Carry his body hence.

Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence Over men's graves. So this man's eye is dim; Throw the earth over him

What was the white you touched There at his side? Paper his hand had clutched Tight ere he died— Message or wish may be; Smooth the folds out and see.

Only the tremulous
Words of a child—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops. Look! she is sad to miss, Morning and night, His, her dead father's, kiss; Tries to be bright, Good to mamma, and sweet, That is all. "Marguerite."

Hardly the worst of us Here could have smiled;

Ah, if beside the dead slumbered the pain! Ah, if the hearts that bled Slept with the slain! If the grief died! But no; Death will not have it so. AUSTIN, DOBSON.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

He was going to answer, but she stopped him and said, with some excitement:

"But you—what good have I done you? I have saddened your life by the sight of my grief, long wounded you by the sight of my silence, and now I leave you, less able perhaps to bear your solitary existence than heretofore."

He could scarcely small. More do not

He could scarcely speak. Men do not find words as easily as women, when they are deeply affected.

are deeply affected.

"It is true," he said, in an almost inaudible voice. "But, nevertheless, I am
glad you came; I can say it with truth.
Whatever I may have to suffer, I shall
always thank God for having known

and kindly towards one who, when she came in your way, was drifted like a rudderless bark on a dark sea. The Bible says, that man is blest who. rudderless bark on a dark sea. The Bible says, that man is blest who would have done evil and did not do it. I might well apply to you those other words of Scripture: 'Thou art that man.' May He who knows all reward you !'

knows all reward you!"

No other words passed between them.

He took her hand, silently kissed it, and withdrew. The shades of evening had withdrew. The snades of evening had gradually fallen, and the moon was shin-ing on the long thick grass of the lawn. As he looked upon the beautiful glade and the silvered landscape, he thought of the night when Therese had for the first time spoken to him of the white man's daughter. As long as he was listening to her he had hardly realized what it would be to live and to work on alone in that spot where for two years she had been his spot where for two years she had been his constant companion and the principal object of his life. Now it seemed suddenly to come upon him. He not only knew it must, but also felt it ought to be. There was no prospect of escape from this dreaded separation. It might take place at any moment. Overnowered by his grief, he sank on a bench in the garden, and was only roused from his sad musings

by Simonette's voice.
"Monsieur d'Auban!" she said in a loud whisper.
"What do you want!" he exclaimed,

want you to promise not to let my mistress" (it was the first time she had called her so) "leave this place before I come back. And whilst I am away, please both of you not to grieve too much."
"What—what are you talking about?

what is it to me whether you go or

stay?"
"Nothing, I know," answered the girl,
in a voice the pathos of which might have
struck him had he been less absorbed by
his own grief. "But I am going away. Do not be harsh to me. Perhaps you may never see me again.'

"I do not know why you go. I can-not talk to you to-night. Leave me "Will you not say a kind word to me?"

"For heaven's sake, go away!" cried d'Auban, scarcely able to command him-

"Do not be cruel to me. I want all my strength for what I am about to do. I was within hearing just now, when madame was speaking to you. I heard what she said."

"Good heavens! and do you dare to tell me so?" exclaimed d'Auban, pale with anger. "I have had patience with you long. I have shown great forebear-ance, but I shall not suffer you to remain here any longer as a spy on your mistress ee shall know of your base con-et." He walked away greatly agitated. "Wait—wait!" cried Simonette, in a

tone of anguish, and clasping her hands together. He did not turn back. She tone of anguish, and clasping her hands together. He did not turn back. She gazed after him for a moment. "Not one look! not one word!" she murmured. "Well, be it so. In the land of the "Well, be it so. In the land of the hereafter there will be no scorn, no un-kindness. Oh for strength of limb, and skill, and courage! Now for the spirit of my childhood—the fearless spirit and the brave heart! God and my good friend

