

but to alleviate your pain, so that when it comes to pass that I die you may not grieve so sorely, and my death may not bring yours with it. He who hopes in God shall never be abandoned, because he seeks not the things of the world, but that everlasting life to which one can succeed only through much tribulation. Upon this world we may not build. Only last Wednesday, a beautiful, sparkling, and healthy youth, in Santa Reparata at Florence, suddenly, to the horror of all, fell down dead. And two days ago a young singer died, who, on account of her glorious voice, was the charm of all Florence. She died in great agony, suffering the penalty for her sin. Had she walked in the way I would fain have taught her, she had perhaps not perished thus. What do all their joys profit these two now? Where are the melodies? where are the choice regrets? Do you not see that all passes away like a breath?" "It will never be too much," he says in closing, "if you write to me very often, though I for my part will not be able to write you such long letters as the present, which I have been forced to break off five times ere I finished. Of uncle I say nothing further but that

I will read masses for his soul. Exhort my brothers to virtue and firmness in the path of uprightness. Tell my aunt Margherita from me that I mourn over her loss; if she places her trust in God, and devotes her entire life to His love, assuredly He will send her comfort; otherwise she will in this world find nothing but pain. The peace and love of Christ be with you all, evermore."

With this letter, containing, as it does, the prophecy of his martyrdom, and holding before his mother the sword which so often pierces the heart of her who bears a noble son—with this letter it seems fitting that we should bring this sketch to a close. Although, as we contemplate the lives of the mighty dead, we may attribute to them the greatness of a nobler race, yet a nearer view serves to show how perfect their kinship with us is. Through all the centuries of history the human heart—the instrument on which humanity's sad music is played—is still the same, and the varying strains we hear are brought forth by the winds that blow softly or rudely from the hills of successive time.—*Family Treasury.*

CHRISTIAN WORK.

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We begin this department this month with extracts from the thirty-seventh annual report of the "French Canadian Missionary Society." The work of this Society is very important, and the results so far, very encouraging. The opening remarks of the report are interesting as answering, to some extent, the question we in Ontario would

like to put to our brethren in Montreal: "WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" This is the answer. "The increasing aggressions of Romanism in this Province during the past year, cannot but be viewed with alarm. Never perhaps in the history of this country were our rights and privileges so menaced.

Unscrupulous and determined efforts, not altogether without success, have been made to control the Government, and to influence every social, civil and