

"Love Me Love My Dog."

He had a face on his wrist, A bound beside his knee, A jeweled rapier at his thigh; Quoth he, "Which may she be?" My chinlain raised, "Beaumont, my page, This ring to Lady Clare; Thou'lt know her by her sunny eyes, And golden lengths of hair; "But here are lovely daisies three, In gilt-rimmed and velvet, And all have sunny locks and eyes— To which unfold the tale?"

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VII.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath. Moreover something is or was. That touches me with mystic gleams, Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

By Father Maret's advice Madame de Mollan came to spend a few days with Therese. Her hut was clean though a very poor abode, and the change of air and scene proved beneficial to her health. The near neighborhood of the church was a great comfort also, and to get away from Simonette a relief. Her temper had grown almost unbearable, and her manner to her mistress very offensive. She governed her household and directed all her affairs, however, with so much zeal and intelligence that she could ill have spared her; but the momentary separation seemed at this time acceptable to both.

D'Auban came sometimes to the village to see Madame de Mollan; but since the strangers' visit, and especially since what had passed when they both watched M. de Chamblé's death-bed, they had not felt at their ease together. He especially felt exceedingly embarrassed in his intercourse with her. It now seemed to him evident that she must have occupied some position which was of an entirely different character. The promise he had heard her exact from Count Leveche and poor M. de Chamblé's ravelling expressions to this conclusion. He racked his brains to form some guess, some supposition as to the possible cause of her retirement from the world and the mystery in which it was enveloped. Once it occurred to him that, with the romantic sentimentality ascribed to some of her countrywomen, she had, perhaps, sacrificed herself, and abandoned a lover or even a husband for the sake of some other person, and resolved never to make her existence known. It was just possible that a highly-wrought sensibility, a false generosity unchecked by fixed religious principles, might have led her into some such difficulties. It was not difficult to believe she was of noble birth. Nobility was stamped on her features, her figure, and every one of her movements. It struck even the Indians. They said she ought to be a Woman-Star—she was so noble and so brave, and she was so kind to the natives. During her stay with Therese, Madame de Mollan improved her knowledge of the language of the country, and under her guidance occupied herself with works of charity. At the end of a fortnight she returned to St. Agathe. D'Auban was waiting for her with his boat at the spot they called the ferry. He saw she had been weeping, and his heart ached for her. It was a desolate time to come back to a home where neither relative nor friend, only servants, awaited her return. He made some remark of this kind as they approached the house.

"Yes," she said, sinking down on the bench in the porch with a look of deep despondency—"Yes, the return is sad. What will the departure be?"

"What do you mean? You are not going away?"

"Yes, I must go, and you must not ask me to stay."

He did not utter a word, but remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his lips tightly compressed. She was distressed at his silence, and at last said:

"You are not angry with me, M. D'Auban, for resolving to do what is right?"

"Right!" he bitterly exclaimed. "Alas! Madame, can I know what is right? I know not who you are, where you come from, where you are going. What I do know is, that from the first day I saw you my only thought has been to shield you from suffering, to guard you from danger, to watch over you as a father or as a brother. When you told me to give my other hopes, I shut up my grief in my heart. I never allowed a word to escape from my lips which could offend or displease you. What more could a man do? Have I ever given you reason to distrust me? Have I obliged you to go away? But I am a fool, what poor M. de Chamblé said has misled me. You have other friends, I suppose, other prospects—"

"None."

"Then why—why must you go? What has been my fault? Cannot you forget my rash words? Cannot you rely on my promise never again—"

"Oh, M. D'Auban! It is not your fault that I must go. I was not your fault that I heard you say what I can never forget. Mine has been the fault. Would that the suffering might be mine alone, because your sympathy at first, and then as time went on your friendship, were precious to me; because I thought only of myself, and of the consolation I found in your society, sorrow has come upon us

both. Nay, I will add one word more. Before I became a Catholic it did not seem to me quite impossible . . . my ideas were different from what they now are. I did not consider myself absolutely bound. . . Now, you see, there remains nothing for us but to part."

"Why should you think so? Why not let me work for you—watch over you? You can trust me."

A deep blush rose in her cheek, as she quickly answered, "But I cannot—I ought not to trust myself."

