Pray for Fair France. BY SARA T. SMITH.

Across the blue, far-stretching wave, The ocean's wide expanse, You lie in smiling beace to-day, Olovely land of France!

The sun upon your vine-clad hills, And on your lofty walls; The sun upon your valleys green, Where stream to streamlet calls;

The sun upon your busy marts, Where nations come and go; The sun upon your thousand no Where Love's sweet blossoms

With idle jest and lightest laugh, With wine and song and dance, You pass the happy hours away, O lovely land of France!

But look!—no signs of envy breathe The lands of colder skies! You may keep your purple vineyards, Where summer slowly dies;

You may keep your jests and laughter, And tread the merry dance. And tread the merry dance, You have had your hours of woe and dread And damning sins, poor France!

The nation's pride, the nation's heart, Your Paris, grand and fair.

Has blood upon its evil stone A curse upon its air. An awful Presence comes and goes Beside its pacing feet; An echo, like the laugh of Death, Rings down its haunted street.

Oh, bravely on its balmly breeze, Your flags of triumph swell; But where their shadows float below, Its martyred Bishop fell;

Martyred amid the faithful priests
Of Him who died to save,
And heaven's high arch was rent for them,
Above its crimsoned pave.

Oh, black before God's awful Eye Was graved your fiendish rage,

Ah, no! E'en yet, his hand is stayed ;

A blessing bars the way, The Cross of Passion faintly signed By dying hands that day.

Still rises radiant, o'er the land, And, though its light of love, A just but patient God looks down In pity from above. In pity still Our Lady waits,

At every chosen shrine, With healing touch, that gently draws To life and strength divine. And oh, in tenderest pity still Our Lord unveils His Heart, And pleads for France against herself; She must not die apart!

Pray for her: pray by day and night! She lies in evil trance; O hearts the Heart of Jesus loves! Pray for His land of France.—Ave Maria. Linwood, Pa., August 20, 1880.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV-

In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail,
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirits quail.
But wait till the time is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.
Adelaide Proctor.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear, Like shadows o'er me sweep; I leave my sunny childhood here; O! therefore, let me weep. Mrs. Hemans.

About three months after the events related in the last chapter, a number of girls of various ages were playing amongst orange trees of the garden of the Ursuline Convent, with all the vivacity belonging to youth and the French character. They had just observed a holiday in honor of the news which had reached New Orleans, of the final suppression of the Natches insurrection by a body of French troops, and their patriot exultation was at its height. About three months after the events their patriot exultation was at its height. A handsome, clever-looking girl of fifteen jumped upon a bench, under a banana tree, and began to harangue the crowd tree, and began to harangue the crowd which gathered round her. Emilie de Beauregard was a great favorite in the school, and before she opened her mouth the girls clapped their hands, and then

criep out "Silence!"

"Mesdemoiselles!" she began, "let your French hearts rejoice! Your countrymen have gained a glorious victory! The royal flag, the white lilies of France, floats over the ruins of the city of the Sun." A round of applause saluted this exordium. The orator, warmed by success, went on. "The frustrated enemy bites the dust. They dared to kill Frenchmen; but now vengence has overtaken them, and the rivers run with their

"That was in our historical lesson this morning," whispered Julie d'Artaban to

Mind. Hold your tongue, answered the governor's daughter "It is y fine."

The houses of those monsters are a

prey to the flames—not a corn-field or an orange garden remains in the plains where French blood has been spilt. These Indians are all as cruel as wild beasts, but now they are hunted down without mercy. Their princes, the Children of the Sun, as they call themselves, are all slain or sold away as slaves. Not one of their dark will ever be seen again in the land

of their birth. This was too much for one of the audi-There was a sudden rush to the Mina d'Auban, with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, had seized and over-turned it, and the orator had fallen full length or the grass. This assault naturally enough made Mdlle. de Beauregard very angry, and her friends and admirers more so. Cries of "You naughty (this was Mina's nickname in school), re

sounded on every side.

"Fi donc! Mademoiselle," exclaimed d'Artaban; and Rose Perrier, who had high ideas of administrative justice, ran to call Sister Gertrude, the mistress of

the class.

