"You wish to be a lawyer, John—well I'd not say a word Unless I felt quite certain that your longings are absurd; I don't wish to discourage you, but then I can't consent. To board you, as I'd hev to do, and pay your office rent.

"You've got a lusty set o' limbs, and ordinary head,
And you were meant by common toil to earn your daily bread;
But thriving farm and pleasant home where man and wife agree,
Beat any one-horse lawyer's luck as far as you can see.

"If you'd been born with talent, John, you'd long ago hev shown
That you had gifts, by stealing off to study
Doubles alone,
Now, if you've ever read a book I r'ally don't
gnow when
Though, come to think, I b'lieve you sling a
somewhat legal pen.

"Be wise, my boy, the legal ranks are more than crowded now,
And half of them who starve therein, were cut out for the plow.
But they mistook pure laziness for talent, understand.
And helped to fill a big supply where there was no demand.

"Are they not educated? Yes; but here let me explain,
That seed that's sown in shady soil brings
forth but little grain;
And this higher education to an ordinary
mind Is like a pair of plain gold specs upon a man that's blind.

"There is no prouder place than 'twixt the handles of a plow (Though stumpy land has humbled me at times I must allow), And as for human greatness, I should think I had my share,
I'I could take the prize for hogs at our next county fair.

"Just emulate your sire, my son, and just as sure as fate,
You'll live to be respected, though perhaps you won't be great;
But enter law and live short years will clean you out so bad
You'll have no recollection of the last square
meal you had."

## TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Mina's parents felt in some ways as little at home in the salon of the Hotel d'Orgeville as she did in the school room. After so long an absence they were not conversant with the state of parties such as it existed at that time in Paris, or with the intrigues which were carried on in the court and in the town. The tone of society often astonished them. People who were reckoned good said very strange things in those days, and allowed themselves an extraordinary latitude of thoußht and speech. D'Auban had left Paris at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. The whole period of the Regency had gone by during his absence, and impressed on French society dire traces of its influence. His wife had witnessed in Russia crime in brutality, degrading vices fluence. His wife had witnessed in Russia crime in brutality, degrading vices and coarse buffoonery, but the polished iniquity, the ruthless levity of Parisian manners was new to her. They were also no doubt changed themselves by the solitary earnest lives they had led, by the holy joys and sacred sorrows they had experienced, and felt more deeply than others would have done the variety fivities ing would have done the pain of witnessing the increasing immortality and irreligion of the higher classes of French society; of hearing the praises of vile miscreants and poisonous writings from the lips of men who still believed in Christianity, who went through the forms of religion; and summoned priests to their deathbeds; of watching the rising tide of corruption which was to widen and deepen for fifty years till the foundation of the throne and altar fell to the ground, and the deluge of the throne and altar fell to the ground, and the deluge of the throne and the form that the form the same and the chain of the throne and standing behind her chair, and whispered all idea of leaving Paris put an end to for the throne and all idea of leaving Paris put an end to for the plot for her escape, she had no means of hearing. Their obscure mation, the time the total meters of direct information in the chair obscure mation in the chair obscure mation, but some one said one day that situation made it more difficult to ascert the form the plot for hearing. Their obscure mation, but some one said one day that situation made it more difficult to ascert the form the process of t went through the forms of religion; and the revolution swept away every land-mark. The epoch in question was indeed the beginning of that terrible end, and more trying perhaps to the true of heart fatal consummation which, with all its horrors and its sufferings, gave evidence of the faith and goodness latent in dence of the faith and goodness latent in many of those who had sported on the brink of the precipice, but when it opened under their feet became martyrs or her-

The 18th century is a sad picture look back upon, but in the midst of all its sin and growing unbelief what redeeming instances of virtue and purity mark the pages of its history! Where can more admirable models be found of true and purity has been admirable models be found of true and the file of the state of the s undefiled religion than in the wife. son and the daughter of Louis XV.? In e same palace, under the same roof as dame de Pompadour, Maric Leck-Madame zinka, the Dauphin, his Saxon wife, and Mesdames de France served God and loved the poor with a humble fidelity and pat-ient perseverence which suprise us when we read their biographies and remember the age and the Court in which their lot

