

too great a burden. Instructions, admirable to property, polite-ode of military honour. With this, too, were marks on politics, and be imposed upon the ought to say that he

nothing more. What provinces from them? Germany?

n voice, and one felt in his words, such a it was impossible not to him.

siege was going on. It was that time of it, of epidemics, of are, to our efforts, to rich surrounded him, s not disturbed for as able to give him.

There was none, you cannot imagine these breakfasts of tly selfish; the old niling, his serviette sim his little grand- lid from privation, to drink and to eat s.

is meal and in the th the wintry wind g round the win- ecall his campaigns for the hundredth atreat from Russia out frozen biscuits

little one? We ate

understood. For eaten nothing else. onvalence drew lid became more his senses and of l us so well up till ro or three times e Maillot gate had pricked up like a l to invent a final and salvoes fired es. Another day up near the win- day of Bergmool uards forming in de Année.

'asked the old ring between his

t we understood uld be needful to nately we did not

the child came to

said.

r's door had been e since recollect- that evening, an

Probably he ing of the Prus- ghts were of the ry which he had yon proceeding ating of drums, al; and he, the full uniform, as colours, and the

t he fancied we witnessing this ward off from us he took care out on the next e Prussian bat- g the high road to the Tuileries, pened, and the ith his helmet,

his large sword, in all the old, grand uniform of a former cuirassier of Milhand. I still ask myself what effort, what sudden start into life it was which thus put him once more on his feet and into harness again. One thing is quite certain, that there he was standing behind the balustrade, wondering to find the avenues so empty, so silent, the venetians of the houses all closed, Paris as gloomy as a great lazaretto; flags everywhere, but such strange ones, all white with red crosses, and no one going out to meet the soldiers.

"For a moment he could believe that he had deceived himself.

"But no! below, behind the Arc de Triomphe, there was a confused noise, a black line which was seen advancing in the growing dawn. Then, little by little, the points of the helmets began to glitter, the little drums of Jena began to beat, and from beneath the Arc de Triomphe, the triumphal march of Schubert burst forth, its rhythm marked by the heavy tread of the various sections, and by the whirr of the sabres.

"In the next moment a cry, a terrible cry was heard breaking upon the gloomy stillness of the place.

"To arms! to arms! the Prussians!"

And the four Uhlands of the vanguard saw a tall, old man on the balcony yonder totter as he raised his arms, and then fall down quite rigid.

"This time Colonel Jouve was indeed dead."

—M. A. F.

(Concluded.)

STICK TO THE RIGHT.—Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

Rest.

Of all the sweet, sad words of life,
Whose every sound is blest,
The one most like a benison
Is that sweet love-word, Rest.
We grow so weary on life's road,
Climbing its height so steep,
That it will blessed seem to seek
The shadow land of sleep.

