The Corn and the Lilies.

Said the Corn to the Lilies,
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers,
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?

Naught answered the Lilies,
Neither yea nor nay
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day,
And at last the Teacher,
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Resting at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled
Bidding them to eat.
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the Lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
O happy were the Lilies
That he loved them so.
—Sunday Afternoon.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"With the exception of his father," observed d'Auban, who even at that distance of time could not quite endure to hear the Emperor mentioned with praise.

"Ah! but there is this difference between them," said the Count: "genius and strength adorn the character of the father with a kind of wild grandeur. The weakness of the son makes his brutality as despicable as it is hateful."

"It is true that he has lately returned to Russia upon Count Mentzchikoff's assurance that he would receive a full pardon?"

"He has certainly returned, but has been thrown into prison. His friends say he was cruelly deceived. Others, that some fresh plots were discovered since that promise was given. What gave much surprise in Russia was his taking refuge at the Emperor of Austria's court, seeing the reports which were circulated at the time of his wife's death."

"Was he supposed to have had a share in her death?"

"So it was said. People believe she died in consequence of a violent blow he had given her. Others said her attendants poisoned her at his instigation."

"Aye," put in Reinhart, "and ran away with her jewels."

"The matter was hushed up. It was thought the Prince would have been implicated in the matter, and the Czar did not at that time wish to come to extremities with him. Now it is thought he would be glad to crush him. The late princess was a great favourite of his, and he was very angry with his son for the horrible way in which he treated her, as well as for his intrigues with the reactionary party. The Czarovitch is devoted to the old Moscovite cause, and fanatically attached to the orthodox religion. But the politics of Russia are not, I should imagine, the most interesting subject of conversation to a French lady, who would no doubt prefer to hear of the gaieties of Paris, never more brilliant than last winter."

M. Reinhart moved his chair nearer to Madame de Moldau's, and, interrupting Count Levacheff, said, "I fancy that madame is better acquainted with St. Petersburg than with Paris. If I am not mistaken, she has resided there some years?"

Simonette turned crimson. Her hand was resting on the back of her mistress's chair, and she felt her trembling violently. She answered, however, with tolerable composure: "I have been both at Paris and at St. Petersburg."

D'Auban's heart beat fast when she said this. He had never heard her say as much as that before about her past life.

"Did not madam occupy a position in the household of the late princess?"

"No, sir, answered Madame de Moldau in a louder and more distinct tone of voice than before; then slightly changing her position, she turned to Count Levacheff and said, "How was the Empress Catherine when you left St. Petersburg?"

"In good health, I believe," he answered.

"You said, I think, the Czarovitch was returned?"

"Yes, and he was imprisoned in his palace."

"Did you hear anything of his son?"

"He lives in the Emperor's palace."

"Is he like his grandfather?"

"More like his late mother, I believe."

"I saw the young prince two or three times whilst I was at St. Petersburg; but I am not apt to take much notice of children, even when they are imperial highnesses. He seemed a rosy little boy; with fair curling hair."

Madame de Moldau sank back in her chair apparently exhausted with the attempt she had made at conversation. D'Auban proposed to conduct the visitors over the plantation. But she made an effort to sit up, and again addressed Count Levacheff.

"Was the Comtesse de Konigsmark at St. Petersburg?" she asked.

Before he had time to reply, M. Reinhart said in a half-whisper, "Would not you like to obtain some information, madam, about a casket which was once in the countess's care?"

Madam de Moldau fainted away. Simonette received her into her arms, but there was no tenderness in the expression of her face as she bent over her drooping form; she looked on her colourless face with more scorn than pity. D'Auban felt angry and miserable. He led the strangers out of the house into the garden, and murmured something to the effect that Madam de Moldau was a great invalid.

"If you take my advice," said Reinhart, "you will have as little as possible to do with that lady. I feel certain now of what I suspected at New Orleans."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed d'Auban, fiercely.

He would willingly have thrown into the river or trampled under foot the being who dared to speak of Madame de Moldau in that insulting manner; but at the same time, a sickening doubt stole into his heart.

Reinhart was struck by his agitation, that it suddenly occured to him that discretion is the best part of valour. He had not the slightest wish to entangle himself in a quarrel with Madame de Moldau's friend, who might be, for aught he knew, a lover, or even an accomplice. He therefore said, with a forced smile, "The explanation is a very simple one: from what I have heard of this lady's beauty and charm, and what I have seen myself to-day, I should think there would be great danger of a man's losing his heart to her."