At the time when Madame d'Auban was in Paris, the young king of France was still devoted to his wife. With an open brow and a bright smile he would when another woman's beauty was insidiously commended in his presence, "She is not, I am certain, as handsome as the So he thought and felt as long as the wickedness of his courtiers and their vile instruments had not seduced him from his allegiance to his gentle wife. But they laid their plans with consummate They carried them on with diabolical art; they took advantage of his weakness; step by step they dragged him down into the abyss of degradation in which his latter years were sunk. They turned the idol of his people, the well-beloved of a great nation, into the abject slave of Dubarry, the mark of a withering scorn, the disgrace of a polluted

Is there a greater sin, one that cries more loudly to heaven for vengence than the cold-blooded, deliberate design of ruining the happiness and poisoning the peace of those whose own souls are not only at stake, but whose example may influence thousands for good or for evil? Who can foresee the consequences of such guilt, if successful? Who can say that the crimes of the French Revolution, the mur der of an innocent king, the more than murder of his consort and his sister, the tortures of his hapless child, will not be laid on the Day of Judgment at the door of those who conspired to ruin the domes-tic happiness of Louis XV., and to drag him down to the level of their own igno miny? God forgive them; though we can scarcely add, "They knew not what they

Thoughts akin to these were in Madame d'Auban's mind, and made her woman's heart throb with indignation when she heard one day in Madam d'Orgeville's salon, a group of men and women of the world turning into ridicule the king's affection for the queen, and predicting with exultation, that, thanks to the manceuvres of the Ducs d'Epernon and de Gesore, and the drawing charms of Madame de Mailly, it would not be of long duration. She had known the pangs of desertion, the anguish which hides itself under the forced smiles, the utter helplessness of an injured wife, more helpless on ness of an injured wife, more helpless on or near a throne than in a cottage, because her sufferings are wretched and her tears

"Poor queen," she inwardly exclaimed,
"poor Marie Leckzinska! If a man
stabbed thee to the heart he would be
broken on a wheel; but how many assassins there are who are not punished in this world!" Monsieur Maret was sitting by her at that moment; she said a word or two which showed on what subject her thoughts were running. "But would it have been possible to expect," he answered, "that the queen should go through life without some great sufferings? Is there not always some striking compensation to be looked for in the destiny of a person who has been singularly favoured by fortune? Picture to yourself, if you can, madame, a more unexampled instance of good luck than hers."

"It remains to be seen," said Madame d'Auban, "if, after all, her unforeseen elevation to the throne proves so great a blessing. But explain to me, sir, how it happened that the penniless daughter of a dethroned sovereign should have become the bride of Louis XV."

"The Duc de Courbon, or rather Madame de Prie, who rules in his name, considered that the future queen might prove a dangerous element of opposition to his ministry if he did not secure her allegiance to him by the tie of gratitude. And so they bethought themselves of the daugh-ter of King Stanislaus, whom the regent had permitted out of charity to inhabit an old mansion half in ruins in Wessenburg. Conceive the moment when this poor king opened Duc de Bourdon's letter, perhaps fearing an order to leave France within twenty-four hours, and they found it contained a proposal of marriage from the King of France to his daughter! From the King of France! who had just sent back an infanta, and for the sake of whose alliance every monarch in Europe would have given one of his fairest provinces.

"I wonder he did not die of joy!"

