Are shattered lives Thy treasures, God, That all around is wreek! Are broken hearts the only gems Thy sov'reign Brow to deck?

Must highest hopes and noblest aims Be riven as they rise; Must all that, fairest, comes from Thee Wither before Thine eyes?

Must skies be drear, and chill winds sweep Across the dreary waste; Must all be desolate and dark Where high Thy throne is placed?

Must all of beauty, light and life, Be wrenched from the grasp,— Yes, wrenched from hands that grope Thee,

Before they meet Thy clasp? Must royal hearts beat against bars, Success crown false ones yet;

-The bounding spring of lofty minds
Be cramped to daily fret?

Must souls Thou'st formed to soar above All meaner ends and strife, Be doomed to chains, e'er Thou wilt have The homage of a life!

Must all—must all this be, oh God! I thought in bitter moan, Wrapped in my own sad sorrowing Before His cross alone.

For my soul was so oppressed. Life seemed so hard to bear: So lone, so chill—the restlessne The leaden weight of care.

The past was pain, the future fear, The years seemed one iong sigh, And so my struggling heart broke forth "Why! God of pity, why!"

Wrapped in my own sad sorrowing, My brow had sunk to earth; What marvel that the thoughts were weird To which such touch gave birth!

I raised me in mine agony,
My troubled looks upcast,
Until, in mercy, they did rest
On thorn-crowned Head at last.

And swiftly through my very soul That glance did pierce and say: "Oh child, unworthy child of love, What wild words wouldst thou say

"Here is the noblest human Heart On earth did ever beat; What of earth's flood of bitterness Did that great Heart not meet! "Did It not bear a mission high,
A world's weal and good;
Was It not chained and fastened low,
Low to the heavy rood!

"Did It not throb with human love, Not sink in human woe! If thou wouldst know of pain and grief, Swift to the garden go.

"Oh child of tears and thorns, Of the life-blood of thy God, Go, kneel in blessing and in love And kiss a Father's rod.

"Go, kneel in blessing and in love, Kneel to thy God, who gave His only Son to Death, and learn All sorrow sent to save!

"All sorrow sent to lure from earth Those I would crave My own, The darkest clouds to bear the rays From their eternal home.

"I could have filled thy life with all That glitters in thy sight, I could have made thy days one dream Of pleasure and delight;

"I could have willed thy path to be, As others, amongst flowers; I could have 'suaged thy thirst of soul Through many radiant hours,

"No! the weak the world would wither, I draw them in the shade, And lovingly and tenderly On them My cross is laid,

"My thorns I strew about their steps— The steps that else would stray. Vell with My tears earth's light from them To wait a perfect day.

"Yes: shattered lives My treasures are, Saved from the rocks of sin; And broken hearts My brightest gems— The hearts I died to win."

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Exceedingly puzzled, but at the time relieved, the count withdrew. Early on the following morning he ordered his carriage and drove to the lodging of which on the following morning he ordered his carriage and drove to the lodging of which Antoine and Mina had given him the direction on the preceding day. Having ascertained from the concierge that this way the house where Me Meyer than the concierge that this provide the concierge that the concierge t was the house where M. and Madame I have looked death in the face in the d'Auban lived, and that they were at palace and at the stake. I have drunk d'Auban lived, and that they were at home, he rapidly mounted the stairs and rang at the door of the entresol, which was opened by a tall, careworn, but still hardsome man, whom he guessed must be Henri d'Auban.

Am I speaking to Colonel d'Auban?" he asked; and immediately added, "I am the Comte de Saxe."

D'Auban eagerly invited him in, and said, "I know how very very kind you have been to my daughter, M. le Comte, and most glad I am to have the opportunity of thanking you. Pronext room and sit down. Pray come into the

Mina was giving Ontara a French lesson.
She jumped up, and eagerly greeting the
Comte de Saxe, said, "They came home last night. I had watched at the window till I fell fast asleep on the chair; and it was mamma's kisses which woke me." "May your wakings be ever as sweet, Madam oiselle Wilhelmina."