It was impossible not to accept this explanation, and equally so to believe in its veracity. The conversation dropped. Meanwhile Alexander Levacheff had disappeared. As he was leaving the house, he had turned back, as if by an irresistible impulse, and returned to the parlour. The door was open, the window also. Madame de Moldau's veil had fallen off her face. The light was shining on her pale, lovely features. Simonette hastened to the door, and closed it almost in his face. He stood in the hall apparently transfixed —motionless with astonishment. Then, sinking down on a bench, hid his face in his hands, and remained buried in thought. D'Auban, engrossed and agitated by Reinheart's remarks, had not at first noticed his absence. When he did so, and proposed to return for him, General Brockdorf objected that they had no time to spare: that Levacheff did not know a turnip from a potato, or a sugar-cane from a coffee-plant, and would be only too thankful to have been left behind.

When Madam de Moldau had recovered a little, she went upstairs to M. de Chambelle's room. Levacheff saw her go by, but she did not notice him. After she had passed, he pressed his hands on his eyes like a man who tries to rouse himself from a dream.

She had seated herself by her father's bed and dismissed his attendant. He was asleep. His aged features looked thin and sharp, and his scanty gray hairs were matted with perspiration. She rested her head against the bed-post, and faintly ejaculated. "Faithful unto death! Faithful through a strange, long trial; and now at last going to leave me. Oh patient and devoted heart! am I indeed about to lose you? Ah! if you had not been lying here helpless and unconscious, I should not have seen those men! Why did I see them? It was rash—it was imprudent. I do not know how to take care of myself. It would have been better to have died. Oh no! God forgive me! what am I saying? I know—I know, my God, what mercies you had in store for me. You are good—goodness itself; but I am very weak." She heard voices in the garden, and went to close the window that the sick man might not be disturbed. It was d'Auban and his companions going away. Gradually the sound of footsteps receded. Simonette knocked at the door and gave her a slip of paper, on which some German words were written. White as a marble statue, trembling and irresolute, she stood with it in her hand, gazing on the writing as if to gain time before she answered.

"Where is the gentleman who gave you this paper?"

"In the entrance-hall."

"Where are the others?"

"They have walked out with M. d'Auban."

"Show him into my sitting-room; I will see him there."

"In about an hour d'Auban and his two companies returned. As he entered the house he said to Simonette, who was standing in the porch talking to Reinhart's servant:

"How is your mistress?"

"Oh, pretty well, sir!" she answered in a careless tone.

"Is she upstairs.

"She went upstairs, sir, when you went out."

"Do you know where Count Levacheff is?"

She turned away without answering.

Provoked at her uncivil manner, he sternly repeated his question.

She seemed to hesitate a little, and then said:

"I am not sure, sir, if madam wishes it known that he is with her in her private room."

At that moment, through the thin partition-wall which divided the hall from the little sitting-room, d'Auban heard Madame de Moldau speaking in her natural voice, and in a loud and eager manner. These words reached his ear:

"You promise, Count Levacheff, that you will not tell any person on earth that you have seen me?"

"Madam, if you insist upon it, I must: but do think better of it. Let me stay, or return, or at least write—"

D'Auban tore himself away, and ordered Simonette to go away also. She obeyed, but shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"It does not matter now whether I listen or not, M. d'Auban; I know all about her."

"It was in an almost mechanical manner that d'Auban performed the remaining duties of hospitality towards the travellers. When Levacheff joined them in the verandah it would have been difficult to say which of the two seemed most disinclined to conversation, most absorbed in his own thoughts. General Brockdorf's unceasing flow of small talk proved a great resource during the last half hour of their stay. At last it was time for them to go. D'Auban could not bring himself so much as to mention Madam de Moldau's name in their presence, yet when they got into their boat and moved away from the shore, he sighed, as if feeling that he had lost the last chance of clearing away his doubts. Levacheff and Reinhart evidently knew much more about her than he did. For two days he stayed away from St. Agathe; on the third he was sent for. M. de Chambelle was much worse, and wished to see him. Father Maret had also been summoned, but had not yet arrived. He hastened to the pavillon. The sick man's couch had been carried into the parlour, where there was more air than upstairs. Madame de Moldau was sitting by his side. He was in a high fever, talking a great deal, and much excited. When d'Auban came in he cried out:

"Ah! M. d'Auban, I was afraid I should die without seeing you. Why have you stayed so long away?"