A strange feeling of mingled pain and joy thrilled through his heart, for he now felt that his affection was returned; but he also saw that what she had said was true—that they must part. Another silence ensued; then, with a despairing resignation, he asked, "And where can you go?"

"To Canada," she answered. "Father Maret will commend me to the Bishop of Montreal and to some French ladies there."

"Will you sell this property?" "No; not if you will manage it for me."

"Yes, I will; and the day may come when you will revisit it."

"Perhaps so," she said, with a mournful smile—"when we are both very old."

"And how will you travel?" "There is a party of missionaries expected here, and a French gentleman and his wife. They are on their way to Canada. Father Maret is going to arrange about my joining them. He hopes we may reach Montreal before the wet season sets in."

"But when he had taken leave of her that day, and he thought that he should soon see her go forth with strangers from that house where, he had so carefully watched over her, his courage almost failed. The sight of the blooming garden, the brightness of the sunshine, oppressed his soul, and when the sound of a light carol struck on his ear he turned round and angrily addressed Simonette, who was watering the flowers in the verandah and singing at the same time.

"I am surprised to see you in such good spirits so soon after your kind old master's death, and at the very moment of his daughter's return to her desolate home. I thought there was more gratitude in your character."

"The expression of her face changed at once. "Do you call me ungrateful, M. D'Auban?" she said, with a sigh. "Well, be it so. Even that will put up with you from me. But what gratitude do I owe to these people?"

"They are your benefactors."

"Indeed! Is that the meaning of the word in Europe? Is the person who devotes her time, her labor, and her wit to the service of poor helpless beings, who can do nothing for her, and who receive but a little money, and perhaps a few kind words in return, the obliged party, and they the benefactors? In this country, I think, the terms might be reversed."

D'Auban felt even more provoked with her manner than her words, and answered her as follows: "I wonder that you can speak of your mistress in this manner."

"My mistress! I have never considered her as such. I undertook this hateful service, M. D'Auban, solely at your request and for your sake, and you call me ungrateful. You speak unkindly to me, who have worked hard for those people because you wished it, and that your will has always been a law to me. For your sake, and in a way you do not know and do not understand, I have suffered the most cruel anxiety. Because I have been afraid of your displeasure I have been silent when perhaps I ought to have spoken; and yet for your sake I ought to speak, and, at the risk of making you angry, I will, Yes, at all risks, I must say it. You are blind—you are infatuated about that wretched man."

"Hush! I will not hear such language as this."

"But you must hear it, or I will expose her to those who will listen to the truth. Others shall hear me if you will not."

"Speak then," said D'Auban sternly. The time had arrived when he felt himself justified in listening to Simonette's disclosures. Matters had come to a crisis, and on Madame de Mollan's own account it was necessary he should hear as follows: "Sir, it was at New Orleans that I first saw Madame de Mollan. I heard at that time there was something mysterious about her. People said she was not called by her real name, and a servant, who arrived there with her, and some hints that she had reasons for concealing her own. She and her father came on board our boat at night; M. Reinhart, and his servant Hans, were amongst the passengers. He said he had seen her before, and that there were strange stories about them—that they were supposed to be adventurers, or even swindlers. Nobody could understand why an old man and a handsome delicate woman, not apparently in any want of money, should come to this country with the intention of taking up their abode in a remote settlement. At Fort St. Louis M. Reinhart and Hans left us, and I did not see them again till they came here with those other gentlemen. When you proposed to me to enter Madame de Mollan's service, you must, I am sure, remember that I declined to do so. Only wish I had persevered in my refusal, but you seemed very anxious I should accept your offer. You said it would be an act of charity. You did not speak of benefactors then. My father urged me also,

But what really decided me was this: It was said you admired her, and that you would soon marry the lady at St. Agathe. I thought if I lived with her, should be sure to find out whether the stories about her were true or false, and that I might be the means of saving you from marrying an impostor."

"You have no right to speak in that way," interrupted D'Auban, "tried beyond manner. "It is a vile calumny."

