

Pray for Fair France.

BY SARAH T. SMITH. Across the blue, far-stretching wave, The ocean's wide expanse, You lie in smiling bosom day, O lovely land of France!

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

In the cruel fire of sorrow Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail, Do not let thy spirit faint, But wait till the light of dawn, And take thy heart again; For as gold is tried by fire, So a heart must be tried by pain.

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."

Feelings towards the unfortunate natives was to appeal to their pity, and enlist their sympathy in behalf of the orphans. The experiment proved successful. A few days after the one on which Emilie de Beauregard had tumbled off the bench in the midst of her rage, she was sitting upon it with a brown baby on her lap, whilst Mina, kneeling before her, was amusing it with a bunch of feathers.

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 whether that picture was 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 been brought to see her for the first time.

A PROTESTANT'S ESTIMATE OF THE MASS. In a recently published dissertation on "The Creeds and their relationship with Christ," by the German Protestant, Lechler, occurs the following passage regarding the Mass. Contrasting, as it does, with the old muttering of Protestantism against the majesty of Catholic ritual, and its blasphemous against the Mass as, forthwith, an act of idolatry, this view forms one of the many proofs that the Kulturkampf has done service to the persecuted faith by making it better known and appreciated by honest minds.

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 Liberal, and there is no reason to doubt his honesty in advocating liberal principles for England and Englishmen.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

To destroy the idea of immortality of the soul is to add death to death. It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are. He that preys into every cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt. Every man makes his own reputation; the world only puts on the stamp. Truth crushed to earth, however much lattered and soiled, is far preferable to a clear, neat lie.

NO RISK.

Thomas' Electric 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 is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common Sore Throat. One Both has cured Bronchitis, fifty cents' worth has cured an Old Standing Cough. One or two bottles cures bad case of Piles or Kidney Troubles. Six to eight applications cure any case of Excoriated Nipples or Inflamed Breast. One bottle has cured Lane Back of eight years' standing. Daniel Plank, of Bonyon, Toga County, Pa., says: "I went thirty miles for a bottle of your Oil, which affected a Wonderful Cure of a Crooked Limb, by six applications."

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

This is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters; See other column.