### The Shipwreck.

The following beautiful little "gem," entitled "The Shipwreck," is from the pen and poetical brain of an esteemed friend, long since called to his reward;—and as the contributor has no knowledge of it ever appearing in print up to the present, he asks and solicits space for it in the "Young Folks Corner," of the Harp.—W. McK.

om the climes of the east, o'er the call

From the climes of the east, o'er the calm ocean waves, The vessel is gallantly sweeping; When far far-below, in their red coral graves, The hearts of the shipwrecked are sleeping, From the climes of the east to their own lovely isle,

The mariners gladly are steering,
And bright are their prospects, and sweet is their toil,

For no storm on their path is appearing. They think of the homes where their parents That shall greet them with tear-drops of

ness; wives of their love, each as gay as Shall lighten the heart of their sadness; Where their children shall meet them with

checks like the summer-tide blossoms; their sweethearts await, like the lilles in dew,
To drop overpower'd in their bosoms.

From slumber to temptest the ocean awakes Like the lions in hunger that waken, And the canvass is scatter'd like winter-snow flakes. flakes, And the masts like a willow are shaken, And down goes the ship, like a star from th

en the storm on the night-wind is dying—
And now the green sea waves all quiety lie,
Like the turf on the graves that are lying.

#### TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Simonette looked at him fixedly for a moment, then tried to undo the fastenings of her dress. She was too weak, and made a sign to Madame de Moldau to do it tor her. Then she drew from her bo som a newspaper and a letter. The former was a number of the "Gazzette de France," and an article in it was marked with black ink. She put her finger upon it, and beckoned d'Aubun to come nearer. "It was for this," she murmured. "That is why I wanted her to stay."

By Auban took the paper, and moved away a little. She watched him with an eagerness which brought a faint colour eagerness which brought a name contrary into her cheek. He, on the contrary glanced over the passage in the Gazette and then at the letter she had brought. and then at the letter sne nan He bed, and He came round to the side of the bed, and you give up your seat to me for a mo ment?" She looked surprised, but im mediately rose, and went out of the hut

with Therese.
D'Auban handed the newspaper and D'Auban nanded the newspaper and the letter to Father Maret, and then bend-ing down his head and taking Simonette's cold hand in his—"My poor child," he said; with a faltering voice, "you have killed yourself, I fear?"

"But you will be happy," she answered, and a large tear rolled down her "No! No! I shall always reproach my-self—always feel as if I had caused your

But you must not do so, because I am very glad to die, and always wished to die for you;" and turning to the priest she said, "Father! did not our Lord say that no greater love could a man have than to lay down his life for a friend." own his life for a friend ?"

God may hear our prayers, you may yet live," d'Auban cried not agitate her," Father Maret said; "let her tell you quietly what she wishes, and then leave her to turn all her thoughts to the next world."

lowing sentences:—"I had resolved to denounce her, because I thought she was wicked, and I was afraid you would marry her . . . But I heard her tell you her story . . and I saw how much you loved her . . . and that she loved you. Hans had told me the night before that he Hans had told me the night before that he thought the great emperor's son was dead. But he was not certain of it. . . I was going the next day . . . to New Orleans to accuse her . . I went, but it was to find out if she might stay . . if you could marry her . . . and be happy. ."

"Oh! Simonette, my dear, dear child, it breaks my heart." . Father Maret made an authoritive sign to him to command his feelings, and she went on in the same faltering voice:—

the same faltering voice:—
"I found it was true, and they gave me that newspaper, and M. Perrier wrote for me that letter, that you might be quite sure it was true." At that moment the poor girl, with the quick perception which even then she had not lost, saw a shade of anxiety in his face. "He did not know why I asked for it," she added; "I did not why I asked for it, She added, I did not tell him anything," She paused, and then her mind seemed to wander a little. She began again: "I went very quickly down the river, but I was very long coming back . . . like what you once said about sinning and repenting, Father. . .

But I did not repent of having gone . . . I prayed all the day . . . prayed so hard . . . and rowed very hard. But not so hard at last. I had nothing to eat. . . It was much longer than I thought from the last settlement. I ate grapes as I went along, but the rain had spoiled them . . . and I went so slowly . . . so slowly at last . . . and then when I could not row any more, I screamed." . . . "Oh! that scream," murmured d'Auban; "I shall re-

scream," murmured d'Auban; "I shall remember it to my dying day!" "I have only one thing more to say; I had always wished to die for you. Nothing, nothing else. If I have loved you too much, I hope God will forgive me."
"He will, my child," said the priest. "If now you turn to Him with all your heart; and oh! my child, if a human being has been so kind to you, and saved you from so many evils, as I know you think this good man has done; if he, God's creature, has man has done; if he, God's creature, has done so much for you think of what His goodness must be, of which all human odness is but a faint reflection.

