

In Memoriam.

Joseph Alexander McGee, died April 12, 1880, aged 4 years, 5 months and 17 days.

"NOLIS DONET IN PATRIA" He smiled of yore upon the children fair...

And now, from time to time, the children go From dreary earth into His sacred arms...

So in the octave of the Easter time, The Queen and Mother took him by the hand...

And led him to a softer, fairer clime, To live, forever in his native land.

Who would remember, yet who would forget The little face, the dimpled cheek...

The empty shoe, with little toe half worn, The broken toy that lies upon the floor...

And yet his Mother keeps him safe above, And praiseth her, he waits until the Saint...

Does she not keep him, who his Mother is? He is not dead, but daily prays for you...

In the bright octave of the Easter day, He rose with Christ, and still with Christ he lives...

To Him who loves us all, and all grace gives. New York, April, 1880.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Maitre Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from Arkansas to New Orleans...

"No, I have never had the time to take her to a priest." D'Auban sighed, and Simon looked at him anxiously...

side of the child. Then he talked to her in a low and soothing voice, and taught her the few great truths she could understand...

As she grew older, the life she led, her voyages to and from New Orleans, and above all, the acquaintance she made in that town, were very undesirable for a young girl...

"Where is Simonette?" inquired d'Auban, after the first words of civility had passed between him and the bargeman...

"And is the lady a real one?" "I have no doubt she is." "And a person of good character?"...

seemed always on the point of starting off, and had a way of looking out of the corner of her eye as if she caught at what was said to her rather than listened to it.

Well, I admit there is something in that. Let us then say fifty. "Fifty would be more to the purpose. You see, sir, it is not often that ladies are to be found in these parts, it is just as seldom that ladies' maids are to be met with."

"I really do. I think it will be a mutual advantage to this lady and to you." "That is the lady, and to you."

CHAPTER V. Strive yet I do not prove The prize you dream of to-day...

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE APPOINTMENT OF MONTMAGNY.

Champlain succeeded in the governorship by M. de Chateaufort, who held the reins of power for a period as brief as it was uneventful, giving place in 1637 to M. de Montmagny.

The Algonquin race peopled an immense tract, stretching on the one side from the frigid regions occupied by the Esquimaux to the winterless dominions...

The Hurons, on the other hand, were not so numerous, but, besides enjoying the favor of alliance with many of the Algonquin tribes, enlisted from the time of Champlain, the powerful support of the French.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and no one answering, he opened the door, and found his page fast asleep in his elbow-chair.

My young friend, said Frederick. "God often does great things for us even in our sleep."

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Men are more zealous for truth than they are for error. No tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

It is a truth that the faults we see in ourselves cannot be borne with when encountered in others.

To make our reliance on Providence both pious and rational, we must prepare all things with the same care and diligence as if there were no such thing as Providence to depend upon...

God does to holy souls, not so much in heroic actions, which are rather the soul's stepping-stones to God, but in the performance of ordinary habitual duties...

The heart of us are ungenerous with God, and ungenerosity is but a form of the want of fear.

In examining, even superficially, those ages which heresy has dared to represent as without the knowledge of the sacred writings, it is easy to convince ourselves that not only churchmen—that is to say, those who profess a profession of learning—knew the Holy Scriptures thoroughly...

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