D'Auban passed a wretched night. He reproached himself bitterly for not examined if it was indeed true e French girl had overheard the Princess's story, and not taken measures to secure her secrecy. He felt his anger had made him imprudent. He resolved to see her the very first thing in the mornto see her the very first thing in the morning. But when, as early as was possible, he went to St. Agathe, Simonette was not to be found. Madame de Moldau and the servant supposed she had gone to the village. He told Therese she had spoken wildly the night before of going away, and observed that she did not seem suprised at her disappearance. Father Maret, to whom he communicated all that had

brief interview with Simonette, expressed his fears that she had gone to New Orleans denounce her mistress as the possessor

of stolen jewels.
"She had often spoken to me of her scruples on that subject, and, not being able," he said, "to reveal to her the explanation of the mystery, she never seemed satisfied with my advice to let the matter rest. If, however, she did over-hear the truth last night, it is scarcely creditable that she can have carried out her creditable that she can have carried out her intention. She may, however, have heard the Princess speak of her flight from Russia and not the preceding facts—enough to confirm her suspicions, not enough to enlighten her Would I had stopped and questioned her! The doubt is most harassing. But she cannot have teated alone on a journey to New started alone on a journey to Nev

"She is quite capable of doing so."
"Would it be of any use to try and overtake her?"
"If even we know for sure which way she had gone, we have no clue as to the road she had taken, whether by the river or through the thicketts. The wild at-

"Full of risks, no doubt. But she is used to these wild journeys, for more

reasons than one."

D'Auban's heart sank within him.
Letters lately received from New Orleans
mentioned that orders had been sent out
by the French Government to make inquiries in the colony as to the sale of jewels supposed to belong to the Imperial family of Russia, and to arrest any persons supposed to be in possession of them. If suspicions previously existing were to be renewed by Simonette's dispositions, the Princess might be placed in a most embarrassing position; it might lead to inex-tricable difficulties; and yet there was nothing to be done but to wait—the greatest of trials under such circumstances. Father Maret hoped the travellers to Canada would soon arrive. D'Auban was compelled to wish for it also. In the meantime he tried to re-assure Madame de Moldau about Simonette's disappear-ance by stating she had hinted to him the day before that she had some such intention. Though with little hope of success Whatever I may have to suffer, I shall always thank God for having known you."

"Well, it may be one day, on your fall they returned, without having disdeath-bed, perhaps, a consolation for you to think that you have acted very justly and kindly towards one who, when she a canoe, belonging to her father, which tensely, from a two-fold anxiety. He re-proached himself for the harsh way in proached himself for the harsh way in which he had spoken to Simonette, and sometimes a terrible fear shot across his mind. Was it possible that she had destroyed herself! He could not but call

to mind the wildness of her look and manner. He knew how ungovernable manner. He knew how ungovernable
were her feelings, and how she brooded on
an unkind word from any one she loved.
The blood ran coldly in his veins as he
remembered in what imploring accents
she had called on him for to stop on the
sight he had left have in the had left had been accented. she had called on him for to stop on the night he had left her in anger, and how she had said that the task she had to per-form would require all her strength. Had she gone out into the dark night driven away by his unkindness, and rushed much and been so patient with him, though with others so fiery! The bare "She though with others so hery. The oates surmise of such a possibility made him shudder, especially if at night he caught sight of something white floating on the river—a cluster of lotus flowers, or a branch of cherry blossoms, which at a

blossoms, whi branch of cherry ooked like a woman's dress. starting to his feet.
"I have something to say to you. I distance looked like a woman's dress.
But by far the most probable supposition to the bad game to der une her But by far the most probable supposition was, that she had gone to den unce her mistress; and this caused him not only uneasiness as to the consequences, but the greatest pain in the thought that her affection for him had prompted this act, and that if he had had more patience and more indulgence it might have been prevented. Day after day went by and brought no tidings of the missing girl, nor of the expected travellers. Heavy rains set in, and even letters and newspapers set in, and even letters and newspapers did not reach St. Agathe and its neighborhood. This forced inactivity was especially trying at a time when their minds vere on the full stretch, and news-even bad news—would almost have seemed a relief. Since their last conversation there

was much less freedom in the intercourse between d'Auban and Madame de Moldau. They were less at their ease with each other. Both were afraid of giving way to the pleasure of being together, and of saying what had passed in their minds She was quite a prisoner in the pavillon During those long weeks of incessant During those long weeks of incessant down-pouring rain, Simonette's absence obliged her to wait on herself, and she set herself with more resolution than hereto-fore to attend to household affairs, and to

make herself independent of the service of others. She read a great deal, too and almost exhausted d'Auban's small collection of books. He no longer spent the evenings at St. Agathe, but came there once a day to see if she had any commands. He did not venture, however, to absent himself for many hours together, for the ear never left him of Simonette's disclosures bringing about some untoward event. Week followed week, and noth-

ing interrupted the dull, heavy monotony of the long days of rain, or brought with it any change to cheer the spirits of the dwellers in the wilderness. befriend me! The travellers to Canada cann't be here before the end of next month. My father says so." CHAPTER IX. All was ended now; the joy, and the fear and the sorrow:
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing;
All the dull deep pain and constant anguish of patience.

