BY JOHN SCOTT. We only ask, my heart and I,
A little peace, a little rest;
We've traveled far, my heart and I,
And none responds to our request.
The hill of life is steep and high,
And thorns the grasses underlie,
We know it well—my heart and I.

The Hill of Life.

We've had our foes, my heart and I; We've had our friends, We've had our loves, my heart and I, Where friendship ends. we've bid a hundred loves good-by, We've seen a nundred friendships die Aye, that we have—my heart and I.

We've met with scorn, my heart and I; We've met with praise; When envy let his arrows fly To mar our days.
To mar our days.
We'd laugh to see them pass us by;
If cunning forged a subtle lie.
We would his fiendish arts defy.
And foil our foes—my heart and 1.

When beauty, blushing sweet and shy, When beauty, butsning sweet and shy.
Would unaware,
Pierce my warm heart with glances sly,
We'd shun the snare,
Old trout avoid the angler's fly,
And fathless hearts would vainly try
To separate my heart and I.

Now, here we are, my heart and I, While far below While far below
We hear the nurmuring nations cry,
And reap and sow;
We've sown and reaped, my heart and I,
And only ask in peace to die,
God grant us rest—my heart and I!
—Frish Times.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

ment, shone upon me. She had not yet learnt the cold reserve which royalty en-forces. The womanly heart of the Lith-"There is something very fearful," d'Auban said, " in a child's hatred. It is almost always founded on a secret or acknowledged conciousness of injustice, desolate princess; she clasped me to her breast, and I felt hot tears falling on my brew. She doubtless guessed what I had already suffered, and the doom that was or the feeling that some great injury has been done to itself or to another. Noth-ing destroys so effectually youthfulness of reserved to me; for she knew what it was to be wedded to a Romanoff—to live in fear "And the prince's hatred extended also

in some measure to his father: he looked upon him as an oppressor whose will it was all but hopeless to withstand, but a sort of infatuation urged him on to the unequal struggle. There was not one subject on which the son did not abhor his olicy. He detested foreign manners and foreign languages, and, above all, foreign innovations. He loathed the sight of the new capital, which had risen up in a day, and taken the place of the beautiful city of his birth—the Queen of the old Muscovite empire. The Emperor's assumption of supremacy in ecclesias-tical matters, and the supprersion of the patriarchate, were in his eyes acts of au-dacious impiety. His attachment to theological studies in his youth was a singular trait in his character. He had twice written out the whole of the Bible in his own hand, and was by no means an unmarriage he was surrounded alternately by his drunken companions and by the clergy of the Russian Church. From a child he was taught to conspire, and urged to carry on a fruitless contest with a master mind and a despotic will which crushed him and raised him up again with contemptuous ease. He was always lifting up his arm against the giant who despised him. Defeated but not subdued, he maddened in the conflict, and vented his rage on those within his reach M. d'Auban, do you remember the Indian legend that Therese repeated to us on the eve of New Year's

Day?"
"The story of Hiawatha? I noticed at
"The story of Hiawatha? I seemed to the time that some parts of it seemed to strike you very much."

It made me think of the struggle I am plarly which describe how Hiawatha fought with his father, the ruler of the west wind, to avenge the wrongs of his mother, the lily of the prairie, the beautiful Wenonah. hurled at the giant the fragments of jutting rocks :

n Jutting rocks:

For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was;
But the ruler of the west wind
Blew the fragments backward from him
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger.

Yes, those words made me tkink of the Czarovitch's struggle against his iron hearted father, who never loved him, but bore with him; and with a great patience, in which there was not one atom of feeling or of kindness, sought to make him a fit successor to his throne. "Now, M. d'Auban, you can imagine

Now, M. d'Auban, you can imagine with what feelings that rebellious spirit, that resentful son, that wild and weak young man, must have looked upon the bride which his father had chosen for him -the German bride, who could not speak one word of the Russian language, an who, with child-like imprudence, showe her aversion to many of the customs of Russia, some of them very little ones which Alexis would almost have died to uphold; who spoke with enthuiasm of the Czar; who babbled, God forgave her! of philosophy and free thinking, but loathed the sight of his vices and excesses. In the sight of his vices and excesses. In those first days of marriage, of complete ignorance of all that surrounded me, how I rushed, like a fool, where angles, as the English poet said, would have feared to tread! How I unconsciously sported with the elements of future misery, and thought I could tame, by playful looks and words, the fierce nature of my huspoet said, would have feared to

