the opinions of the former were often rudely repulsed by

alling upon you this morning." "Oh! indeed," exclaimed Chambert. "Yes; I had a favor to ask again."

ued Vander, "during our absence to re-ceive into your house-"

interrupted the doctor. "Miss Louise," said Martin emphati-

"The young citizen Louise, I suppose,"

between them.

aside.

for your excellent cure, who chose to

"What are your conditions ?" "Oh! a very little thing; you will render me the little service that I asked of "That is to say—" "You will receive into your house

"But will it not be hateful to you dear Celestine. "It is necessary ; but I will go first to

morning to our der Then, turning round, they looked with admiratior at the elegant elasticity of her walk, and crossing themselves devoutly, exclaimed God bless her ! There will soon be an angel more in heaven." In the meantime she was an angel or

earth. There was not a poor cottage in the neighborhood which she had not en tered. Everywhere she went carrying aid and consolation. Suffering seemed almost to disappear under the aspect of her sweet, gentle countenance, and the cries of grief changed before her presence to murmur of joy and blessing. Celestine had a young friend, the daugh-

ter of the former beadle of X-Louise Martin. Louise, as beautiful, per haps, as her companion, had a good hear but a bad head. Her great pride would have been ridiculous in the daughter of a simple peasant, if she had not been better educated than her companions. She had not lived more than four years with Jean Martin, who, being a widower, had brought father." her one day from a distance, he said, with-"God be praised ! One cannot say to a

out further explanation. During the first few months after man, Change your belief, though one can command him in the name of religion to Louise's arrival Celestine and she became very intimate. They confided to each other their joys, their childish griefs, and all their secret hopes for the future. fly when he is surrounded by temptations to crime. I wished to see your brother, Celestine; that was the reason of my being

where I am interdicted." Citizen Chambert regarded this intim-"Cannot you remain a short time among is?" answered the young girl. "We orely need you, father, and the country acy at first without objection. But after the rising of the royalists in 1791 Jean Martin was suspected of having taken part with them, and Celestine was forbid-den to see her friend again, which cost her quiet at present." "Quiet i" replied the venerable priest, haking his head. "Would to God it were

many tears, but she quietly obeyed. Celestine was not the doctor's o! But signs that you could not pereive announce a coming tempest to child : she had a brother, who had left her father's roof two years previously. Pierre more experienced eyes. tay, even if my personal safety were se ured. I could not remain longer. Duty Chambert was a tall, strong, distingu looking young man, with a high bearing which made him from childhood a favorite alls me elsewhere, my child, and the life of a priest is only a long obedience to the with the doctor, who resolved to make a soldier of him. About five years before voice of duty. He took Celestine's hand and pressed it our story commences the little town of etween his own. "You are a good child,' presented a rural picture full of life and happiness. There was an excel-lent cure at the presbytery, and the lady ontinued he. "I may say it, for I read nto your young heart as in an open book. of the manor was as compa sionate as she was wealthy, and anxious that there should

was weathry, and anxious that there should be no unhappy ones in her domain. There was in the neighborhood also a dozen country houses inhabited by Breton squires whose hearts were loyal though nd all who are dear to you would be heltered ; but alas ! it is a mad and furi-us hatred which sets one against the other, he children of the same country. It is a leadly hatred which hardens the heart and their heads might be weak. Madame de Rieux, widow of the Marquis d'Ouessant ruled all this plebeian nobility, and Pierre Chambert was admitted to her house. Monsieur Vander, a distant relative of the family of Rieux, was the steward of the tian woman is all charity, peace and mercy.

choked by "May God hear your prayer, my child !" said a grave, sad voice close to generosity the daily food of their family Her father never attempted to hinder her benevolence, for he adored his child, and often turned from his bitter party feelings

Celestine rose up instantly. A man with a large cloak around him was kneel-ing at her side ; she recognized the Abbe to delight himself in the perfection of Cel estine.

One morning in September the doctor and his daughter set out on foot to take a walk in the forest of Rieux. Except He was a fine old man. The expres on of his countenance was both firm and entle. He was bare headed ; the moon-ight, shining upon his bald head, seemed o surround his white locks almost like a when carried away by his politics, Citizen Chambert was an excellent man, rather stern, but frank and honest. Celestine was leaning on her father's arm as they proceeded slowly. Insensibly, after hav-ing touched upon various subjects, they began to speak of the Abbe Gozon. The transparent halo. Celestine was calm b this unexpected apparation, and knelt be-fore the priest according to her former custom, imploring his blessing, which havg pronounced upon her, he said : "My child, what I feared is, I suppo doctor, drawn by past memories, dwelt warmly on the numerous and disinterested services that the good priest had formerly taking place. Your father, whom I regard always as my friend, although an abyss now separates us, could not stifle Pierre's rendered him. Celestine listened wit rendered him. Celestine instened with pleasure, thinking that this justice, rendered to one whom the republic had banished, was a proof that the opinions of her father were becoming more moderate; but onviction; their opinions wound each other, and perhaps—" "But Pierre has just gone away,

the subject soon brought the doctor back to his favorite declarations. "He was good," continued he, "and virtuous, and his presence was a blessing to the neighborhood. I loved him as a "I am at your orders. I also had a favor to ask of you." "That is fortunate." cried Monsieur Vander. "Fortunate truly !" cried Chambert. brother. But ought we to regret his loss when the blow which has struck him has 'Can I know-'

