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tion."

The idea of law in general, is, and must be prior to the idea of particular laws. We

cannot assert a law in a given case with-out having an idea of law in general. We say a particular law is a law because it

corresponds with the form of law which exists intuitively in the mind. The idea of law then does not come from observing

phenomena. These phenomena enables us to acquire a knowledge of particular laws, but not of law. The laws of nature

in the last analysis, are that intimate and invariable connection which exists

between natural causes and effect. The idea of cause and effect, or the principal of causality as it is called, is the basis on

of causainty as it is called, is the basis on which we make our deductions from phenomena. A stone thrown up falls to the ground. The mind referring to its own intuition of causality, asks: what caused it to fall. The experiment is re-

peated with a like result. The mind here does not "gather an idea of law" but begins instinctively to seek the law in the

case. To seek for a law presupposes the idea of law, for we do not seek for that of

To talk about "gathering an idea of law from phenomena" is unphilosophical. We conclude or deduce laws from phenomena, but we cannot "gather an idea of law" from anything. "To gather an idea of law".

COMMENT. Water does not always run down hill. To run down hill is an ex-ception to the general mode of the

of water is upward and outward. This

will be admitted of water in the form of steam or vapor. The water that falls

as rain has been first taken up by the sun's heat. Water runs up in the capillary

equidistant from the centre and make the earth a perfect sphere? Two-thirds of

the earth's surface consists of water.

These multitudinous waters do not run down-hill—do not flow down towards the

they remain on a vast slope that rise

your statement that water always runs

You saw somewhere a bit of water run

breath and comprehensiveness. You mis-understood and misinterpret Moses and

COMMENT. We have seen that you mis-

understand nature, and from what you now say it is evident that you do not un-

the stone. This force asserts itself per-

lownhill.

ture.

law.

In the present condi-

action of water. In the present c

which we have no idea.

All night the booming minute gun
Had pealed along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Looked o'er the tide-worn steep.
A bark from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had valled her topsalis to the sand,
And bowed her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven And true ones died with her!— We saw her mightly cable riven, Like floating gossamer. We saw her proud flag struck that morn, A star once o'er the seas— A star once o'er the seas— Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn— And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,— The rocks with pearls were sown, And strangely sad, the ruby's ray Flashed out o'er fretted stone. And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er; Like ashes by a breeze; And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore Had sadder things than these!

We saw the strong man still and low, A crushed reed thrown aside; Yet, by the rigid lip and brow, Not without strife ne died. And near him on the seawed lay— Till then we had not wept— But well our gushing hearts might say, That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had prest, With such a wreathing grasp, Billows had dashed o'er that fond breast, Yet not undone the clasp. net not undone the clasp. fer very tresses had been flung To wrap the fair child's form, where still their wet long streamers hung, All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst the wild scene, Gleamed up the boy's dead face, Like slumbers, trustingly serene, In melancholy grace. Deep in her bosom lay his head. With hair-shut violet eve— He had known little of her dread, Nought of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adleu—
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering no
The meaning of the sea! Mrs. Head embering not

FATHER JOSEPH LA CARON, O. S. F

MRS. HEMANS.

Discoverer of Lake Huron, and Founder of the Huron Mission.

BY JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. A., M. D. We are told by Bancroft, that "years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Catholic Church had been planted by missionaries from France in the eastern half of Maine: and La Caron. an unambitious Franciscan, had pene trated the land of Mohawks, had passed to the north in the hunting-grounds of the Wyandots, and, bound by his vows to the life of a beggar, had, on foot, or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward and still on-ward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron."

Who was this devoted priest, to whom the historian of the United States so

briefly refers, and what did he do? In the seventeenth century there stood a modest Franciscan monastery near the small French seaport of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay. Among its vious inmates was Father Joseph Le Caron. When Champlain laid the corner-stone of a Christian nation in Canada, his first thought was to aid in saving the souls of the dusky savages that roamed its boundless wilderness. "The salvation of a single soul," said the noble pioneer, is worth "The salvation of a single

more than the conquest of an empire."

The founder of Canada looked about for "some good priest who would have zeal and affection for God's glory," and such he found in the Franciscan mon-astery near his native Brouage. Father A vessel was boarded at Honleur, and Champlain and his Franciscan friends hastened across the Atlantic, and stepped ashore at Quebec in May, 1615.