'It was a few days after we had arrived at the Palace at St. Petersburg that I received my first lesson in the Greek religion; and in the evening, whilst conversing with General Apraxin, I laughed at the pains which my instructor had taken to explain to me that the Czar could not be tichrist, as the number 666 was not to be found in his name. I saw my husband's eyes fixed upon me with a look of hatred which curdled the blood in my veins Another time I was listening with a smile to the ridiculous account which one of the Czar's favorite French officers was giving of the discipline to which the Russian peasants subjected their wives, and of the pride which a true Muscovite woman in the chastisements inflicted by her took in the chastisements minicted by ner-lord and master. The word "Barbar-ians" escaped my lips. The Czarovitch started up in fury, and dealing me a heavy blow, exclamed—"This will teach you, madame, to turn into ridicule the ancient customs of our nation."

"I turned away from him with a cry of

I turned away from him with a cry of terror, and from that day I never was free from fear in his presence. When the Cza was within reach I felt sure of his protec When the Czar tion, but as he was seldom at St. Peters-burg or at "loscow for any length of time,

I was left to the tender mercies of my mixed up with drunken orgies and savage revelries, which sometimes, out of caprice, the prince forced me to witness. At other times I was left in absolute neglect, and "Oh what that life was; what that life became—every part of it, every moment of it! I had not one human being about

was of Russian parentage himself, and ob

tained permission to enter my household. The Countess of Konigsmark was very kind to me, and there was one other per-

son in that great empire who also felt for the Czar vitch's wife; one whom so many speak against; one whose life has been extraordinary, though a very differ-

ent one from mine; one who may have been guilty towards others, God only knows, but to me a friend to more than

royal friendship true. Never, as long as life and memory last, can I forget the kindness of the Empress Catherine.

"The first day I saw her—it was just after the Czar had recognized her as his wife—my heart was very sore. Disenchantment, that sickness of the soul—a still more hopeless one than that of hope deferred—had come over me. No one had said a word of the days of the soul—a side word of the days of the soul—a side word of the days of the soul—a side word of the soul of

said a word of tenderness to me since I had left home. The Countess of Koings-

mark was not yet in Russia. I had no feeling for or against the new empress. My husband detested her; but I had es-poused none of his hatreds, and was more inclined towards those whom his friends

opposed than those whom he favored.

When I saw her handseme face beaming upon me with the sunshiny look which, it is said, made her fortune, it seemed as if a ray of real sunshine had, for a mo-

and trembling with a hand on the lion's mane. She knew how fierce a thing was even the love of one of that race: well

might she divine what their hatred might be. Our meetings were not frequent—

our interviews short. The Czar, as y know, was ever travelling in and beyon his vast empire, and she was ever by

side. It was his desire, at that time, that the Czarovitch should try his hand at

governing during those absences. He took care, however, to restrain his power, and

to have a close watch kept over his actions.

He compelled me, in spite of ever-increasing bad treatment of the prince, to remain with him; for he knew that all my ideas

coincided with his own, and were opposed to those of my husband. He hoped

should gain an influence over him. It was

a vain hope.
"I will not dwell on one circumstance

"It was no secret," Madame de Moldau

s of hyp

nimself a Christian; but the Greek religion

enforces observances which are a mockery if practiced without faith in them. I

Greek Church. The Czar did not compel me to it; but many a fearful scene I had

on state occasions, I went to church with

him, my presence only irritated his fana-

ticism. His religion consisted in a kind of gloomy, intense devotion to a national

form of worship, identified with his pre-judices, but without any influence on his

heart or life. My own early impressions

were too vague, too indefinite, to offer any standing-ground between the tenets which

that I became almost an infidel?"

"It would have been strange had it

s a great mercy that the principle of faith

But it is, thank God, only wilful resistance

o truth which hopelessly hardens the neart. You were guiltless of that."

