The Dream of Life.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE. Twas but a bubble—yet it was bright,
And gaily danced along the stream
of life's wild torrents in the light
Of sunbeams sparking like a dream
of heaven's own bliss for loveliness—
For flectness like passing thought;
And ever of such dreams of thee
The tissue of my life is wrought,
For I have dreamed of pleasures when
Thes un of young existence smiled
I pon my wayward path and then
Her promised sweets my heart beguiled;
But when I came those sweets to sip,
They turned to gall upon my lip,

And I have dreamed of friendship, too;
For friendship thought was made
To be man's solace in the shade
And clad him in the light, and so
I fougly thought to find a friend
Whose mind with mine would sweetly
blend

And as two placid streams unite.
And roll their waters in one bright
And tranquil current to the sea,
So might our happy spirits be
Borne onward to eternity.
But he betrayed me, and with pain
I woke—to sleep and dream again.

And then I dreamed of love and all The clustered visions of the past seemed airy nothings to that last Bright dream. It threw a magical Enchantment o'er existence—cast A glory on my path so bright; I seemed to breathe and feel its light; But now that blissful dream is o'er, And I have waked to dream no more.

Beyond the farthest glimmering star That twinkles in the arch above. There is a world of truth and love Which earth's vile passions never mar Oh, could I snatch the eagle's plumes And soar to that bright world away, And soar to that bright world away,
Which fod's own holy light liltumes
With glories of eternal day!
How gladly every lingering tie
That binds me down to earth I'd sever,
And leave for that blessed home on high,
This bollow-hearted world forever.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Madame d'Auban looked gratefully at their young protector, and raised her hand to her lips—a token of friendship which

Mina was overjoyed. "I have a brother Mina was overjoyed. "I have a brother now," she cried, and threw her arms round the boy's neck. There was something entirely new to the Indian youth in the child's innocent affection, and in her way of showing it. It touched a chord in his heart which had never yet been moved. From that moment she became dearer to him than aught else on earth. Her mother's trust in him, her soft kiss, and the name of "brother" which she gave him, made life a different thing to Ontara from what it had yet been. He had never shed a tear—his countrymen do not weep—but a tear—his countrymen do not weep—but a strange sensation rose in his throat, and ed away, not understanding what

it could mean On one of the long weary days which On one of the long weary days which had elapsed since that of the massacre, Madame d'Auban was sitting at her work on the grass near their hut, and Mina by her side. A Frenchwoman, who was carrying a pitcher on her shoulder, stopped to speak to them on her way to the well. She was the widow of M. Lenoir, one of the murdered officers at the fort, and a slave in the

chief's palace.
"Ah!" she exclaimed, "Another companion in adversity! May I ask your

"Madame d'Auban."

"Ah! Madame d'Auban—the wife of the . . Should I say the late—Colonel d'Auban?" It is easier under certain circumstances

to bear positive unkindness than an irrev-erent, well-meaning handling of a throbgreatest trial of all is the sympathy ex-pressed by those who think their sorrows are like our sorrows, when they would no more resemble them than the prick of a

pin does the stab of a dagger.

"Ah!" sighed Madame Lenoir. "My
poor dear husband! He would come to this horrid country to make his fortune, and Fortune has played him a terrible trick! He was one of the first killed by "Were you here, Madame! and your husband also massacred?"

Madame d'Auban felt as if she was laid on the rack. "I live in hope . . ." she murmured, but could not finish her sen-

"My tather was not killed," said Mina

"I am sure he will come back and take us

'Ah! M. d'Auban escaped. Je vous en fais mon compliment. It was indeed a piece of luck. I wish my poor dear husband had been so fortunate! But he was what I call an unlucky person. If there was a possibility of getting into a scrape or a difficulty, he was always sure to do so I used to say to him, 'My friend, nothing ever succeeds with you. You were certainly born an unlucky star. The Fates did not smile on your cradle. You never do the right thing for yourself.' Ah! poor man, he used to shake his head and Well, my dear, I almost think you are right. I never took an important step in life that I did not repent of it.' You see he had great confidence in my judgment.