After the erection of a rude little mon-stery, and the celebration of the first Mass in Canada since the days of Cartier. the Fathers took counsel together, and each was assigned a portion of the vast missionary field that stretched around

them on every side.

The spiritual charge of the Hurons fell to Father Le Caron, and he at once directed his steps towards that distant Indian nation. After paddling one hundred and eighty miles up the St. Lawrence, he came to the present site of Scores of canoes lined the shore, and Huron warriors were in abundance. The annual trading expedition had brought them to this point to make exchanges with the French, but in a few

studying the strange manners and stranger language of his new flock, when Champlain arrived on the scene. The priest had already made up his mind to return with the savages, and winter among them, and the Governor's dissuasions to the contrary were of no avail. "What," exclaimed this hardy, apostolic man, "are privations to him whose life is devoted to perpetual poverty—who has no ambition but to

The savages were impatient to return home, and Father Le Caron, accompanied by twelve armed Frenchmen, took his place in the fleet of canoes. The first

portion of their rugged, watery highway lay up the Ottawa River. The long voyage wasno pleasure excursion.
"It would be hard to tell you," writes the Franciscan to a friend, "how tired I was with paddling all day with all my trouth among the Indian reads to the state of the sta strength, among the Indians; wading the river a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet; carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little sagamite—a sort of

Lake Huron—Father Le Caron being the first white man who beheld the placid waters of this great inland ser. After paddling along the shores of the Georgian Bay, the fleet of canoes touched the land bathed by its southern waters. The weary travellers had at last reached the ancient country of the Hurons—a district comprised in the present county of Simone. Ontario, Canada.

who prize liberty so highly should repudiate a theory and destroy it. If man is not free, and he cannot be according to your materialistic doctrine, you are inconsistent when you appeal to his inconsistent when you appeal to his inconsistent when you are equally inconsistent if you expect your reasonings to convince him, since his convictions must, in your theory, depend on material forces independent of him and you. If you underphenomenon. If you mean by law a pendent of him and you. If you underphenomenon.

coe, Ontario, Canada.

The Indians built a small bark cabin for the missionary near Carhagouba, one of the chief villages. He made an altar, and Champlain arrived in time to be present at the first Mass. It was the 12th of Au-gust, 1615—a date that should be hallowed in the memory of all the Catholics of Western Canada. When the Holy Sacrifice was finished, a cross was made, blessed. and erected in the presence of a crowd of wondering savages. The little band of Frenchmen chanted the Te Deum; "and Frenchmen chanted the Te Deum; and then," says Parkman, "a volley of their guns proclaimed the triumph of the Faith to the ckies, manitous, and all the brood of anomalous devils who had reigned with always runs down hill" guns proclaimed the triumph of the Faith to the okies, manitous, and all the brood of anomalous devils who had reigned with undisputed sway wild realms of darkness. The brave Friar, a true soldier of the Church, had led her forlorn hope into the fastnessess of hell. He had said the first Mass in the country of the Hurons."

Eather Le Caron now heavable apostolic Teacher of the laws of nature by observing the effects of the forces of nature, but we do not gather "an idea of law" from the study of these forces and their effects.

Father Le Caron now began his apostolic labors. He went "from village to village," writes Charlevoix, "to lay the foundation of the missions which he proposed to es-tablish among the Hurons, and he turned every moment to account in studying the language. But he had no time to make great progress—this study not being a matter of one or two years, give it what application you will."

Champlain wintered with the Indians.

When spring came, he set out for Quebec, accompanied by Father Le Caron. The inhabitants of the rude little capital had given up the Governor and the Franciscan as lost, and they were welcomed back with wonder and open arms.
Father Le Caron now proceeded to

France; and on his return, in March, 1617. he celebrated the first Christian marriage that took place in Canada. It was at Quebec. The names of the parties were Stephen Jonquest and Ann Hebert. On the arrival of Father Viel and

Brother Sagard from France, in 1623, Father Le Caron invited them to a place in his canoe, and the three paddled to the distant missions of the Hurons. The old cabin was renovated, and the priests began to labor among the savages as well as they could. Two adults were baptized.