At that moment Madame d'Auban came in from the back room. She was taken by surprise and hesitated an instant; then holding out her hand to the count, she said, "Oh Maurise! that child has told me how good you have been to her, and what you meant to do for us,"

you meant to do for us."
"May I speak!" answered the count, glancing at Mina and Ontara, who had re-

giancing at Mina and Ontara, who had re-turned to their books.

"Come in here," said Madame D'Auban, leading the way to the back room, and making a sign to her husband to follow. But he shook his head and whispered, before closing the door upon them, 'Speak to him without restraint, dearest heart. He knows the truth, and will ad-

vise you."
"Oh, Maurice!" she exclaimed, sinking down on a chair, while he stood by the chimney looking at her with the tenderest pity, "it has been very dreadful. I thought I should have gone out of my mind yesterday, during those terrible hours at the Conciergerie. The expectation of being examined on that strange charge, not knowing what I could answer,

owing no one to consult." "But how on earth came you to be re-leased, dearest princess, before the arrival of the king's orders, which I went to Versailles to solicit?"

"Good heavens! Maurice, have you told

count, feeling some embarrassment in entering on that question. "But how were you released?"

you released?"
"I am afraid of everything," she said,
"since yesterday—each time I hear a step,
or the door opens, I tremble. There is
one other person besides you who knows
about me, and I conclude it was through
his means we were set at liberty. This
note was given to me when I left the
prison." prison.

She took a note out of her bag, and gave

it to the count to read.

"Ah!" he said glancing at the signature, "Alexander Lavacheff! I thought as much. A short while ago—since I saw you in the Tuileries, princess—I pur-posely spoke to him one day of my early acquaintance with your royal highness, and in his manner I saw something which made me suspect he knew the truth."

"He saw me in America many years ago, nd recognized me. I obtained from him an oath of secresy. But read what he

"MADAME,—Bound by the promise you "MADAME,—Bound by the promise you exhorted from me, I dare not rush to your feet to offer you my services. It was but a few days ago that I ascertained you were in Paris. I only arrived here myself a month ago. Imagine my feelings when I was informed of your arrest. I had been absent for a few days, and accidentally heard it spoken of in our Chancellerie. The blood froze in my veins. You ! Princess! consigned to a prison! You, the associate of low-born and guilty wretches! sociate of low-born and guilty wretches!
You accused and persecuted! and by
whom? By those who might once, but
for untoward events, have been your subjects! By the representative of your own sister-in-law! Madame I did not betray your secret; but, to stop those infamous proceedings, I hinted to Prince Kourokin that there was a mystery in this affair which he would do well to respect, for it could not be solved without dangerous disclosures. He took fright, God be praised, and withdrew the charge. Do not let it be a source of uneasiness to your royal highness, but rather of comfort—that there is in this town one heart that owns allegiance to you-one man who would fain proclaim before the world, if per-

"ALEXANDER LEVACHEFF."

mitted to do so, the sentiments he cherish

es for the most perfect of women and the

"Alexander Leyachepp."
"You see, Maurice," said Madame d'Auban, "that my existence would soon become known if I remained in Europe. I wish to leave Peris as soon as possible."
"This, of course, must depend, princess, on the views you have as to the future. The king is mightily interested by your story, and bent, I perceive, on bringing about your restoration to your rank and family. A messenger is already gone to about your restoration to your rank and family. A messenger is already gone to the Queen of Hungary, bearing a letter from his majesty, in which he informs her of your royal highness existence and return to Europe. His Majesty has also ordered that an apartment be prepared for you at the palace of Fontainebleau, whither, I believe, it is his wish you should forthwith remove, and where he intends forthwith remove, and where he intends himself secretly to pay you his respects. Not that I am authorized to say so, or to onvey any direct message to your royal

Madame d'Auban coloured deeply, and said, "And my husband and my child?"