Simonette raised her eyes to heavenher lips silently moved—a smile of greater sweetness than any that had ever lighted sweetness than any that had ever up her face before passed over it, and then she said in a low voice: "Father! during those long weary days, and the dark solitary nights, on the river, God was very good to me, and made me love Him more than any one on earth. I am very glad to go to Him. . . God of my heart, and my portien for ever!" She pressed the crucifix to her breast, and remained si-

lent.
Father Meret made a sign to d'Auban

to withdraw. In a little while he called him back, and Madame de Moldau and

him back, and Madame de Moidau and Therese and the servants knelt with him round the bed. The last sacraments were administered, and they all joined in the prayers for the dying. When Father Maret uttered the words "Go forth Chris-Maret uttered the words "Go forth Christian soul!" a faint struggle was visible in the palid face—a faint sigh was breathed, and then the heart that had throbbed so wildly ceased to beat. "Requiescat in pace!" said the priest, and d'Auban hid his face in the bed of moss, and wept like "Dead!" she slowly repeated. "How and then the heart that had throbbed so wildly ceased to beat. "Requiescat in pace!" said the priest, and d'Auban hid his face in the bed of moss, and wept like a child by the corpse of the poor girl who had loved him "not wisely, but too well."

There was something shrinking and sensitive in Madame de Moldau's disposition, which made her peculiarly susceptible of painful impressions. It is a mistake to suppose that those who are harshly and and found gui

to suppose that those who are harshly and unjustly treated, always or even generally, become callous to such treatment; that after having met with cruelty they are not sensible of slight unkindness. This is so far from being the case, that with re-gard to children who for years have had blows and curses for their daily portion, it is observed that tenderness and gentle-ness are peculi-rly needed, in order to avoid checking the gradual return to confidence, and expanding of affection in their young hearts. The new joy of being loved is easily extinguished. They are so fearful of losing it, that a cold look or a word from one who for the first time in their lives has fondled and caressed them, seems to wound them quite in a different manner from those on whom the sunshin manner from those on whom the sunsmine of affection has beamed from their earliest infancy. The heart, when sore with a heavy affliction, winces at every touch, and when on the contray, great happiness fills it, the least casual pleasure is sensinils it, the least casual pleasure is sensi-bly felt. The slow admittance of pleasur-able feelings in the case of those who grind amidst the stern necessities and iron facts of life, is one of the most affecting things noticed in dealing with the poor. It is akin to that gratitude of theirs which Wordsworth said "so often left him griev-

Madam de Moldau had experienced a Maam de Mondau had experienced a slight feeling, not of annoyance or displeasure, but simply depression, at the manner in which d'Auban appeared to have lost all thought of her during the whole time of poor Simonette's dying hours. This was selfish, heartless some people would say and there is no doubt hours. This was selfish, heartless some people would say; and there is no doubt that any engrossing affection, if it is not carefully watched, is apt to make us selfish and unfeeling. Confeience, reason and prayer, banish those bad thoughts more or less speedily in those under the influence of a higher principle; but the emotion which precedes reflection often marks the danger attending a top passion. marks the danger attending a too passion-ate attachment; and when it is one which ought to be subdued and renouncedwhich has not the least right to look for a returnor to expect consideration—sharp is the pang caused by any symptoms of neglect or indifference. Madame de Moldau did not know the bitter self-reproach which was affecting d'Auban's heart; she did not know that Simonette had lovingly thrown away her life for the sake of bringing him tidings which would change the whole as-pect of his destiny and of her own. But she saw him hanging over her death-bed with irrepressible emotion, his eyes full of tears—his soul moved to its very depths. It did so happen, that when he rose from the side of the dead, he had abruptly left the hut, as if unable to command his He did feel at that moment as if he could not look at her. The new hope which had come to him was so mingled with thoughts of the closing scene, and of the sacrifice of Simonette's young life, The dying girl raised herself up a little, and uttered at different intervals the following without speaking to her without speaking to her and by