"It is no such thing, M. D'Auban; you desired me to speak and you must hear me to the end. I know she does not seem an impostor—I can hardly believe her to be one; but you shall judge yourself. Well, might people wonder where their money came from? I soon found out that she had many rich jewels in her possession. One of the things Hans had told me was, that her father had sold some valuable diamonds at New Orleans, and lodged the money in a banker's hands. It was reported at the same time that, in a palace in Europe, a casket was stolen which contained the jewels of a princess lately dead. It must have been the princess mentioned in the newspaper you were reading out last one night some days ago, and which made me so angry with you the next morning. Well, the report was that her servants had stolen this casket and fled the country."

"St. Petersburg was the town you mean, and the princess, the wife of the Czarovitch of Russia."

"Yes, the Princess Charlotte, I think they called her. Hans says his master is persuaded that these people are those very servants."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"He says that M. de Chamblé's real name is Sasse, and that he lives at court of the prince in France; but on the way there a great many years ago. And now I must tell you what myself discovered. I picked up on the grass near the house a casket with a picture inside it set in diamonds, and on the back of the casket, in small pearls, was written the name of Peter the First, Emperor of the Russians. I saw it with my own eyes, and the diamonds were very large, and the gold beautifully worked. I have seen things of this sort at New Orleans, but nothing half so handsome."

"You saw this with your own eyes?" repeated D'Auban, turning very pale.

"But are you certain it belonged to Madame de Mollan?" he quickly asked.

"What did you do with it?"

"I was almost inclined to take it to you, sir, or to Father Maret; but on the way I changed my mind, and I did not return it to her."

"And when you did so?"

"She seemed embarrassed, but said it was her property. And I made some observations which were painful to her, about people having secrets, and she spoke of parting with me, and she led me to the garden, and she said she would go to her room, and she did not really wish me to go, nor did I really wish to leave her. I have never been happy since that time. Sometimes I cannot help feeling sorry for her, but when I think she is deceiving you, I should like to drag her before the court, to accuse her to her face. When those gentlemen came here, Hans told me that the story of the stolen jewels was talked about of more than ever at New Orleans, and people now say that the princess was murdered, and her husband was concerned in it, and had him and the servants to escape. Did you not notice that M. Reinhart asked her that day if she had been in the princess's household? She answered, "No; but I could feel, as I held the back of her chair, that she trembled, and she spoke of parting with me, and she said, "Good heavens! how ill you look, M. D'Auban! Alas! alas! what can I do? I am only speaking the truth. I wish with all my heart it was otherwise. Hate me if you will, despise, disbelieve me, but do not be rash. Do not marry, perhaps. You think that I hope or expect . . ."

"Oh never, never in my wildest dreams has such a thought crossed my mind? If she was as good as she looks, if she would make you happy, willingly would I be her slave and she would be my mistress. Good heavens! how ill you look, M. D'Auban! Alas! alas! what can I do? I am only speaking the truth. I wish with all my heart it was otherwise. Hate me if you will, despise, disbelieve me, but do not be rash. Do not marry, perhaps. You think that I hope or expect . . ."

"My dear Simonette," said D'Auban, interrupting her, but speaking much more gently than he had yet done. "I am sure you are not so wicked as you seem. I feel bound to tell you that, in spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary, I still firmly believe in Madame de Mollan's innocence."

"And will you marry her?" exclaimed Simonette, wringing her hands, but he said, "I do not think of it, but I feel bound to tell you that, in spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary, I still firmly believe in Madame de Mollan's innocence."

"There is not the least prospect of my marrying Madame de Mollan. Do not distress yourself on that point; any for my sake be kind and attentive to her during the time she will yet remain here."

"Is she going away, sir?"

D'Auban covered his face with his hands. She looked at him with anguish. "How you must hate me!" she murmured. "No," he said, recovering his composure. "No, Simonette, much as I love it, it is natural you should have had suspicions—it could not have been otherwise. But I cannot talk to you any more now; I must be alone and think all day of what is right. If you are going to the village this evening, tell Father Maret I will call on him early to-morrow, and ask him and Therese to pray for you."