"I have been very busy about the plantations," he evasively answered.

Madame de Moldau tried to move away, but she could not disengage her hand from her father's dying grasp.

"M. d'Auban," cried the sick man in a feeble querulous voice, "you must make me a promise before I die. Without it I cannot die in peace: all that Father Maret can say is of no use. You know I am a young Christian though an old man. Will you promise to do what I ask you?"

"Any thing in my power I will do, my dear friend, to meet your wishes," d'Auban kindly answered.

"Will you, then, promise me never to leave her—to take care of her as I have done?"

Madame de Moldau hastily bent over the old man, and said, "Dear good father, you are asking what cannot be."

"Why not, why not?" exclaimed M. de Chambelle, raising himself in the bed; "it is my only hope, my only comfort. I tell you, I cannot, and I will not die, and I will not listen to what Father Maret says about submitting to God's will, if he does not promise me this. You will be alone in the world; not one friend left; more lonely than a beggar in the street. That cannot be God's will. Some days ago I dreamed that he whom we never speak of had sent a man to kill you. I don't think it was a dream. I heard strange voices in the house —I am sure I did. If he sends him again, who will take care of you if M. d'Auban does not?"

"Oh! for heaven's sake, dear father, be quiet, do not talk."

"No, I will not be quiet—I will not be silent—I must say what is in my heart. When I went to confession I told Father Maret I hated somebody; I did not say who it was. Do not try to stop me. I have always obeyed you—"

"Oh, do not say that!" exclaimed Madame de Moldau, wringing her hands.

"But I must speak now: I must plead your cause before I die. Oh, Colonel d'Auban! will you foresake her?" He grasped her hand so tightly that she could not extricate it, and fixed his eyes with a wild expression on d'Auban's face. "Look at her," he cried; "look at her well. She ought to have sat upon a throne, and men bowed down before her; and now for so long she has only had me to wait upon her—"

Madame de Moldau sank down on her knees by the bedside, pressed to her lips the hand which clasped her own, and exclaimed, "Oh, more than father! patient, kind, and loving friend! be silent now. Grieve not the heart you have so often comforted. Listen to your daughter, who would have died had it not been for you. Had God taken you from me when first we landed on these shores, I must have perished. Then, indeed, you would have had reason to fear for me. It is different now. Let this thought comfort you. Carry it with you to a better world. I have a friend who will never forsake me."

M. de Chambelle turned his dying eyes on d'Auban, who stooped and whispered, "She is not speaking of me. God is her friend now."

"Yes, dear father, I have a home in His church, a father in His priest, friends and brethren in the household of the faith. The words of the Bible, 'Thou shalt no longer be called the foresaken one,' apply to me, once an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth.'

"Thou shalt no longer be called the foresaken one!" ejactulated the old man, gazing upon her with an inquiring look, as if trying to realize the meaning of the sentence. Still he turned to d'Auban, and, drawing him nearer to himself, whispered in his ear:

"Will you not stay with her?"

"If she will let me, I will," he answered in the same low voice.

"Oh, thank God for that!"

"And wherever she goes, please God, I will watch over her.'

"Oh! now I feel the good God has heard the prayer of a poor old sinner, who never did any good in his life. Where is Monsieur d'Abbe? The last time he came I would not say I was ready to die if it was God's will. You see, I was in waiting; there was nobody to take my place; the second librarian used to do so sometimes long ago. I wonder if he is dead; I am sure he has not forgotten her—"

Madame de Moldau hid her face in her hands: there was no checking the old man's rambling, and he detained her. He was silent for two or three minutes, then, starting up, he turned towards him in an excited manner.

"You know I never said you were to marry her. That would be a *mesalliance*. What would you say at the palace?"

The blood rushed into d'Auban's face; but he said in a calm and steady voice, without looking at Madame de Moldau, "His mind is beginning to wander. He does not know what he says."