her without speaking to her, straight into the church. Meanwhile she suffered intensely. True, she had made up her mind to separate from him, to accept a lonely existence in a distant country, even perhaps never to set eyes upon him again; but to think he had not really cared for her—cared perhaps for another person under her roof— the thought stabbed her to the heart, even as if no unreal weapon had inflicted the wound. Her brow flusned with a woman's resentment. The pride of a royal line the German ancestral pride latent within her, burst forth in that hour with a vehe mence which took her by surprise. Had Charlotte Brunswick, the wife of the Czar-ovitch, the daughter of princes, the sister of queens and kings, been made the object of a momentary caprice? Had she tacitly owned affection for a man who had loved a baseborn Quadroon? The fear was

maddening.
Yes! madness lies that way. An injury res: manness hes that way. An injury received—a wrong suffered at the hands of one loved and trusted, may well unsettle reason on its throne—the mere suspicion of it makes strange havoc in the brain, when we rest on the wretched pinnacle we raise for ourselves—the false Gods of our worship. There is but one remedy for worship. There is but one remedy for that parching fever of the soul. To bow down lower than men would thrust us. To fall down at His feet who knelt at the feet of Peter and even of Judas-who would have knelt at our feet had we been there. This is the thought that leaves no room for pride, scarcely for indignation, as far as we are ourselves concerned. It had been often set before Madame de Moldau, and its remembrance soon caused a reaction in her feelings. What was she, poor worm of earth, that she should resent What had she done to deserve affection ? How should she dare to sus pect the sincerity of so true a heart—so noble a character? And if, as she had And if, as she had sometimes thought, that poor girl loved him, had she not a better right to do so than herself, a wedded wife, who ought never to have admitted this affection into her heart? And did not her untimely death claim from him a more that common pity? The cold dull hardness in her bosom gave way to tenderness. The sweetness way to tenderness. The sweetness of humiliation, the joy of the true penitent, took its place. She went into the chamber of death, and remained there till Father Maret came to request her to follow him

D'Auban was there. He went up to her as she entered, and seemed about to speak, but, as if unable to do so, he whispered to the Father: "I cannnot break it to her; tell her yourself." Then, holding her hand in both his, he said, with much " Princess! thus much let me say before I go; whatever may be your wishe or your commands, my time, my actions, and my life, are at your disposal."

She looked up in astonishment, and when he had left the room turned to Fa-

ther Maret and asked, "What does he mean? What has happened?"

"He alludes, Princess, to a great event, the news of which has just reached us; One that touches you nearly." He paused a minute, and then quietly added, "The Czorovitch is dead." She did not start, or faint, or weep. For several minutes she sat still, not knowing what was the kind of feeling which tightened her heart, oppressed her brain, and kept her silent and motionless as a statue.

"She did not start, or faint, or weep. For several minutes she kind of feeling which tightened her heart, oppressed her brain, and kept her silent and motionless as a statue.

"It is a mournful story," the Father answered. "The Prince came back to Russia, as you know, on a promise of par-don; but fresh accusations were brought against him since his return. He was tried,

and found guilty."
"Oh! do not tell me that his father put
him to death."

"The account given in this paper from "The account given in this paper from Russian sources is, that his sentence was read to him, and that the shock proved fatal to a constitution weakened by excesses. It says he fell ill, and never rallied again. It also mentions that he received the last sacraments before the whole court; that he requested to see his father before his death, and they embarced with more tear. The French editor. with many tears. The French editor however, throws great doubts on the correctness of this statement, and hints at the prince having been poisoned by his fa-

"Oh! surely this must be false. I cannot, cannot believe it. . . . Is it not too horrible to be true? And yet, after what I have seen. . . Oh! why did I ever belong to them? Why was my fate cast with their?"

"You are not obliged; you had better not, Princess, form a judgement on these conflicting statements. Leave the doubt-ful, the dreadful past in God's hands. Think of it only when you pray, that your husband's soul may find mercy, and that this terrible event may have changed

He may have repented, poor Prince He had some kind of faith, and he loved his mother. If he had had a wife who had prayed for him then. . . . Oh! my God, forgive me." She sank down on her knees—then suddenly lifting up her haad, she asked, "How did this news come? Is it certainly true?"