But it was a hard life, and a stormy field. The Franciscans subsisted chiefly on Indian corn, peas, and squashes. A little stream that ran near the door furnished their only drink. On the long win-nished their only drink. On the long win-ter evenings they read by the light of the fire—having no candles. They retired to rest on beds of bark, and slept soundly after the daily repud of carelage toil after the daily round of ceaseless toil.

In the summer of 1624 Father Le Caron returned to Quebec on business of importance. The aid of the Jesuits was requested in the work of the missions; and in the year following three Fathers arrived in Canada. Le Caron, however, re-mained at Quebec. The devoted Francis-can bade adieu to Canada, deploring the ruin of his toil; and, in company with his brother missionaries, landed in France.

When, in a few years, Canada was restored to France, Father Le Caron met with such provoking opposition from the civil authorities of the colony, that he was unable to return to his beloved mission, and it is stated that he "died brokensuch he found in the Franciscan mon-astery near his native Brouage. Father Joseph Le Caron and three companions soon got themselves in readiness for the mission of New France. "They packed their church ornaments," says Champlain, "and we our baggage." Each went to confession and placed himself in the state of grace. A vessel was boarded at Honof the greatest servants of God in the annals of the American missions."

NOTES ON INGERSOLL.

CONTINUED.

BY REV. L.A. LAMBERT, OF WATERLOO, New York.
INGERSOLL: "The universe, according

o my idea, is, always was and forever will

COMMENT. We have seen that this "idea" involves a contradiction as absurd as to say that parallel lines can unite, or that a thing can be and not be at the same time.

a thing can be and not be at the same time.

But other important consequences follow
from your "idea."

If this universe of matter alone exists,
the mind, intellect or soul must be matter,
or form of matter. Sublimate or attendays the red-skinned traders would disappear—vanish like an apparition.

The zealous Franciscan was engaged in studying the strange manners and stranger language of his new flock when Champing the stranger and stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when Champing and the stranger language of his new flock when the stranger language has the stranger language and his stranger language has the stran that govern matter are invariable. From this it follows that every thought of the philosopher, every calculation of the mathematician, every imagination and fancy of the poet, are mere results of the mater-ial forces, entirely independent of the in-

dividuals conceiving them!
The sublime conceptions and creations
of Shakespeare and Milton, the wonderful discoveries of Newton, Arago, and Young, the creations of Raphael and Angelo are nothing more than the flowering and blooming of carnal vegetation. the externs of lunatic asylums prepared

o accept this philosophy?
But let us go a little further; you are proud of your philosophy and your wis-dom. But why should you be so if your ideas are the mere results of the forces that govern matter? And why should you try to convert the world to your way of thinking if the world must be governed thinking if the world must be governed by the unalterable laws of matter? I I believe in the Holy Scriptures. Is that the result of material forces? If so, why the result of the contrary? If try to persuade me to the contrary? If your materialistic theory is true, can I help being a Christian? If I am the victim of unalterable forces or laws, why

him, since his convictions must, in your theory, depend on material forces independent of him and you. If you understand your principles, you are bound by the force of logic to be silent and wait in a given force

pendent of him and you. If you understand your principles, you are bound by the force of logic to be silent and wait in patience the outcome of those forces which are unalterable, irresistible and unavoidable. If men's thoughts are the result of more which the property of the property mere physical forces it is insanity to reason with them. As well might you reason with an eight-day clock for running too fast, with fire for burning, or with a tree for growing.

INGERSOLL. "We know nothing of expression and indeterminateness of expression and indeterminateness of expression and indeterminateness of thought. Law in our language has more than one meaning. When speaking of nature, it may mean the action of natural forces, it may mean a verbal formula or statement of what that action is, or will be in given circumstances. Your purpose required that these two meanings should be confounded and you accordingly confounded them.

Phenomena do not cause the idea of

law. The mental faculty of associating like events and referring them to a common cause, together with the faculty of generalization, enables us to formulate laws. A series of like phenomena may suggest a law to the mind already pos-sessed of the idea of law, but it does not and cannot in the nature of things "cause the idea of law." The idea of law must precede the knowledge of a law. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PASTEUR AND RENAN.

Sensation at the French Academy-A Man of Science Pays an Eloquent Tribute to Faith.