"That evening he sat in his study gazing on the glowing embers and absorbed in thought. Sometimes he started up and

walked up and down the room, making a full stop now and then, or, leaning up to the chimney, rested his head on his hands. "It would be too strange—too incredible," he ejaculated; "and yet the more I think of it, the more does the idea gain upon me. No, no; it is a trick of the imagination. If it was so, how did I never come to think of it before? Yet it tallies with the rest. It would explain everything. But I think I am going out of my mind to suppose such a thing."

There was a knock at the door, and when he said "Come in," Simon appeared.

He had returned, he said, from the north lakes, whether he had accompanied the travellers who had lately been to D'Auban's guests. He thought he would like to hear of their having journeyed so far in safety. Hans had come back with him; he had a dispute with his master about wages, and they had parted company. "He is gone to St. Agathe this evening; I fancy he admires my girl. They have always plenty to say to each other. He is a sharp fellow, Hans, and does not let the grass grow under his feet."

D'Auban felt a vague uneasiness at hearing of this man's return. It was from him Simonette had heard all the stories against Madame de Mollan. "I should not think," he said, "that this man can be a desirable acquaintance for your daughter."

"He seems a good fellow enough, and says that if she will take his advice he can show her how to better herself."

"In what way?"

"He does not exactly say, but I don't see why she should leave her present situation. Her wages are good, and I do not find she has anything to complain of; but she has always had a queer sort of temper. For my part, I think she might go farther and fare worse. Well, M. D'Auban, I only just looked in to let you know about your friend; I am off again to-morrow to the Arkansas. I have my own commands."

"No, thank you, nothing this time. "But just stop a minute; you have not had a glass of my French brandy. What do you know of this Hans's former history?"

"Not much. He has been in Spain, and Italy, and Russia. We never do know much of the people who come out here."

"I think you had better warn Simonette not to act on his advice as regards a change of situation. He cannot be a safe adviser or companion for her."

"She does not like him a bit. The girls as proud as a peacock; I wish she was married and off my hands. Well, this is good cognac, M. D'Auban, and I shall leave you to it. I do not think of the *la belle France*. I was thinking as I walked here, how good your brandy always is."

"It was fortunate, then, I did not forget to offer you a glass of it," D'Auban said with a smile.

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE FIRST APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC TILL HIS SECOND APPOINTMENT. A. D. 1672-1699.

When Talon demitted, on the retirement of M. de Courcelles, his own withdrawal from the intendancy, he had just gauged the character of Count de Frontenac. Though induced to remain in office for some brief time under the new administration, he retired before the fulfilment of the governor could involve him in any of the dissensions such a policy should provoke. His successor, M. Duchesneau, incurred from his very arrival the bitterest resentment of the governor. By his official instructions the new intendant was charged to preside at the meetings of the sovereign council. The governor refused, even in the face of the royal instructions, to renounce the presidency of the council. He even suspended some of the councillors who had proved intractable. The news of this high-handed course reaching the home government, drew censure of the sharpest nature upon the governor, and not alone for his usurpation of the presidency of the council, but for his injudicious interference in matters of purely ecclesiastical discipline. Duchesneau was confirmed in the presidency; the Count was given the second and the Bishop the third place, at the council board. Although perplexed by these dissensions, all of his own creation, the governor displayed in many respects a rare administrative capacity. He gave close attention to the administration of justice, and procured from time to time the promulgation of royal edicts in regard to this important function of government, which removed doubt, soothed discontent, and ensured order.

The sovereign council adopted, on the 11th of May, 1676, a series of police regulations which, admirably adapted to the requirements and circumstances of the colony and its growing population, reflected credit on the administrative skill of their authors. The greater part of these regulations regard the preservation of good order in the city and suburbs of Quebec. The establishment of markets, with provisions for the protection of citizens and the prevention of fire and other accidents, and the accommodation of the people of the city—are treated with exactitude and precaution in these regulations. These early legislators of our country were certainly not behind their successors in endeavouring to maintain a high moral tone in the colony. The law was applied to keepers of houses of public entertainment will bear favorable comparison with any modern legislation, either of the prohibitory or permissive stamp; while those adopted in regard to vagrancy, mendicancy and immorality, do honor to the legislators who enforced, and so the people who accepted them. Amongst the regulations should be noticed that which inflicts a severe penalty on blasphemy and profane language in regard to God, His Holy Mother, and the Saints, and that other which, in conformity with the general and judicious policy of the home government to preserve the religious unity of the colony, prohibits all

persons belonging to any of the so-called reformed religions sojourning in the colony without permission, and, if so permitted, making open profession of their religious belief. This regulation, severe with the numerous dissensions in the colony, the king at length addressed a sharp reprimand to the governor and demanded his return, with that of Duchesneau, as the sole remedy for the annoyance to which the colonists had, through the rivalry of these officials, been so long subjected.