Was yours a happy marriage, my dear Madame 1 Oh! pardon me if I distress you. Our common sorr ws—for no doubt you are not quite easy about your excellent husband's fate, even though you are so much less to be pitied than I am— seem to me to establish quite an intimacy between us. Is this charming young lady your only child, Madame?"

Mina gave a quick glance at Madame d'Auban's face. The talkative stranger had trod unawares on the sacred ground which her mother and herself never approached but on their knees.
"She is my only little girl," Madame

ously said, and hastened to ask-"Have you any children, Madame

No: and indeed and I am very glad of it. M. Lenoir used to regret it; but I have th. M. Lenoir used to regree to, but I may said to him, many times since we came to this country, 'Who was right on that question, M. Lenoir? I suppose you will admit that a wife is quite a sufficient encumbrance, as you stand at present situated? Ch, quite sufficient, my dear, quite sufficient, he would answer. I must do him the justice to say he did not often contradict me. If I had had any children, I dict me. If I had had any conditions, should have been dreadfully afraid of their becoming like those young Indian devils."
"The Indians are not all devils," cried

wiched Indian, who murdered the good "Then you will never marry at a'l,"

ban kindly said. "Our trials are in-deed great; and we ought to try and help each other. Do not be vexed with me." each other. Do not be vexed with me."

"Oh, for that matter, I have a very happy disposition and a particular sociable temper. But let me advise you, as a friend, not to let that little lady get into health of talking too much. One never the health of talking too much. One never the habit of talking too much. One never gets rid of it in after-life. And do not make a devote of her. Too much religion is a bad thing for children."

"The heavens show forth the glory of God; and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.
"Day to day uttereth speech; and night

make a devote of her. Too much religion is a bad thing for children."

A faint shadow of a smile crossed Madame d'Auban's lips. Meantime Madame Lenoir was lifting up with difficulty her heavy pitcher.

"It will be heavier still when filled with water" the said with a deep sigh "fand the world has gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the world."

water," she said, with a deep sigh, "and my shoulder is already aching with its my shoulder is already acting which weight! But I have been threatened with blows by a cross eld Indian, in case I do not do her bidding."

The poor woman sat down on the grass, I have a selfish unit.

weeping bitterly. It was a selfish, unin-teresting grief, but pitiful to witness-like the suffering of a fly crushed by a

walked along; and he called her his "white lily," his "beautiful Wenonah."

When they had reached the fountain, and were letting down the pitcher into the

"I do not want anything he can give me. What I wish is, to see a black-robe pour water on my brother's head, and speak the words which would make him a Christian." "The chief of prayer is no more. I

have sung his death-song in my heart. He can never again speak to the living."
"But there are other black-robes—other chiefs of prayer?"
"They must all be killed by this time.

Think no more of them, little dove of the white man's tribe and speak not to Ontara of the French prayer. He is the child of e Sun, and worships his father."
"But! know he carries a crucifix in his

som," Mina eagerly cried, pointing to the Indian's breast.
"My father, Outalissi, gave it me; and

for his sake I keep it close to my heart."
At that moment Osseo joined them.
Mina was not afraid of him when her new brother was by her side. He was much excited, and cried out, as soon as he saw

'I have discovered the fetish which the great sorcerer of the Abnakis possessed. He told me of it some time ago, and I have been searching for it ever since." "What is it ?" Ontara asked.

"What is it !" Ontara asked. Osseo drew a small serpent from his osom: "I have enarmed it to sleep," he aid, as Mina brew back affrighted. "It said as Mina brew back affrighted. will not wake till I bid it. This fetish is so powerful that he who owns it never snoot an arrow in vain, and is never conquered in battle; and when he goes out hunting he orings home more game than any one

"Throw it away, Osseo; throw it away," Mina exclaimed. "It will do you

"And if I throw it away," said the youth, with a sneer, "will the dove of the white tribe nestle in my bosom." "I will love you very much," Mina answered, fixing her large bright eyes on

the young savage.
"Not so much as the Ontara?" said Osseo, with a malignant glance at the young chief.