New World I have been treated as a slave. the cup of humiliation to the dregs, and yesterday was consigned to a felon's but there is one trial, Maurice, which I think a merciful God will spare me. He will not suffer the great ones of the earth to lay again their iron hands on my heart. o tread under foot its strongest affections, and insult me with such an offer as the horrible one you have just mentioned. No, let me depart in peace, and ask nothing at their hands. For one moment, when ou said the king knew my history, a thought crossed me—a sort of yearning wish to see once more those kindred faces, to hear the sound of voices whose tones have often haunted me; but no, there are no ties, no sympathy between us now. I am nothing to them but a name they will deem I have disgraced. I died in palace where my young life was blighted. Let them think of me as buried in the same grave as my forsaken boy. Go and tell the King of France that Charlotte of Brunswick is no more. That the woman poor gentleman, and owns no name but

"Be calm, dearest princess, be calm," eried the count, himself much agitated.
"Calm! when you spoke of giving them up," she said pointing to the next

"But I did not advise you to do so, incess. If you do not desire to return your relatives—"
"My relatives! Ah! when they marprincess.

ried me to the Czarowitch they parted from me for ever. Why should the ghost of my former self haunt their palaces

feel sure," said the count, "that

when the king understands your feelings and wishes, he will not place you under any restraint, or compel you to part with A deadly paleness spread over Madame

d'Auban's face. The words of the count, which were meant to reassure her, in her excited state of mind awoke her fears. She remained a moment silent, and then said with an unnatural calmness, "I have peen foolishly agitated, M. de Saxe. Important decisions need to be maturely weighed. No one ought to trust in their first impressions. Will you convey my humble thanks for his majesty's kindness, and say that Leannyage and the company of t

were not charged with any direct message to me from the king, let it be supposed, M. de Saxe, that no communication has been made to me—no intimation given of his majesty's gracious intentions. I need repose after the emotions and fatigues of yesterday, and I would rather not see you, M. de Saxe, for a little while—"

"Certainly, princess, I will not intrude upon you again till you wish it. But you will permit me to send to-morrow to ininquire after your health?"

She bowed her head and said—"You whatever path in life Providence may

will permit me to send to-morrow to ininquire after your health?"

She bowed her head and said—"You have been very kind to me and mine, M. de Saxe; from my heart I thank you."

The count saw that utterance was failing her. He respectfully kissed her hand and withdrew. As he passed through the front room he took a friendly leave of d'Auban and Mina, and in the afternoom went to Versailles to inform the king of went to Versailles to inform the king of the spontaneous abandonment of charge against the princess, and the par-ticulars of his interview with her.

The instant the door had closed upon him, Madame d'Auban called he husband into the room, and, laying her icy cold hand in his, said-

Henri, we must go away at once. The king knows all, and he has spoken of our parting. I am terrified, Henri; I will not

stay another day in Paris."
"Not half a day, if possible, my own love. But surely the king would not,

could not force you against your will to part from me."

"Henri, there are such things as lettres de cachet. There are also gilded dungeons, where, under pretence of doing honor to a guest a woman may be doomed to endless misery. He wanted me to go to Fon-tainebleau—without you, without Mina. I should have been taken there at once from the prison if we had not been re-leased before the royal order arrives. I am frightened, Henri. I cannot help thinking of the English princess Arabella Stuart, and of the Due de Lauzun sent to Pignerol for aspiring to the hand of the Grande Mademoiselle ?" "No, not altogether for that reason, dearest. But tell me, have you confidence

in the Comte de Saxe ?" "He means well; but I trust no one. Let me leave Paris."

D'Auban saw that his wife's nerves had D'Auban saw that his wife's nerves had given way under the pressure they had undergone, and that nothing but an im-mediate departure would calm her. He did not himself feel any of the alarm she was seized with. It seemed to him evident, indeed, that she would have to choose between him and her child and the notice of royalty and the reestablishment of her position in the eyes of the world. Still, both for the sake of her tranquility and a a measure of prudence,

he deemed it best to acquiesce in her de-sire, and for them to withdraw at once from the smiles or the frowns of royalty. He reflected for an instant, and then

