

SLEEP.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar...

What would we give to our beloved? A little faith, all undimmed...

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, But have no time to charm away...

O earth, so full of dreary noises, O men, with walking in your voices...

His dew drops mutely on the hill, His cloud above it saileth still...

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

"The loss was the same to me in both cases," she said. "The severity of the trial to them must have depended on the peculiarities of their own characters..."

"Under a brighter sky," she continued, "amidst fairer scenes, you will wait the time when a change of circumstances may open the way for your return."

"I immediately saw in the countess's face how much this question distressed her," she said, "and I have evidence that you were taking poison in your food, and that it was only the antidotes I persuaded you to use which enabled you to struggle against its effects."

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"My darling princess," said the countess, "do you care to live?" "I started up in wild affright, a dread-

ful idea had passed through my mind. I was perhaps a prisoner condemned to death. 'What have I done? Am I to die?' I cried, 'Is the Czar dead?'

"A few more words, and then you will have heard all," Madame de Moldau said. "I can tell of the closing scene of that long agony of fear and suffering."

"I am still in the palace, then?" "Yes; but as soon as you have recovered a little strength you must fly from this country. We have all incurred a terrific responsibility which you have shared in."

"I am dead, then," I exclaimed, looking straight at the countess with such a wild expression that she seemed terrified. "I am dead, then," I repeated, sitting bolt upright in my bed, and feeling as if I were the ghost of my former self."

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the jewels which are your own property you must take with you. M. de Saxe will pass for your father; and if Mademoiselle Rosenkrantz should decline to leave Europe, you can easily procure in France another attendant. There is not a moment to lose. Your own life and the lives of all concerned are at stake."

"The suddenness of the proposal took me by surprise. I seized her hands and cried: 'I cannot forsake my son.' 'Alas!' she answered, 'have you enjoyed a parent's rights, or a parent's happiness? Have you been suffered to be a mother to your child? He is safe in the Czar's keeping. He can protect him better than you could. Believe me, princess, if the Czarovitch discovers you are alive, I cannot answer for your life or for that of your son. I should urge you to flee. It was not difficult to persuade me; I had not strength to resist. In the middle of the night we descended the narrow staircase, and found a carriage waiting for us. I moved like a person in a dream. I do not remember having any distinct thoughts during that journey, or any feeling but that of a hunted animal pining to escape. When we came near to the coast, I felt on my cheek the peculiar freshness of the sea air, it revived me a little; and when, by the light of the moon, I caught sight of the merchant vessel which I was to embark in, a sense of desolation came over me. My friend wept bitterly as she gave me a parting embrace. I did not shed a tear. It seemed as if everything I believed in had been destroyed. I sat down on my wretched cabin-bed; the anchor was raised and we began to move. For a long time I neither spoke nor stirred. The poor old man—once my servant, then my only protector—watched me all that day and the following night. I believe the first words I uttered were some that have often been on my lips since that time: 'Free amongst the dead!'

"Free with the freedom of God's children!" d'Auban exclaimed. "Oh, Princess! what a miracle of mercy has your life been!" "I can see it now; but at the time all was darkness. From Hamburg, where we landed, we went to Paris, and soon afterwards to Havre de Grace, where we embarked, as I have told you before, in a vessel with eight hundred German emigrants on board. I was impatient to get away from France, always fancying myself pursued by the Prince's emissaries. Even at New Orleans I was in a constant fear of being recognized, and insisted on leaving it as soon as possible. We only stayed till M. de Saxe could dispose of my affairs. At Lake George this latter force camped, there to await tidings of Sir William Phipps' capture of Quebec, and then march conjointly with Sir Williams' expedition on Montreal."

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Heart of Jesus. This was the first act of Adam newly justified by the gift of original justice simultaneous with his creation, and by that supernatural love which created the first copy of the predestinated humanity destined, not in a state of nature, but in a state of grace. We think of Adam's fall; should we always be forgetting Adam's love, the first human love which the goodness of God vouchsafed so dearly to seek and so tenderly to prize?

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE RE-APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC TO THE TREATY OF UTRÉCHT, A. D. 1690-1713.

Written for the Record. In the spring of 1690, an Anglo-American squadron sailed from Boston to reduce Acadia. Since the treaty of Breda, signed in 1667, Acadia had been held by the French. But through the neglect of the home government and the exposure of its unprotected seaboard to the assaults of every passing foe, this whole country was now in an almost defenceless state. Its population was small and its available resources in case of war utterly insignificant. Port Royal, the capital, had a garrison of seventy-two soldiers when Sir William Phipps, the commander of the New England expedition, appeared before it. M. de Manneval, the Governor, at once accepted the terms of surrender proposed by Phipps. These terms were very favorable to the vanquished, but were afterwards violated by the New Englanders. At Chedaboucton, defended by only fourteen men led by a vigorous resistance. This brave little garrison perished with the fort, which Phipps reduced to ashes. He also completely destroyed the settlement at Isle Perce, and returned home laden with spoils. Shortly after his departure, M. de Villouin arrived from France, and without difficulty once more reduced the country to French dominion, taking the Anglo-American Governor Nelson prisoner.

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the river and opened a strong fire on the fortifications of the city. The reply from the batteries was so effectual as to force the retreating of the British Admiral early next day.

Major Wallcy, who commanded the land forces, attempted on the 20th to force the passage of the St. Charles, but was repulsed and forced to seek shelter in the forest. Thus defeated on land and water, the Anglo-American chief decided on abandoning an enterprise attended with so great a loss of blood and treasure. They re-embarked under cover of a stormy night, but were still followed by misfortune. Several of the British Admiral's vessels were wrecked and hundreds of his men perished. The depletion of the colonial treasury rendered necessary an issue of paper currency to provide payment for the survivors on their arrival in Boston. The issue of this money is an ample proof of the straits to which the New Englanders reduced themselves to conquer French America.

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Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," as it is called, derives its name from a Catholic monk of the 7th century.

FACTORY FACTS.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives palid faces, poor appetites, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inflamed liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in their countenances. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle less than another column.