The placid-looking nun found Mina the midst of her excited and indignant companions, who all bore witness to the outrage she had committed.
"She pushed Emilie down because s

was telling us the good news that the French have won a great victory."
"It is impossible to play with Mademoiselle d'Auban," said another. "She flies into a passion if we say we like our own country people better than Indians and

negroes."
"She said all the Indians are monsters,"

and indignation; and her conscience also reproached her for her violence. She could not bring herself to forgive her cound not bring heisen to legiste he companions, or to feel at peace with them. This conflict had been going on ever since she had been at school. The separation from her parents had been a hard trial. They had thought that the companionship ot French children would divert her mind from painful thoughts, and overcome her determined predilection for the Indians. But they had not calculated on the effect But they had not calculated on the effect produced upon her by the unmitigated abhorrence her playmates expressed for the people she so dearly loved. Their hatred made no distinction between the treacherous Natches and the good Illinois Christians; and a rankling sense of injus-tice kept up her irritation. It was, per-haps, as natural that these girls, most of whom had lost friends and relations in the whom hat lost friends and relations in dissurrection, should feel an untipathy for the Indians, as that Mina, with all her recollections of St. Agathe, and her gratitude and affection for Ontara and for Pearl Feather, should resent its expres-

But the result was, that instead of diminishing her overweening partiality for the land of her birth and its native inhabitants, her residence at school had hitherto only served to increase it. She also sadly missed the freedom of her tor breaches of discipline. The confinement of the class-room was trying to her; and she committed faults of a peculiar nature, such as taking off her stockings in order to cross barefooted the little stream which ran through the garden, and climbing up trees to get a glimpse of the sea, the sight of which reminded her of the green waving fields of her home.
When Sister Gertrude entered the school-room she found her at first silent

and sad, but by degrees her gentle manner and soothing words drew from the over-burthened heart of the poor child the made allowance for the provocation, and showed sympathy in the trial she was enduring. It was not only in school that Mina's sensitive nature was wounded by the absence of such sympathy; her father and mother had suffered so terribly during days of her captivity, and of his absence, that they involuntarily shrunk from everything which reminded them of They would have male every effort andevery sacrifice in their power for the sake of the young Indian who had pro-tected their child, and prayed daily for the bodily exertions and mental anxiety, had greatly affected Colonel d'Auban's spirits, and Mina could not pour forth her thoughts in his prese ce with the same freedom she had been used to do. Nohad been discovered as to Ontara's Every inquiry had been made by d'Auban regarding the royal family of the Natches. He ascertained what had become of all its members except the two either perished or taken refuge amongst some of the more distant tribes. A re-ward was promised for their capture, as it was deemed dangerous to allow any of the s of the great Sun to remain at But, at his friends' earnest enliberty. treaty, the governor gave orders, that if Ontara was arrested, he should be treated with kindness and instantly brought to

New Orleans.

It was a great consolation to Mina to relate all her story to Sister Gertrude on the day when matters had arrived at a crisis between her and her compan-

"You see, dear sister," she said, "I am an Indian girl, though my skin is white. I was born in the Illinois; and I only wish I was brown, and had black eyes and hair like my own people."
"But, my dear, that is not right. You

are a creole, not an India. Your parents are French, and you ought to be glad that you are like them."
"And so I should be, sister, if the white

girls loved the Indians: but they hate them, and I then want them to hate me

But what a shocking word that is for Christians to use! I do not think your companions really hate these poor people. I am sure I hope not, for we are going to receive here to-morrow six little native orphan girls whose parents were killed in the insurrection. They were to have been sold as slaves, but our good mother begged them of the Company; and we are going to bring them up as Christians. This evening, after night prayers. I shall say a few words to our children, and tell them that for the love of Christ they should welcome and cherish these little outcasts. But Mina, my child, you should also re-member that Anna Mirepoix's father, and Jeanne Castel's brother, and Virginia d'Aumont's uncle, have all died by the hand of the red men; and when they say things which make you angry, ask your-self what you would have felt if your

said Mina, sobbing; "and I think she is a monster herself to say so. Some of them are very good—letter than white people."