"I am of opinion, my best love, that cou and Mina should start at once for the Chateau de la Croix. My old friend has begged us most urgently to pay him a visit before we leave France; he has set his heart on seeing Mina. If I write by the in time to prepare for your arrival. No-body here will know where you are gone. I will follow you as soon as I have finished

watched her down the green vista of the moonlit grove, and she turned round to Saying this, he pressed his wife to his Saying this, he pressed his wife to his her mother, and said:

watched her down the green vista of the moonlit grove, and she turned round to her mother, and said:

are enabled to wank in safety. The best success is often achieved by the humblest; and an obscure life well spent is better while attending, by having the Scriptures

"Oh! how much more freely shall I breathe when I have left Paris behind, and still more when the waves are rolling between France and us. I begin to feel that I have been foolish, Henri. The king has no interest in forcing me back to my former position, and if he had, he is not a wicked tyrant, like the English Queen Elizebeth. God help him; perhaps, when he made the suggestoin that almost drove me out of my senses, he thought he was doing me a kindness. Of course, his power, or that of my relatives, could reach us in Bourbon as well as here; but when they find we desire nothing at their hands that we only wish to be forgotten, they will not renew offers which are a pain and an insult. But will you wait till you get the promised appointment, Henri?" This was said with an anxiety which

made him answer at once:
"No, dearest, I have letters to the Governor of Bourbon which will, I hope, secure my obtaining some small post in the island. At allevents, we can live cheaper at Denys than at Paris," he added, with a smile, as he saw her face brightening up with the prospect of a speedy departure. "Poor Mina," she said, "how grieved she will be to part with Ontars, and so suddenly, too. Will you break it to the poor

daughter and her adopted brother were reading together. He laid his hand on her

shoulder and called her away.
"My Mina," he said, folding his arms around her, "you were a courageous little girl when you went to look for the Comte e Saxe, and now you must show another

kind of courage."

She looked up in his face and smiled, but he felt that a thrill ran through her

slight frame.
"For reasons you cannot as yet understand, your mother cannot remain here any longer She must leave this house in any longer She must leave this house in an hour, and Paris this evening. Antoine will go with you."
"Not you, papa?"

"I will join you in a few days, and then we shall all leave France." The child smiled again, and though

tears stood in her eyes she resolutely forced them back, and kissed her father without speaking a word. He beckoned

My dear son," he said, as he made him sit down by their side. "Strange and sudden events compel us to depart at once

whatever path in life Providence may mark out for you. But wherever we have a home that home will be yours, dear Ontara, and under a foreign sky, and in scenes equally new to us all, we shall, I trust, meet again in a very few years. And now, my children, I must leave you, for there is much to be done ere I return. My Mina, you and your mother will be gone from this house, but I shall see you in the afternoon at the Convent des An-

Ontara did not speak at first. He was like a person stunned by a sudden blow. Mina had stood him in stead of country, and kindred, and friends; he seemed t have concentrated upon her all the feel-ings of which his heart was capable, and young as she was she fully understood their strength and depth, and returned his affection with a love which was made up of gratitude, enthusiasm, pity and admira-tion. In him she saw the representative of the North Indian race, and of the land where they had both been born. She had not shed a tear in her father's sight but now she wept bitterly. He gave no out-ward signs of grief, but, in a grave tone of voice and a fixed earnest gaze, he said: "When we parted in the forest on that dark night when I gave you back to your

father, you made me a promise, Wenonah; will you renew it now?"

"Yes, I will. Ontara. Unless I am compelled to it, I will never marry a white man. I will never marry at all.

"Nay, but will you be my wife? The rambow of my life; the day-star of my dark sky? The Fachel for whom I will work for seven years, if need be, oh, daughter of the white man.

ter of the white man."

"No, my brother, that can never be. The daughters of white men, every one says so, do not marry their Indian brethren. They may love them as I do; they may willingly die for them as I would for your people, Ontara; but white fathers and mothers would not let them be your wives, and I do not wish to be a wife. I wish to be your sister."

"And will you then always be my sister? and when I come to the home your

sister? and when I come to the home your father speaks of, shall we finish the book we have been reading?"