"Every thing that now appears to me

in another light, under another aspect, was

prince used to take me in secret to the

monastery of Isdal to see his mother and his aunt, the 'rincess Sophia—the so call-

ed nuns, the unhappy recluses whose bodies were confined in this cloistered pri-

son, whose hearts and minds were inces

son, whose nearts ain minds were intes-santly bent on ambitious projects, on in-trigue and on revenge. Sister Helen's fierce denunciations of the Czarand the Empress Catherine still ring in my ears. When I am ill and weak, her face, as I used to see

it, half concealed by a dark cowl, haunts me like a spectre. And the Czar's sister—

her haughty scilence—her commanding form—her eye bright and cold as a tur-

quoise, watching the foreigner with a

how I trembled when I encountered its

gaze! how I shuddered when Sister Helen

called me daughter!
"I am afraid of wearying you. M. d'

Auban, with the detail of my sufferings, but I want you to know what my life has

I would not lose one word, one single rd, of this mournful story. It tells

word, of this mournful story. It tells upon me more deeply than you think. Go on. It will be better for you to have told,

and for me to have heard, that such things

have happened in God's world. May He forgive those who have thus wrought with

He stopped. The words "beloved one"

were on his lips, but were checked in time. It was a hard task for that man to hear

The barbarous nagnificence of the court, which always in the absence, and some-

time in the presence, of the Czar was

ess which froze the blood in my veins

then distorted, as if to delude me.

ot utterly destroyed in your soul.

been otherwise," d'Auban answered.

ere forced upon me and the scepticism which I took refuge. Can you wonder

with my husband on that account.

ould not receive the sacraments of the

person of a Russian slave."

went on to say.

even penury.

"You have often wondered at my patient endurance for a few weeks of the horrors, as you termed them, of Simon's barge, and the hut where we were first sheltered under these sunny skies. You did not know that I had once almost starved in a cold northern palace, well-night me whom I could trust, except my faithful M. de Sasse—M. de Chambelle, as we called him here—who alone had been suffered to accompany me to Russia. He

perished from neglect.

"At a moment's notice, a summons would come to accompany the prince to meet his father at some distant part of the empire; five or six hundred leagues were empire; five or six nundred leagues were
to be traversed, day and night, with
scarcely any interval of repose. He detested those forced marches, and used
sometimes to feign illness in order to
avoid them. When we joined the court I
was secure for awhile from ill-treatment, for the Czar was always kind, the Empress affectionate to me; but then I used to suffer in another away. You will understand it: something you said to me about stand it: something you said to me about the Czar makes me sure you will. Since my girlish days I had looked upon him with admiration—his prowess, his intel-lect, his energy, the immense works he had achieved his achieved, his gigantic creations, had stimulated all the enthusiasm of my nature. Perhaps my husband would not have hated me so bitterly if I had not exalted his father's name, his schemes, and his innovations with an enthusiasm, and in a way, which was gall and wormwood to him. When I was suffering the deepest humiliations, when insulted and ill-used by the Czarovitch, I used to glory that was the Czar's daughter—that my child would be his grandson. But shadows gradually darkened these visions. A cold chill was thrown over my youthful articipations. This did not arise from the stories my husband and his friends related against the Emperor. I disbelieved them. The slaughter of thousands of men-the not of. The majesty of the crown had to be vindicated. The young Czar, in the hour of his might and of his triumph, bore the aspect of an avengeing divinity in my blinding vision, and the glories of a nation rose out of the stern retributive justice of

But when in his palace, for the fi st time, I saw him give way to passion, not as a sovereign, but as a savage (you used that word once; I fear it is true one); when I saw him, with my own eyes, strike his courtiers; when with trembling horror I heard of his cutting off the head of a crim-inal with his own hand, and another time of his administering the knout himself to a slave—then the veil fell from my eyes— then the dream was over. The disgusting buffooneries he delighted in were also a torment to me. The cynical derisive pan-tomimes enacted in his presence, in which tomimes enacted in his presence, in which
even the sacred ceremony of marriage was
profaned and ridiculed; the priesthood,
degraded though they might be, turned
into ridicule—it was all so revolting, so
debasing. No doubt he was great in what
he conserved and in what he executed. of my history—which, as you have resided in Russia, you probably are acquainted with. You doubtless heard it said, that Charlotte of Brunswick had a rival in the "I knew it," said d'Auban, with emowent on to say. "The prince used, in my presence, to complain that the Czar had married a peasant, and that he had been compelled to wed a princess.

