

welling up in an overflowing stream, it rushes down like a mountain torrent, and sweeps away everything in its course. We find this exemplified in the tender devotion of the religious, in that love of which the poets sing, and in friendship. A man may have had the sources of affection dried-up by reverses in life, by the fickle conduct of pretended friends, or by having lead a perverted youth so as to become hardened in crime and insensible to every kindly impulse, yet that man had once within his bosom a well, as it were, of tenderness that might have been lavished upon some one had it not been chilled by an evil mischance. Man, therefore, has a disposition which prompts him to seek the friendship of his fellow-men, and renders indispensable the kindly aid, the cheering words and ever-ready consolation of a friend. It is a feeling, too, not confined to any particular rank or class, cherished alike by the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, the slave and the freeman. How many examples does history afford us of a friendship faithful unto death between master and bondsman, between haughty knight and humble retainer?

In the choice of one, great care must be exercised, for too often have so-called friends proven unfaithful in the dread emergency when all hung by a single hair, when the breath of calumny ran rife about us, or in a need when a friend would have proved "a friend indeed." Too many are friends for the moment that we bask in the bright sunshine of Fortune's smile, but, when the cold, dark hour of misfortune comes, they will abandon us to struggle alone. We will find examples of this in every-day life, and there is but one way to avoid this hidden reef of the social world, and that, says Young, is to

"First on thy friend delib'rate with thyself;  
Pouse, ponder, sit; not eager in the choice  
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing fix:  
Judge before friendship; then confide till death."

When we have chosen a friend, when we have tried him and he gives forth the true ring, what pleasurable emotions should be ours! They almost call to mind the story of Damon and Pythias, the love of Nisus and Euryalus. True friendship is one of those few boons that the Omnipotent has bestowed on the human race, and when man can find it pure and steadfast there is nothing more delightful, more consoling or more noble. Is it not consummate felicity to have a friend mingle his tears with ours, to have him bend beneath our burdens, struggle against our obstacles, rejoice in our triumphs, share in our joy, and partake of our happiness? History abounds in illustrations of it, fiction revels in it, and poets never tire of singing its praises.

Living friends full of gentle words and kind encouragement are often the only sunlight that brightens the gloom of this lower world, and dying friends are "the pioneers that smooth

our rugged path to death." Even when they die and leave us alone, can we not look up to them as they sit enthroned amid the blessed cherubim and seraphim of heaven, and console ourselves, when the last sad, agonizing moment comes, and we have to give up the ghost, with the thought that they, at least, watch and pray for us. The noblest part a man can act is to be a true, a faithful friend; to stake his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to aid and serve him, and to bear a friend's infirmities for friendship's sake. The clouds of adversity may dim for a time the bright radiance of prosperity's sun, and fate may abandon us to the tender mercies of an unfeeling world, but a true friend will ever remain staunch and steadfast despite the chilling blasts of misfortune.

#### THE BAZAAR AT THE CONVENT, ST. LAURENT, NEAR MONTREAL.

*Mr. Editor*:—Feb. 21st and 22nd were days of merriment to the pupils and unceasing toil to our teachers, the Rev. Marianites of the Holy Cross. The young ladies free for a time from their arduous tasks gave vent to the exuberance of their youthful hearts in merry peals of laughter, which rang throughout the spacious hall, much to the enjoyment of the many visitors. The zealous Sisters in more serious accents displayed to the enrapt gaze of the guests the many costly articles which emanated from the practiced hand of teacher and pupil. But, perhaps, the fresh young beauty of the little ones had more effect in soliciting the names of those who thronged our halls during these two days. How earnestly did they, with pencil and paper in hand, co-operate with us in endeavoring to liquidate the debt of our Alma Mater! The hall of the Bazaar was beautifully decorated for the occasion. From a pendant cluster of flags hung, in graceful folds, variegated streamers of bunting. Evergreens were artistically woven around the columns, and contributed much to enhance the beauty of the decoration. Along the extended rows of counters were arranged many wondrous productions of art, which mutely spoke the generosity of the donor or the inventive genius of the maker. Though the weather was extremely unfavorable, the success of the fair was far beyond the greatest expectation of the Sisters. In the space of two days was realized the sum of \$500. The parishioners and many friends from Montreal enlivened the occasion by their presence. Many members of the College Faculty also visited us, one of whom, by the way, succeeded in winning a valuable silk bed-spread. A beautiful and costly china tea-set, presented by Mr. J. Dineen of Montreal, was won by Mr. Sullivan. The wax flowers so much admired during the bazaar, after an exciting contest was finally drawn by one of the pupils, a Miss C. Leclair of Ste. Rose. A heavy gold set of ladies' jewellery was won by Mr. Charles Poirier of Shediac,