"I wonder what she felt," ejaculated Madame d'Auban, who was thinking of the day when her own father had said to her, "My daughter, I wish you joy. The Czar Peter had chosen you from amongst thirteen German princesses to be the Czaro-

vitch's bride. "The Duc d'Antin had told us that Stanislaus went straight into the room where his wife and daughter were mend-ing their linen, and said, 'Let us kneel down and thank God.' 'O dear father!' the princess exclaimed 'are you restored to the throne of Poland?' 'No, my daughter; it is something better than that daughter; it is something better than that. You are queen of France.' She had just been refused by the Duke of Baden! D'Antin went to Strasburg with the Duc de Beauvilliers to compliment the bride. He had to make a speech and he com-mitted a comical blunder, an egregious one for such a courtier! In his address to the Princess he said that M. le Duc might have chosen a Queen of France among hls d'Antin take us for, my sister and my-

Madame d'Auban smiled, and was going to make some observation in reply, when the door was thrown open and his Excel-lency the Russian Ambassador was an-

D'Auban had ascertained that the perons composing the Russian Embassy at Paris had none of them been at St. Petersburg at the time when they could have seen his wife. Still he looked towards her with uneasiness when Prince Koura-kin came in. He saw her colour at the first moment, and then turn very pale. There were not many persons in the room. When the ambassador had paid his compliments to the mistress of the house, the conversation became general.

M. d'Orgeville asked if there was any

Great news from my court," Prince Kourakin. "I have just received despatches containing the announcement of a coup d'etat at St. Petersburg.'

"What! what!" exclaimed several persons, amongst whom was d'Auban, who say his wife's eyes fixed upon Prince Hourakin with intense anxiety. "Mentzchikoff is overthrown and on his

way to Siberia !" "Incredible! wonderful!" cried Mad-

ame d'Orgeville. "What an important event! Whose doing is it?
"Our Imperial Master's. Mentzchikoff had, as you know, betrothed him to his own daughter and kept him in a state of absolute subjection. The Czar could not walk, or ride, or eat, or speak but by the orders of his minister. This was carried on a little too far and a little too long. is not safe to bully a lion's whelp. You cannot foresee the moment when he will find out he is a lion."

'And he has done so now!" said M. Maret. "With a vengence; he has roared to

"I am delighted to hear it," cried Madame d'Orgeville. "You must forgive me, my dear ambassador, but I could never get over the pastry-cook's elevation; the cakes stuck in my throat."
Kourakin shrugged his shoulders and took snuff. "I might say the same if the

poor man was not now in disgrace. One does not like to speak ill of the fallen."
"Then, why did he not say so when the poor man was on his legs?" whispered M. Maret to Madame d'Auban, who did not hear him, and was breathlessly watching for Kourakin's next words, and trembling minister's fall, and he said, "You remember Dolgorouki? He was here with the Czar Pete some years ago. His son and the little Princess Elizabeth were the czar's only playfellows. Young Dolgorouki always slept in his room, and took every

occasion to excite his young sovereign's resentment against Mentzchikoff. On the 5th of last month he was staying with him at Peterhoff. There he received orders from his father to persuade the czar to jump out of the window in the night, and make his way to the spot where an escort was to be in readiness to conduct him to
St. Petersburg; everything was prepared
in the city for an outbreak against the
minister. The young monarch was nothing lot and he reached the capital in ing lot and he reached the capital in safety. Once there the imperial guard, the army, and the people, excited by the Dolgoroukis, gathered around the prince, with loud cries of 'Long live the Czar' 'Long live Peter the Second!' 'Down with Mentzchikoff!' and by the time the minister heard of the plot, his cause was honeless and his lanishment decreed. By hopeless, and his banishment decreed. By this time he must be moralizing at Yak-ouska, unless he has died on the way of grief and spite. It is supposed the czar will marry the sister of young Dolgor-

ouks. "This is a most interesting episode," observed one lady. "And I know nothing to be compared to it in suddenness, ing to be compared to it in suddenness, since poor M. Fouquet's disgrace."

"M. de Frejus narrowly escaped a similar fate," said M. Maret.

"Ah! the wily churchman," cried

"An! the why churchman," cried Kourakin, "took quite a different line with his royal papil than . . ."

"The pastry-cook with his," interrupted Madame d'Orgeville; "and it has certainly answered better."

"For my part," said the Russian amount of the service of

"For my part," said the Russian am-bassador, a little nettled, "I like better to bassador, a note nectical, I have better to see a voung monarch dismiss an arrogant minister, than cry over the loss of a favorite tutor like a child after its nurse."