"Oh, yes?" cried Mins, holding out her hand for the volume. "See, I turn down the page where we left off." It was the life of Father Claver, the apostle of the negroes.
"I bought a copy of it this morning;

here it is, will you write something in it She took up a pen, and with an unsteady hand she wrote, "Go and do thou likewise.

"There," she said, "when we parted in the forest we did not think we should meet again in a great room full of fine people; and perhaps some years hence we shall see each other again in some place we do not know of now."

"My child, the coach is waiting," said

her mother, and said:
"Mamma, is life as full of changes for every one as it is for us?"
"No, my child," was the answer, "the

destinies of men are as various as their faces. It seems to be God's will that we faces. It seems to be God's will that we should have no abiding home on earth. What must we say, love?"
"His will be done," answered the child, laying her hand on her mother's bosom:

"but, mother, I think the best name for heaven is, 'the place where there is no parting. TO BE CONTINUED.

"GOD HELP THE POOR!"

How often on a cold winter's night, do these words escape our lips, while we are comfortably seated before a nice blazing fire, or snugly tucked in between blankets. for a long, good sleep. Perhaps that ex-clamation is the extent of our charity; that one short prayer, made with the lips alone. How many little shivering chil-dren, half clothed and starving, are sent from the doors of the rich, with the harsh words, "Go away, I have nothing for words, "Go away, I have nothing for you; don't come here again," the door slammed in their faces, and sent out again, into the cold to try their luck somewhere else. The servant has only obeyed her mistress' orders, and walks back to her D'Auban went into the room where his aughter and her adopted brother were ading together. He laid his hand on her child, and perhaps a whole family, from hunger. How often the lady herself sends them away empty, not because she is hardhearted, but too lazy to wait on them. She will not trouble herself to mount those steps to her attic, and gather up some of those good warm cloths that are thrown aside to be eaten by the moths, to cover that frozen creature at her door. It is easier to say "I have nothing for you,' than run up stairs to a good warm room, settle herself in an eazy chair, to read the last novel, and sigh, "God help the poor!' Is this charity? There are many persons in this world, who have persons in this world, who have never known want, who cannot realize the des-perate condition of the poor. Let them ask these poor children a few questions, and follow them to their homes. The misery they will see there will sure soften their hearts. Mothers with five six little ones, trying to warm themselves over a scant fire, or maybe with no fire at all. Children crying for bread, the poor mother with none to give, the cold wind whistling through the old cracked walls, "I will tell you presently," said the first impressions. Will you convey my humble thanks for his majesty's kindness, and tumored and beds to sleep on that are little better from my native land. There is no abidate from my native land. There

and by giving your cast-off clothing to keep them warm! How little trouble that would be, for those who have so much time for balls, theatre and the

like!
See that poor sick mother coughing away her life, her eyes glazed with consumption's ltght, trying to cook, and do for her little ones. Her room may be for her little ones. Her room may be comfortable; she has taken care of what she earned in better days. Say not, "Sell those things and buy bread for your children." Do not grudge those few comforts to her, in her last days; let her children." comforts to her, in her_last days; let her keep them, and give her bread out of your abundance. Make some good warm soup and take it to her; cheer her with kind words, speak kindly to her little ones; do not let her feel that she is leaving them to a heartless world, but to the care of good kind friends. Prepare her to meet her God with loving confidence, trusting to His mercy and trusting to His mercy and love. What happiness you will find in this, only those who know can tell. How sweet the reward, even in this world!

BETTER THOUGHTS.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that move not as fast as it ought. I was born in a Protestant country and in a Protestant age, with a Protestant head; but my heart was Catholic.—Countess Hahn-

A truly brave man never resorts to lov and mean ways to punish an enemy. He would feel it to be an insul to his own dignity, and a libel on his manhooh. A oward is only another name for—sneak -Catholic Columbian.

Combat error with courage, and elevate that manhood which infidels seek to trample in the dust. Take good heart smid the storm which seeks to destroy religion and the sanctity of the Church. Battle for the right, and God will extend over you the protecting shield of Omnipotence.—Pius IX.

