Watching by the Sea. BY MRS. EMILY THORNTON.

When the tide is seaward flowing, And wet sands in moonlight glowing, ad white sails are flapping, flapping, on th good ships far at sea; When waves rising leap and quiver, Then fail back to shine and shiver,

From the dim caves of the ocean, Steals the weird and odd commotion, o my rapt soul sadily saying: "You will never see him more!" Oh, it makes my poor heart flutter Thus to hear the salt sea mutter: There are always untold dangers lurking far away from shore."

All my little ones are sleeping.
Rever watching, never weeping
For their father's glad home coming!
is only my sad part.
While the days! I slowly reckon,
Phantom figures seem to beckon
O'er yon tall wave. See! those figures
beckon to my heart.

I am weary of this waiting!
Years have gone, yet no abating.
Hush! I thouget I heard a footfall. It was
yonder bittern's cry.
How it mingled with the chorus
Of the sea-wash winds brought o'er us.
Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling! will time
never bring thee nigh?

But I'll watch a little longer '
Sobbing sea—I would be stronger
Could you cease this endless murmur, which
is harrowing to me.
Tell me, moon, in white clouds sailing,
Are all watchings unavailing?
Hark! I hear my children cailing—mother,
come! Good night, sad sea!

FOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"I won't go there till I have seen the Comte de Saxe. So it is no use asking me, Antoine. Come with me, and we will go and find out where he lives."

Antoine was so accustomed to do what-

ever Mademoiselle Mina wished, and so agitated with the scene he had witnessed that he was really more in need of guid ance than she was. So he passively sub-mitted; and when she had put on her hat and shawl he followed her into the street.

and shawl he followed her into the street. She then stopped, and asked him, "Do you think M. Drouin, the bookseller, will know where M. de Saxe lives?"

"Most likely he may," Antoine answered, and they walked there.

"M. Drouin's shop was a large dark warehouse in the Rue St. Sulpice, where piles of volumes were ranged in far-stretching recesses and apparently inaccessible shelves. Mina timidly approached the shelves. Mina timidly approached the counter. A lady was sitting with her back to the entrance door, and a pretty little boy of six or seven years of age standing by her. She was choosing a book for him.

"I don't want a book," said the child;
"I want you to stay with me."
"Why, my good child," answered the lady, in a voice Mina remembered to having heard before, "I can't stay where I am and be good, and if provides the stay where I am and be good, and if provides the child; "Ah! I think I understand," ejaculated the count. "Did your father know of this picture?"
"Yes; but he did not know till to-day, just before these men came, that means the proof they wanted." am and be good, and if people are not good they don't go to heaven, and you and I. Anselm, want to meet there some

day."
"I think you are very good," answered the boy, in an aggrieved tone, "you gave me everything I want."

At that moment, the lady heard Mina

ask the shopman if he could tell her where the Comte de Saxe lived. She turned round and their eyes met Mad emoiselie Gaultier recognized the young girl whose prayers she had asked in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont; she made way for her with a courteous smile. "At the Hotel de Saxe, Rue du Palais

Royal," the shepman answered:
"Is it far from here?" in a anxiously inquired, and when the man answered,
"pretty well," Mademoiselle Gaultier

the sound of a little tremulous sigh.
"Excuse me," she said, in a kind man-

ner, to the young girl, "but do you want to see the Comte de Saxe?"

M. de Saxe?"

"I hope so "O, yes; yery, very much," answered ina, "I must see him as soon as pos-

"Why must you see him?" said Mad-Gaultier, in a good-humored

off-hand manner. 'Because he is the only person who can

help me.' Mademoiselle Gaultier felt in her pocket for her purse. "Excuse me, my dear, but is it anything about which money

can be of use?"

"No, no, thank you, it would not do any good." Mina turned away and was hurrying out of the shop.

"Stop a moment," cried Mademoiselle

Gaultier, struck with the expression of her beautiful face. "If it is indeed important that you should see the Comte de Saxe without delay, I can take you to my house, where he dines to-day. By time you get to his hotel he will have

She pointed to her carriage and said, "Get in." "Get in."

Mina looked at Antoine, who was standing by her. "I must see the Comte de Saxe, Antoine."