A few more remarks were made, and

then the conversation turned to other topics. When M. d'Auban, his wife, and topics. When M. d'Auban, his wife, and little girl returned home that night, they all looked ill and tired. Madame d'Auban could not sleep that night, or if she closed her eyes a moment, her dreams were agitating. Waking and sleeping she were agitating. Waking and sleep kept revisiting the land where her kept revisiting the land where her son was reigning, and picturing to herself what had recently taken place in those scenes she knew so well: at Peterhoff, the impershe knew so wer: at reterion, the imper-ial boy leaping out of the window in the darkness of the night; in St. Petersburg, the people hailing him like a rescued cap-tive. She felt proud of the energy he had shown. She was glad he had escaped from an unworthy thraldom, but how would he use his liberty, and how wield the fatal sceptre of irresponsible power? Haunted by visions of tortured criminals, of barbarous executions and degrading buffoon-eries, she shuddered at the thought of her son in the midst of such a court, and growing familiar with vice and cruelty, till her mother's heart could scarcely endure the anguish. She rose from her should be a such as the state of sleepless bed to pray that she soon might force her way to his side, and speak him, if it were only once, of justice and of mercy, of God and of eternity. During those hours of the night when one idea engrosses the mind with all-absorbing power, it seemed to her as if she must set out for Russia the very next day. Wild projects of revealing her existence to the King of France or Prince Kourakin flitted through her brain, but they vanished with the morning light. She had already ascertained that the Countess de Koingsmark had died a short time ago, after mark had died a snort time ago, after a lingering illness of nearly two years, which latter circumstance accounted for her silence since the death of the Czar Peter. Of the two other persons who had been concerned in the plot for her escape, she concerned in the plot for her escape, she had no means of hearing. Their obscure situation made it more difficult to ascer-

ness.

For many succeeding weeks she had but one thought and one care. Dr. Lenoir was called in. He proved to be a relative of Madame d'Auban's fellow-captive in Louisiana, and had heard of her kindness to the poor foolish creature, as he disrespectfully called his brother's widow. Colonel d'Auban's case, he said, required profound repose of body and mind. His strength was to be sustained by every possible means, and everything agitating or painful as far as possible kept from him. Under favorable circumstances he would venture to predict recovery otherwise he would not be answerable for his life. This was the opinion he pri vately gave Madame d'Auban. The treat ment would probably last about four months—good air and cheerful situation, within reach of his own daily visits, he

deemed indispensable.

When he had left the room, Madame d'Auban collected ber thoughts and made her calculations. There would not be, at present, any question of their going into society; and this she was glad of, except for one reason—she might lose the chance of hearing news from Russia; but still she hoped this loss might be supplied by the visits at home of a few intimate friends. Nina should continue to go to the Hotel Nina should continue to go to the Hotel d'Orgeville, in order to acquire, in the society of the young people she met there, the manners of her own country. The next thing to be considered was the retheir concessions. The forced sale of their property had been disadvantageous; and

ments in Paris were expensive, and so would be Dr. Lenoir's attendance.

For the first time, Madame d'Auban felt to care for riches.

For the first time she became acquainted with the sting of poverty. She looked at her husband, remembered the physician's words, and mentally resolved that, with God's blessing, no care, no anxiety, should impede his recovery—that she alone would bear the burden of solicitude. In a playful manner, with gentleness and tact, she told him what the doctor had said, and demanded, in a smiling but urgent manner, the entire control and management of

their expenses. lest the subject should drop. But everybody wished to hear the details of the minister's fall, and he said, "You remember 1995 and he said, fondly kissing her hand, "what do you know of busing her hand," "he said, fondly kissing her hand, "what do you know of busing her hand," "he said, fondly kissing her hand," "he said, fondly kissing her hand, "what do you know of busing her hand," "he said, fondly kissing her hand, "he said, fondly kiss ness? How can you manage the affairs of

to have her own way. Leave everything to me, dearest Henri. I will it as a wife; I claim it, too."
"By your divine right to rule over the

heart and will of your husband, I suppose. But, my beloved one, I cannot suffer that dear head, which ought to have worn a

crown, to ache over accounts."