Fight your own battle in life. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those always beseeching patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one can be heartily interested in your

Not only does the priest offer up daily the sacrifice of the Mass for a special intention, but also for all who are of the faith in the land of the living, as well as for those who have departed in the sleep of peace and are not yet admitted to the joys eternity. He asks blessings also especially for those who are present at the Mass. Why should we wonder, when we believe in the efficacy of the Sacrifice, that so few really relinquish their faith and die outside of the Church

in which they were baptized? A worse thing can happen to a man than bankruptcy. His lack of business ability may be the cause of that—his inability to compete with his neighbor, who has a larger capital and greater experience. But, whatever the cause, he need not be dishonest. If he is not he will have no trouble up making rocal believe he is not he will have no trouble up making rocal believe he is not he will have no trouble up making rocal believe he is not he will have no trouble up making rocal believe he is not he will have no trouble up making rocal believe he is not he will have no trouble up and the second se trouble in making people believe he is honest, and then his good name is left, which is worth more than the greatest success

than a wicked renown.

extremely. Fewer still trust their friends with a perfectly confiding trust. Nay, friendship shows itself in a morbid readiness to take offence, in petty diplomacies to find out if injurious suspicions are true, in proud silence which will not ask for explanations, or in childish breaches made for the childish excitement of reconciliations. The truth is, friendship is a romance, that has been written and spoken a thousand times among men, but never acted, unless in a dramatic way."—Faber.

The character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, ntelligent, accomplished, the young men will feel the requirement that they themselves should be upright, and gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. But remember, always, that a sister is the best guardian of a brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter, she is rue fight of home. The pride of the father oftenest centres on his sons, but his affection is expended on his daughters. should, therefore, be the sun and centre of

Many otherwise polite individuals are guilty of a violation of the rules of polite--i.e., in not answering letters. an erroneous impression pretty generally labored under that it is not necessary to acknowledge the receipt of every letter. Now it must be generally conceded that a uestion couched in becoming language serves, if not requires, an answer. principle herein involved bears a striking malogy to that of answering a letter, for generally they are either affirmative, interogative, or narrative, and in each case meriting some sign of recognition. There is no excuse for silence, unless the subject or the writer is beneath our notice. enee, under any other circumstances, may often be construed into want of friendship, want of politeness, as an evidence of hostile contempt, or an indifference to our

A noted prize-fighter in the South named McCool was washed from the wreck of a steamboat last week, and tumbled into the Mississippi on a dark night. From the horrible tangle of drowning men

this story seems to be that, after all, whiskey—no! that won't do. The fact is that the best place for whiskey is in a barrel, and the best place for the barrel is in a river.-Pilot.

HOW A NOBLEMAN WON HIS BRIDE.

How often do parents, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters, ask the question, "Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "Yes, he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased. But these qualifications are by no means every-thing that can be desired in a suitor, as the

following anecdote may serve to show.

Not many years ago a Polish lady of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, young noticeman, who, naving her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank

to aspire to your daughter's hand?" "You are, undoubtedly, the best blood of Poland," replied the father. "And my fortune and reputation," con-

tinued the nobleman, "are they not—"Your estate is magnificent," said father, "and your conduct irreproachable." "Then having your daughter's consent should I expect a refusal?" said the noble

man. "This, sir," replied the father, "is my only child, and her happines is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of Fortune are precarious; what Fortune gives, at her security of caprice she takes away. I see no security of independence and a comfortable living for a wife but one: in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of an oc-

cupation."
The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two afterwards, as the father was sitting at the door, he saw wagons laden with baskets approaching the house, and, at the head of the cavalcade, a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and had brought the wares made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further ob-

stacle was opposed to marriage.

But the story is not yet done. The revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—but the noble Pole supported his wife and her father in the infirm-ities of age by his basket-making industry.

THE GOSPEL OF CORNED BEFF.

EVANGELICAL BEEF FROM CHICAGO!