Longfellow. wretched night.

of patience.

As are our hearts, our way is one,
And cannot be divided. Strong affection
Contends with all things, and o'ercometh all
things. will I not live with thee? Will I not cheer thee?
Wouldst thou be lonely then? Wouldst thou be sad?
Joanna Baillie.
At last, one morning, the rain ceased; the heavy clouds rolled away towards the West, and hung in heavy masses over the distant hills; the birds began to sing; the hares and rabbits emerged from their holes, and ran once more over the green-sward. The buffaloes came trooping down sward. from the mountains to the prairies, and a hoary bison swam across the river, and passed the day before between him and Madame de Moldau, and also during his looked out upon the world from one of

A burst of glorious sunshine gladdened the expanse of wood and water around St. Agathe, and the herbage and the flowers, end living things without number, seemed to exult in its light. The bright-ness of that first fine morning, after weeks of incessant rain, was like the first return of low to a heart long coversed by coinf of incessant rain, was like the first return of joy to a heart long oppressed by grief. It felt almost like a presage of approaching change in the lives of its inhabitants. It was a Sunday morning, too, and d'Auban who heard that Madame de Moldau had been longing to get to church, brought his horse ready saddled for her to the door of the payillon, and prepared to conduct of the pavillon, and prepared to conduct her in this way to the village. She con-sented; he took the bridle in his hand, and the Indian servant and the negro boy followed them on foot. They crossed the wood between them and the river, which was sometimes traversed in a boat and sometimes by means of a series of small islets forming a kind of natural bridge, the ssets forming a kind of natural analysis spaces between being filled up with a net-work of floating verdure. Their progress was slow, for the ground, saturated with wet, was in some places almost impass-able. D'Auban kept a little in advance able. D'Auban kept a little in advance of the horse, and tried at each step the firmness of their footing. The dripping branches over their heads rained upon them as they went along. But the scents were delicious, and the air very reviving to those who had been long confined within the house. For the first time for many weeks Malame de Moldau was in good spirits: she murmured the first many weeks MaJame de Moldau was in good spirits; she murmured the first words of the service of the Mass—"I shall go to the altar of God, of God who renews my youth," and a sort of youthful hap-piness beamed in her face; she made nose-gays of the wild flowers which her strand gays of the wild flowers which her attendants plucked for her, from the banks and from the boughs through which they treaded their way. But the flowers were not to adorn the altar, nor the little party, on its way to the church, to hear Mass that that day. The sound of the gong, which served as a bell, came booming over the water, but its summons was to sound in vain for them; they were about to be

b'Audan was just examining whether it would be possible to cross the river on the island bridge, or to get the boat, when a cry reached their ears—a low, feeble, and

yet piercing cry.
"Did you hear?" they all exclaimed at the same time. The boy shuddered, and said it was one of the water-spirits that said it was one of the water-spiris that had cried out. The Indian shaded her eyes with her hand, and with the long sightedness common amongst her race, discerned a speck in the distance, which

she declared was a boat.

"But it is a phantom boat!" she added. "There is no one in it, and it is coming towards us very slowly; but it advances, and against the stream." Madame de Moldau turned pale. She was prone to believe in the marvellous, and easily credited stories

the marvellous, and easily createst softee of ghosts and apparitions. They all gazed currously, and then anxiously, at the little boat as it approached.

"There is somebody in it, after all!" the Indian exclaimed.

"Of course there is," said d'Auban, with a smile; "but it is a child, I think; a small creature, quite alone."

small creature, quite alone."

"It is Simonette," cried the Indian

"She has fainted!" cried d'Auban, readfully agitated; thought upon thought, conjecture on conjecture, crossing his mind with lightning rapidity. He hastily assisted Madame de Moldau to dismount, made her sit down on a fallen tree, gave his horse in charge to the boy, and then springing from one islet to another, and astly swimming to the one against which the boat had drifted, he saw the lifeless form of the young girl lying at the bottom of it. There was not a shadow of colour in her face; her hands were transparently thin, and sadly bruised within by the pressure of the oars; a dark rim under her eyes indicated starvation. If not dead, was apparently dying. D'Auban's chest heaved, and a mist rose before his eyes. It was dreadful thus to see the creature