Paris, May 1st .- A reception at the Academy is always an event of interest to the intellectual world, not only in France, but beyond it. The interest which at but beyond it. The interest which at-taches to the recent seance in that illustri-ous assembly is not limited to a mere lit-erary or scientific one. The present su-preme crisis through which the nation is passing, makes every manifestation of faith or unbelief, from the leading repre-sentatives of the various schools of thought, a matter of profound and immefrom anything. To gather an idea of law''
from anything. To gather an idea is like
gathering an Ingersoll. It is not usual to
gather a unit. You confound idea with
judgment or deduction.

The illustration you give to make
yourself clear, is unfortunate. You say:
INGERSOLL. "To make myself clear:
Water always runs down hill."
COMMENT. Water does not always run thought, a matter of profound and imme-diate importance. France is just now a great battle-field on which the forces of good and evil are locked in terrible con-flict, and the issue of the fight is no less than life or death eternal to future gener-

It was a strange meeting, this late on of M. Pasteur, the man of science, whose patient and luminous studies have already done wonders for suffering humanity (and promise, some say, to solve that appalling physical problem, hydrophobia), and M. Renan, the brilliant, cynical, sentimental skeptic, who took Jesus Christ in His divine humanity for the hero of a romantic and blasphemous legend, and who has con stituted himself the leader of the atheistic spiritualists, if we may invent a definition

as rain has been first taken up by the sun's heat. Water runs up in the capillary tubes of every vegetable that grows. More water ascends in the capillary tubes of the vegetable world in one day than falls over Niagara in a year. Water runs r his impious philosophy. M. Pasteur is a robust and gentle type

ago. When it became known that he had been baptised a Christian, and died valleys of the poles. On the contrary, professing the firmest belief in Christ and His Church, there was a very howl of rage from the whole army of free-thinkers towards the equator a perpendicular height of thirteen miles. They remain there on that inclined plane—on that hillside rage from the whole army of free-thinkers who had looked upon the old philosopher as their head and guide. They first denied the story, declaring that it was invented by his family and the clericals to whitewash the great Positivist. When the truth was stated in a manner that admitted of no possible doubt, they said he had been smuggled into the Church by the priests, that he was past being conscious of his acts, and therefore they forgave him because he knew not what he did. forever. You may say this is caused by the rotation of the earth. I do not care what causes it. The fact of it disproves ning down a hill, and you "gathered the idea" that it always does so. Your view was too narrow and local. It wanted him because he knew not what he did. But, finally, when witnesses, irrefutable in revealed religion. You have proved their authority and integrity, stood forth yourself an incompetent interpreter of nature, and you cannot be relied on when and asserted that the dying philosopher was not alone in full possession of his faculties at the moment of his baptism, you presume to interpret, criticise, con-demn, or deny that which is above nabut had long been preparing for it by careful and reverent study of Catholic INGERSOLL. "The theist says that this doctrine, they cursed him for a renegade who had been a hypocrite all his life, and basely betrayed at the last the cause he (water runs down-hill) happens because there is behind the phenomenon an active

had pretended to serve.

Another libre-penseur was now to take this renegade's chair amidst the Immortals. The world was prepared to hear the derstand what the theist means. The new Academician hold up the life and theist does not say there is behind the phenomenon an active law. He repudition, and to hear some half cynical, half ates the stupidities you attribute to him. What the theist does say is this: Behind, prior to, and concomitant with the Instead of this, M. Pasteur delivered one ness which had belied them at the close. Instead of this, M. Pasteur delivered one phenomenon, there is a static or permanent force which is manifested when the proper conditions are placed. A stone walls have echoed to since the days of proper conditions are placed. A stone thrown up falls. The power or force that brought it down was there before it

Montalembert.

He paid full homage to Littre's intellectual gifts and to his labors in the cause was thrown up, and continues after it has was thrown up, and continues after it has fallen, to keep it down. The relation between that stone and the force is constant and permanent, and as real in the order of being as is the matter which composes solation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

On arriving at the tributary waters of the Mattewan, the canoes turned to left, skimmed over Lake Nipissing, passed down the French River, and glided into with undisguised severity, the paralyzing

gradually more and more warmed to sympathy with the orator, and when the noble pathy with the orator, and when the hoose student, whose patient life of toil and honorable poverty is in itself a gospel of virtue, lifted his voice in this courageous testimony, haloas of applause made the hall ring again, rising a second time and a third, and continuing when M. Pasteur

eased to speak.