"She said all the Indians are monsters," or phans were coming to a sheltering roof, said Mina, sobbing; "and I think she is a monster herself to say so. Some of them school life. The nuns had rightly judged that the best way to soften their pupils."

"And the lifted brown an emperor, a czar, that young boy whose face she longed to see. She fancied the shouts of the people when he was proclaimed—the cries of 'Long live Peter the

There was a general burst of laughter, which increased her exasperation, and she passionately exclaimed, "I hate white people!"

"Come with me, my child," said Sister Gertrude; "you do not know what you are saying. You must not remain with your companions if you cannot control your temper. Go and sit in the school-room alone for an hour, and I will speak to you afterwards."

Poor Mina's heart was bursting with grief and indignation; and her conscience also reproached her for her violence. She could not bring herself to forgive her could not bring herself to forgive her hard words, that they might know be could not bring herself to forgive her how to talk to the little savages, who be came quite the fashion in the school. As to Mina, she was a mother to them all; the tiny creatures clung to her with an instinctive affection. During her lessons they would sit silent and motionless at they would sit shent and motomess at her feet, with the patience which even in childhood belongs to their race, and fol-lowed her about the garden in the hours of recreation like a pack of little dogs. Every sweetmeat given to her was made over to them, and the only presents she valued were clothes or toys for her infant charges. Her health and spirits rapidly improved under this change of circumstances. She grew very fast, and was not very strong; but her colour returned, and bright smiles were again seen on her lovely face. There are persons whose destiny it seems to have no lasting abode on earth;

scattered workers, may be, or busy idlers, scattered workers, may be, or busy fallers, who, during the whole course of their lives, pass from one place to another, as if the wanderer's doom had been pronounced upon them. The place of their birth knows them no more. The homes of their childhood, the haunts of their youth, they never revisit. Every local attachment they form is blighted in the bud. The curtain drops on each successive seeme of their pilgrimage, and finis is stamped on almost every page of their existence. Some call this a strange fatality; the hand of God's Providence training particular souls to detachment and self-sacrifice. 'Le Chretien est-il d'aucun lieu?" Emilie de Guerin, who was a genius, and perhaps a saint, too, without knowing it.
Thoughts such as these, though scarcely

put into shape, but vaguely floating through the mind, crossed madame d'Au ban, as she sat one evening planning with her husband the future course of their lives. It was almost determined between them that they should go to France. Many a sleepless night, many an hour burthened heart of the poor child the expression of her feelings; she understood them, and while blaming her violence, she made allowance for the provocation, and showed sympathy in the trial she was enduring. It was not only in school that alone hold out a prospect of recovery. The physicians at New Orleans had pronounced that, within a few months, he would have to undergo an operation, and she could not endure the thoughts of trusting to the unskilful colonial surgeons. It seemed but too probable that he would not henceforth be equal to the labours and fatigue of a planter's exis-tence; and the climate of Louisiana was tected their child, and prayed daily for the brave man who had died to save her. But the mention of their names recailed such terrible scenes that they instinctively recoiled from it. Mina perceived this without quite understanding it. She had without quite understanding it. She had the quick tact to feel that though she was never told not to speak of them, the subject was evidently not a welcome one; and nobcdy could have quessed how much the child suffered from this tacit prohibition. Agathe! They had much increased in value during the last ten years, and their sale would realize a sum sufficient to insure them a small income. It was an effort and a sacrifice. St. Agathe was connected with the only happy period of the child suffered from this tacit prohibition. at rest. No fears, no misgivings, had dis-turbed her sunny hours, or marred her journey to Russia and a secret interview nightly rest in its green shades and amidst its simple inhabitants. Since her arrival at New Orleans, sudden tremots band knew how much she built upon had sometimes seized her at the sight of persons whose faces she fancied were familiar to her. Or, if a stranger's eyes followed her in the streets-and this often happened, for her beauty was more striking than it had been even in youth; her movements were so full of grace, and her figure so majestic, for it was difficult for unnoticed-she hurried on with a beating heart, or hastily drew down her veil. Old heart-aches had returnedoughts of the past were oftner in her nd. She heard the news of her sister's death in a casual manner, and could not tell even Mina of her grief. Her residence in the French town was a foretaste of what would henceforward be her lot if St. Agathe was sold. It was deliberately closng the gates of her earthly paradise; but hen she knew that what had been for ten years a paradise could be so no longer. Neither her husband nor herself could ever forget what they had gone through. There are associations which can never be cancelled. The people, the language, even the natural beauties of America, could not be to them what they once were. No; it was not a sacrifice she was making-on second thoughts she became