The adoption of regulations so justly conceived and easy of equitable administration, was in itself an event of no usual significance, but the administration of Count Frontenac is distinguished by other events of signal importance.

These are the suppression of the West India Company, which had failed in carrying out its obligations to the crown and to the colony, and the exploration of the Mississippi to its outlet on the Gulf of Mexico. The first of these events occurred in 1674, the latter in 1682. The discovery of the Mississippi by Marquette and Joliet quickened the spirit of adventure characteristic of the French in the new world. The project of discovering a route to China and Japan by the North West had occupied the minds of several explorers. But their explorations, leading always to results either wholly unlooked for, or largely differing from their anticipations, threw this project repeatedly into the background. It was not, however, at any time wholly lost to view. The discovery of the Mississippi led to the sale, a young man of energy and ambition, to foster the hope that he might, by ascending instead of descending that stream, open a passage to the East. His activity and enthusiasm were stimulated to renewed purpose and firm resolve by his interviews with Joliet, on the return of the latter to Quebec. He at length laid his project before the governor, who, discerning in him many estimable qualities, acceded to his request by granting him a trading post at the foot of Lake Ontario, called after the Count himself, Fort Frontenac. He also gave him strong recommendations to the French Court, from whom de la Sale sought an exclusive license to trade with the Western tribes as a means of meeting the enormous outlay the prosecution of his design necessarily involved. La Sale departed for France in 1675. He was well received at court. His Majesty raised him to the ranks of the nobility and made him Seigneur of Cataragui, including Fort Frontenac, which he was to rebuild of stone. Thinking also granted him the full powers to trade and explore, which La Sale's ambitious projects suggested as necessary. Having strengthened Fort Frontenac, he revisited France in 1677, to seek further assistance. He received additional powers deemed necessary to render the success of his explorations lasting, namely, that of erecting fortified posts wherever the exigencies of trade and the interests of the French king demanded their erection. He also met with much private encouragement. On his return to Canada, in the summer of 1678, he was accompanied by the Chevalier de Tonti, a skilled and adventurous officer. Arriving in Canada, he hastened with his followers and stores to Cataragui, whence, on the 18th of November he departed for Niagara. Amongst those who accompanied him were the celebrated Francis and Father Hennepin. He erected a small fort at Niagara, and built a vessel which he called the "Griffin." In this vessel, on the 7th of August, 1679, he set sail for Detroit. On the 23rd of the same month he entered Lake Huron. Landing in September at the western coast of Lake Michigan, he loaded the "Griffin" with peltry and re-departed it to Niagara, to place its cargo at the disposal of his importunate creditors, who had, during his absence, confiscated his estates. The vessel never reached its destination, having disappeared with all on board. For some months La Sale anxiously awaited the return of the "Griffin," upon whose safe return so much depended in the way of ultimate success in his undertakings. No tidings of the missing vessel reached him, he decided on returning himself to Fort Frontenac, leaving the Chevalier de Tonti to command his fort at Creve Coeur, and instructing Father Hennepin to descend the river to its junction with the Mississippi, and thence ascend the latter to its source, and then depart for Cataragui. On his arrival in Canada he was enabled to make satisfactory arrangements with his creditors. Having also, after a time, procured reinforcements and stores, he proceeded to return to the Illinois. Meanwhile Father Hennepin explored the upper Mississippi as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, where the Sioux detained him for a time, releasing him only after he had pledged himself to return to them the following year.

At Creve Coeur the garrison mutinied, and the trader de Tonti was constrained to abandon the post. De la Sale finding the fort abandoned, spent some time in trading and forming treaties with the natives.