Ontara is my brother," Mina answered, drawing closer to her protector.

"And if any one dares to touch a single hair of her head," cried Ontara, "I will take him before the sachems, and slay him

where he stands. A dark hue overspread the face of the A dark hue overspread the late of the youth; but he made no direct reply. Streking the serpent in his bosom, he said to the little girl: "When five summers have come and gone you shall chose which

"I will not marry you, and I cannot marry him," Mina answered with simplic-

of us you will marry.

"Why not?" said Ontara quickly. "You are no longer a slave, since you have become my sister: and when you are old enough we shall stand before the sachems, in the presence of the Great Sun, and I will make you my wife." Mina shook her head: "The daughters

Mina. "I love the Indians."

"O fie! mademoiselle! Love these marry the sons of the other tribes."

I should like to see every Indian burnt alive, and their horrid country swallowed up in the sea."

"And I should like to see you in the sea, and I should not pull you out," cried Mina, choking with passion.

"Oh, you little monster!" exclaimed Madame Lenoir.

"Mina, what are you saying?" said her mother, in a severe manner.

"He God of the Christians made the sun, and moon, and the stars," Mina replied, and then she sat down with the two Indians on the grass by the well-side, and they talked of the Natches' worship and the Christian prayer. A child's simple conceptions of religion were more adapted to the comprehension of these uncultivated minds than the teachings of older persons. They listened eagerly to her "Mina, what are you saying?" said her mother, in a severe manner.

"But, mother, why does she say such wicked things? Because there are some cruel Indians, must we hate them all?"

"We must not hate even the cruel ones, but pity and pray for them."

"Well, pious people have strange notions!" ejaculated Madame Lenoir, "and they bring up their children very badly, I think. It is very extraordinary how unfeeling devout persons are! Ah! we cannot expect to find much sensibility in chose who have not known what suffering is. Good evening, Madame d'Auban. I had hoped we might have proved a comfort to each other in our mutual sorrows, but—"

"Mina, what are you saying?" said her wated minds than the teachings of older persons. They listened eagerly to her words. Each of them had fastened, as it were, on the side of their false belief with the gloomy superstitions of devil-worship. His faith in spells and charms was unbounded. He had studied the secrets of macic under the most learned soothsayers of the neighboring tribes, and was an adept in all the arts of witcheraft. Ontara, on the contrary—perhaps from an instinctive preference of light to darkness, and also on account of his close relationship to the representative of the orb of day—yielded a peculiar and exclusive homage to the sun. It seemed to him to at—"
"Do not hurry away," Madame d'Auembody all the ideas he had ever formed of brightness and majesty. At morn he hailed its rising, at noon he prostrated himself in adoration before its dazzling

"Oh! how I do wish . ." and there charity to fill her pitcher, it was a greater one still to let her talk of the dresses she

CHAPTER III.

one still to let her talk of the dresses she had brought from Paris. It comforted have done, and she went back to her hard duties soothed, as she declared, by Madame d'Auban's sympathy in her trials.

And were not these high words to flow From woman's breaking heart? Through all that night of bitterest woe She bore her lofty part. The wind rose high; but with it rose
Her voice, that they might hear;
Perchance that dark hour brought re;
To careless bosons near.
While she stood striving with despair,

And pouring her deep soul in prayer Forth on the rushing storm. Mrs. Hemans.