onscious of this; but it was setting a seal a doom which was already past recall. The news from Europe was also prey-ing on her mind. Two years had elapsed nee notice of the Czar Peter's death had iched the colony; and now intelligence had just arrived of the Empress Catherne's decease. D'Auban had heard this ne night at the governor's house, and had hastened nome to tell his wife.

She anxiously asked, "And what of "He has been proclaimed emperor, and Mentzchikoff has taken charge of his erson and of the reins of the govern-

Ah! I now understand why Catherine left him the crown, rather than to Anna Ivanovna. My poor child! in the hands of such men as Mentzchikoff and hands of such men as Mentzchikoff and the Narishkins, what will become of

"Was nothing more said ?"

"No, that was all,"
Madame d'Auban's lip quivered; and, gathering up her work, she hastened to a terrace which commanded a view of the sea—she felt a wish to be alone, to com-mune with herself on the news she had father had been murdered and your mother burned to death in the city of the just heard; even her husband's presence Natches,"

Mina threw herself into Sister Gertrade's arms, and shed tears of repentance for her fault, and of joy that the little brown all kinds of new thoughts. He was now

Second!" They seemed to ring in her ears as the waves broke gently on the shore; and then she wondered if he ever thought of his mother; if he ever noticed her picture; and wether that picture was A PROTESTANT'S ESTIMATE OF THE MASS. In a recently published dissertation on "The Creeds in their relationship with Christ," by the German Protestant, Lech-

hanging in the same place as it used to do, above the couch where she was sitting on the day when the babe of a year old had ler, occurs the following passage regarding the Mass. Contrasting, as it does, with the old muttering of Protestantism against been brought to see her for the first time. been brought to see her for the first time.

Her name x s on the frame, Charlotte of
Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, born in 1696.

Had they engraved on it the day of her
death? "He sees my picture," she marthe old muttering of Protestantism against the majesty of Catholic ritual, and its blasphemies against the Mass as, forsooth, an act of idolatry, this view forms one of the many proofs that the Culturkampf has done service to the persecuted faith by making it better known and appreciated by honest minds. Of its highest act of worship, Herr Lechler says, that it is "admirable, grandly impressive, profound, tender and full of unction." mured; "and when he goes to church he sees my tomb. Does he ever see me in his dreams? I have sometimes dreamt of him very distinct!y, and have awoke just as he was going to speak to me. Oh, my boy emperor, m. young czar, my crowned child, would not you, perhaps, give half your empire to have a mother, on whose 'In a spiritual manner, it successively represents to the eyes and ears of the faithful the essential parts of the work of Redemption: it unites the touching plaint of the 'Kvrie eleison' with the most sweet