"Now you can understand what a fatal

"Now you can understand what a tatal effect my position had upon me, as regard-ed religion. How I hated the creed which it had been agreed upon as a con-dition of my marriage that I should pro-fess; which they wished to teach me, as if it had been a language and science. A
Protestant may be a sceptic, and yet

was the result of a conscientious instinct, not of any definite principles. I was afraid of showing him how much I disliked the bad taste of his favorite amusements. Once when the Czar had given way before me to a degrading transport of passion, he said to me afterwards, 'Ah, it is easier to reform an empire than to reform oneself. There was something grand in this acknowledgment from one with whom n one on earth would have dared to find fault."

'Amendment would have been grander. But the fact is, he had no wish to amend He had no faith, no principles. Ambition is his ruling passion, and what in him looks like virtue is the far-sighted policy of a wise legislator. What unmitigated suffering the atmosphere of that court must have been to a nature like yours? The natural goodness of your heart, as well as your refined tastes, inheart, as well as your refined tastes, in-cessantly offended by the iniquities which compassed you about on every side, and at that time on a firm footing on which to take your own stand in the midst of all

at corruption."
"Yes, even those whom I had a better opinion of, and who took an interest in me, men imbued with the philosophical ideas which are ground so fast in France and in Germany, but who scorned the grosser vices and coarse manners of my usband's companions, had nothing better o recommend to me, in order to strenghten my mind and guard me against temptathan reading Plutarch's Lives and Montesquieu's works. General Apraxin, Count Gagorin, and Mentzchikoff, the Emperor's favorites, were of the number of friends who ridiculed the longbeards, as ey called the clergy, and applauded my they called the clergy, and applauded my aversion to the ceremonies of the national religion. They opened my eyes to the dangers which surrounded me. One of them informed me that every lady in my ousehold was a spy-some in the Emper-r's and some in my husband's interest. Another warned me never to speak in a low voice to any of my attendants, as I should be suspected of conspiring. And one day the Countess of Konigsmark (this was about two years after my marriage) brought me secretly a box containing a powerful antidote against poison, with the ssurance that I might have occasion to use it; that there was no longer any doubt that the Czarovitch intended to make away with me, in order to marry the slave away with me, in order to marry the slave Afrosina. Then fear of another sort be-came my daily lot; uneasiness by day and terror by night. If ever the story of Damocles was realized in a living being's her tale of sorrow, and not p ur forth in burning words the feelings of his heart. She continued: "Every thing was a trial to me during those dreadful years. existence, it was in mine. The torment of that continual fear became almost unbearable, and the home-sickness preyed

upon my spirits with unremitting inten-sity. It was at once the prisoner's and the

exile's yearning—the burthen of royalty and that of poverty also. I was penni-less amidst splendour; in debt, and depriv-ed, at times, of the most common comforts of life. On state occasions decked out with eastern magnificence, at home in wiscrable penny. Often was obliged to miserable penury. Often I was obliged to submit to arrangements which were intol-erable to a person of even ordinary refinement. In the temporary residences which we occupied during the progresses of the court, my apartment was crowded with female slaves, both by day and night; and

there was more vermin in same of the Muscovite palaces then in the wigwams of our poor Indians.

"One of the peculiarities of my fate in those days was that of being, in one sense, never alone, and continually so in another. If amongst my attendants I seemed to die. If amongst my attendants I seemed to dis-tinguish one from the rest—if any affec-tion seemed to spring up tween one of my ladies and myself, she was at once dismission tinguish one from the rest—it any aftection seemed to spring up tween one of my ladies and myself, she was at once dismissed from my sight, exiled to Siberia, or compelled, perhaps, to marry some person of obscure station." compelled, perhaps, to marry some person of obscure station."

"An equally dreadful fate in your eyes,

princess," said d'Auban, in a voice in which there was a slight shade of wounded feeling. Madame de Moldau did not seem to notice it. TO BE CONTINUED.

> ... THE

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION. FROM THE RE-APPOINTMENT OF COUNT

DE PRONTENAC TO THE TREATY OF CTRECHT, A. D., 1689-1713. Written for the Record.