She laid her finger on her lips, and, by loving words and caresses, put an end to

nis remonstrances.

Two days afterwards a cheerful, pretty apartment in the quartier du Louvre was engaged; the invalid's couch placed near a window commanding a view of the Seine, the Isle de Paris, and the old towers of Notre Dame. Books lent by various friends were laid on the table near him; and every morning Mina brought in bright-coloured flowers to make the room look gay. She bought them at the Marche aux Fleurs, as she walked home from early mass. M. Lenoir came every day; his conversation entertained his patient, whilst his remedies improved his health. Old friends now and then called of an evening and all who came into that little sanctuary of peace and love were charmed with Madame d'Auban. A good-natured curiosity was felt about her. Everyone wondered that so refined and agreeable a person had been met with in a remote colony. Full of intelligence, and of the best sort of always are for a worsen, that of any region. cleverness for a woman—that of apprecia-ting the talents and wit of others—she knew how to promote conversation, with-out joining very much in it herself. Her very speaking eyes answered, questioned, applauded, or remonstrated; and gave continual evidence of her interest in what others were saying. People were often astonished to find that a person who spoke so little could be a pleasant member of society. They little knew how hard it was at times to keep the appearance of cheerfulness—how anxiously she was lis-tening for any word which might refer to Russia! seldom daring to ask a direct question, and never looking into a news-

paper without a beating heart.

She would sometimes mention her son to her husband, in a casual manner and without any appearance of emotion, that he might not think she was pining for the moment when he could accompany her to St. Petersburg—a scheme long cherished—and which she was more bent upon than ever, since she had heard of the young monarch's emancipation. It seemed to her as if she now might find means of ap proaching him—of telling him, and no one else, the secret of her life—of whis pering words of counsel and warning, even as if a departed mother had risen from her grave to haunt him with her love. Dreams they were, wild hopeless dreams, perhaps, but to her they did not seem so. And the while she had made the sacrifice of the only means she had of performing this journey. The only valuable possession she had retained was the locket, possession she had retained was the locket, with the czar's picture set in di-monds; those diamonds she had always intended to sell for this purpose, but she had parted with them now. The sum thus obtained had been partly employed in meeting the expenses of her husband's illness, and the east she retained for any futures. rest she retained for any future emergency of the same kind. When he had asked rest sne retained for any future emergency of the same kind. When he had asked her how she was able to manage so well with such limited resources, she had an-swered that she had disposed of trifles she

had no use for. It never occurred to him that she had parted with those diamonds. Now and then news accidentally reached her of the land where her son reigned. Since the death of Countess of Komgsmark she had no chance of direct infor-mation; but some one said one day that the Empress Eudoxia had been recalled sighed, for this poor woman had been kind to her once. And when she heard of her son's approaching nuptials with the Princess Dolgorouki, she breathed a fervent prayer that his marriage might be more blest than hers with his father. And the days went by, apparently like one another, though so full to her of hope, tear, and agitations, and at last there came one which had a great influence over her future fate.

> CHAPTER V. Qui survient? Dame belle et fiere Son carrosse au galop conduit, Jette a l'autre un flot de poussiere Et l'accrochant fait rire et fuit. Berange For I saw her, as I thought, dead, And I have in vain said Many a prayer upon her grave. Shakespeare

Some months after their change of abode, in the afternoon of a day warm as adout, in the atternion of a day warm as early spring days are wont to be in Paris, Madame d'Auban was walking with her daughter in the Tuileries gardens. The horse-chesnut trees of the central alley were putting forth their tender leaves, and the orange trees were lining the terrace which overlooks the Seine. The sun was which overlooks the Seine. The sun washining full on the windows of the palace the whole facade was blazing with light What tragedies have been enacted since that time in the ancient fortress of the French kings, in sight of the green bowers the fountains and flowers of those beaunext thing to be considered was the removal to another house, and now came the question of means. This was the first time in her life that she had had to face that vulgar difficults. Her own and her that vulgar difficults. Her own and her however change of time and of doom, the however change of time and of doom, the however that put out their spiral blosstiful gardens! What lives and what deaths, what crimes and what sorrows. horse-chesn'ts put out their spiral blos-soms and drop their shining fruit; and overs whisper, and children play, and the capital they remained possessed of supplied a very limited income. On the other hand, airy and comfortable apart-honoured dome of the old palace floats the spotless fleur-de-lis or the glorious tri-