"Oh ! it is a very simple matter. Jean thrown down at the same time thousands of villains and tyrants?" They had reached the centre of the for Martin is obliged to fly from home, and I am on the point of undertaking a journey est near the "castle, when Celestine, wish which may perhaps be longing to change the conversation, pointed by chance to an object she saw at the end of "Ah !" cried the doctor, with a sarcastic "And I wished to beg of you," contin-

their path. "What is that, father ?" she asked. The doctor, raising his eyes, stood stu-pified. Celestine trembled and bitterly No. I cannot epented of her thoughtless question. At the centre where four roads met stood formerly a wooden cross, which, being ornamented with the fleur-de-lis, proved offensive to the Blues, who had

cally. "You have guessed rightly ; it is Louise Martin, in whom I am interested more than I can say." "Citizen," coldly replied Chambert, "I ng since broken it down and replaced in by a common post surmounted by a Greek

must refuse, and you will understand my motives; for I myself intend to leave home this evening, and I came to beg you But now it was the republican post that If the political storms could be exorcised by the influence of a pure soul, your father marked the centre of the cross-paths. A to give shelter to my daughter till my re-

marked the centre of the cross-paths. At the top was a white flag, and in the hand of the Christ was a paper with the words in large letters: "God and the King." "God and the King !" cried the doctor, Jean Martin slowly crossed the saloen and came in front of the doctor. He was a remarkable-looking person, this Jean Martin. He was under middle size, but he made up in breadth what he lost in height. His broad shoulders would have the children of the same country. It is a deadly hatred which hardens the heart and closes it to all the feelings of nature. Pray to God, Celestine, pray earnestly; but work also, and remember that in these un-natural conflictions the mission of a Chris-natural conflictions the mission of a Chrishemselves very strong to dare to carry heir insolence to this point. "They are unhappy, father," said Celes-

At the same instant, and before Monroof, which shelters my daughter, be sulsieur Vander had time to say "Come in,"

the door opened and the doctor appeared. Citizen Chambert had always remained on

"Silence indeed, Monsieur Chambert," said M. Vander, suddenly dropping his formal tone. "If I have guessed that which you were going to say, you will do well to recommend your soul to God be-fore finishing aloud your thought." The Abbe Gozon approached they the former friendly terms with Monsieur Vander; he could enter the castle at any nour, and no quarrel had ever occurred between them. But any one could per-seive that under this outward friendliness of manner there existed a mutual cool-

The Abbe Gozon approached the doc-r again. "Doctor Chambert," said he, "We were formerly friends, and I hope 'we were formerly friends, and I hope 'that you still retain your esteem for me." 'My esteem and my friendship, Citizen bozon," said the doctor, giving his hand. "Well, then," replied the cure, "listen to prove consent to remember to remember to rest and between her sons and the sanctuary. On entering the room the doctor cast his eyes around and said, "You are not alone, citizen ; perhaps I interrupt you ;" adding to himself, on perceiving Jean Martin, "That fellow always here." 'Good-day, Monsieur le Docteur," said my prayer. Consent to remain neuter in this contest and give a home to Louise Martin in a surly tone, and stood further "Far from interrupting me, dear doc-Martin.' tor," said Monsieur Vander, "your visit gives me much pleasure. I had intended

Before the doctor could reply there was a slight noise at the door, but no one noticed it. "Never!" exclaimed Cham-bert. "I am a republican, and I will serve the republic until death." "Then you refuse once more to receive Louise ?" said Vander in a slow, stern voice.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Brevity in Speech-Sweetness in Music. Some one has said that short speeches are most impressive, and simple, sweet music the most touching. If there be anything in the idea, certainly the following from C. C. De Zouche, of De Zouche & Co., Piano and Organ Dealers 233 St. James street, Montreal, is to the point and con-vincing: "St. Jacob's Oil has proved of incalculable value to me in a case of rheumatism, having given me almost instant relief." In the same strain of expressive brevity writes Mr. John C. Fleming, editor chief of the Montreal Post : have much pleasure in stating that, from the use of St. Jacobs Oil, I find it excellent and I think it a good medicine

## How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the disease

peculiar to her sex. By druggists. J. R. Bond, Druggist, &c., Schomberg, writes, "I have sold medicines for over twenty years, and no medicine could give better satisfaction than your Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry." This medicine is the old reliable cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and all Summer Com-

schools and charitable institutions for them "Silence!" cried Martin in a threatening voice.

quences. As in earlier days and older lands, so in

and spiritual well-being of the negroes. Nor does the Church stop here. She is between her sons and the sanctuary. To keep the more favored race ever in

the position of patron and instructor of the less favored, would imply the latter's necessary inferiority. Now she would have the colored race self-elevating; and provide it in part, at least, with missionaries and teachers out of its own ranks. Ages ago, the Church practically recog-nized the spiritual equality of all races. Now, as then—granted vocation, virtue, and the requisite talent—the sanctuary gates open as readily to the negro as to he caucusian. There are now in the Propaganda several the cau

negro students for the priesthood from the United States. Convents of negro nuns exist in the South, and are acco world of good among the negro population. The oldest of these is in Baltimore, where for many decades it has been an edification to citizens of every class and creed. In New Orleans, the colored Sister have charge of schools, orphan asylum and hospital for their own race. Two repres entatives of the community are at present among us. Elsewhere we make fuller mention of them and of the purport of their visit. Let us give them cordial welcome and what aid we can in their beneficent work. Their poor, sick, orphaned or ignorant, are, for the most part, our brethren in the faith, and of any good we render them Christ will say in the last day, "Ye did it unto me."

Robert A. Wilson, Dispensing Chemist, Brockville, says under date of June 5th, '82: "I have not the slightest hesitation wild Strawberry has given my customers more satisfaction than any medicine in my store for the cure of Summer Complaints, Diarrh $\alpha$ a, Dysentery, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Piles, etc., you can use my name, etc."