

hearts to love him; for if left alone I can not bless and praise Him as I want!"

After that Mr. Chiniquy remarked that, by a strange providence of God, the bride with her bridegroom had selected that third of August for the blessed day of their union, without knowing that it was the anniversary of the greatest triumph of the people of St. Anne against Rome. He gave a graphic account of the last effort made, twenty-nine years ago, by Bishop Duggan, to bring back the people of St. Anne to the Church of Rome. After having told how the prelate had completely failed, he recalled the prophetic words of Mr. Bechard, who, seeing the bishop and his priests running away, went to the platform and cried out: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the burial ground of the tyranny of the bishops of Rome in America!" And he told how the five thousand converts from Rome who surrounded the ambassador of the Pope in that solemn hour, had made the echoes repeat these prophetic words: "Hurrah for St. Anne, the burial ground of the tyranny of the bishops of Rome in America!"—*P. Review.*

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

THE LOST SHEEP.



HEAR, Good Shepherd, hear my cry;
Lost among the hills am I.
Leave for me the ninety-nine;
Find me, find, and make me Thine.
In the mountains, strayed from Thee,
Come, O come, and seek for me.

Where the wilderness is dry,
Seek for me before I die.
Where the mountain-side is steep,
And ravines are dark and deep,
Where Thou hearest one low moan,
Seek me starving, lost, and lone.

Lay me on Thy shoulders, lay,
Weak and weary of my way.
All my strength in wandering spent,
Take and bear me to Thy tent.
Let me hear Thine own dear voice,
And Thy friends with Thee rejoice.

THE REV. T. O. PAINE.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
ISA. 55: 1.

He every one that thirsteth!
Why will ye gaze and mock,
When living water bursteth
From out the living rock?
Come, Zion's sons and daughters,
What, do ye waver still?
Ho, come ye to the waters,
And freely quaff your fill!

How fresh the fountain springeth!
How bright its ripples gleam!

The very song it singeth
Might lull your hearts to dream.
If such to sight it floweth,
What words avail to tell
How blest a boon he knoweth
Who, stooping, drinketh well?

Oh, come, ye gladly thronging,
Yea, come, ye low and high;
Let no man gaze in longing,
As lacking gold to buy.
Through all the parched summer
It sparkles clear and free;
It flows for every comer,
Without a price or fee.

A respite sweet one earneth
By well or river-brink;
But soon the thirst returneth—
Again he longs to drink.
Come, Zion's sons and daughters,
Ye pilgrims faint and sore;
Yea, quaff the living waters,
Nor thirst for evermore.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
To secure you contentment if anything can—
Do some service for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
So weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—
Do your duty for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

If it rains as if raining a flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can win happy sunshine of soul, little man—
Do some favor for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

If the skies be as brass overhead, little girl,
And the wall like a well-heated brick,
And your earthly affairs in a terrible whirl—
Do some kindness for somebody quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Oh give me the life of a farmer's wife
In the fields and woods so bright,
Among the singing birds and the lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The song in the morn of the lark heaven-borne
Is the dewy sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he skims along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves!
The ploughman's shout, as he's turning out
His team at the rise of sun;
Or his merry "good-night" by the fire-fly's light
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root and the luscious fruit
My own hands reared for food;
And the bread so light, and the honey white,
And the milk so pure and good.