

Summer Longings.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY. Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the pleasant ramble...

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

There was an undefinable expression in Simonette's face when she came into Madame de Mouldau's room...

that her wishes should be considered paramount to any other consideration. She acknowledged Simonette's services with kindness, but made ample, and not always very considerate, use of them.

said, going up to her in an angry manner. She shrugged her shoulders without answering. He felt convinced it must have been her eyes he had seen through the green boughs, but thought it better not to say so.

eyes met, and Simonette's were also full of tears. "Would you be sorry to leave me, Simonette?" "M. d'Auban will be very angry with me if I do."

ren aside for their nakeness. "Have you any bedclothes?" "A couple of guano bags." "How could you live for the last week?" "I'll tell you, sir, I went to my brother, Martin McGee, of Farrellsford, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel, of which I gave my husband the biggest portion, as he was working in the fields."

designated the inflammable liquor—for a commodity of exchange. Drunkennes, with its numberless attendant evils, proved a veritable curse to the aborigines. It consumed their energy, repressed their vigor, overpowered their strength.

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC. A. D. 1635-1672.

M. d'Ailleboust, like his predecessor, found the country on his accession to office embroiled in war between the aborigines. During the brief period of peace, brought about by the tact and firmness of M. de Montigny, the missionaries of the Jesuit Order penetrated to the very interior of the country, being well received by the Hurons and by certain tribes of Algonquins.

A TOUCHING STORY OF A PARISH PRIEST.

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The Irish correspondent of the New York Times sends the following from Dramore, West. The area of this parish is over 10,000 acres, the greater part of which is bog and mountain; the remaining portion, with the exception of a couple of hundred acres of grazing land, consists of poor marshy lowlands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIFE OF A PRIEST.

The life of our clergy is a hard one. Constant daily work among poor; the anxieties and privations of poverty itself; exposure to all seasons, at all hours, and at all forms of sickness and disease—these things wear the health and shorten the life of our priesthood.