Another day elapsed, and another; and each time that the sun set without an change taking place, or any rumor of help from without cheering the captives' ears, became harder for them to struggle against despair,
"Mother," Mina said at last, as she

threw her arms round Madame d'Auban's neck, "may I go and look for my father Let me slip out of the but at night when nobody will miss me, and go to the coun-try of the Choktaws, on the other side of river. I am sure he is there."
"Why do you think so, Mina?" eagerly

asked her mother, whose head bad drooping on her breast in heavy despondency, whose eyes were strained with ing, and whose ears had grown dull by the the continual effort to catch a sound which might indicate the approach of the

"My brother Ontara says so. He has seen a man who told him that a white chief was raising a war-ery amongst the Choktaws, and that they are taking up arms. He will row me across the river if I can get away when it is dark, because he promised to do whatever I asked him; and oromised to do whatever I asked him, shot be says a child of the Sun always keeps his bromises. He will show me which way to take, and in what direction to go. He cannot smoke the calumet to the taws, because they are enemies of the Natout I am sure I shall find my father, and I will bring him back with me, mo-

'They watch us too closely, Mina-You know that our task-mistress sleeps with her back to the door of the hut, to prevent any chance of our getting away I could not let you go alone, my child but if this young Indian is indeed willing to favor our escape, I should be inclined to accept his aid."

"Ah! mother, they will not let us leave

her arms round her child. "Mina!" she exclaimed with agitation, "promise me not to stir from my side. I forbid you to sounds of wailing from the women, and think of leaving me—not at present, at least. I must tell you, my child, that a great danger hangs over us. That poor foolish Madame Lenoir has been making a plot with the black slaves against our Indian masters. It cannot succeed, and if it is diesovered we shall be probably all

priest and my poor M. Lenoir, and all the priest and my poor M. Lenoir, and all the suppose, that your papa escaped?"

It was not their fault, I suppose, that your papa escaped?"

It was one of them that helped him to escape, I know; and I love him and our brave Illinois, and the Choktaws, and the Dacotahs, and many others."

But not than the glorious orb which he Natches adore, "said Ontara, pointing Lenoir, "of all these savages you speak of, little lady; but I know that, for my part, I should like to see every Indian burnt alive, and their horrid country swallowed up in the sea."

Osseo fiercely cried. "There will not be a single white man left to be your husband. The Indians will kill them all." as ingle white man left to be your husband. The Indians will kill them all." as words, Do not cryo, but to the worst, I may bid you fix lone, but to the worst, I may bid you fix lone. I do not think they would kill you, but to Be always good, Mina, and the Blessed will not let them do ir. He is more powwould be worse than death. Better that you should perish in the woods seeking your father than grow up amongst these savages. Mina, I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. One to the sun, at that moment settling in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and the stars," Mina resulting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and moon, and the stars," Mina resulting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and moon, and the stars," Mina resulting in a bed of fiery clouds.

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"The God of the Christians made the sun, and moon, and the stars," Mina resulting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and moon, and the stars," Mina resulting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christian faith, and you must never marry an In-

Mina slipt off her mother's knees and stood before her, clasping her hands to-

gether. "Then I shall never marry at all, mo ther, for I told Ontara that I could not be his wife, because you say that white girls must not marry their Indian brothers. But I also promised him that I would

never marry a white man.

"That was foolish, my child," answered her mother. "You are too young to make such promises. They mean nothing."

"Mother, I am sure I shall keep that promise. I am sure it meant something." Madame d'Auban felt annoyed at the manning of Adom to the little girl's earnestness, even though she tried to treat it as mere childishness. It was in keeping with the passionate affection she had always shown for the land of

"I would remember all you have taught me, mother, and I would try to be

good."

"And if they tried to make you a heather, like themselves?"

J. M. J., Presentation Convent, Riverhead, St. John's Newfoundland, July 6, 1880. then, like themselves?"
"They should kill me first."

There was at that moment in the child's

women and children will be taken to the square in the middle of the village, and e ch tied there to a stake, and at sunrise they will burn them to death. He asked the Sun, his father, not to kill me, because I was his little sister, and that he loves me, but the Sun will not listen to him, and says the white-skins must all die. And I you. do not want to live, if they kill you, mother." She threw herself into her arms, and sobbed on her bosom. "But, oh! what will my father do!"