After a while M. de Chambelle fell asleep. By the time he woke again Father Maret had arrived. He remained with him awhile alone, and then administered to him the last Sacraments. Extreme Unction was followed, as it so often is, not only by increased peace and tranquility of soul, but by some bodily improvement. In the afternoon he appeared to rally considerably; still d'Auban did not venture to leave the pavilion, for he was continually asking for him. When the sun was setting and a deep tranquility reigned in the house, in which everybody moved with a light step and spoke under their breath, he sat in the porch with Madame de Moldau, conversing on the interest of the Mission and the condition of the poorer emigrants, and carefully avoiding any allusion to the past or the future, or the recent visit of the European travellers. The soft westerly wind, laden with perfumed emanations—the rustle of the leaves, and the murmuring voice of the streamlet hurrying towards the river, like one feeble soul into eternity—the singing in parts of some German labourers at work in the neighboring forest—the beauty of the sunset sky, of the green turf and the distant view—breathed peace and tranquility. These soothing sights and sounds were hardly in accordance with the sorrowful and anxious thoughts which filled their minds. Father Maret was walking up and down the glade saying his office. When he closed his book his kind and pensive glance rested on those two dwellers in the wilderness, the secrets of whose hearts he was acquainted with, whose future struggles and sufferings he foresaw. The hours went by on their noiseless wings, and death hovered over that pretty fanciful St. Agathe, which seemed more fitting to harbor a tribe of fairies than the sorrowing and the dying. As the light waned, M. de Chambelle grew weaker. The prayers for a departing soul were read over the expiring form of one who at the eleventh hour had been received into the fold. The priest held the crucifix before his dimmed and failing eyes. He gazed upon it earnestly, and then on Madame de Moldau. It was no longer to human friendship he was committing her. He made a sign that he wished to speak to her once more. She bent over him, and he found strength to whisper, "I have at last forgiven him." One more look at her, and one at the crucifix, and then the old man died; and she whom he had loved so long and well lifted up her voice and wept, at first almost inaudibly, then, as the full sense of her loss, the terror of her desolate fate, broke upon her, a loud and bitter cry burst from her lips. My child! my sister! When the heart is wrung by some great grief, when a blow falls on a closed but not seared wound, there is always a cry of this sort. The old man weeping by the grave of his child remembers the wife of his youth. The bereaved mother in her hour of anguish calls on her own departed mother. The condemned criminal thinks of the priest who taught him his catechism. The past comes back upon us in those first hours of overwhelming sorrow and self-pity as if the grave gave up its dead to haunt or to console us.

The two kind friends by her side did not try to check the mourner's tears. One of them looked gently upon her, like a compassionate angel to whom God reveals the secret ways by which He trains a soul for heaven. The other gazed on her bowed-down form with the yearning wish to take her to his heart and cherish her as his own; but he scarcely dared to utter the words of sympatny which rose to his lips, lest they should be misunderstood. His mind was in a dark and confused state. New thoughts were working in it. Therese came to pray for the dead and to comfort the living. Simonette was, as usual, active in doing everything needful, but there was more displeasure than sorrow in her face; and once, when she saw d'Auban looking at Madame de Moldau with an expression of anxious tenderness, her brow darkened and an impatient exclamation escaped her lips.

The funeral was simply performed, and the European stranger buried in the little cemetery, where many a wanderer from the Old World rested by the side of his Indian brethren in the faith. Many an offering of fresh-gathered flowers was laid on his grave, for both settlers and natives had become attached to the kind, childlike old man, and pitied his daughter's bereavement.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE FIRST APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC TILL HIS SECOND APPOINTMENT. A. D. 1672-1689.

Written for the Record.

The royal choice to fill the vacancy made by the retirement of M. de Courcelles fell on Count de Frontenac, a nobleman of good parts, brave, talented, and determined. The regret universally felt throughout the colony for the withdrawal of M. de Courcelles was greatly relieved by the reputation as a soldier and administrator enjoyed by the new Governor. His military record, both in foreign and home service, was indeed honorable, and justified the expectations formed of his capacity to rule Canada in a critical period of her military history. But his administrative abilities were, as far, at least, as his first term of office is concerned, over-estimated. His haughtiness and overweening ambition — his fixed purpose to rule in church and state—kept the colony for some years in a state of ferment detrimental to a rising community.

M. Talon, whose foresight and prudence had contributed so much to the success of M. de Courcelles' administration, had, on the appointment of Count de Frontenac, asked for letters of recall. He was, however, induced by earnest expostulations from the Home Government to remain at his post some time longer. Ever intent on some high purpose in the interest of the colony and of his royal master, M. Talon, in 1673, despatched M. Joliet and Father Marquette, a member of the Society of Jesus, to seek the waters of the great river of the west, which the aborigines described as flowing southward to the sea.