"At a noonday prayer-meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Farwell Hall, Chicago, recently, Mr. Thomas M. Smithson, of Dublin, Ireland, delivered a very interesting but entirely too brief address upon the Free Breakfast Association which he founded in Dublin. He said neither he nor any other member of the Association had ever and said, "And my husband and my child?"

I will follow you as soon as I have finished some absolutely necessary arrangements.

"Ah! there is the difficulty. The king would provide for them in the most ample and generous manner on condition that your royal highness consented to separate from them."

"To separate myself from them," she slowly repeated. "To give them up and oh, good God! for what? No," she said, starting up, with a vehemence which as terniture, whose voice and eyes were sweetness itself. "No, you do not say—you do not me n that the king said that. You

"And my husband and my child?"

I will follow you as soon as I have finished some absolutely necessary arrangements. My child, the coach is waiting," said the mother, who was counting the minutes in her eagerness to be gone. Mina hastily placed her full possessions in a straw bas-ket Ontora had made for her. He had on, good God! for what? No," she said, oh, good God! for what? No," she said on, good God! for what? No," so where you can stay till I have ascertained the bour when the Lyons diligence starts. In three days I hope you will be in the old castle in the Forez, where nobody will draw of looking for you, my pale, sweet needs in waiting," said the mother, when her son was leaving the mother, who was counting the minutes in her reagerness to be gone. Mina hastily placed her full possessions in a straw bas-ket Ontora had made for her. He had both the great with the rangements. A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood, and going out into the great world, knowing that he work but that the greatest success won by ways that are dark.

A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood, and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him his parting in into the great world, knowing that he work but the rother, who say sou are form. He had the greatest success work on the mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood, and going out into the great was ambitious, gave him his han a wicked renown.

"We doubt if any human friendship to salvation. Many efforts had ever really lasted the whole of two human lives. Few men are habitually sincere even with the few whom they love succeeding the reakfast. After this there was not much trouble with them. Mr. Smithson then narrated several anecdotes illustrative of the effect of the plan upon even the firmest of the Cath-olic Irish, and said that of all the methods used it has been the most successful in drawing souls to Christ."

This extract has been sent to us from This extract has been sent to us from Chicago. The method of evangelization it suggests is not new in Ireland, in principle at least. There stirabout and weak were formerly used, but now a convert will not receive grace expect via a Chicago sandwich! That is an improvement. Years ago there was a popular lyric in

Dublin of which the refrain ran thus:

As sure as my name is O'Reilly Each murderin' thief will get mutton and beef

If he prays with Mrs. Smyely." There were not many then who sold themselves for the mess of pottage, and we do not think that corn beef, even the corn beef of Chicago, is now more "successful in drawing souls to Christ."]—Brooklym

The Great Shoshonees Remedy Is an Indian vegetable compound, com-

posed of the juices of a variety of remarkable medicinal plants and herbs; the varolitelives are able medicinal plants and herbs; the various properties of these different ingredients, when combined, is so constituted as to act simultaneously upon the Blood, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive Organs, Nervous System, &c., restoring their functions to healthy action, and, being purely vegteable, is as harmless as nature's own beverage. This medicine is included. a decided benefit in all, and a permanent cure in a large majority of diseases of the blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Pimples, &c. In prescribing this medicine we do not claim that it always performs cures; but this we do say, it purifies and enriches the blood, permanently curing a large majority of diseases arising from its impurities. It stands far ahead and unequalled among the hundreds of competing medicines of the day. It has stood the test for ten years, and is to day more popular than ever. As a summer restorative it stands unrivaled; it guards the system against the constant draw to which it is subjected by a high temperature. Persons who are subject to bilious Colic, Dysentery, Indigestion, &c., should take the Shoshoners Remedy. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, \$1; Pills, 25 cts. a box. Sold by all medicine dealers. The final state of the state of this the venture of this three m freedom Empire Kampf. simplic St. Th What m Must al And by Must I ! Forbid ! With al Forever Stand 'g With no Strike ! Why th A weak Aye tru
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