"What does he say! what does he say!" asked the distracted mother.

"He says if I will creep out of the hut through that hole to-night, before they carry us away to the square, that he will wait for me outside, and take me to his oat and across the river to the lands of tual result. I still continued in that dethe Choktaws.

Madame d'Auban raised her heart to Heaven for help and for guidance. It was a dreadful moment. The agony of that decision was almost unbarable. She fixed her eyes with a wild, imploring exession on the young Indian's face. He emed to understand the mute question, seemed to understand the mute question, the imploring appeal. Quickly he drew the crucifix from his breast, made the gesture which according to Indian custom signifies an oath, and laid his hand on Mina's heed.

Mina's head.

Madame d'Anban knew that this meant a solenn promise of protection. She had seen that the boy had a good heart and a noble spirit. She instinctively found words in which to express, in a way he words in which to express, in a way he words a product of that the words are the control of the cross were a tosure on the top of the cross were a tosure on partly understood, that she would trust him; and Mina clung to her, and said, "Mother do not be alraid; Ontara is good, and I will bring back my father it is the saints were like, but the saint who rested on the top of the cross wore a tosure on his head. I saw a number of stars, and some of them appeared very far away. and I will bring back my father in time | The church was cleared and doors closed

The shades of evening had fallen; the deepest silence reigned in the hut, where the captives and the Indian companions in white vestments, with a number of were reposing. Repose—strange word for such an hour of mortal agony as one of those human beings was enduring, as he lay motionless on the mat with her child by her side! She clasped her hand in her own, as if to make sure she was in her own, as it to make sure she was not gone; but go she must for the words which Ontara had spoken of were true, and the doom of the captives had been God's and His Holy Mother. I am now, pronounced. A reckless woman's fatal fury. They would have slain their vic-

THE KNOCK APPARITIONS

MORE WONDERFUL CURES.

FROM PERSONS CURED.

We have received the following letters rom Archdeacon Cavanagh: 3 Brookfield Place, Blackrock, Dublin, July 11, 1880.

Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh: I am very happy to inform you that I have had my sight quite restored to me after my second visit to Knock. I hope, through the belowed Visin to was in keeping with the passionate affection she had always shown for the land of her birth and its native inhabstants.

"If I were to die, Mina, and you remained alone in this country, what would you do?"

In we second visit to Knock. I hope, through the intercession of the Biessed Virgin, to be soon as strong as ever. Thanking you very much for your great kindness to me during my stay of nine days in May last, and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking and labeling to you gold asking and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking and hoping you will excuse the liberty of writing to you gold asking a second visit to Knock. I hope, through the intercession of the Biessed Virgin, to be soon as strong as ever. remain, very reverend father, your obedient servant, Patrick Merrigan,

Very Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh.

God: and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.

"Play to day uttereth speech: an \(\) night showeth knowledge.

"There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard.

"There sound has gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of his bride-chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run his way.

"He hath set his tabernacle in the sun and he, as the bridegroom coming out of his bride-chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run his way.

"His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof; and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat."

Ontara listened attentivel, to her art legisted attentivel, and the results of the worlds.

"They should kill me first."

There was at that moment in the child's face and manner so strong a resemblance to her father, that it took her poor mother by surprise. She bowed her head on her little daughter's boson, as if seeking for support in that terrible hour from the brave heart in the child's breast.

Clasping each other in mute embrace, they remained silent for an instant, and then making a content of the world.

"His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof; and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat."

Ontara listened attentivel, to her art legisted attentivel, to her art legisted attentively to her art legisted attentively to her art. DEAR REV. FATHER: I am commissioned like the suffering of a fly crushed by a wheel.

"Ah! there is Ontara," cried Mina, clapping her hands. "Now you will see that he will help me to fill your pitcher, May I go to the well with him, mother?"

Madame d'Auban assented, for the fountain was not far off. The young chief took up the pitcher, and Mina laud her hand on the handle, to help him, as shaid to carry it. He looked at the little white hand with wonder and admiration, He did not know anything about gloves or the might have exclaimed, like Romeo:

Othat I were a glove upon that hand!