"Perfectly certain- the poor girl who \*\*Perfectly certain— the poor girl who brought the newspaper from New Orleans also brought a letter from M. Perrier to M. d'Auban, which places the matter beyond all doubt. Will you read it, Princess?" "Read it to me," she answered. her eyes filling with tears. "I cannot see." Father Maret read as follows:—

sec." Father Maret read as follows:—
"My DEAR M. D'AUBAN,—
"A young woman, who says she is
your servant, has made a very earnest request that I should state to you in writing that the news contained in the number of the 'Gazette de France.' relative to the death of the Czarovitch of Russia, is perfectly authentic. It is most undoubtedly so; notice of this Prince's demise has been received at the Court of France, and their Majesties have gone into mourning. I do not know on what ac-count, nor would your servant tell me why, this intelligence is important to you. I conjecture that it may have some connection with a robbery of jewels belonging to the late Prince's wife, which are said to have been sold in the colony. If any in-formation on that subject should come to your notice, I should feel obliged to you to believe it an idle story. Wishing you every happiness, I remain, my dear M. d' Auban.

Perrier." ing the Canadian people, Britain had
Perrier ing the Canadian people, Britain had
Perrier ing the Canadian people, Britain had
Perrier ing the Canadian people, Britain had de Moldau. "These are then the papers she gave M. d'Auban. This was what she

she gave M. d'Auben. This was what she was pointing to when she touched her breast whilst lying half unconscious on my knees. But what, reverend father, do you suppose was exactly her object?"

Madame de Moldau blushed deeply as she put this question, and as Father Maret hesitated a little before answering it, she said: "Had she, as M. d'Auban thought, overheard our conversation on the night before she went away? Do you think she knew who I am ?"

"No doubt that she did, Princess. She told us that she had intended to go to New Orleans to accuse you of possessing stolen jewels, but that having discovered who ou are, she went, but with a different you are, she went, but with a different purpose. She wished to find out if you were free, thinking, I suppose, that this knowledge might greatly influence yours and M. d'Auban's fate."

"Poor girl, poor Simonette, it was for his sake, then; but I do not see, I do not know, that it can make any difference. . . . thought she had left me in anger. Thank God, I did not resent it; but how little did I think. . . . . Good heavens, if it was for him, Father; for his sake, she did this; what a wonderful instance of devoted dis-interested affection! How mean, how I think of her. Even now I cannot helm thinking of myself, of the change in my fate, what it might lead to, what it might involve . . . . There are so many obsta-cles besides the one so suddenly, so terri-bly removed. . . . Poor girl, it would be sad if she had sacrificed herself in vain. My mind is so confused, I scarcely know

what I think or say."
"And you should not try to think, or o resolve, whilst you are so much agitated. The Bible says, 'Do not make haste

in time of clouds.''"

"But I do not feel as if I should ever be calm again, and I hate myself for think-ing of anything to-day but the death of that poor prince,—he hated me. but he was the father of my child. My child my poor forsaken child. I should never have left him. I did not know what I was doing. O! reverend father, was it not unnatural, horrible, in a mother to

we her child! . . . . "
'You were, in a certain sense, compelled to do so, Princess. Your life was threat-ened, and it is very probable that by your flight you saved your husband from the

commission of a crime."
"True; Gcd bless you for those words -for reminding me of that." She was silent for a moment, and then said in an excited manner: "I cannot see or speak to M. d'Auban for some days. I must be alone. I want to see no one but you and I don't want to go back to St.

Agathe just now."
"You would, I think, find it a comfort

perhaps I ought still to go."
"Princess, that is a question you cannot decide in a moment. Time and prayer

must help you to it."

"And you, too, will help me?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

# CANADIAN CONFEDERATION

FROM THE RE-APPOINTMENT OF COUNT FRONTENAC TO THE TREATY OF UTRECHT, A. D., 1689-1713.

M. de Callieres, who had in the govern-orship of Montreal long shown administra-tive capacity of a high order, succeeded Count de Frontenac in the governorship-in-chief. His place at Montreal was filled

by the Chevalier de Vaudreuil.

M. de Callieres gave his immediate attention to the conclusion of peace with the Iroquois tribes. He sent delegates to the Onondagas to treat for an exchange of Onondagas to treat for an exchange of prisoners, thus paving the way for the negotiations subsequently entered into. The success of his efforts drew sharp remonstrances from the English colonial authorities of New York, who, attributing the threatened alienation of the Iroquois from their interests to the influence of the Jesuits, their chargin found expression in a heretheir chagrin found expression in a bar-barous enactment of the colonial legisla-ture, condemning every priest to death who should voluntarily enter the province.