"Then get in," repeated Mademoiselle

Not without me," said the old man,

resolutely,
"Well, sit on the box then, and tell the
coachman to drive to the Rue de la Mich-

The little boy got in also, and they drove off. The child began to cry bit-

The child threw his arms round her neck.
"There now," she said, when the car-table.

riage stopped, "kiss me and get out."
She watched him into the house, and then said, as if speaking to herself rather than to Mina, "Ah, that comes of doing a good action; one never knows what the and of it will be. I took that child because he was motherless, and his father was too poor to keep him, and made a pet of it when he was little as if he had been to the was little as the was little as if he had been to the was little as little, as if he had been a pleastten. But when the creature puppy or a kitten. began to speak and to say his prayers, and to ask me questions about the good God, I did not like it."

"Why not ?" said Mina, looking at her her guests: with astonishment.

"No, what could a person who never prayed herself say to a child like that?" "Do you not pray? I am sure you did the day Ontara was baptized. Do not you thank God for having made you so beautiful, and so strong too?" Mina added, remembering the scene in the

Tui eries Gardens.

It had never yet occurred to Mademoiselle Gaultier to thank God for her strength, but, some years afterwards, she remembered Mina's words whilst carrying an aged woman out of a house that was on fire. She looked fixedly at her now, and then murmured, "The rest of my life will be too short to thank Him, if..." there she stopped, and turning away, did not speak again till they reached her house in the Rue St. Maur.

Nothing could exceed the luxury dis-

played in this abode. Lovely pictures covered the walls, knick-knacks of every covered the walls, knick-knacks of every sort adorned every corner of it. Flowers in profusion, and little mimic fountains throwing up scented waters, perfumed the hall, and gave each room an air de fete. Mademoiselle Gaultier conducted Mina into a small boudoir within a diringroom, where a table, ornamented with a gilded plateau and magnificent boquet, was laid for twenty guests. In an ad-joining drawing-room several gentlemen and ladies were already assembled, who greeted its mistress in the gayest manner. One of these guests was the Comte de Saxe. When he saw Mina with Mademoid Saxe. When he saw Mina with Mademoiselle Gaultier he started back amazed, hesitated a moment, and then rushed after

them into the boudoir.

Before anyone else had time to speak.

Mina cried out the instant she saw him,

"Oh, M. de Saxe, save my mother."

"Will you leave us a moment?" said the count to Made:noiselle Gaultier.

She turned round and saw that Antoine had made good his entrance, and was watching his young mistress like a faith-ful dog. "Very well," she said, and shut ful dog.

the door upon them.
"Now, my child," said the count, in German, "what is the matter? What of your mother ?" "She is in prison, and my father also,"

cried Mina, wringing her hands.
"In prison. Good God! Why? Where?
For debt?" "No," answered Mina, her cheeks as

"No," answered Mina, her cheeks as red as fire, and her lips quivering. "For stealing diamonds! They steal!"
"Diamonds!" said the count.
"Yes, diamonds mamma had had a long "Yes, diamonds mamma had had a long time, as long as I can remember. She sold them when papa was so ill, and she wanted money. They were round a picture of a gentleman in uniform, which she sometimes showed me when I was little. The men who took papa and mamma to prison found this picture, and said it was the proof they wanted."
"Ab! I think I understand" eigen.

had sold the diamonds. He seemed sorry when she told him. Oh, M. de Saxe, you told mamma that if she ever wanted a devoted heart and a strong arm to defend her, she was to think of you. Will you help her now, and my father also?" Will you "I must go to the king, there is no other

way. What prison is it l'"
"The Conciergerie," said Antoine, stepping forward. Do you know at whose instance M.

and Madame d'Auban have been arrest-"The hussiers said it was at the request

"To a man named Wisbach, in the Rue "I know him; a German jeweller."

Will the ling let them out of prison, "I hope so, my sweet child. I will do everything I can to help you. In the eantime, in whose care do you remain?"
"His," said Mina, pointing to the old servant; "our dear, good Antoine. My father said I was to go to the Hotel d'Orge

ville, and say that through some mistake they had been arrested, but—"

"But you had much better not do so now, Mdlle. Mina. Go with this good man, wherever you live. Where is it by the way?'