Mina talked to him eagerly as they will kalked to him eagerly as they are the chisel through the palm of his left hand with such of her articument to her articument the teach with such of the rarticument to her articument the teach will be head. "Has it merely failed? or has it been discovered! Yes, of course it has tending to Madame d'Auban's anxious of the stremblingly asked.

"Has it merely failed? or has it been discovered! Yes, of course it has tending to Madame d'Auban's anxious of the stremblingly asked.

"Has it merely failed? or has it been discovered! Yes, of course it has tending to Madame d'Auban's anxious of the serve the chisel become as famous as that of the great Oneyda, or of the wise Hiawatha, the Son of the West Wind."

Madame d'Auban, you are like a statue, like a stone; you feel nothing."

For God's sake, be silent; give me time to think," said Mina's mother, pressing her hands to her brow. She remained motionless awhile, and when she lifted up to fit it for an Indian woman. If it had been an act of charity to fill her pitcher, it was a greater case, still to let her talk af the dresses she was a greater with various gesticulations to Mina.

"What does he say?" asked her mother, pressing her hands to her brow. She remained motionless awhile, and when she lifted up her eyes Ontara was standing before her. He water, and was able to return to his work the same day. The hand is now perfectly healed, but the large mark which has been there. The brother of one four lay sisters had his eye restored by the application of a bit of cement with various gesticulations to Mina.

"What does he say?" asked her mother; pressing her hands to her brow. She remained motionless awhile, and when she lifted up her eyes Ontara was standing before her.

He was speaking in a low rapid manner with various gesticulations to Mina.

"What does he say?" asked her mother; pressing her hands to her brow. She remained motionless awhile, and when she lifted up her eyes Ontara was standing before her.

He was expended, but the large mark which has been there. The brother of one four lay sisters had his eye restored by the application of a bit of cement with various gesticulations to Mina.

"What does he say?" asked her mother; pressioned work the same day. The hand is now work the sam "What does he say?" asked her mother, who did not well understand the Natches' language.

With various gesteurations to 3 ma.

"What does he say?" asked her mother, who did not well understand the Natches' language.

Believe me, dear father, yours most respectfully in J. C. SISTER M. XAVIER.

Millstreet, County Cork, July, 1880.

me to write and state all the particulars to

I am twenty-one years of age; for the o not want to live, if they kill you, moner." She threw herself into her arms,
dl sobbed on her bosom. "But, oh!
hat will my father do!"

Again Ontara spoke urgently to the

washing abild.

1 am twenty-one years of age; for the
last fifteen years I have been in a very
delicate state of health, subject to a violent pain in my right side, with fits of
weakness. I was attacked to such an exlast violent pain in my right side, with fits of weeping child.

"What does he say? What does he say?"

that I resigned all hopes of recovery. I consulted some doctors—one in particular, five years ago—about the state of my health. He described my case as heart desease, and advised me to go to Cork hospital, which I did without any effecplorable state, and worse still, I was confined to bed, when a friend presented me with a little cement from Knock church. proved—so much so that I was able in a ex. few days to make a journey to Knock.

He On the 17th of April I arrived in due on her left arm, the right hand raised up at eight o'clock. I went to the window saints all in white, with white veils, go in procession to the high altar from the Blessed Virgin's altar. Having arrived at the high atlar the saints bent down on their knees in solemn adoration; the priest ascended the altar as if about to say Mass,

thanks to our dear Lady of Knock, quite imprudence had done its work, and the whole tribe of the Natches risen in wild I was afflicted.

Reverend sir, you can make what use you like of this information, and I will at been enlarging with my fingers, and by laying quite flat on the ground I think I could creep out, if you woud give me leave."