The re-appointment of Count de Fronte-nae to the Canadian Governorship in 1689, opens a new epoch in the history of French America. While the latter was struggling amid the trials and vicissitudes of a help-less and ill-starred infancy, there was grow-ing side by side with it an English American—jealous, energetic and aggressive. The exclusiveness of the state church in the old land drove many Englishmen to seek homes abroad, while that spirit of adventure characteristic of people of insular origin tended in no insignificant measure to promote the cause of colonization in the new world. The settlements in Virginia and other Southern colonies were fostered by government favor and devel-oped by aristocratic patronage. The col-onization of the Northern and Middle States was, in the main, the work of puri-tanical zealousness, the depths of which can only be discerned in the light of the revolution it has accomplished in the two hem-

The New England colonies, as well as those of Virginia and Maryland, from their very foundation rapidly advanced in popu-lation and wealth. The first successful set-tlement made under English auspices in America dates from 1607. It was made, as previously mentioned, at Jamestown, in Virginia. The London Company sent thither one hundred immigrants, who suf-fered many privations that, but for the heroism of Captain John Smith, they would have abandoned the colony in des-pair. With the arrival of other bodies of No doubt he created an empire in a few years, and raised up cities and fleets even as other men put up a tent or launch a ship. But M. d'Auban, do you believe that he has founded that empire on a lasting foundation—do you think that the examples he gave will bequeath to the Russian nation those principles of morality which are the strength of a people!"

"I place no reliance," asswered d'Auban, in reforms brought about by desponite power, or in a civilization which improves the intellect and softens the manners without amending the heart and converting the soul. Did you ever venture to express these ideas to the CZar?"

"Sometimes, in a general way, but you"

"Sometimes, in a general way, but you would have abandoned the foolides of he soid of the colony, ill-health for the soid of the colony, ill-health for the soid of the colony, ill-health for the good of the colony, ill-health for the good of the colony, illelected met on the 19th of June, 1619, at Jamestown. It may be considered the first parliamentary assembly which ever

met in America.

The colony of Maryland was founded in 1633 by Lord Baltimore, a Catholic noble man. This colony, settled at first by Cath olics, and for some time governed on Cath-olic principles, set an example of religious freedom and security in striking contrast

New England was the name given the Thole region from Penobscot to Cape Cod, y Captain John Smith, who explored its sabord in 1614. Under his advice the seabord in 1614. Under his advice the Plymouth company obtained a charter for settlement.

first successful settlement formed New England was that of "New Plyuth." This settlement was effected by class of dissenting Protestants called Puritans. The same body of religionists unded the colonies of New Hampshire in 1623, Massachusetts in 1628, Connecticut n 1635, New Haven and Rhode Island in Settlements in Maine and Provi ence were also founded in 1635. ar, likewise, witnessed the advent to New agland of three thousand Puritans from the Mother Country. Having fled the terors of persecution in the old land the ectaries themselves, in the new world, enacted and enforced a code as intolerant as that disgraced the states of Europe Catholics and to Protestant sectarie who refused to accept their particular ten ets, they were equally merciless. Their legislation, tinged throughout with a pharning a marked separation between their settlements and other Anglo-American col-onies. If the New Englanders won, as hisproves they did win, an unenviable tion for religious intole also achieved, by a courage and by a con mjust to deny, a foremost place in promot the interests and enhancing the power

f Britain's colonial empire.

The Carolinas were settled in 1660 and The colony of South Carolina re eived in the former year a body of Mass achusetts emigrants, afterwards absorbed by colonists from various parts of the old and new worlds. North Carolina was set-

ed from Virginia in 1665. New York was first settled by the Dutch, who gave it the name of New Netherlands, it changed its name and allegiance in 1664, when Charles II. vested it in his brother, the Duke of York, as its proprietor. New Jersey was settled in the following year, and Pennsylvania in 1681. Besides the advantages of soil and climate as compared with the settled portions of New France,

the parentstate an encouragement unknown to the former. Representative institutions founded at an early period, rooted the peo-ple in the soil, ensuring contentment and toucher in the soil and the people in the soil, ensuring contentment and

furthering prosperity.