m he had known from a child, so full whom he had known from a chiad, so run of life and spirits, to think of her dying without telling where she had been, what she had done, without hearing words of pardon, blessing, and peace. He raised pardon, blessing, and peace. He raised her in his arms, chafed her hands, and her in his arms, chafed her hands, and tried to force into her wouth some drops of brandy from his flask. After a while she languidly opened her eyes, and when she saw him, a faint smile for an instant lighted up her face. She pointed to her breast, but the gleam of consciousness soon passed away, and she fell back again a swoon. He hesitated a moment. Then quietly

laying her down again, with her head supported by a plank, he seized the oars, and vigorously pulled towards the spot where Madame de Moldau and the servants were waiting. After a rapid consultation, it was determined that he should row her and the dying girl to the opposite shore, and then return to convey the horse across. The two servants in the meantime contrived to cross the islet bridge. When they met on the other side, the boy was sent to the village to fetch assistance, in order that Simonette might be conveyed to Therese's hut, the nearest resting-place at hand, and to beg Father Maret to come to them as soon as possible Madame de Moldau had thrown her cloak on some moss less saturated with wet than the long grass, and sitting down upon it, received in her arms the light form which d'Auban carefully lifted out of the boat. She pressed the wasted limbs against her bosom, striving thus to restore warmth to them. She breathed through the cold lips, whilst he chafted the icy feet. They scarcely spoke at all during these moments of anxions watching. Madame de Moldau's tears fell on the poor girl's brow and cheeks. He gazed upon her with the most mournful feeling. Their thoughts were deadled

the same. They wondered where she had been. They prayed she might not die before the priest came.

After swallowing some more brandy, which they had poured down her throat, she revived again a little. D'Auban forced into her mouth some crumbs from a piece of bread he had in his pocket, and in an authoritive manner bade her eat them. She opened her eyes, which looked

the flowery islands on its bosom, like a conqueror taking possession of a kingdom. A burst of glorious sunshine gladdened the expanse of wood and water around St. Agathe, and the herbage and the flowers, and living things without number, seemed to exult in its light. The brightputting in her mouth a crumb of bread at

a time. In the mean time four men from the in the mean time four men from the village were bringing a sort of rude litter, made of planks and moss; and Father Maret accompanied them. The boy had arrived at the church just as he was finish-

arrived at the church just as he was finishing Mass.

"She has revived a little," whispered d'Auban, "but is scarcely conscious. Feel her pulse. Will you try and speak to her now, or can we venture to carry her at once to Therese's hut?"

"I think you may," said the priest, counting the beats of her feeble pulse; "I fear she will not recover, but there is still some strength in the poor child. She will be much more conscious, I expect, will be much more conscious, I expect, in a little while than she is now." He in a little while than she is now." He drew his hand across his eyes, and sighed deeply. "If you please, I will ride your horse by the side of the litter, and watch her closely. Wait, however, for one instant." Before Simonette was lifted from Madame de Moldau's knees he bent down and whispered: "My child, are you truly whispered: My chird, are you truly sorry for all your sins against the good God who loves you so much?"

She opened her eyes, and answered distinctly, "Yes, Father, very sorry."

"Then I will give you absolution, my

child," he said, and pronounced the words which have spoken peace to so many con-trite hearts since the day that our Lord said, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven. Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world."

o the end of the world."

After she was laid on the coach of moss, sovered with skins, which was Therese's ped, Simonette fell fast asleep for two or bed, Simonette fell fast askeep for two of three hours. When she awoke she eagerally asked for d'Auban and Madame de Moldau.

"Will you not first see the chief of

prayer?" said Therese, who feared she would exhaust all her strength in speaking to them.
"No! I must see them first; but I wish

the Father to come in also."

In a few moments Madame de Moldau was sitting on one side of her, and Father Maret on the other side of the couch. D'Auban was standing at its foot, more deeply affected than any one would have thought from the stern composure of his countenance. It was by a strong effort he repressed the expression of feelings which were wringing his heart, for it was one of the tenderest that ever beat in a man's

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE RE-APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC TO THE TREATY OF **UTRECHT**, A. D., 1689-1713.