Madame d'Anban shuddered, and threw tracted sufferings. Already the Europeans and the Europeans and negro slaves were being dragged from the huts of their masters, and led to the centre of the village, where the sachems were assembled. The Indians were brandishing their toppdays anything for her honor. God bless any time you require prove it an oath. you and prolong your life, and may you live to see your wishes realized of having the Blessed Virgin Mary honored as she ought to be. I am, very reverend sir, yours most respectfully,

Cornelius O'Brien. The following is an extract from a letter dated July 12, 1880, from a nun in a convent in Arabia:
VERY REVEREND ARCHDEACON: Permit

as he calls it. After, he assured me that he could detect nothing wrong with her chest. I told him what had happened. He is a Protestant, but honest enough to admit the force of prayer. I have no words to convey our united gratitude to our Immaculate Mother, who has listened to the humble prayers of her Irish child-CURES IN ARABIA AND AMERICA—LETTERS ren.-Nation, Aug. 7.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

The soul has no secret which the con-

Baptism is the golden gate of the en-trance into the temple of the Holy Ghost. Trust in God, and the thought of immorality, are the two harbors of a shipwreck-

Vanity is something not only to be combatted in ourselves, but never encouraged

The old faith is proved to be the true one from the very fact that it has traversed

the ages unchanged. Each suffering is a new flower added to the crown which is prepared for us in eter-

"Nothing," says Mirabeau," is impossible a man who can and will. This is the alv law of success.

The mass of men are just only when hey are happy, and the vulgar will ympathize only with success.

There are two stars which rise and set with men, and whose beneficial rays encir-dle him, viz., hope and remembrance.

Every day of our life, which is a prepar-ation for Heaven, ought to strengthen what is good, and weaken what is evil in Friendship which flows from the heart

cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring does not conreal in winter. Every good thought is the whisper of e in our hearts. Listen and instantly

obey, lest you grieve and extinguish the Holy Spirit of God. The spirit of God broods over fiery volcanos as well as over green and tranquil meadows; and this must be our consolation for living in troubled times.

The great question of our day is the re-gious question, and it comprehends the lation of the Church to the State, to the nily and to the individual.

Everywhere there is but one way to be appy and to be esteemed—it is to do ne's duty, and this is everywhere the rice of happiness.—Lacordaire.

Love souls because Jesus loves them, and then you would bear anything to comfort them; for God cannot rest in a heart ill at case.—St. Mary Magdaline of Pazzi.

Let us not give up our hearts to the fas-sination of earthly joys and goods, but let us pass through their midst like men who are going higher and farther.—Mgr. Dar-We never know any person perfectly, save

As we advance in life, the circle of ou pains increases while that of our pleasures Let your desire be to see God, your fear

lest you lose Him, your grief that you do not enjoy Him; your joy at that which may bring you to Him; and thus you will live in great peace.—St. Theresa. Man may perfect himself, as far as his nature allows it, better by action than by speculation; for the grandest flights the latter will teach him nothing beyond the

imple and sublime precepts of the Lord's Rely on yourself for what you are yourself; take a modest estimate, but never let anyone have it in their power to make ou think more or less of yourself than you eserve.— Lord Darling's advice to his god-

Do not seek easy ways; for easy way lead to rust. Do not seek to get rid of responsibilities, but be anxious to assume them. See to it that, as you draw near to the latter years of life, you draw near Humility is necessary, not only for the

acquisition of virtues, but also for our salvation; since the gate of heaven (by the express declaration of Christ Himself) is so rrow, that it will admit none but the lit Take pain out of this world and you Take pain out of this world and you take away its great stimulant to the dethronement of all its highest forms of physical, and mental, and moral life. Pain is at the bottom of all deep-thinking for man's

elief and elevation. God is to me no dogging detective for-ever on my trail, but rather a companion, who is at once my friend and my protector; one with whom I can enjoy the sweetest

fellowship, and from whom I can receive the richest blessings.—Dr. W. M. Taylor. Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men—he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moved picture was ever painted that had not in it depths of

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN. "I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors for vile stuffs called medicine, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. ____, Washington, D. C.

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