It was a great surprise for almost all present, except the thirty-nine brother Academicans who had seen the discourse before they heard it. It was as if news of some re-enforcement had come unex-pectedly to the combatants on the side where the battle was going hard. When the excitement had subsided, M. Renan stood up to answer. He wore that sleek smile of self-satisfaction that seems to as-sure his hearers he means to be brilliant and to reward them with a great treat.

And, so far, he kept his word.

His discourse was a wave of whipped cream coming after the hightide of genuine emotion and faith that had swept over the audience, but M. Renan is a first-rate fencer, a San-Malato in the field of sophistry and rhetoric and spiritual sentimentality. He talked a vast deal of nonsense, but he talked it in such beautiful French that everybody listened with delight;

abilities as the Parlement, the Temps, the Journal des Debats, etc., lauding M. Renan's speech as a masterpiece, and observing that M. Pasteur was less successful as an orator than as a scientist, that his voice was far less mellifluous than M. Renan's, was far less mentious than M. Renan's, while the journals on the other side join in a loud concert of rejoicing and congratulation to the man of science, who, in these days, when God and His law are tulation to the man of science, who, in these days, when God and His law are out of court, had the courage to stand up before the scoffers and bear witness to the glory and the beauty and the truth of them.

Temoin.

VOLTAIRE.

How the Notorious Infidel Spent his last Moments.

writes a contributor to Catholic Progress, published a short while ago a treatise on the great difference which characterized the great difference which characterized the last moments of Catholics and of Pro-testants generally. Whilst, he observed, Catholics were calm and patient and resigned and hopeful in death, the professors of other religions were uneasy and querulous, anxious to live, and more desirous to secure medical than spiritual f the vegetable world in one day than alls over Niagara in a year. Water runs ap in most rivers that run towards the equator. The Mississippi river carries its water up an inclined plane a perpendicular distance of about four miles. The same in proportion is true of the Nile. This earth on which we live and play the wise and the foolish, is not a sphere, but a spheroid. It is flattened at the poles. The lowest places on the earth are the regions about the North and South poles. The equator all around the earth is a mountain thirteen miles higher than the surface at the poles. The polar regions are vast sunken valleys. Now I ask: If "water always runs down-hill" why do not the waters of all the vast oceans flood with impetuosity towards the poles? why impetuosity towards the p assistance. The article awakened considerable attention. By some it was looked upon as an attack upon Protestantism, sible, and it was the consistency of the performance.

Littre, as you remember, was received into the Church on his death-bed, a year that he consistency of the performance into the Church on his death-bed, a year that he consistency of the performance into the Church on his death-bed, a year that he consistency of the performance into the Church on his death-bed, a year that he consistency of the performance into the consistency of the performance into the consistency of the performance in the consistency of the performance in the consistency of the consistency of the performance in the consistency of the consist appeal only to authentic evidence, not to statements of infidels who, one after the other, endeavored to hide the weakness, as they called it, of their Coryphaeus, but to the evidence of men who had no ends to subserve, whilst either affirming or denying certain facts connected with the last hours of the notorious French Phil-

osophe.

HIS RETRACTATION.
On the 25th of February, then, 1758,
Voltaire penned the following blasphemy:
"Twenty years more and God will be in a
pretty plight." Let us see what was takg place precisely at the time indicated, On the 25th of February, 1778, Voltaire was lying, as was thought, on his bed of death. Racked and tortured by remorse for past misdeeds, he was most anxious to propitiate the God whom he had insulted, and the Church which he and his had sworn to destroy; and hence he resolved on addressing himself to a minister of religion in order to receive the sacrament of reconciliation. On the 26th, then, he wrote the following letter to the Abbe wrote the following letter to the Abbe
Gaultier: "You promised me, sir, to
come and hear me. I entreat you to
take the trouble to call as soon as possiible." The Abbe went at once. A few
days after, in the presence of the same
Gualtier, the Abbe Mignon, and the
Marquis de Villevieille, the dying man
made the following declaration:
"I the undersigned declaration for

"I, the undersigned, declare that for these four days past, having been afflicted with a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four, and not having been able to drag myself to church, the Reverend the drag myself to church, the Reverend the Rector of St. Suipice, having been pleased to add to his good works that of sending to me the Abbe Gualtier, a priest, I confessed to him, and if it pleases God to dispose of me, I die in the Catholic Church, in which I was born, hoping that the Divine mercy will deign to pardon all my faults. If ever I have scandalized the Church Lask pardon of God and of the

to some divine power, let them call it Brahma, Allah, or Jehovah, and to whom they must bow the knee in worship and supplication."