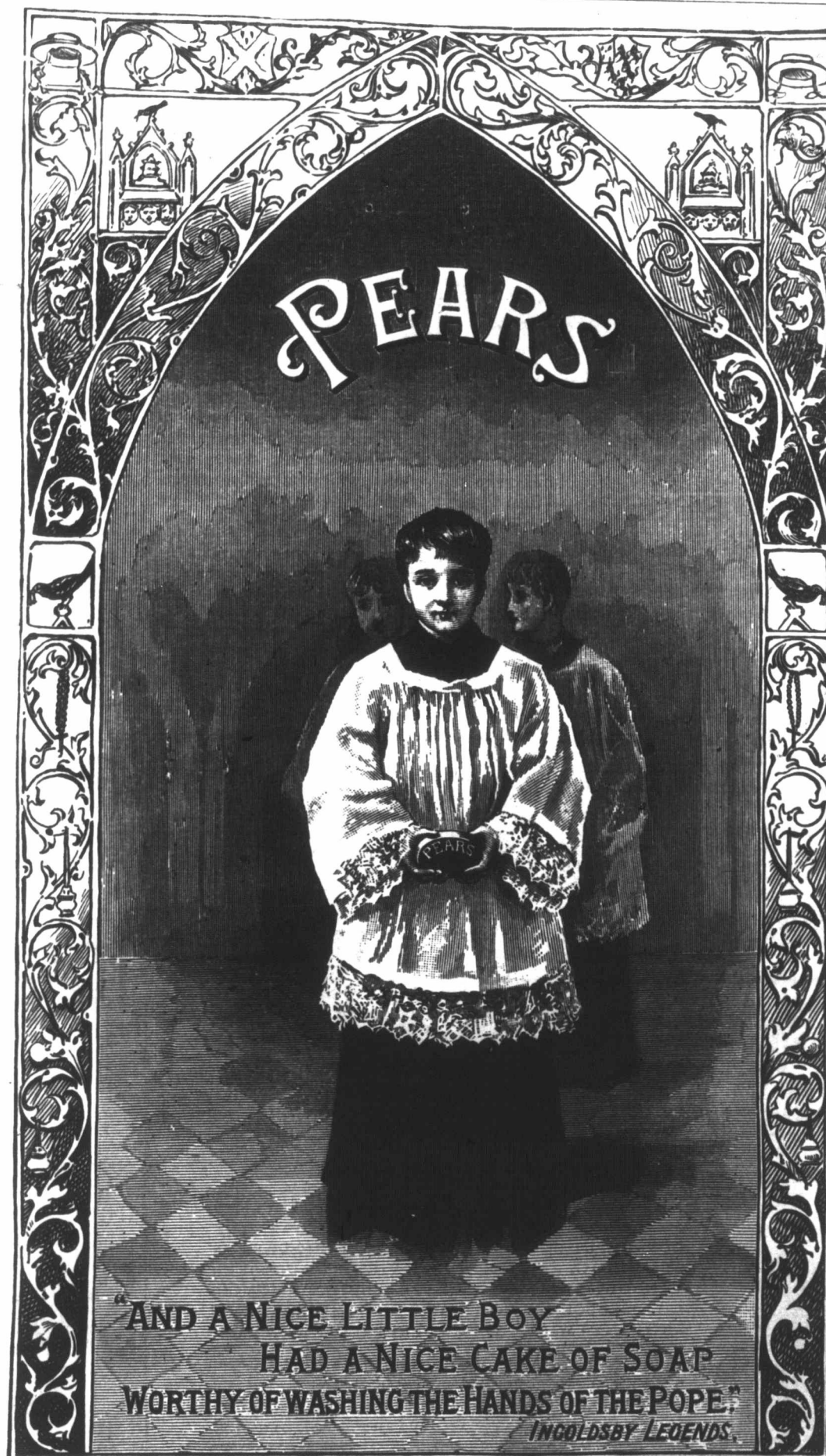
E'en that sweet valley of the world,
The happy land of Love,
When we have walked awhile therein
Doth full of sadness prove;
And many souls pass from the vale,
Crying with hearts oppressed,
The saddest thing of life is Love,
The sweetest thing is Rest.

The fairest spots along life's road
Are where low willows weep,
And the one place for smiles should be
Where our beloved sleep.
Ah, friends! of all the boons we crave
Few make us truly blest;
The best of all, He gives unasked
In His own time—His Rest.

Christian Giving.

Oh that men would accept the testimony of Christ touching the blessedness of giving! He who sacrifices most loves most; and he who loves most is most blessed. Love and sacrifice are related to each other like seed and fruit; each produces the other. The seed of sacrifice brings forth the fragrant fruit of love, and love always has in its heart the seeds of new sacrifice. It was Julius, not Mary, who calculated the value of the alabaster box of ointment. He who is infinitely blessed is the Infinite Giver; and man, made in His likeness, was intended to find his highest blessedness in the completest self-giving. He who receives, but does not give, is like the Dead Sea. All the fresh floods of Jordan cannot sweeten its dead salt depths. So all the streams of God's bounty cannot sweeten a heart that has no outlet; is ever receiving yet never full and overflowing.

If those whose horizon is as narrow as the bushel under which they hide their light could be induced to come out in a large place and take a worthy view of the kingdom of Christ and of their relations to it: their happiness would be increased as much as their usefulness.



Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of the deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and the kitchen—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.

THE SAMBRO LIGHTHOUSE is at Sambro, N.S., whence R. E. Hartt writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good: I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved."

Catholic.

"Last month we had occasion to remark on the importance of our right to the term 'Catholic.' This has been unexpectedly brought home to us during the past few days. It appears that the Roman branch of the Church has seen fit to establish a new diocese in this country, and, as if there were no other suitable name, has selected the title of 'New Westminster.' We think such methods of causing inconvenience on all sides, and confusion in the minds of the uninstructed, quite unworthy of the Roman Church, and reveals a surprising want of diplomacy. We hope this action will bring home more forcibly to our own people that our Bishops and Church claim to be 'Catholic' equally with the Roman; and the only way to avoid confusion will be for all Protestants to be careful in distinguishing between the two by ever speaking of that Church as the 'Roman Catholic.' This, indeed, is the title officially claimed by the Roman Church at the Council of Trent. When a Protestant speaks of the Roman Church as the 'Catholic' Church, he simply cuts the ground from under his own feet, and concedes the proposition that the Romanist is right and he is wrong, without a murmur."—*The Churchman's Gazette, B.C.*

—Temptation in the line of duty God has provided for, but temptation sought and coveted God has made no provision for.