Rue des Sainte Peres." Well go there, and if anyone calls,

let him answer that your parents are out? And if Ontara comes Is that the Natches prince?

"Yes; my adopted brother."
"Would he be discreet?" " An Indian would die rather than be-Well, then, you may see him, my little

The count watched to see if that appellation made any impression on Mina but seeing it did not, he went on—

'Now do not weep, do not be anxious, eet Wilhelmina. The Comte de Saxe sweet Wilhelmina. The Comte de Saxe would sooner die than evil should befall vour mother.

"Was she the little girl you loved s much?" Mina asked. "She was," the count answered, with emotion; "and she is the mother of a not

very little girl, whom I am beginning to love also very much."
"And I shall love you very dearly, if you get papa and mamma out of prison." Meantime dinner was begun in the next terly.

"Come, come, Anselm. This will never room, and the noise of laughing and talking reached their ears. The Comte de "Come, come, Anselm. This will never do. Men do not cry.
"But little boys do, and I must cry if you go away."
"Nonsense, I never told you I was going away. But you must go home to your father, and he will send you to a good school, where you will have plenty of little boys to play with."
The child threw his arms round her.

"I conclude," he added, "that you will have the kindness to send this young lady home?"
I will see her keyne was a larger and talk-ing reached their ears. The Control de the door and made his excuses to Mademoiselle Gaultier. He said that pressing business obliged him to forego her hospitality.
"I conclude," he added, "that you will have the kindness to send this young lady home?"

"I will see her home myself," answered Mademoiselle Gaultier, rising from the and her face faltered again, as it had done in the carriage, and under her rouge her

heeks turned deadly pale. "Come my dear, eat something before ou go," she said to Mina. "No, thank you, dear lady; I could not

Mademoiselle Gaultier poured out some her, and a glass of wine for herself.

Her hand trembled so much that she hand trembled so much that she spilt She rose, sat down again, and said to "I know you will excuse my treating

you with so little ceremony, I must go, or I would not leave you."

Her eyes wandered round the table! She seemed to be looking at each of her friends in turn—one of them was stipulating that she should not be longer away than a quarter of an hour; another laughingly declared that they would make themselves year happy in her absence: ingly declared that they would make themselves very happy in her absence; others protesting against being deprived of her society even for five minutes. Once again she got up, took Mina by the hand, and went to the door. She stood there an instant, looking at the table she hed left, at the pictures, at the furniture, with a dreamy expression. Her guests thought she was gone, and begun again to talk and to laugh amongst themselves.

"Come," she said to Mina, who was struck by the strangmess of her manner. They went down stairs and got into the carriage, which had been all the time wait-

They went down stairs and got into the carriage, which had been all the time waiting at the door. The horses were impatient and restive. The coachman whipped them, and they plunged. Mademoiselle Gaultier sprang out again, pulling Mina with her into the house. She sank on a chair in the hall, and gave a sort of half cry, half groan, which rang through the house. The company in the dinning-room heard it, and wondered what it was. They little guessed whence it proceeded.

it proceeded.

"I cannot," she murmured. "My God! I cannot go; the effort is too great."

A singular instinct seemed to inspire Mina at that moment. She guessed there was a struggle between right and wrong in that woman's heart. Without knowing what she was leaving, or where she was going, she seized her hand, and cried-

"Come, come: Oh, do come away !" There are moments, when the whole of person's existence-when even their a person's existence—when even their eternal destiny—seems to hang on a nap-parently casual circumstance; when good and bad angels are watching the upshot. Mina's own heart was overcharged with sorrow, and she longed to get away from the sound of voices and laughter which reached them where they sat. She clung to Mdlle. Gaultier, and again said: "Come now, are you will never come." She did not know the strength of her own words. They fell on the actress's ear with prophetic force. Madame de Stael says, that phetic force. Madame de Stac. the most mournful and forcible expression the most mournful and forcible expression "no more." Perhaps in our lauguage is "no more." Perhaps the words "now or never," have a still more thrilling power. They have been the war-cry of many a struggle—the signal

of many a victory.

