

duties deserved remark or eulogy. God had endowed this noble creature with the best instincts of humanity...

One afternoon a sad, listless feeling came over her, and, stealing away from the group which surrounded her, she sought a retired and sheltered part of the deck...

"Holy Mother," thought Nora, "perhaps we've lost the way. How can it be that we can ever find a country beyond there..."

A stress of rough weather occurred, which continued some days, and the hearts of the bravest of those poor landsmen grew timid and fearful amidst the terrors of the deep...

Just then Nora was startled by a wild and agonized shriek, and, rushing forward, saw a woman standing on the deck, with her eyes and arms uplifted, almost frantic with terror...

He is mine, sir, an' we call him Patsy," said the poor mother, wringing her hands.

And so, cheering him and watching his perilous descent, keeping his keen eye fixed on every movement, the captain stood brave and hopeful, while the silence and suspense of those around him were so deep and intense...

"Fetch me some brandy and water and a rope-end," said the captain to his steward.

a few mouthfuls of brandy, laid the rope-end over him seven or eight times, while the boy capered and danced like something frantic.

Laughter and tears and congratulations mingled together over the still frightened child, who, from that moment, became the darling of every sailor on board...

"This incident brought Nora's smiles back.—It had been a good thing for her, those warning words. "Look aloft; if you look down you'll fall."

At last the "Fidelia" was safely moored at her dock in Boston harbor, and Nora felt truly that she was a stranger in a strange land.

Thomas McGinnis and his wife received her most kindly, and she felt at once that she had found friends.

"Why, bedad, it's at the Pilot Office, where they get news from every part of the known world, especially from the old land at home."

(To be Continued.)

AFTER THE STORM.

We continue our extracts from the correspondence of the London Times and other journals, descriptive of the aspect that Paris and France present at the close of the disastrous war.

During the last few days I have visited many of the Prussian siege batteries, and am now engaged in studying the Forts and the positions round Paris.

The heaps of dead soldiers whom I have seen lying on fields of battle forbid any doubt of French personal courage. The vast columns of unwounded prisoners sent each day to Germany told as certainly that there was a prevalent distrust of their officers, and decided in success.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

To those who would learn what are the effects of war between civilized nations, yet cannot spare time from their work in London for more than a day or two, I would recommend a journey to Paris and just one drive. Let them not rush to Versailles and plume themselves upon having sat at the table where Bismarck and Moltke sat...

By the side of the road from Clamart to Meudon is a hill, and on the hill a pretty Swiss chalet, standing in a garden with lawns and flower-beds.

the lawn and beside the house a great heap of earth, where all ought to be so trim and well kept. It is a Prussian battery intended to shell Issy, Paris, and the French battery at Pont de Joux, where the circular railway behind the enceinte of Paris crosses the Seine.

Then come the Chateau de Meudon and Batteries No. 2, 3, 4, and 16, on the terrace commanding another magnificent view of Paris and of Forts Issy and Vanves, across a space now calm and pure, where nothing moves but the limpid blue atmosphere, but lazily-sailing rocks lately paired, enjoying the sunlight and the happiness Nature provides in the early year for all her creatures.

It is the greatest mistake to suppose that the starvation of the people has ended with the siege; it is only really beginning now. How it will end it is impossible to conjecture, but with thousands of working men crying for bread or work, the population may be diminished by other ways than by famine.

The British public are to be congratulated on the generous impulse which prompted them to send large supplies of provisions to their starving brethren in Paris.

I walked along the whole line and talked to several. From all I heard the same story; not a murmur of discontent at waiting, a great deal about "ces bons Anglais" and a most perfect confidence that what they were going to receive would more than repay them for the discomfort and fatigue they were undergoing.

after to-morrow morning, Monsieur," she replied, as calmly as if she was talking of a journey to St. Petersburg. "What, are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the street?"

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Anxious to judge of the condition of some of the hospitals, especially those which were in the quarter exposed to fire, and to verify the reports as to the amount of damage done, I visited the establishment of Les Enfants de Jesus, in which it was reported that 17 children had been killed in their beds, and was glad to find that this was entirely mythical.

Unhappily, the experience of France has hitherto led her to look upon all public men with distrust, as using political life as a mere means of accomplishing their private purposes; and the strange delusion exists, though they have America before their eyes, that under a Republic a higher standard of civil virtue is likely to be developed than under any other set of institutions.

There are a thousand good reasons, in my opinion, why Mr. Thiers should not govern France, but there is one, and that an all-sufficing reason, why he should not be put at the head of a Provisional Government.

Whatever may be thought of Garibaldi himself, I fear it cannot be denied that the services of his followers to France have been of rather an equivocal character. I have heard people say that the Garibaldians were often regarded with more dislike and distrust by the French peasantry than were the Prussians themselves; that, whereas, the Prussians blew up bridges or destroyed houses only or chiefly where the destruction served a definite military object, the Garibaldians, in their furious zeal, destroyed right and left, sometimes without the slightest discrimination.

countries but the Parisians themselves believe, that I have found it an interesting occupation to verify some of the statements which, by dint of repetition, doubtless go down to posterity as facts, and which will I was under the distinct impression, derived from apparently trustworthy sources, that the punge of hunger had been so great as to have reduced the inhabitants to the necessity of eating all the animals in the Jardin des Plantes.

The gardens had apparently been a point of especial bombardment, and no fewer than 83 shells had fallen upon their comparatively limited area. We went to the glass-houses to judge for ourselves of the four shells fell into the glass-houses and shattered the greater part of them to atoms.

The animals fared better than the plants—not only have none of them been eaten by the population of Paris, as the latter fondly supposed, but although several shells burst among them they have escaped uninjured. Of course, when food was so scarce for human beings, the monks and their companions were put upon short allowances.

What I much fear is the result of this Peace in France itself. I trust the people do not all think like those to whom I have been speaking lately.—If so, the world will see a whole nation gone stark staring mad when they most need their sober senses.

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There are a thousand good reasons, in my opinion, why Mr. Thiers should not govern France, but there is one, and that an all-sufficing reason, why he should not be put at the head of a Provisional Government. The head of the Executive at such a crisis, if he is to last a week, must rightly or wrongly, possess some prestige and inspire some confidence.

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