Written for the Record. While the British were seized with despondency, De Frontenac was meditating new projects of aggression. He resolved on rebuilding the fort at Cataraqui, and on rebuilding the lore at catalogi, and carrying the war thence into the territories of the Iroquois. The latter, angered by the re-building of this fort, made an irruption into the island of Montreal, but met with a stern rebuff. The Ottawas and Hurons were also successful in an invasion of the Seneca territory, while a body of Miamis and French utterly destroyed the Iroquois forces on Lake Huro Discomfited in war, the subtle people had now recourse to diplomacy. Knowing that the Hurons and Ottawas had long murmured against the prices paid for their peltries, and the exorbitant charges imposed on them in their purchase of French merchandise, the agents of the Five Nations sought to impress them with the su-perior advantages of English trade. They succeeded so well that De Frontenac found succeeded so well that De Frontena tound it almost impossible to sever the alliance in this way, brought about by the Iroquois. He was, however, determined to effect his purpose, and decided on warlike measures. In July, 1696, he ascended the St. Law.

rence to Cataraqui with fifteen hundred regular soldiers, militia and Indian allies. Crossing over to Oswego, the French follow-Crossing over to Oswego, the French followed the course of that river, upward, till they reached Lake Onondaga. The Onondagas abandoned and burned their villages, leaving the French to destroy their growing crops and stores of grain—a loss almost incalcula-The territory of the Oneidas was also ravaged, their crops and dwellings destroy-ed, and a few prisoners taken. The Eng-lish colonists in the neighborhood were eized with fear at the presence of so large a body of French in such dangerous proximity. It was, however, no part of the design of the French Governor to attack the English settlements. He desired to carry terror into the territory of the Iroquois themselves, and succeeded so well that the recalcitrant tribes, the Ottawas and

that the recalcitrant tribes, the Ottawas and Hurons, returned to their allegiance, and the nations further west decided on enter-ing into alliance with the French. French influence over the aboriginal tribes was now transcendent. The Aben-aquis, Algonquins, Hurons and even Sioux were all the trusted adherents of French demining in the great solution.

dominion in the new world.

While M. de Frontenac in this way ex tended the power of his sovereign, and consolidated the strength of the dominions confided to him, a Canadian hero, Pierre Lemoyne Sieur de Iberville, of whom ention has already been made, sustained the cause of France in the most remote re gions, with a fearlessness and dexterity without a parallel evenin those heroic times. This distinguished man was born at Montreal in 1661. At the early age of fourteen he entered the French naval service and rapidly rose to distinction. He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of French colonial affairs, and his opinions in all matters relating to the advancement of French interests in America were soon valued both in the mother ountry and in Canada.
On his recommendation, a fleet was

On his recommendation, a fleet was equipped in 1692 to operate in the new world. Two ships of war were placed under his own command, to attack the fishing stations of the English in Newfoundland, and their trading posts on the Hudsons bay. On his arrival at Cape Breton, he received information from De Villebor, Governor of Acadia, that three British passels were then cruising in the British vessels were then cruising in the neighborhood of St. Johns. Thither he at once directed his course, capturing the

Newport, a vessel of 24 guns. The two others escaped in a fog. He also reduced and demolished the strong fortress of Pennaquid on the Bay of Fundy. Thence D'Iberville set sail for Plancentia, to open Detervile set sail for Flancenia, to open hostilities against the British settlements and fishing stations in Newfoundland. This island was also, in part, occupied by the French, but the British enjoyed the

predominance, having several settlements and fortified ports, while the French had no place of note but a fort at Placentia, and a fishing station at Cape Race. The settlements at Placentia suffered, for a settlements at Flacentia sunfered, for a time, very severe losses from the frequent incursions of pirates. Its Governor at the time we speak of was M. de Bronillon. Acting in concert with him. D'Iberville laid siege to St. John, captured the town, and left it, with its fortifications, a heap of

In the winter of 1697, at the head of 125 Canadians who had been sent to rein-force him, D'Iberville captured all the other British ports on the island but two, Bon-avista and Carbonnear. During this time he killed 200 men and took prisoners more than 600 others. In the spring of 1697, five vessels arrived at Placentia in command of his brother, M. de Sevigny. M. D'Iberville, under special instructions from the minister, took command of these vessels and proceeded to Hudsons Bay. It was not, as we have seen, his first visit to these bleak regions. He had already achieved distinction in the Hudsons Bay country, being of a party despatched by M. de Denonville in 1685, to drive the British from their fort Rupert, and other forts on the Hudsons Bay. Fort Rupert was taken and its fortifications demolished. was taken and its fortifications demolished.
St. Anne's, another British post, capitulated almost without resistance. Fort Bourbon, once a French port, but delivered to the British by Huguenot renegades, alone remained in this yast territory to the English. The fall of Fort Rupert and St.