The noble part borne by the missionaries of the Society of Jesus in the work of exploration in the new world entitles that society to the undying gratitude of humanity. If the colonists of New France acquired, as history assures us they did acquire, the friendship of number less aboriginal nations from the Saguenay in the far east, far beyond the Straits of Mackinaw in the west, is it not due to the influence of the missionaries, asserted through patience and heroic self-denial. The French trader might penetrate without danger the territories of nations of whose very names he was ignorant, to experience friendship, hospitality and safety, conceded to no other European, because of the fidelity of the French missionaries to the aborigines, whom they evangelized in every trial of the perilous existence of their peoples.

With no other weapon than the cross of Jesus Christ, these devoted men subdued the most ferocious tribes, and with an enlightened energy honorable to the institution of which they were members, and to the age in which they lived, extended the dominion of Catholic civilization to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains.

From 1635 to 1647 the countries in the neighborhood of Lakes Huron and Superior were visited and explored by Jesuit missionaries. In 1646 Pere Druillette explored the extensive territory south of the St. Lawrence, watered by the Chaudiere and Kennebec rivers. In the following year Pere de Quen discovered Lake St. John, through which the Saguenay flows. One of the party sent in 1671 to visit the Hudson Bay territory, by way of the Saguenay, was Pere Albanel. The previous year Pere Allonez, with his companion Pere Dublon, penetrated the territories to the west of Lakes Superior and Michigan, discovering the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. M. Joliet and Pere Marquette set out in 1673 on their voyage of discovery. Both were well acquainted with the territories in the neighborhood of Lakes Superior and Huron. These territories they now revisited. Proceeding westward, they reached the Wisconsin on the 10th of June. Here their Indian guides, overcome with fear at the determination of Marquette and Joliet to proceed still farther, abandoned the explorers, who, committing their frail barks to the waters of the Wisconsin, continued their journey. For ten days they follow the course of the latter river, and at length entered on the majestic stream which the Indians had appropriately designated the "Father of Waters." Following the course of this great river, they passed through a country seemingly uninhabited, being to all appearance devoid of human habitations. By forest and by prairie they glide onward, discovering no sign of the presence of any aboriginal tribes till they reached the River Moingona, afterwards called Desmoines. The natives here received the explorers with a hearty welcome, and on their departure the chief presented them with a calumet adorned with feathers, a pledge of inviolability ever held sacred amongst the aboriginal nations.

Pressing still southward, they reached the confluence of the Missouri with the main stream, and further on witnessed the homage of the magnificent Ohio to the father of rivers. Not till they had reached the Arkansas, and found themselves under the burning sun of the south, in the midst of strange and probably hostile people, who, however, on their exhibiting the calumet, offered the explorers unstinted hospitality, did they decide on returning to report the success of their voyage and the discoveries they had made.

They then ascended the stream till they reached the mouth of the Illinois. Entering this river Pere Marquette elects to remain with the Indian nations on its banks, while M. Joliet proceeds overland to Chicago, whence he departs for Quebec. Pere Marquette never re-visited Quebec. Two years after the discovery, which has immortalized his name, he sank into the sleep of the just. He died on the shores of Lake Michigan, and was buried on the bank of the river honored by his own name.

He died a victim to his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of man. The glories of war will fade from memory, and the achievements of statecraft be forgotten before the name of this heroic disciple of a Divine Master who made himself the servant of all, will cease to be honored and his memory blessed.

Joliet, on his return to Quebec, found that the Intendant Talon had, during his absence, retired. His place was filled by M. Du Chesnau.

The haughty temper of the governor soon embroiled him in the bitterest dissension at one time with the clergy, at another with the Intendant. Immediately after his arrival, Count de Frontenac addressed the Superior Council a lengthy and inflated harangue in which he belauded his royal master to the very skies. He afterwards held an assembly of leading citizens in the Jesuits' Chapel, to whom he administered the oath of allegiance. His object on both occasions was to impress all persons of influence and authority who surrounded him with the extent of his own power as the representative of the great prince for whom he exacted such a solemn protestation of fidelity. Under the previous administration the just influences of the clergy were never hampered by jealous and fitful enactments on the part of the Superior Council. Count de Frontenac unfortunately resolved on pursuing a line of policy quite different from that of his predecessor in this regard. He could brook no equal, much less a superior, in either church or State. One of the very first decrees of the Superior Council, enacted after his arrival, and bearing his own signature, having reference to the rehabilitation of a marriage already rehabilitated by the Church, was made the occasion of a most unjustifiable invasion of the rights of the Church. Attached to this decree we find a notice to the Vicar-General of Monsigneur de Laval, to await the decisions of the Council before proceeding in future to rehabilitate any such marriages. Pretensions so unwarrantable could not but meet with the most vigorous opposition from the clergy.