Once again Mdlle. Gaultier got into the carriage with Mina, and they drove to the Rue des Saints Peres. She wept bitterly. It was odd, perhaps, that she should give thus a free vent to her feel-ings before a child and stranger, but she

going."
"What operation, dear lady?" "An operation you may have read of in the Gospel, my dear. Cutting off the right hand, and plucking out the right eye, rather than walking into hell with them. May your sweet eyes and your little innocent feet never need plucking out or cutting off! It hurts, I can tell

of the Russian ambassador."

"Confound him! Ah! I must begin by making sure of that point. Do you know to whom your mother sold the diamonds, Mdde. Mina?"

"The hussiers said it was at the request out or cutting off! It hurts, I can tell you!"

"I would cut off my hand, and have my eyes burnt out, if that would make all my own people Christians," Mina answered, eagerly.

"You looked good, though you did push the German lady into the mud.'

The mention of this incident caused a revulsion in Mademoiselle Gaultier's nervous system. She burst into an hysterical fit of laughter. "What a wretch I have been," she exclaimed; and then, after a pause, said, "I ought to have been good, but I was not suffered to be so. An exchanged a deep dept. I prayed for a orphan and a dependent, I prayed for a bare pittance to keep me off the stage. But my relatives would not hearken to pleadings. They said I had beauty wit, and must shift for myself. I have

done so. God knows how !" "But you can, you will be good now? The carriage stopped at the door of Mina's lodgings. She threw her arms round Mademoiselle Gaultier's neck, and said again, as she pressed her lips to her cheeks, "You will be good now?" It was like the whisper of an angel. Another voice had been urging, "Return to your pleasant home—to your gay friends—your luxurious life. You never can fast, obey, and pray for the rest of your life." was the decisive hour—on the order then giving to drive to one place or the other on these few words the future turned. She bade the coachman go to the convent of the Anticailles. In after years, when she could afford to look back and write, with the gaiety of a grateful heart, an account of that terrible struggle, she spoke of the rude pallet on which she slept that night, of the bits of cold stewed carp she ate for supper, and said it was the sweetest sleep, and the best meal, she had enjoyed for

many a long year. Two years later, the Parisian world ocked to the Carmelite convent of the Rue St. Jacques—the same where Louise de la Valliere had fled half a century before—to see one of the first actresses of little or no danger. The street is very, the French stage, the witty, the hand-very wide, concreted in the middle, and the French stage, the witty, the hand-some Mademoiselle Gaultier, put on St. Therese's habit, and renounce for ever the some Mademoiselle Gaultier, put on St. Therese's habit, and renounce for ever the world which had so long burnt unholy incense at her feet. She retained in the cloister the eager spirit, the indomitable gaiety, the intellectual gifts, with which she had been so rarely endowed. She spoke from behind the grate with the eloquence of former days, only the subject-matter was changed. "Wonders will cent building partly in ruins. It is still oquence of former days, only the sub-ct-matter was changed. "Wonders will

you with so little ceremony, I must go, or lasts, miracles of grace will take it by sur-TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Record.

My last letter, I believe, closed with a

LETTER FROM FRANCE. IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

eulogy on English manners and fare, and a brief mention of my impressions at Charing Cross Station. Our next stopping place was Dover, where we again experienced the delights of English railroad travel, preparatory to our embarkation for Calais. After securing my baggage I entered the boat and took my seat with the other passengers who were going to cross the channel. I heard ever so many persons say that we were going to have quite a rough passage. At this direful news my heart sank within me. However, I made up my mind, were it possible, not to be seasick, for I thought I had had my share of wondered it on the ocean. To assist my determination, however, I was obliged to close my eyes and stop my ears—for the noise that my neighbors made was terrible, and the temptation that made them glide so gracefully to the side of the vessel to pay tri bute to Neptune, was hard to resist. First of all I said my beads, then thought of everything save the English Channel: I thought of what you were doing at home, and of the delightful time I had on the Ocean steamer. Once I ventured to open my eyes to see how I was situated. But alas! the sight that presented itself compelled me to close them again in pre-cipitate haste. After being tossed about for two hours and a half, we were landed at Calais, and oh! how delighted I was to