English. The fall of Fort Rupert and St.

Anne placed an immense booty in valuable peltries in the hands of the victors.

In 1687, D'Iberville returned to Quebec, but re-visited Hudsons Bay in the following year. With a garrison of fourteen men he resisted three British ships of war, and finally captured the vessels themselves. In 1689 he also succesfully defended fort St. Anne, and took another vessel. In 1690, the British once more becam

masters of fort St. Anne, lost it the year following, to recover it two years later.

In 1694 M. D'Iberville captured Fort
Bourbon, but had to mourn the loss of his
brother, M. de Chateauguay, who fell in

His expedition in 1697 was attended with marked success. He not only overcame a strong British marine force, but captured Fort Nelson, and with it acquired for France undisputed possessions of the entire Hudsons Bay territory. Thus in the brief space of two years did this remarkable man wrest from British control the island of Newfoundland, and the immense regions bordering on Canada's great inland

The unwonted activity of the French marine caused a feeling of the deepest un-easiness throughout the Anglo-American colonies. A combined land and sea expedition against Boston had indeed received the consideration and approval of the French government, but the exhausted state of the national finances prevented the execution of the scheme. The treaty of execution of the scheme. The treaty of Ryswick, signed Sept. 11th, 1697, at length Ryswick, signed Sept. Ital, 1097, a tengin restored peace to the parent states and to their dependencies in America. The proc-lamation of peace was hailed with joy in the British and French settlements. Even for the adventurous Canadians war had, for the moment, lost its charms, and peace velcomed everywhere from Quebec to the distant trading posts on the western

Under the provisions of the treaty of Ryswick, France acquired possession of the western coast of Newfoundland, the entire eastern mainland scaboard from Hudsons Bay to New England, with the adjacent islands, the valleys of the St. Lawrence, in-cluding the lakes, and the whole Mississippi

region.

M. de Frontenac did not long survive the conclusion of peace. He died Nov. 28th, 1698, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His second administration must his age. His second administration must be considered one of the most brilliant epochs of French colonial history. On his arrival in 1689, he found the colony in a state of defenceless inactivity. The massacre of the settlers in the neighborhood of Montreal by the Iroquois, and the want of tact and judgment evinced in the ad-ministrative offices, combined to render the Canadian colonists a prey to misgiving and apprehension. His vigor and promptitude soon restored confidence. He met every difficulty with a fortitude becoming his high rank, and had the satisfaction of witnessing, before his death, the sovereign-ty of King Louis acknowledged from Lab-rador to Louisiana. The errors of his first administration were certainly repaired by the brilliant achievements of his second term of office. The memory of these term of office. The memory of these achievements caused his death to be looked on with universal grief, and his faults to be covered with the generous oblivion, well merited by one who, notwithstanding his shortcomings and frailties, accomplished great things for his country and his sover-

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER WENINGER AMONG THE METHODISTS.

Father Weninger, the famous Jesuit issionary, gave a mission at Troy Indiana, twenty-one years ago, says the Catholic Sentinal, and he also gave a mission there recently, at which the following ingular occurrence transpired.

During his visit the pastor of the Metho-

dist church waited on Father Weninger and told him he would be happy to have him preach a sermon in the Catholic church for the benefit of the Methodist congregation, to which Father Weninger agreed as soon as his mission closed among the Catholics. Accordingly agreed as soon as his mission closed among the Catholics. Accordingly, on the appointed evening the Methodist preacher and his whole congregation filled the Catholic church and listened attentively to the eminent Jesuit as he dilated upon the theme, "No Salvation outside the Catholic Church," which Father Weninger treated in his usual masterly manner, and which doubtless brought conviction to many a doubting mind.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like the drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.—William

A SWEARER ALONE WITH GOD.

A carrier in a large town in Yorkshire A carrier in a large town in Forksime heard his carter one day in the yard swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier was a man who feared God, spent his Lord's days as a teacher in a Sunday School, amid his fellow-creatures.

He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He

He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart for Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added—
"But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turnpike on S—Moor, where now but fod and thought can hear."

get through the turnpike on S.—Moor, where none but God and thyself can hear."