Frontenac also challenged the hostility of Perrot, governor of Montreal. The latter was accused of injustice in dealing with the Indians for their furs, and suspected by the governor-general of insubordination. A special messenger was despatched from Quebec to Perrot to convey him the displeasure of the irate Count. The messenger was cast into prison and the governor-general openly set at defiance.

Frontenac at once ordered the assistant attorney-general to draft a criminal charge against Perrot, who, on his arrival in Quebec to answer the charge, was himself cast into prison and held in custody a whole year. While Perrot was in prison the Abbe Fenelon, making some allusion in the parish church at Montreal to the unhappy state of the colony, then torn by dissensions, offended the susceptibilities of the governor-general. His principal offense was, however, his preparing a memorial to be laid at the foot of the throne, reciting the unfortunate events which, since the arrival of Count de Frontenac, had distracted the country. He was summoned to Quebec and brought before the Sovereign Council to answer the charges which the Count had ordered to be formulated against him. He promptly and vigorously denied the right of a secular court to pass judgment on him. This denial, construed into contempt of court, led to his immediate incarceration.

Both Perrot and Fenelon were soon after sent in duress to France. The former was given a brief term in the Bastile, the latter prohibited from ever returning to Canada. Ever jealous of ecclesiastical immunity from subordination in all things to his own authority, the governor lost no opportunity to assert this authority, but in so doing gave deep offence by advancing charges of mal-administration against the clergy of Quebec. The time which should have been spent in initiating new measures of advancement was thus frittered away in disputes dangerous to the well-being of the colony.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREATEST BLESSING

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE FATHER.

He is the appointed head of the family. He may rule by love, but it is his right and duty to rule; and to him, as the monarch of that little state, must be the last appeal. Hence he appears before his children invested with authority—that divinely appointed representative of law: and if he worthily sways the sceptre over his little realm, he develops in his children some of the most desirable traits of character. If love is one of the elements of family happiness, order is another; and it is his, in the last appeal, to support order. If the sympathies and affections of children should be developed, as should their spirits of obedience to rightful authority, it is his duty to develop that spirit. It is undoubtedly desirable to raise the mother's authority to the highest degree; and when the father is what he should be, and does what he should do, she stands invested, in the eyes of her children, with a power combining an indirect reverence for the father, who appears only to sustain the maternal rule, with direct obedience of her own gentle fondness.—*Miss Whittelsey.*

MARRIED HAPPINESS.

Both husband and wife must put constraint upon their tempers if they desire wedded happiness. Neither should try to reform the other, so to speak, but learn to accept things as they are. It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste, than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim and provide for every fancy of his lady love. And let him show his appreciation of her efforts, and be not to blame and slow to please, or even simply indifferent. The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet, and maidenly delicacy which charmed the lover will not be less lovely in the wife; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy, and the respectful attention of the lover are not less sweet from the husband. Married happiness often depends upon what may at first sight seem trifles, but which are important items in life's complete sum.

THF TEACHING OF CHILDERN.

What should children be taught to believe in order that when they grow up they may find that later experience does not alter what they learned when young? We must teach them that, beyond what they see and feel and touch, there is something greater and better which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, giving up their own inclination—these are the best thing in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss, no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly there, in the midst of our work or play. And this goodness and kindness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see, is something which existed before we were borne. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things of the world, the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight—all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this goodness and love are that great Power from whom all things come.

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.

To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or the wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; and never to be punished for doing wrong by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisment was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained to become possessed of an established character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well merits pity not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

At this season many inducements are held forth to visit the grand cataract of Niagara, which numbers amongst its attractions a boarding school, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, whose reputation as educators of youth is not necessary to remark. The increased accommodation afforded by the large addition now in progress, together with its well-known advantages of position, should decide those desirous of choosing a *peculiarly charming* Convent home for their daughters. Terms: $15.00 monthly.