The inhumanity of the cruellest of the ab-origines is humanity itself when compared with this brutal legislation of civilized men.
In the summer of 1701 de Callieres as sembled the delegates of the five nations and the Indian allies of the French at Montreal, where a solemn treaty of peace was signed and ratified. By this treaty peace was restored to the aboriginal nations from Hudsons Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. To consolidate French influence in the West, the governor founded a settlement with a fort and trading port at Detroit. The settlement of Detroit dates from June, 1701, when De Cadillac, with a Jesuit mis

1701, when De Cadillac, with a Jesuit missionary and one hundred French soldiers, laid its foundation.

The peace of Ryswick was of very brief duration. The accession of Philip V., grandson of Louis XIV. of France, to the throne of Spain, gave marked offence to the other European powers, who looked on any further aggrandizement of the power of the French sovereign as dangerous to international security; accordingly, an to international security; accordingly alliance was formed between England, Ger-many and Holland, to which Prussia, Savoy and Portugal were afterwards added against France and Spain. The fierce and bitter struggle which followed, known in history as the "War of the Spanish succession," soon rekindled hostilities in the New World. D'Iberville proposed a land expedition to move in winter against Boston and New York, but the project was abandoned for want of men. Had the French doned for want of men. government directed some earnest attention at this time to colonial interests in America, and endeavored to meet at leas half way with encouragement and assistuban, "Your attached and obedient servant, the interests of the mother country actuat-

vasion, not by rebellion.

Hostilities were hardly commenced in America, when M. de Callieres died. This melancholy event occurred on the 20th of May, 1703. His administration was, if brief, prudent and successful. As in the governorship of Montreal, so in the higher position of governor general of New France, he manifested the caution, skill, moderation and firmness so essential to a just and discriminating administrator. just and discriminating administrator. His death was, therefore, deeply deplored by none more sincerely than the aboriginal populations, who in him always found a friend, protector and counseller. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was, on the death of de Callieres, named governor general. He found the country, on his promotion to the chief executive office, in a very critical condition. To the parent state Canada could not look for any assistance worthy the name, while the fidelity of the aborigines, tampered with by British agents, could not be relied on with safety. By prompt and skilful action, M. de

ail accomplished that which delay Vaudreuil accomplished that which delay would have jeopardized and incapacity frustrated. He succeeded in keeping the Iroquois faithful to their pledge of neutrality, while the Abenaquis continued as faithful as ever to French interests. Combined expeditions of Canadians and aborations of tracked warriers. No. Exchange of the contract of the contra igines attacked various New England setthements, inflicting the gravest injuries on the British colonies. In February, 1704, one of these expeditions, under Hertel de Rouville, attacked the settlement of Deerfield and completely destroyed it. This last attack roused the New Englanders to action. An expedition against Acadia was planned and organized at Boston. The ex-pedition consisted of three vessels of war with transports and barge carrying a land force of five hundred and fifty men.

M. de Brouillon had been transferred

from Placentia in Newfoundland, to succeed M. de Villebon as governor of Acadia, on the death of the latter in 1700. With the scanty means at his command, the Acadian governor met the assailants with determination and success. At Port Royal, Les Mines and Beaubassin, the Anglo-Americans, were driven off with such loss eventually forced the expedition to

In 1707, another expedition was directed gainst Acadia by the New Englanders, his expedition carried a land force of 2,000 men under Colonel Mark. Port Royal was reached on the 6th of June. The governor, M. de Subercase, who had succeeded M. de Brouillon on the death of the latter in 1706, put the fortifications of the town in as good repair as circumstances permitted, and with the aid of a re-inforcement of sixty Canadians under M. de St. Castin, successfully resisted the assault. But the determination of the New Englanders did "You would, I think, find it a comfort to remain here with Therese, and near the church. M. d'Auban intends, immediately they forwarded a reinforcement of five