stand on firm earth once more; and how proud I felt that I had not been sea-sick! When the boat touched the shores of France, we had to make a rush for our baggage and secure our compartments in the cars,—you know the cars in Europe are not like ours. The compartments were just like the inside of our hacks. The first class have cushioned seats and nice curtains; the second, plain wooden seats, like our street cars; cars of third class I did not see, but judging from the exterior they were very shabby and dusty. After securing our seats we went to a resturant to enjoy a French dinner, and then set out for a hasty glance or two at this an-cient and historical city. We passed the cient and historical city. We passed the battle field where Joanne of Arc fought again t the English, and saw the monu ment erected in her honor. The churche ings before a child and stranger, but she was a very singular person; a great impulsiveness—a careless frankness—had always marked her character.

"I am very glad I met you my dear," she said to her young companion, who was trying to thank her. "You have done more for me to-day than you can now, or than you will perhaps ever understand. It was just what I wanted to help me through the operation I am undergoing."

and dwellings of Calais are very, very antique. It is extremely interesting, after reading the history of France, to see all those monuments and scenes so rich in associations! What a difference there is between England and France! one so foggy and rainy, the other so sunny and beautiful. I saw a great number of large and lovely cathedrals, old chateaux and much picturesque scenery. Notre Dame de Boulogne seems to be a magnificent gree of architecture, and has an immense and dwellings of Calais are very, very an carved dome; but we sped along so quickly that I caught but brief and imperfect glimpses of these various objects of inter-

At seven p. m., we arrived at the French capital. Paris is grand! Words cannot describe its magnificence. Immense, wide streets concreted like those in Washington, (and now at last, this latter city of beautiful "I would cut off my hand, and have my eyes burnt out, if that would make all my own people Christians," Mina answered, eagerly.

"I do not know who are your people, little one; but I have heard of innocent souls, angels in human form, glad to suffer for the guilty and the perishing, and I taink you may be one of them. . . I, too, had such thoughts when I was your age. . ."

"And why did you let them go?" Mina said. "I felt sure you were good the first day I saw you."

"What could make you think so, dear child?"

(and now at last, this latter city of beautiful streets has met an equal, and I fear a superior). The buildings are seven—some eight or more stories high, and are built of white or grey stone, (no nasty red bricks). The stores cannot be described, so very large and beautiful are they. The show-windows are of one solid piece of glass, and the rich goods are there displayed to the best advantage. The depot is at one end of Paris, and the convent—my journey's end—almost at the other, so I had a grand opportunity of seeing Paris in all its breadth, and of seeing Paris in all its breadth, and of seeing Paris in all its breadth, and of seeing I illuminated—for it was night. Besides the innumerable gas jets that flooded the city with soft radiance everywhere, there were many eleciance everywhere, there were many elec-tric lights scattered along the route, which of course, gave additional beauty to the already perfect picture. Whilst crossing the Seine, we saw numberless little boats carrying various colored lights darting up and down and across the river. This beautiful sight, together with all the other loveliness that we saw, gave the scene rather the appearance of Fairy-land than

of a real city! I am in perfect ecstacies over the gorgeous stores and buildings. In due time we arrived at the Convent in the Rue de Varennes. This I found to consist of three houses joined by gardens. One is called 'Maison Mere,' and is for religious only; the other is the "Maison des Anges," which is for day scholars; and then the "Rue de Varennes" for boarders. This latter is built on the site of, and indeed consists of additions to the Hotel de Biron, which stands in the centre of the magnificent structure, and still preserves some of its former grandeur. I feel very little on its large, wide stairs, and among its immense marble columns and spacious corridors. Indeed the whole building is so enormous that I always lose my way it. The chapel—or church rather—is joined to the convent by a large and beautiful corridor, the altar is a little gem,

and the walls are frescoed. But I am not yet immured. The next day I took breakfast in bed, and then prepared to go out into the city, in company with a lady who very kindly consented to show me something of Paris by daylight. Our first visit was to the Champs Elysee. We would call it our principal drive. All the fashionables of Paris turn out there. I never in my life saw so many carriages jammed together; you would think surely there would be lots of accidents, but I suppose they are so accustomed to fast driving and 'close shayes' that there is

Empress's and prince's apartments, also the chapel and reception rooms. In front of the palace are the gardens, some parts still very pretty, but most all are destroy-