Many a graceful picture of Boche or Van loo might give an idea of the aspect of the Tuileries gardens on the day we are spear-ing of. Groups of fashionable loungers were sauntering up and down; the effect produced by their variegated dresses, their painted fans, their coloured parasols, and the gorgeous liveries of their servants, somewhat resembled that of the beds in the parterre, where tulips and sequinettes, anemones, crocuses and jonquils, were displaying their various hues in bright displaying their various hues in bright confusion. The reader of the foregoing pages may, perhaps, also picture to himself the mother and child, who hastily withdrawing themselves from the more fashionable part of the garden, seated themselves on a bench in the recess formed by the walls of the orangery. There was something very different in their appearance from that of other people. They were not dressed in the height of the fashional transfer of the foregoing pages may, perhaps, also picture to himself the more and continue to the fashional transfer of the fashional transfer of the foregoing pages may, perhaps, also picture to himself the more fashional transfer of the foregoing pages may, perhaps, also picture to himself the more fashional transfer of the fa

ion. In dress and in manner there was distinguished simplicity, a careless but graceful negligence of effect, which would have attracted the attention of a careful observer, but passed unobserved in a crowd. Madame d'Auban's pale blue eyes were as soft and as lovely as ever, and her were as soft and as lovely as ever, and features were still very beautiful; but during the last few months she had grown to look much older, a few gray hairs began to show themselves in her golden tresses. But as to Mina, Wilhelmina as she was But as to Mina, Wilhelmina as she was oftener called, there was no doubt as to her beauty. Nobody could have seen and not been struck by it. If she had stood in the midst of the fine ladies of the central alley, and challenged their notice, they might, indeed, have lifted up their eyebrows with a supercilious stare, and fluttering their fans declared with indifference, that the little creole was tolerable enough; but in their secret hearts each would have hoped that the eyes she herself wished to attract might never rest on the face of this young stranger. Though Mina was only in her thirteenth year, she looked fifteen or sixteen; and her beauty was that of early girlhood rather than of was that of early girlhood rather than of childhood. The mind which spoke in her countenance was matured, also, beyond her age. The life she had led in her early years had strengthened and developed her frame, and the climate of Louisiana had prematurely hastened her growth. She was not as strong now as in her native Illinois; her completion was more delicate, and there was a darker shade under her eyes than that of the black eyelashes which

TO BE CONTINUED.

the fairest gem of Grecian art.

fringed them. But many of the ladies of the court would have given the most costly

pearl in their necklace, or the brightest stone in their coronals, for her dark blue

and most impressive eyes—for her swan-like neck, or her features, chiselled like

INFIDELITY REBUKED.

A STARTLING CONTRAST.

Last week we made mention of how a young man named Frederick William Cleave, a convert to Catholicity, silenced a meeting of Freethinkers. The followingis a further account of the incident which we take from one of our exchanges :-

From the 1st to the 5th inst. there was convention of Freethinkers at Hornellsville, N. Y. Towards the close an in-vitation had been extended to all denominations to send a representative to answer, and, if able, to refute the arguments of the Freethinkers. No one came forward till the last moment, when a stranger under the incognito of Christian evangelist delivered an address, of which the following is an extract: I give a real and horrible picture of the logical extreme of infidel faith. I entered the court-room at Williamsport the other day. It was a sad and solemn hall. Justice in anger frowned from her throne; mercy bowed in tears at her feet. Men alone dared the scene; women's hearts would have wept blood.
Two groups in the centre. In one a little
girl, a pretty round-faced little girl of ten,
from whose plump cheeks the wonted rose seemed roughly plucked, sat beside a moaning, raving mother, and broken-hearted father, tapping her tiny feet on the rungs of the chair, unconscious in the lily-purity of her soul of the terrible and irre-parable ruin which had befallen her. In the other an animal, comely of form, well-dressed, and hair divided in the centre; but of a countenance hideous in the de-monical stare of lust crushed by fear. His wife, heaven help her! was beside him, gazing on the scene with mixed expression cern and bravado, as though awaiting the release close at hand. This animal was tried for a crime upon