hundred soldiers to Col. Marck, who re-newed the attack in August. But he was again defeated with very heavy loss, and re-embarked utterly disheartened. From the opening of hostilities, British vessels inflicted every practicable injury on the French trading posts and fishing sta-tions in Newfoundland. But the French were soon roused to retailition. were soon roused to retaliation. At the head of 450 men, in which was included a body of Canadians, 112 strong, under the leadership of M. de Beaucourt, M. de Subercase, Governor of Newfoundland, reduced, in the winter of 1704, several British ports and burned the town of St. John's. Two forts at St. John and a port at Carbonnear, now alone acknowledged British sway in the island. Even the forts at St. John succumbed in the course of time, and the French—had the mother country evinced greater interest in her American possessions—thereby placed in a position to retain undisputed mastery of this valuable country. In 1709 the colonial assembly of New York petitioned the mother country to grant the Anglo-American colonies assistance to enable them to reduce French sistance to enable them to reduce French America. A promise of assistance was given. Acting on this promise, the colon-ists assembled a force at Lake Champlain to proceed against Montreal, while a fleet conveying five British regiments and 1200 militiamen, was to set sail from Boston for Quebec. Quebec was accordingly put in preparation for assault, and a large force raised to defend Montreal.

The regiments destined to assist in the invasion of Canada were delayed in Spain.

invasion of Canada were delayed in Spain, and the whole scheme failed, with immense pecuniary loss to the colonists. In the following year, however, a fleet of fifty vessels, conveying 3,500 men, sailed from Boston for Port Royal, whose slender gar-rison of one hundred and fifty men sur-rendered after a brave resistance. With Port Royal, the greater part of Acadia fell into British hands.

In 1711, Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker brought to America seven regiments of regular troops to assist the colonists in their projects on New France. The arrival of so large a force of veteran soldiers, fresh from victory in Europe, inspired the New Englanders with renewed hope. The force of regulars was strengthened by a large body of militia, raising the number large body of militia, raising the number of men destined to operate against Quebec to 6,500, while another body of 4,000 mil-itia and 600 Iroquois, was raised to move by the Lake Champlain valley to Montreal. The whole available force of New France The whole available force of New Figure
was about five thousand regular soldiers
and militia, with five hundred savages.
But the city of Quebee was placed in the
best available form of defence. Its approaches were carefully guarded, and the discipline maintained amongst its defenders so exact that each man knew his post, understood his duty perfectly, and placed implicit confidence in his chiefs.

But the British naval expedition never reached Quebec. Overtaken by a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in which eight vessels were destroyed and nine hun-dred lives lost, the fleet was forced to seek shelter on the coast of Cape Breton Here a council of war decided on the abandonment of the enterprise. Canada was thus saved the horrors of a formidable

vasion. Meanwhile, the French settlements at Detroit were menaced by savage assaults from the Ontagamies or Foxes. But the abor-iginal allies of the French of various tribes rallied around the standard of the Govern-or, M. Dubrusson, who, not without difficulty, however, succeeded in driving the Ontagamies from Detroit, and forcing them to surrender. The retention of De-troit saved French dominion on the west-ern lakes, and over the whole region to

miliation on the arms of Britain, its fortunes in Europe were adverse to France. An empty treasury, an exhausted army and failing crops, made the conclusion of and tailing crops, made the constraint peace a desideratum, if not indeed a necessity for that country. The terms agreed to at Utrecht were truly humiliating to the French government. The conquests achieved by the brave Canadians in Hudsons bay territory, Newfoundland and Acadia were all surrendered to Britain. noble results of Canadian valor and intre-pidity were thus sacrificed without consid-eration. Cape Breton alone, of the mareration. Cape Breton alone, of the mar-itime possessions of France in North Amer-ica, was retained, but Acadia and New-foundland gave the command of the gulf to the British, and rendered its retention for a time of little value.

The treaty of Utrecht robbed New

France of all the advantages conferred by that of Ryswick, and paved the way for the total destruction of French power in the new world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

After a considerable delay caused by unavoidable proceedings, the work of rebuilding and restoring the portion of Maynooth College some time ago destroyed by fire has been placed in the builders' hands and is rapidly progressing. The roof is being constructed on that part of the building where the library is situated, and in a few weeks hence will be completed. The restoration of the adjoining side of the square will then be commenced. The new church will soon be in condition for opening. The roof is finished and the ceiling ing. The roof is finished and the ceiling of polished wood has been put up. As the scaffolding is being removed from the interior, a better view can be obtained of the building and its beautiful proportions are made apparent. A good many matters, however, of detail have yet to be executed, so that the opening of the church will not probably take place for a few months hence.