your empire to have a mother, on whose bosom you might lay your fair young head, in whose arms you might find refuge from bad men and secret foes? And why should we not meet again? Why of the 'Avrie eleison' with the most sweet and attractive of canticles, the 'Gloria in excelsis;' it brings out of the harmonious concurrence of the 'Epistle' and 'Gospel' the clear sound of the 'Credo;' at the 'Offertory' it offers humbly to God the should there be an impassable gulf between us, now that the czar is dead and the em press also, and that my son, my own son, reigns in their stead?" As these thoughts 'Offertory' it offers humbly to God the prayers of the congregation and the congreg tion itself; in the 'Preface' it carries away the heart to contemplate the Incarnation of God in Christ, and the reconciliation of the human race by the Cross of the Son of God. Before the majesty of the God and saviour invisibly present under the right of the production of the god and saviour invisibly present under passed through her mind, an ardent desire her; not that she formed any plan of re-taining her position; not that she did not shudder at the thoughs of disclosing her existence, and at the dangers and misery to her husband and herself with the return to Europe took possession of step might involve in that old world, which, like M. de Talleyrand, thought the visible sign, the people reverently bow the knee, self-anninilated in profound silence, at the words, 'This is My Body mistakes worse than crimes, and mesalti-ances more degrading than sin. She would have died sooner than conceal her marriage; but secretly, perhaps, she might venture to approach her son. If the Countess de Konigsmark was still alive t was two years now since she had heard from her-some communication might be ife to the world ; returns thanks at the

made to the young emperor, which would re-establish her, not near his throne, indeed, but as a living mother in his 'Benediction' for the salutary coming of the Lord, and at the 'Ite missa est, retires, looking towards the death of those that die in Him. One might say that the Catholic Church has employed in the Mass all that one could imagine of magnificent on earth. The blaze of lights, the glint of She spoke to her husband of their vague thoughts and hopes, of the twofold reasons she now had to argue their return to France, and their decision was at last taken. D'Auban had doubted a long time; he had mistrusted his own inwhatever is highest and best, whatever the tense longing to revisit his own country, human voice can do, chanting, and cymbals, and harps—with all these she has embellished the solemnity of the Sacrifice, and had felt afraid for his wife of a return to Europe; but an accidental circumstance which occurred at that time, but which he and has reaped therewith the gratitude of which occurred at that time, but which he kept from her knowledge, hastened to his acquiesence. He had never mentioned to her the orders which had bean sent out from Europe, for the apprehension of persons suspected of the robbery of her own jewels. The reports which had been circulated regarding M. de Chambelle and herself had apparently died away since his death and her marriage, but he had never felt perfectly easy on the subject.

never feit perfectly easy on the subject, and about this time he met in the streets Reinheart, the very man who had been most active in spreading them. The next day he saw him hovering near his house,

as if watching its inmates. The circumstance determined him to leave the colony. A purchaser was found for the United

Concessions, and St. Agathe was sold. They agreed to transmit to Paris the sum

with her son; but these were silently in-

wafted the perfume of the orange flower

from the gardens of the Freuch colonists Her mother sighed as she saw the

said?" whispered Mina, trying to smile. "A year, and then we shall return to St.

Madame d'Auban stroked her cheek

without answering. She wished to keep from her the knowledge of the sale of St. Agathe, till the sight of other coun-

tries and the awakening of other interests

then we can go back; and what joy there will be in the Mission when we arrive

garlands and with songs, as they used to

do when dear Father Maret and the hun

ters returned from the forests. We shall be so happy!"

She was hoping against hope, poor

She was hoping against hope, poo-child. There was in her mind a suspicio

of the tru'h, and she spoke in this wa in order to be reassured. When she say

her mother did not answer, she slipped

Like a slight young tree, that throws weight of rain from its drooping bough

The cloud on her soul that lay, Had melted in glittering drops away.

She had conquered her grief and gladene

his heart with one of her radient smile The spirit which had made her, from

baby, a ruler among her companions, had been, during the last two years, trained

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too

HOW TO GET WELL.

and turned in another direction.

rule herself.

will want to know

But when she raised her head again,

ad diminished the vividness of her recol-

"Papa will be quite well in a year, and

Of course the children of God's Church do not care for the approval or disapproval of Protestants. except so far as it indicates in Protestants a recognition of truth, which may be a step in the right direction for their own good. Protestants may learn something from the above quotation. -- Catholic Progress

BETTER THOUGHTS.

To destroy the idea of immortality of ne soul is to add depth to death. It is right to be contented with what we ave, never with what we are.

He that pryeth into every cloud may be ricken with a thunderbolt. Every man makes his own reputation;

thus realized, and to proceed to France by the next vessel which should sail from New Orleans. Their intention was to spend there the time necessary for the treatment of his malady, and, when his

After grace, that which gives most efficacy to pious words is the holiness of him who utters them.—Mme. Swetchine.