the person of that virgin babe—a crime

conceived alone in the lowest deeps of a Dante's Inferno—a crime at which the very beasts of the field would whine and howl in sympathy for vengeance, could they understand it. Fifteen years at hard labor was the mild sentence of justice. This degraded animal was an infidel. His carnal soul knew not the language of God, of goodness, charity, mercy, pity; his callous words but revealed a heart and mind steeped with loathsome passion, hate, malice, cruelty, the spirit of the foulest assassin To the language and conceptions of goodness, love, repentence he was utterly insensible. This animal had the faith of John Calvin; the crime itself is evidence that he but practiced the infidel faith. Search the dungeons of the world, the penitentiaries of this land, and my life for it if you find a Christian recognized as such by competent authority, ever found guilty of so heinous a sin against nature herself. Bind the criminal statistics of the world into one ponderous volume, and you have the aggregated logical fruits of the infidel And on the other hand the lives of the saints and holy men, deeds of goodness justice, charity, and mercy into another volume, and you have the same of the divine faith. Look with wonder and awe at faith of the Sisters of Charity on the bat-

Kneeling in blood they stanch the wounds of the dying soldier, while canon roar death's music in the ears, and oftimes lay them low in death; on bended knees beside the hospital bed brave the pestilential epidemic; in the faith of the millions of martyrs who have washed the crosses they planted through the world in their sacred blood. Contrast the fruits of own sacred blood. Contrast the truits of infidel faith to-day, ruling proud, licen-tious England, with those of the Divine Supreme in the oppressed and persecuted land of saints—Ireland. Read their statistics of crime and compare the domestic ife of the millions. And a like fair com parison of the genius of Christianity in every field, civil and religious liberty, education and institutions of charity, the literature, science, the sacred heart of home, will yield facts of this divine and only true science for the ennobling of man nd the emancipation and salvation of the

## CAN'T PREACH GOOD.

No man can do a good job of work, oreach a good sermon, try a law suit well doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady, nerves and should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other

## A REMARKABLE DREAM OF CHARLES DICKENS

The writings of Dickens give no evidence that he had even the ordinary appreciation of Catholicity; he was particularly deficient in what may be called Catholic instincts. Our most beautiful Catholic instincts. Our most beautiful and impressive ceremonies were meaningless and unattractive to him, and he possessed scant knowledge of Catholic doctrines. Only once that we know of were his prejudices shaken and an effect produced upon his mind. When in Genoa he had a remarkable dream, of which some solemn waking themet. he had a remarkable dream, of which some solemn waking thought must have been the forerunner. He slept in a room which had once been a chapel and in which an old altar still remainer. Just above where it stood there was a mark where the altar-piece had hung. He had been awake nearly all night, listening to the convent bells. "In some indistinct place," he wrote, "which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit, I could not make out its face: it lime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit, I could not make out its face; it bore no resemblance to any one I have ever known, except in stature." The spi it appeared in blue drapery, and seemed to be his sister Mary. "'But answer me one other question,' I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. 'What is true religion?' As it revived a moment without replying. I me. What is true religion? As it paused a moment without replying, I said, Good God!— in such an agony of haste lest it should go away—'you think, as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good? or, I said, observing that it still hesitated and was moved for the greatest compassion for me, 'perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more

steadily?