But the brave colonists of New France, neglected by the mother country, laboring under the disadvantages of an almost polar climate, and a soil often unyielding —few in number, and surrounded by foes as merciless as they were certainly faithless extended the dominion of their sovereign over an expanse of territory far greater than the more favored colonists of English America ever acquired. The latter had from the very beginning manifested a feel-ing of the bitterest hostility to the French establishments in North America. Relig-ious animosity, superadded to national rivevident determination

increased, its population multiplied, and its resources attracted attention. From a struggling dependancy, neglected and de-caying, Canada soon became one of the brightest jewels in the French crown. Its progress did not escape the observation of the keen-sighted New Englanders—they had sometimes, by open invasion, sometimes by fomenting discord between the French settlers themselves—inflicted grave losses on Acadia, which, under the protectectorate of Cromwell, fell entirely into the hands of the English.

The treaty of Breda, signed in 1667, restored it to France. The acquisition in 1664 by the English of the Dutch Province of New Netherlands, brought them into closer proximity to the French settlements in Canada. From that time it became evident that the clashing interests of the two powers could only terminate in a resort to arms. With every advantage on sort to arms. With every advantage on the side of the British, whose whole power, both domestic and colonial, was enlisted in repeated and vigorous onslaughts on Canada—the brave Canadians, almost forgotten in their hour of need by the parent state, maintained with an almost superhuman courage worthy the days of Marathon and Thermopyle—a resistance as glorions as the victory ultimately achieved by their conquerors.

At the time of the re-appointment of

Count de Frontenac to the Governorship of Canada, that country contained but eleven thousand souls, while the Anglo-American colonies had a population esti-mated at two hundred thousand. The mated at two hundred thousand. The news of the breaking out of hostilities in Europe between France and England was gladly received in the new world. The English colonists had long desired an op-pertunity to extinguish French power in America. This opportunity they now considered at hand. The French colonists, on the other hand, who had for years on the other hand, who had for years chafed under the incapacity of inefficient administrators, now felt that under the aucountry, capturing two British vessels. While these operations were being carried to a successful issue in the far North, Admiral de la Caffiniere swept the seaboard from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to New

French, carried the war into the New England settlements, spreading bloodshed and terror on their way. M. de Frontenac had, on his arrival, at once notified M. de la Durantaye, commander of the fort of Michilimackinac, to inform the Hurons and other friendly tribes that their assistance would be expected in the struggle about to commence. In the winters of 1689-90 three expeditions were formed in In the winters of New France, to act on various points in English territory. The first fell on Schenectady, a village of about eighty houses, seventeen miles west of Albany. The French reached this place on the eighth of February, toward midnight. The village and its carrison were taken wholly by surand its garrison were taken wholly by surprise. The soldiers who manned the fort offered indeed a vigorous resistance, but they fell, overpowered and terrified. The village was then utterly destroyed, and such of the inhabitants as resisted put to the sword. There was no massacre, as sometimes stated. The second party under the command of M. de Hertel, organized at Three Rivers, attacked Salmon Falls on the river Piscataque, in New England. The town was taken and burnt, and an assailing party driven off. The third expedition, under M. de Portneuf, captured the strong fort of Canso, at the mouth of the Kennebec. The success of these expeditions carried terror into the English settlements, and

The Abenaquins, Indian allies of the

pired the Indian allies of the French with hope and courage. The Iroquois uided by the bitterest hostility to the French, made frequent incursions into Canada. But they were no longer dreaded, as in former times. On the contrary, they were met with the most obstinate resistance at every point. The Canadians had become accustomed to their mode of warfare, nd exhibited as much skill as valor in re elling their assaults. Smarting under e humiliations inflicted by the French speditionary forces on their frontier set-ements, the Anglo-Americans determined on an invasion of New France. The prowas taken up with enthusiasm, uch vigor and unanimity called into play as to promise success to the undertaking. TO BE CONTINUED.

There is a Spanish proverb which says: "When you choose a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God."

Let us converse about God so los have a tongue; let us be astir for God so long as we have limbs left. We are not of such value that we should be always hus-iness. Injure not another's rej. nding ourselves for better times

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Talent is an eyesore to tyranny. In weakness, tyranny fears it as a power; in power, it hates it as a liberty.

How absurd to be afraid of death, when we are in the habit of rehearing it every night.

"There's nothing about prayer-meeting in the Bible, but there's an awful deal about your man's supper, and a' his little wants. Who's to look after their bits of fancies, poor fellow, but the wife l'—Mrs. Oliphant. Minister's Wife.