The poor fellow cracked his whip and pursued his journey; but he could not get over his master's words. Some time after his master observed him in the yard, and

was very much surprised to see him so al-tered. There was a serious quietness about him which he had never seen before: about him which he had never seen before:
and he often seemed as if he had something to say that he could not get out.
At length his master was so much struck
with his manner, that he asked him if he
wanted anything.
"Ah! master," said he, "do you know
what you said to me about swearing? I
was thunderstruck. I went on the road,
and I get through the turnike, and reach-

and I got through the turnpike, and reached S—Moor: and there I thought that though I was alone, yet God was with me; and I trembled to think how He had been with me and had known all my sins an follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance; and I was afraid that He would strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been roused to seek after the salvation of my soul."

salvation of my soul."

The master, as may be supposed, was overjoyed to hear the young man's confession; and it was gratifying to know that his subsequent conduct gave proof of his having ceased to be a slave to sin.

"A word spoken in due season, how

AN ARCHRISHOP ATTACKED.

We, as American Catholics' should cherish a great love, honor and respect, for the glorious Catholic nobility and gentry of England. Not because they are noble and gentle, by heritage and birthright, be that gentle, by heritage and birthright, be that far from us, but because of the long years of weary watching and waiting, because of the persecutions, the prisons, the stripes, the toils, the sufferings, which for long cen-turies they patiently endured, rather than relinquish the precious deposit of Faith, handed down to them by a long line of Catholic ancestry.

Catholic ancestry.

For this reason let us love the names of the Howards, the Arundals, the Staffords, the Petres, Traffords, the Wells, and all those other knightly sons of Holy Church, who, in those dark and stormy days of per-secution suffered so much for her dear sake. They speak our tongue, and in some of us, the blood which flows in their veins, is intermingled. They, and they alone, of all their countrymen hold out the right hand of fellowship to Ireland because the Irish are their co-religionists their brethren in the household of Faith

their brethren in the household of Fatth,
the sons of the same nursing mother.

Perhaps as worthy an example as we
can give to illustrate our remarks, is offered
in the recent magnificent reply made by
His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, to
an attack made upon him by Sir Henry
Parkes, the governor of New South Wales.

The Vaughans have supplied the Church
with many bishops, priests, abbots, monks

with many bishops, priests, abbots, monks and nuns. A Vaughan is Archbishop of Sydney; another, Bishop of Salford; (he has visited our city), another, a mitred abbot; another, a nun; another, a priest; and all of them brothers and sisters-a goodly family.

Sir Henry Parkes, a man of yesterday,

a political place-seeker, a member of the snobocracy, presumes to lift his hand against a Prince of the Church, dares to brand with sedition and disloyality a man whose fathers fought for Faith and country at Agincourt and Poitiers, centuries before he was thought of. Right nobly does the great prelate respond to the charge, in words burning with righteous indignation he defends first the Church and then himself. We give his words in another column.—Cincinnatti Telegraph.

EULOGY BY COMPARISON.

The following, says the Hartford Post, did not occur in Hartford, but just near enough to make it interesting: At the enough to make it interesting: At the funeral of a very rich but unprincipled man, recently, the relatives and friends were anxious to have some eulogistic remarks made on the merits of the deceased by the minister officiating. In view of the utter wickedness of the man's life it was hard to think of anything that could be adduced to certify this natural desire. be adduced to gratify this natural desire on the part of the bereaved one, but finala friend present suggested that they uld at least say that "the deceased was

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Waste no time on introductions. Don't begin by laying out your subject like a Dutch flower garden, or telling your motives for writing. The key note should be struck, if possible, in the very first sentence. A dull beginning often spoils an article; a spicy one whets the appetite, and commends what follows to both editor and reader. Above all, stop when you are done. Don't letthe ghost of your thought wander about after the death of the body. Don't waste a moment's time in vindicating your production against editors or Waste no time on introductions. Don't ing your production against editors or critics, but expend your energies in writ-ing something which shall be its own vinlication.

A CONVERT IN ST. LOUIS.

Mrs. Fanny S. Samples, a member of the Christian church for a number of years, has severed her connection with that denomination and embraced the Catholic faith. This step has been contemplated by Mrs. Samples for some time. She is the wife of Mr. Wm. Samples, a hide and leather dealer of considerable means. He is a deacon of the first Christian church, Seventeeth and Olive streets, the same from which Mrs. Samples severs her con-nection. Mrs. Samples during her connection with the Christian church has been active in all charitable and benevolent works undertaken by the members, and the step she has taken is much regretted by them. She, however, has their best wishes.—St. Louis Times.

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