Tae audience, at first amazed, grew wrath against God and Christianity. It when restored to health, but passing from bad to worse, he poured out fuller vials of wrath against God and Christianity. It was then of necessity to receive the most solemn and full abjuration of former in-

HIS DESPAIR. When Gualtier returned with the archieoiscopal answer, he was refused admission the dying man. The archeonspirators, troubled at the apostacy of their hero, and dreading that ridicule would fall upon themselves, determined not to allow any minister of religion thenceforth to visit him. Finding himself thus cut off from the consolations of religion, Voltaire consolations of religion, Voltaire became infuriated; no repreach, no curse was deemed bad enough for the D'Alemberts and Diderots who guarded him. "Begone," he said, "it was you who have brought me to my present state. Begone, I could have done without you all; but you could not have existed without me—and what a wretched glory have you procured me!" And then praying and next blaspheming, now saying: "O Christ!" and next, "I am abandoned by Godand man," ne wasted away his life, ceasing to curse and blasaway his life, ceasing to curse and blas-pheme and live on the 30th of May, 1778. These facts were made public by Mons. Tronchin, a Protestant physician from Geneva, who attended him almost to the Geneva, who attended him almost to the last. Horrified at what he had witnessed, he declared that "to see all the furies of Orestes, one had only to be present at the death of Voltaire"—pour voir toutes les furies d'Oreste, il n'y avait qu'a se troutes a la mort de Voltaire. "Such a spectacle," he adds, "would benefit the young who are in danger of loging the pregions helps of that everybody listened with delight; however much the substance disgusted or puzzled people, the form was always unexceptionable. It was a performance on a tight rope by an accomplished dancer whose "get up" was perfect.

The sensation caused by M. Pasteur's brave profession of faith within the august precincts was carried beyond them when the discourses were published next day. A hot controversy ensued between the organs of the parties whose opinions were more or less expressed by the two; the Radicals and such time-serving respectabilities as the Parlement, the Temps, the

Vilette, the friend of Voltaire, and of course his copier, Monke, denied these statements, but the great philosopher, Mons, de Luc, confirmed what had been stated about the terrors of death which had haunted Voltaire. I will transcribe a portion of his letter dated Windsor, Oct 23, 1797: "Being at Paris in 1781,"—De Luc was then in fifty-first year—"I was often in company with Mons. Tronchin. heard him repeat all those circumstances about which Paris and the whole world were, at that time, speaking; about the horrid state of this impious man's soul at the approach of death. Mons. Tronchin did everything in his power to calm him for the agitation he was in was so violent A medical gentleman of great talent, that no remedies could take effect. But he could not succeed; and unable to endure the horror he felt at the peculiar nature of his frantic rage, he abandoned him. Mons. Tronchin immediately published in all companies the real facts. This he did to furnish an awful lesson to those who calculated on being able on the bed of death to investigate the most fitting dispositions in which to appear fore the judgment-seat of God. At fore the judgment-seat of God. At that moment, not only the state of the body, but the condition of the soul, may frustrate their hopes of making so awful an investigation, for justice and sanctity, as well as goodness, are attributes of God, and He sometimes, as a wholesome admonition to mankind, permits the punishments decounced against the implies. ments denounced against the implou-man to begin even in this life, with the

tortures of remorse."

Such are facts evidenced by Tronchin and Richelieu and believed in throughout the world relative to the death of the infi-

THE LITTLE SHOE DID IT.

man who had been reclaimed from A man who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance was once called upon, at a meeting called by a total absti-nence society, to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looking for a moment very confused. All he could say was: "The little shoes they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard the sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and the choking went from his throat. "Yes, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and children—for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that: I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet to her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little, new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue, chilled child, on a bitter, cold night. I went out to them. I took hold of my Wen! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; and they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet waked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread and then a pair of shoes. I tasted nothing but a bit of bread all next day; and went to work like a man on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money for liquor. That's all I have got to say— it was the little shoes that did it."

Beware of the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases, as they only relieve for a time and make you ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely and permanently cure you. It destroys and removes the cause of disease