The true Catholic is rarely indifferent to the little virtues: therefore it is not hard for a Catholic to be a grutleman.

All sis what we should be disappointed if he took another course.

It is plain that Mr. Forster gained nothing by his encounter with Mr. Dillon. It would be better for him had he not pro-

Catholic to be a gentleman. Intelligence will enable us to cope with the problem of life, to endure its misforthe problem of life, to endure its misfor-tunes with fortitude, and to bear its sucsses with moderation and wisdom. It was more than childish grief that

Mina fixed her eyes on the coasts of America, as the "Ville de Paris" heaved her auchor, and the wind from the shore

ourage with which the young confront the uncertainties of the future, and the faith which filled her eyes, and sorrowfully asked herself if her daughter was destined that leads them to look forward to happito be always, like herself, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

"A year, mamma, is not that what you

A true Catholic is tested by nothing more than his manifestation of faith, seen in h onduct towards his fellows. The man who s a saint in church, but a rascal outside canot be a Catholic. The Publican went away ustified rather than the Pharisee. - Catholi

lumbian. What is a good life worth if it be crowned by a good death? Yet a good life is the nearest approach in our power to a good death. There have been comparatiely few good deaths which have not come t the end of good lives; and those few, so all the believing world says, have been conrived by Mary.—Faber.

Mention has been made somewhere of a little girl who said: "I must now go with my father on Sundays to the Protestant church; but when I grow up I shall become a Catholic, for I want to belong to that church which makes me honor the Blessed Virgin, and pray for the soul of my own mother who is dead." away and sat down alone in another part o: the vessel. Her father went to look for ber; she threw herself into his arms, hid her face in her breast, and wept—

It is not what we earn, but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we eat but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend but what we do, that makes is useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.

We recently read in one of our exchanges short story recounting how a father took half a dozen sound, rosy-cheeked apples, without a speck or sign of decay about them, and, after showing them to his children, placed them on a plate with another apple which was partially rotten at the core. After which was partially rotten at the core. After leaving them thus for some time, he again exhibited them to his children, when all the apples—those that had been sound as well as the unsound one—were found to be rotten. Here is a practial lesson that comes trials of her school-life had taught her to home to parents who exercise no care or restraint over their children as regards the friendships they form and the companions much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you with whom they associate. Their children may be dutiful, obedient, innocent, pure and devout; but if they are allowed to into contact with the vicious and impure, with those who are disobedient and in-Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column. devout, they will soon catch the taint of evil from them and become like them.

MR. DILLON AND MR. FORSTER.

For an Englishman, Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Ireland probably has as little anti-Irish prejudice as could be expected. But being an Englishman, he cannot look at any Irish question but with imperial eyes. His place in English politics is that of a progressive Library and there is His place in English politics is that of a progressive Liberal, and there is no reason to doubt his honesty in advocating Liberal principles for England and Englishmen. But when dealing with matters across the Channel, he looks from a different standpoint. Like all Englishmen who meddle with Irish affairs, he keeps the interest of England first in view. His Liberalism is then one-sided, and the choice between it and the Conservatism, so-called, of the opposition party, is very little indeed: opposition party, is very little indeed;—that is, for Irishmen, there is very little

choice between the two.

Mr. Forster's recent encounter with Mr.

Dillon, in the House of Commons, again i'lustr tes the hopelessness of expecting fairness toward Ireland from an English statesman. On a previous occa-ion, the Irish Secretary had reflected severely on Mr. Dillon for words used at a land meet-ing at Kildare. Mr. Dillon was not pre-sent when Mr. Forster ass iled him. Under the circumstances, it did not demand much courage on the Secretary's part to stigmacourage on the Secretary's part to stigma-tize as "cowardice" the conduct of an ab-sent member. Had Mr. Di'lon been in his place in his House, Mr. Forster might have found less offensive language suffi-cient for his purpose. The language he used was at least unbecoming, and the charge implied in it was false. There was no cowardice in what Mr. Dillon had This is My Blood; 'This is My Body