#### THE EMPRESS EUGENIE IN ZULU-LAND.

A telegram from Durban gives some in-A telegram from Durban gives some in-teresting particulars respecting the visit of the Empress Eugenie to the place where her son was killed. Leaving Helize on the 1st of June, the Empress expressed a wish to ascend a hill where the ambulance stopped to take up the remains of her son. Thence she proceeded on foot into the valley towards the donga where the body was found, following precisely the same track as the officers who went in search of the corpse. The road was stony and rough, but, in spite of all remonstrances from her attendants, the Empress persisted in her intention. In the distance gleamed the the art of conversation at home.

white monument, thrown into sharp relief by the dark background, but it only seemed to catch the eye of the Empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as in supplication to wards heaven, the tears poured over her cheeks, worn with sorrow and vigils, she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant Lomas, who had accompanied the prince to the war, went through the sad story of what had happened last year. The tents were pitched in the valley, and the Empress stayed there two days. On the following day she went to Fort Napoleon, and then to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day visited the field of Isandula, and prayed there with the English women, who had come there to mourn their husbands and there with the English women, who had come there to mourn their husbands and

#### GOOD WORDS.

Nothing is so near love as piety. From mistaken apprehensions of Providence proceed almost all the errors of ereligious faith.—De Fenelon.

It is a mistake to say a person "falls" in love. Love is a long step upward towards heaven.

Association teaches more than books. Aim to pass your social hours only with the brave, the noble and the good. Cherish the old knightly virtue of chivalrous courtesy for woman, sweet woman! whose gentle, refining influence, pure and high resolve, patient, watchful care, and true and holy love, will do more to encourage your efforts, perfect your char-acter, ennoble your ambition and exalt and purify your lives, than all the 'ora-tions' which might be culled from the garnered wisdom of a thousand years.'

There are in knowledge these two excellences: First, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "Serve mankind and you serve yourself;" to the latter, "In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is even that the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motives as he increases the love, and at last worships he increases the love, and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar. - E. L. Bulmer.

How false is the charge breathed from man's lips, that woman never admires woman—that we are incapable of lofty feeling of admiration of our own sex either for beautiful qualities or beauteous form. There is no object of creation more fraught with interest than a young girl standing on the threshold of a new ex-istence; beautiful, innocent, and true; offstence; beautiful, innocent, and true; on-spring as yet of joy and hope alone, but before whom stretches the dim vista of graver years, and the yearning thought, un-spoken griefs, and buried feelings, which even in the happiest career must still be woman's lot. There may be many who cannot see a charm and feel no interest woman's lot. There may be many who cannot see a charm, and feel no interest in girlhood's beauty; but not in such is woman's best and holiest nature, and therefore not by such should she be judged.—

Grace Aguilar in "Vale of Cedars."

Careful attention to manners and behaviour of children is among the most important parental duties; because so much of the comfort and happiness of a family, and of friends, depends upon th deportment of the younger members. Only the most gentle firmness will restrain and guide without making the teaching galling and a bondage that leads to deceit. Res pectful demeanor to elders, loving at-tention to the wishes of the parents, the thousand small courtesies that are claimed for superiors extended to their young associates and to the servants, which can only come as the result of careful parental guidance, are much less strictly to among a large proportion of families than is desirable. This neglect, so annoying to all who are compelled to endure or witness it, is not injurious to the young. The beginning of the evil can be traced to the fact that parents and teachers seldom realize that they are under any obligarealize, that they are under any obliga-tions to treat children politely. If our children do not see us practise the politeness which we inculate, why should they believe our precepts are of any great importance? Children have as strong claims for civil, polite attention as their elders have. Such gentle courtesy as we show to our friends, or are expected to, if ex-tended to the children will not interfere with the the respect, deference, or obedi-ence to parental authority which is desir-able and should be secured. Parents and teachers, on the contrary, will find an ample reward if they teach children good manners by their own example as well as by precept. Elegant or polished manners are most desirable. It is not easy to define exactly what the term "good mannne exactly what the term "good manners" means. There was never any book which defined it so that one term comprehended the whole. But with all, educated or uneducated, who really possess this good thing, it is very easily recognized. Many who have never read a page on etiquette, and know not one of the rules that are expected to be the "open sesame" into the "best society," are beautiful examples of a wise mother's training. We amples of a wise mother's training. We do not pretend to describe it, but there is an indefinable, indescribable something by which one can usually recognize a true gentleman or lady.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

# TALK TO THE CHILDREN,

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents, what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent people. We some grow up intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activities the same and the same among their children. tivity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people- a place from which they escape if they can. How much useful information, and what ur conscious but excellent mental training in lively, social argument! Cultivate to the ptm