We next went to the Palais Royale, a very large store of jewels, flowers, china and all kinds of ornaments. I never saw so many jewels together in my life before. It almost took my breath to see all those real almost took my breath to see all those precious stones glistening and sparkling in the sunlight. We spent more than an hour in looking at them. We then went over to the "Magasin du Louvre," an establishment on the plan of Stewarts in Now York, or Wanamakers in Philadelphia, only much larger. O! gracious! such a rush and crowd of people, and such a beautiful assortment of goods. The 'Lauvre' is a little world in itself. You meet every one there, and see everything. Our next visit was to the "Petit St.
Thomas," which, though on the same
principle, is not so large as the "Louvre."
What a delightful time the ladies of Paris
must have, with all this magnificent field

for shopping open before them!

I will now tell you of the military ma I had the good fortune to assist at. It was celebrated at the "Hotel des Invalides." This building itself, so immense and old, is worthy of a description, but I will speak only of the Mass. Just as we entered the church the bells were ringing for the be-ginning of the service. Shortly after tak-ing our seats, the priest entered, and the soldiers sounded the drums. The military then marched in, and on reaching the middle, halted and separated into two files one on either side of the aisle, while the officers advanced to the sanctuary, where they took their places of honor. At the consecration and elevation the drums and trumpets were sounded. It is very noisy, but still I like it. The church is hung with the flags of the different countries that Napoleon conquered. The whole place is Tout a fait militaire. BESSIE.

SCENES AT KNOCK.

A correspondent of the Roscommon Mes-On Sunday night there were very few on Sunday night there were very few in the chapel-yard, but I may mention an incident which struck me very forcibly. While going round the chapel in the beginning of the night, reciting the Rosary, I thought I heard a child's voice repeating very frequently the "Hail Mary." I looked round, and saw a child of tender years leading two blind men round the chapel; one of them was her father. I

chapel; one of them was her father. I never felt so humbled in my life. I thought how dearly the Blessed Virgin must love that child, so obedient, so docile, so ready to sacrifice her ease and repose through her love and filial affection her poor father. During the night very many poor sufferers, especially among the poor class, and many of them badly clad remain out praying fervently to the Blessed Virgin to obtain for them a cure of their maladies. As regards cures, I heard of one instance on my way to Knock of a lady from Scotland who recently recovered the use of her speech there. I had forgotten all about the cure, when, on going into a house near Knock on Sunday, after first Mass, to take breakfast, a very respectable person who happened to be at the table told us that some time previous she was walking one morning with this lady, and that she could scarcely utter a sound; that in the evening of the same day the same lady came over to her smiling, and to her great surprise began to speak as well as ever She then narrated how she had lost the

was from the Bay, near Athlone: that he had been to Dublin with the most eminen doctors, and he said that he considered that he received no benefit from them. This was his second visit to Knock; he was there a week before I met him on Sunday or near it; I asked him on Sunday was he much better, and he did not appear to think he was, but he told me he was up every night during the time, and that he intended to go back by the train on Monday. I left him then, and on Monday morning, as the chapel was open, about five o'clock or so, we were all in—at least all those who had remained up during the night. After saying some prayers I sat down for a while under the altar rails, and I immediately saw close to me the same man. I saked him how he felt. He said, smiling, that he felt much better, that he left his crutch after him, and that he could now walk with only a stick, and that he could rule down his leg now, which he previously could not attempt to touch; and he suited the action to the word. I believe there are hundreds of cures that no one will ever know anything about. I know of one case myself that very likely will never come to the knowledge of the general

THE PROCEEDS OF THE PASSION PLAY.

The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play had its last representation on the 27th ult., and The representation on the 27th ult., and the accounts have since been made up. The representations, of which there were forty, produced no less a sum than £104,000 in receipts, and were attended by 175,000 persons, including many of distinction. The proceeds have been divided into four parts, one courter being put. into four parts, one-quarter being put aside for the expenses of the construction of the theater, a second being allotted to such inhabitants of the village as are householders, a third quarter to the actors and a fourth to the public schools, espe-cially the schools of carving and drawing. Joseph Mayer, who filled the role of Christ received the sum of £31 10s. This seems a small amount for the principal performer, but it must not be forgotten that six hundred persons were engaged in the play, and shared in the profits. The chief actors eloquence of former days, only the subject-matter was changed. "Wonders will never cease!" the world said, at the news of Mademoiselle Gaultier's conversion, and the world was right. As long as it are nearly all burnt. I saw the Emperor's,

articles, representative of sacred objects which appeared upon the stage, and which will be put by for use in 1890.