This is My Blood; 'While the bells of
Aaron announce to the faithful that the
priest of God has entered into the Holy of
Holies. He invites them to follow him
the consumes with hunger and

The was no cowardice in what Mr. Dillon had
done at Kildare, and it was neither manly
nor creditable to make such an accusation
when he was not present to defend himself.
Mr. Dillon hastened to London, however, to meet the charge, and the manner in which he did meet it showed him to be a good representative of his country. He did not attempt to shirk any responsibility. The language ascribed to him was, he said, substantially the same that he had used. It was the language demanded by the sit-uation of affairs in Ireland, and he had no apology to make for it. He had advised gold, the splendour of colour, all that choices and resounds from the fulness of and he had said that if 300,000 men were enrolled in the Leagues, the landlords would no longer levy rent, and the people would not fear to go out of doors, nor be prevented from carrying arms. He saw no reason to regret having said this, and instead of retracting it, he would repeat it again and again, at such meetings as he

might have an opportunity to address.

The English reporters say Mr. Dillon's speech was "extraordinarily violent," and that his languarge was "almost unprece-dented in the history of the House." It is gratifying to find an Irish member using "unprecedented" language there. It is unprecedented language there. It is refreshing to find such a member disregarding mouldy precedents and expressing maniy sentiments without fear of consequences. Mr. Forster taunted Mr. Dillon with having taken advantage of his privilege as a member to make use of "seditions atterances." But the automated tious utterances." But the utterances had been made, and their effect could not be suppressed. It will be felt in Ireland, not only at the meetings which Nr. Dillon intends to address but at all others of the same kind. The sedition uttered by him Every man makes his own reputation; the world only puts on the stamp.

Truth crushed to earth, however much battered and soiled, is far perferable to a clear, neat lie.

It is never lawful to meet a slander with a slander. If one has spoken ill of you, speak well of him or say nothing.

After grace, that which gives most efficace to pious words is the holiness of him who

voked the encounter by an attack that was uncalled for and unworthy. As we have said, he probably shows as good feeling towards Ireland as need be expected from any Englishman; but it does not go as far A more glorious victory cannot be gained in jury begins on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.

Youth is beautiful in the eyes of old age, and it looks with admiration upon the courage with which the young confront the course which was a proper to t find it without a vigorous search, and the use of energetic means .- Pilot.

NO RISK.

Thomas' Eclectric Oil! Worth Ten Times its Weight in Gold. Do you know anything of it? If not, it is time you did.

Pain cannot stay where it is used. It Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common Sore Throat. One Bottle has cured Bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an Old Standing Cough. One or two bottles cures bad case sof Piles or Kidney Troubles. Six to Eight applications cure any case of Excorated Nip-ples or Inflamed Breast. One bottle has cured Lame Back of eight years standing. Daniel Plank, of Brootield, Tioga County, Pa., says: "I went thirty miles for a bot-tle of your Oil, which affected a Wonderthe of your Oil, which affected a Wonder-ful Cure of a Crooked Limb, by six appli-cations. "—Another who has had Asthma for years, says: —"I have half a bottle left, and \$100 would not buy it if I could get no more."—Rufus Robinson, of Nunda, N. Y., writes: "One small bottle of your" ECLECTRIC OIL restored the voice where ELECTRIC OIL rest red the voice where the person had not spoken above a whisper in five years, "—Rev. J. Mallory, of Wyoming, N. Y., writes: "Your Eclectric Oil cured me of Bronchitis in one week.

It is composed of six of the best OILS that are known. It is as good for internal as for external use, and is believed to be immeasurably superior to anything ever made. Will save you much suffering and

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Beware of Imitations.—Ask for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. See that the signature of S. N. Thomas is on the wrapper, and the names of Northrop & Lyman blown in the bottle, and Take Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cts. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion.

Note.-Eclectric-Selected and Electrized

IT NEVER FAILS .- Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint.

Aver's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are placant, safe and sure, and excel all other Pills in healing and curative qualities.