Guided by the results of Father Hennepin's explorations, he again resolved to return to Canada, his object now being to form an expedition to explore the Mississippi to its mouth. Accompanied by Pere Marquette and Tonti, with a well-provided exploratory force, he reached the Mississippi on the 6th of February, 1682. For the voyage he followed the course of the great river, re-covering the course followed by Marquette and Joliet to the Arkansas. But the Arkansas arrested not his onward course. He still pressed on with the current of the Mississippi till he at last, on the 4th of April—bright day in a glorious career—attained the outlet of this mighty stream. He took possession of the whole region and the Gulf of Mexico in the name of the French King, and, in gratitude for the favors received from his royal master, bestowed on it the appellation of Louisiana.

While La Sale was prosecuting his designs with success, the colony was once more distracted by dissensions between the governor and the clergy. The Bishop had never changed his views on the liquor traffic with the Indians, and felt mortified that the governor did not use every means within reach to prohibit this nefarious trade. The remonstrances of the prelate served only to provoke the anger of the governor, and widen the breach between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. This was not the only source of discord in New France. Between the intendant, Duchesneau, and the governor, there never had been any cordial good feeling. Recrimination was indulged in from time to time, and complaints from

both sides lodged with the home government. Maigneour de Laval carried the liquor traffic question to the court itself, and enlisted the sympathy and influence of many powerful advocates. Wearied with the numberless dissensions in the colony, the king at length addressed a sharp reprimand to the governor and demanded his return, with that of Duchesneau, as the sole remedy for the annoyance to which the colonists had, through the rivalry of these officials, been so long subjected.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

He that loses his conscience and his honor has lost everything that in this world is worth keeping.

He who bears failure with patience is as much a philosopher as he who succeeds in business; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

We oftentimes quite overlook the blooming beauties of the valley in our strained efforts to pierce the clouds which envelope the distant mountain-tops.

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

Whether the vices of a man a woman loves will drag her down, or can she prove the stronger power and become his carthy redeemer, is a momentous question.

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised toward an enemy when he cometh to thine house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade even from the woodcutter.

Lost—somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two Golden Hours, each set with sixty Diamond Minutes. No reward is offered, as they are lost forever.

There can be no hope for the political life of a nation until it learns to apply the same rules of morality to public as to private affairs.—Henry White.

No work begun in earnest, and followed up with quiet persistence, can fail ultimately to command success.—Letter to Mendelssohn from his father.

Let us open the windows of our souls and let in the light of the sunshine of Hope and the warm glow of Charity to permeate with spiritualizing effects the aridity of our dryness and the stagnation of our sluggish indifference.

When man shall have achieved every conquest of which his nature is capable, over himself as well as over the visible world—over both mind and matter—then, and not till then, will he be fully civilized.—Samuel Young.

Nothing cuts the sinews of exertion sooner than to set before ourselves a low standard of attainment. Let a young man say to himself: "I shall never be anything very great in the world—" he will be likely to be something very small.—W. H. Lewis.

When you find in a book counsels and precepts which may be useful to you in your household or daily avocations, you listen to copy the precept and consult it as an oracle. Do as much for the guidance of your soul; preserve in your memory, even write down, the counsels and maxims which you hear or read; then, from time to time, consult this collection, which will please you all the better for being your own work. Now, this collection of thoughts will be your own; you have chosen them because they pleased you. They are counsels which you have given yourself—moral maxims which you have discovered, and the efficacy of which you perhaps have proved.—Golden Rules.

Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and they pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever.

SCRIPTURES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In examining, even superficially, those ages which heretofore have dared to represent without the knowledge of the sacred writings, it is easy to convince ourselves that not only churchmen—that is to say, those who made a profession of learning—knew the Holy Scriptures thoroughly, but that laymen knew them almost by heart, and could perfectly comprehend the numerous quotations with which everything that has descended to us from this period—narratives, correspondence and sermons—are filled. Those who have ever opened any volume whatsoever written by the professors or historians of the Middle Ages must stand amazed before the marvellous power of falsehood when they reflect that it has been possible, even in our days, to make a large portion of the human race believe that the knowledge of Scripture was systematically withheld from the men who composed and from those who read the books of that age.—Montalembert.

IMMORTALITY.

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