"'For you,' said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break, 'for you it is the "Then I awoke, with the tears running

down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn.' The story is as sad in some sense as it is

## THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM.

While we are struck with wonder and stonishment at the rapid growth of the church in England, we are apt to over-look growth less rapid under our very eyes. The New York Graphic has been compiling statistics of Catholic increase, and that paper has discovered that "the number of Catholics in 1850 appears to have been about three millions. At the number of Catholics in 1850 appears to have been about three millions. At the present moment it is at least 7,000,000. Nineteen Bishops of the United States are Americans by birth. The principal churches of our large towns are magnificent structures. The cathedrals of Boston and New York will endure, as edifices of architectural taste and monuments of dearchitectural taste and monuments of devotion and prseverance, to the honor of Catholicism.

states that "a single Jesuit, still in the vigor of life, has himself alone received 3,000 Protestants into the fold of the Catholic Church, amongst whom are about ten Protestant ministers. There are about 750 Jesuit Fathers in America. The majority are American, and the same thing may be said of the Benedictines and Christian Brothers, who are able to reckon about a million of souls among their Congregations. The Paulist Fathers, founded by the Rev. F. Hecker, a convert, are about 34 in number, nearly all Americans by birth, and converts. During five years the Archbishop of Baltimore confirmed 2,752 American converts. In New York it is reckoned that the number of adult converts amount annually to 900. the year 1850, in the whole of the inited States there were six Catholic Archbishops, 27 Bishops, 1800 priests, 1,075 churches, 29 ecclesiastical institutions, 17 Catholic colleges, 91 schools for girls. At present the Catholic Church in the United States, counts one Cardinal, 11 Archbishops, 56 Bishops, 5,448 churches, 5,034 priests, 21 theological seminaries, with 1,121 pupils, 74 colleges, and 519 academies."

REMARKABLE RESULTS FOLLOW .- Pain ceases, swellings subside, fever abates, and a healthy state exists after using this great and wonderfu preparation known as Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Thousands testify to the happiness resulting from the use o this preparation. Why not procure a bottle at once. The cost is trifling, and effects sure. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an old standing cough. It positively cures catarrh, asth-ma and croup. Fifty cents' worth has cured crick in the back, and the same quan-tity lame back of eight years' standing. The following are extracts from a few of the many letters received from different parts, which we think should be efficient parts, which, we think, should be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical:

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, writes: "I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried water several ways." tried many remedies without any relief, until I tried "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil," and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

See what the medical faculty says: Dr. Beaudoin, Hull, P. Q., says: "I have sold 'Thomas' Eclectric Oil' for two years, and I never sold a medicine which has given more thorough satisfaction. I have used it in my own case on a broken leg and dislocated ankle, with the best results

A. H. Gregg, Manufacturer of Mowing Machines, Truemansburg, N. Y., says. "My thumb was caught in a machine and "My thumb was caught in a machine and injured, being away from home for two days, I was obliged to apply such remedies as I could get, but without relieving the pain. Immediately upon reaching home I applied the Eclectric Oil, with almost instant relief. I have a large number of men employed, and your Oil has established for itself such a reputation that nearly every one of them keeps it."

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 are blown in the bottle, and Take no other. Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Proprietors for the Dominion. Note. - Eclectric - Selected and Electrized

The beautiful Ga Oh, angel The panels of pea Give back no sou I have no key the How long Oh, evermore Oh, evermore Must I stand at th My garments are
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FRIDAY, (

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THE GREAT I

Father Thoma ican orator, pres and evening at s venor Street, Li fund, which am was a full cong who were not Church. The e Church. ed in the habit his text at the viii. 19-20:

And a certain him: Master, I v ever thou shalt him: The foxes of the air nests not where to la The reverend that he had text becauce h that he had com pleading, in ord assist the clergy St. Joseph, to enormous press able to help to

stant anxiety

necessarily bromight enable upon an altar might call His God spoke th preacher) had to only time that treatment He re many were the suffered. He l Him a dwellin that the Savie loved dearly H dwelling. Nex for Himself and God loved the built for Him tar on which There was no name of Jesu go with their to bear them them in His he their joys!—ar weep when the THE MEMORIES ANT and who were leaving a void hearts, came up our Saviour to

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