BETTER-THOUGHTS.

MINUTES are the golden sands of time. One may ruin himself by frankness, but one surely dishonors himself by duplicity. A man's character is like a fence-you cannot strengthen it by whitewash.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

All our faculties when too highly developed become of necessity self-involved if they are not absorbed in the infinite. They must either rescue as from ourselves, or lay waste all that is within us.

Childhood is like a mirror catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate on a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

The virtues which, when nothing obstructs an uprejudiced decision, the world at large stamps with its approbation, are just those which religion inculcates active industry, considerate prudence, un-ostentatious charity, amiable temper, inflexible integrity, high honor, unaffected

One day as St. Germaine was carrying in her apron pieces of bread, which she had denied herself to give to the poor, her stepmother perceived her and began loading her with insults; she even raised her hand to strike her, when Germaine opened her apron and an abundance of fragrant flowers fell to the ground.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by in-numerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape as long, that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruc-tion; the food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it, by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors die among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitess warning to the world

HOW HE GOT STARTED.

He came to our reporter this morninga fine, bluff, well-dressed young fellow, evidently in good circumstances.

"I read in your paper last night," said he, "that Police Magistrate Denison furnished a little vagrant with sufficient money to start him on the streets as a news boy, and that a city reporter augmented the pile. Is that true?" "Certainly."

"Certainly "Well, then, God bless them both, say I. That's the way I got started in life. The policeman picked me up on the streets of New York one night when I was about ten years of age. I had no parents, no home, no friends, no money. I was brought before Mr. Merrill at the Tombs court the next morning. I remember it well, and I can't forget it. terror, despair, made me eloquent, and told my story. Well, sir, a tear came into his eye, and he went down into his pockets and brought out a shinplaster and handed it to me. There was a few lawyers and reporters there and they passed around the hat, and raised two dollars and added the hat, and raised two dollars and added to it, and then I was turned out into the street. I went straight and got something to eat, then I bought a boot black's outlit, and from that I rose through the grades of messenger boy, clerk, book-keeper, and junior partner to have a busis of my own. If it had not been for those kindhearted gentlemen in the Tombs that morning I might have been dead now—or worse—a thief. God bless the merciful judge, say I again."

See what the Clergy say. Rev. R. H. CRAIG, Princeton, N. J., says: Last summer when I was in Canada, I cought a bad cold in my throat. It became so bad that often in the middle of my sermon my throat and tongue would ome so dry I could hardly speak. tongue was covered with a white parched crust, and my throat was much inflamed.

An old lady of my congregation advised
me to use the Shoshonees Remedy, which she was using. The first dose relieved me, and in a few days my throat was nearly well. I discontinued the use of it, but my throat not being entirely well became worse again. I procurred another supply, worse again. I procured another supply, and am happy to say that my throat is entirely well, and the white crust has entirely disappeared. I wish that every minister who suffers from sore throat would try the

Great Shoshonees Remedy.
Rev. Geo. W. Grout, Stirling, Ont., says Mas. Georger Francis was severely afflicted with Kidney disease, and had been under the care of three physicians without any beneficial result. She has since taken four bottles of the Shoshonees Remedy, and now enjoys the best of health.

Rev. T. C. Črown, Brooklyn, Ont., says:

My wife was very low with Lung disease, put and given up by her physician. I bought ton a bottle of the Shoshonees Remedy, and I to at the end of two days she was much better. By continuing the Remedy she was perfectly restored. Price of the Remedy m in pint bottles, \$2; Pills 25 cents ox. Sold by all medicine deal-

Travellers and tourists should always be provided with Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the best remedy in the world for curing suffering brought on from eating unripe or sour fruits, bad milk, impure water, change of water and climate. The great remedy for all summer

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