When hearts are filled with holy affections, and home is happy, then do the young dwell in a charmed circle, which only the naturally depraved would seek to quit, and across which boundry temptations to error shine out freely.

Let us open the windows of our souls and let in the light of Faith, 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 sluggard indifference.

There is but one real antagonist of the world, and that is the faith of Catholies: Christ set that Faith up, and it will do its work in the world, as it has ever done, until He comes again,-Cardinal Newman

The Holy Scriptures are a sublime fragment-truth which Protestants took with them when they left the Church. soul that seeks a full knowledge of the truth, can never consider itself in possession of it simply because it has the Bible. Objective confirmation of the truth is neary safely to repose in the faith. - Countess Hahn -Hahn.

"You've a queer notion of the Lord," said the smith. "You awfu' guid folk, as if He had a' His tools in a confusion, and never knew which one to grip to for its right work. As if I was to take the muckle hammer to that bits of wheels. For my part, I canna but think He maun be mair workman-like, and ken what He's doing.

Tastes are not, as a rule, exorbitantly expensive; they are certainly very much cheaper than vices. A very moderate percentage of an income, judiciously laid out, will soon secure an excellent library. It is surprising how small a sum will suffice for the purchase of every standard work worth the purchase of every standard work worth having. The most famous private libraries cost their owners nothing in comparison with the price of a few race horses. urday Review, 1875.

Those who wantonly hurt the feelings of others do not consider the fact that they are but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads. The eternal consequences of our actions should be of more concern to us than their mere temporal effects. We cannot hurt another, without at the same time inflicting injury upon ourselves. The difference is that one affects the body. the other the soul.

God will demand of me an account of administrators, now felt that under the auspices of a vigorous and capable leader, such as Count de Frontenac soon proved himself, the time had come for avenging the injuries inflicted on new France under M. de la Bane and M. de Denonville by the traffy rulers of New York. On his arrival, de Frontenac found the country in a periloder of the country of the country in a periloder of the country of the country

We witnessed a touching act of Faith on Tuesday afternoon last. As the Angelus bell rang, a laborer, dinner-pail in hand, was approaching the Cathedral. He raised his hat, evidently reciting the Angelus, and when opposite the main Cathedral door, he reverntly knelt on the lower step, and thus in the copy street forshed his devothus in the open street finished his devo-tions. Then, making a grave and reverend sign of the cross, he replaced his hat and walked off, with no seeming concern for the passers-by. Surely that humble Irish laborer was serving a powerful Master, Who will in turn not forget him in his final day of trial!—Catholic Universe.

There is no poem in the world like a man's life, the life of any man, however little it may be marked with what we call adventure. For real life—even the most commonplace—is strong-featured if we look at it attentively. No poe would so dare to mingle sweetness a strangeness, simplicity and peculiarity, st limity and pathos, as real life mingles together. The characters of the peither stand out from the common lot men, as exceptional cases, or else lose dis-tinguishable individuality together. But a man's real life is at once a bolder and a a man's real life is at once a bolder and a simpler thing than the creation of the poet. It is like a grand heavenly recitative which Providence itself pronounces, as the years go on, with a sort of eloquent dramatic silence, from one point of view inventive interpreting the waywardness of a man' own will. True, however, it is, that the very barrenest life of man that ever was lived is, if we take the inward and outward together, a truly divine poem, to which he who listens becomes wise.—Faber.

WISDOM FOR BOYS.

Do you want to make your mark in the by you want to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to have the respect of the respectable? Do you desire to acquire a competence of this world's goods? Do you wish to be men? Then observe

Do you wish to be men! Then observe the following rules:—

Hold integrity sacred. Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make a few acquaintances. Pay your debts promptly. Lie not for any consideration. Yield not discouragements. Join hands with virtuous. Dare to do right; fear to do to discouragements. Join hands with the virtuous. Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your pas-sions. Respect the counsel of your parents. Fight life's battle bravely, manfully. Question not the veracity of your friends. Keep your mind from evil thoughts. Consider well, and decide positively. Never try to appear what you Sacrifice money rather than principle. Go not into the society of the vicious. Use all your leisure time for improvement. FRANCIS O'M GRAP

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