

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

**DECAY OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE.**—In a discussion on this subject in the French Chambers, M. Gavardie, a Deputy, gave it as his opinion that the decay was attributable to the dying out of Christianity, and religious feeling. This was at first laughed at by the other Deputies, but the speaker ably supported his thesis. We give some extracts from the *Times* correspondent on the subject:—

He began by stating, as an incontrovertible fact, that Art in France is in a state of profound decadence. Of course, there were dissentient exclamations from Deputies whose national vanity was wounded by the assertion, but M. Gavardie was not to be moved by protest, and insisted that French Art is in a deplorable state. The evil, however, was not beyond mending, and he was prepared with a remedy. In his opinion the chief cause of the decline is the deficiency of religious instruction in the public schools, not only in the technical schools, in that at Rome, and in those of fine art and drawing, but in the public schools in a general way. He desired to point out to the Assembly the very serious danger incurred, in his opinion, by civilization in France.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the old artists, those who have thrown so great a splendour over the history of art, the artists of the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, of whose names I need not remind you, were—and some among us may be surprised to hear it, but it is nevertheless true—theologians before they were artists."

At this there was laughter and ironical applause on some of the benches of the Left. M. Gavardie insisted on his statement:

"They were not doctors in Canon Law, but they had begun by seeking the true expression of art, that without which art becomes something mercantile and a mere trade. Technical skill is certainly not lacking in our day; the progress of the physical sciences has placed marvellous means of execution in the hands of artists. What have they made of them? They lack the inspiration of faith which animated the intelligence, the hands, the heart of the artists of whom I just now spoke, and who had studied at that profound source the true notions of art, for in the domain of intelligence everything is connected. How comes it that in the present day we have no great writers, no great poets; that at this moment there are no great men of letters in France? (Denials on the Left.) I know that we have had them; but do you know in what their strength consisted—the strength of those whose names you now invoke? Do you know whence they derived their inspirations? They had religious and monarchical inspirations, and Victor Hugo first among them."

The Left laughed ironically, but could not deny this, for the early writings of the author of *Odes et Ballades* are there to prove it. Still insisting on the necessity of a high order of study as part of the education of a true artist, he referred to the want of dignity and elevation in the art of the present day, and said:—

"We cannot walk through our streets and squares and promenades without meeting with very vulgar types of beauty. . . . (exclamations and loud laughter on the Left), often, gentlemen—and the expression I am about to use will not be metaphorical—with marble maidens (*filles de marbre*), who display rather too ingeniously. . . . (Hear, hear, from Deputy Perin and others.) I thank my honourable colleague for demanding silence on my behalf, but I know not how I will receive the expression I am about to use; I will say that those statues are rather too Republican in their style; and at this you need not be astonished, for they are *sans-culottes*."

**A THREATENED SCHISM IN THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH.**—*Galignani* says:—The Synod of the reformed Churches of France has terminated its second session. The most important business transacted in this last sitting was the presentation of a letter from 94 pastors, and as many laymen, asking the Assembly to pronounce the amicable separation of the two parties which divide the Church. M. Bois, author of the "Declaration of Faith," proposed to pass to the order of the day on the subject; he said that the Synod did not wish to impose its doctrines on any one; that most persons who do not recognize them morally cease by that fact to form part of the Church; that those who do not share that belief may withdraw and form a Church of their own, but that the Synod could not associate with such a separation. M. Perrissin, an orthodox of the extreme Right, said that, far from regretting the secession, he was rejoiced at it after the conduct of the Liberals. In his opinion, the neo-Protestants were materialists, and placed reason above faith; they ceased to be Protestants, and might go. Notwithstanding a very resolute opposition, the order of the day of M. Bois was adopted. The minutes of the Synod were then read and adopted, after which the members separated, to meet again next year on the convocation of the Permanent Committee.

**MACMAHON AND THE POPE.**—A formal breakfast followed the ceremony of delivering the Cardinal's hats to Monsignor Chigi, Regnier, and Guibert, in Versailles, France, on January 8. Speeches were made by the new Cardinals, and in the course of his address Mgr. Guibert eulogized Marshal MacMahon. The Marshal replied, and expressed his gratitude to the Pope for the honor he had done him in delegating him to invest the new Cardinals with the insignia of their dignity. He also requested Cardinal Chigi to thank the Pope for the honor he did the French clergy in conferring the Roman purple upon two of its most eminent chiefs. "The Pope," continued Marshal MacMahon, "knows our filial attachment and our admiration at the manner in which he supports his trials. His sympathy did not all in our misfortune, and his good wishes are with us now in the work of pacific regeneration which my Government pursues."

The *Paris Sport* gives the following particulars concerning Marshal De MacMahon:—Grand Seigneur by right of birth! Marshal of France by right of conquest! President of the Republic by devotedness! His name is popular and his person will be legendary! About half a century ago an old Count De MacMahon inhabited the Chateau de Saint Max, which is still seen at about a quarter of a league from Nancy, on the road to Marsal. The house, surmounted by a lofty roof, is half concealed by trees, and, situated half way up a hill, it overlooks the ancient capital of Lorraine. The Count died in this sort of castle. Having three nephews he bequeathed to the eldest his domains, to the second his movable property, and to the third, as sole legacy, an old family sword, half eaten up with rust. The disinherited nephew was Patrick De MacMahon, now Marshal of France and President of the Republic. Such Frenchmen as have had the affliction to revisit the conquered portion of the country, and of pausing, full of emotion, on the battle-field of Reichshoffen, may have observed the homage paid to the Marshal by his enemies. To a solitary tree, which was on the day of combat a mark for the German artillery, is attached a placard on which are read these words:—

"Here Marshal De MacMahon maintained himself during the battle. All persons are forbidden to touch this tree, its branches or its leaves."

This inscription, pious in thought and simple in form, is perhaps the most glorious trophy of the President. The valor of the soldier dominates his defeat, and the victors bow themselves to the vanquished.

Then advertising to the private habits of the Marshal, our contemporary says:—

"The Duke De Magenta shoots and rides as if he

were only twenty-five years of age; and probably the active life which he leads has prolonged his vigor beyond the ordinary limits. One of the salient features of his character is an excessive modesty; the hero, so intrepid under fire, appears somewhat timid in a drawing-room, but that quality is not without its charm; for gentleness, combined with force, renders his prestige all the greater. Marshal De MacMahon has borne arms and command under five different Governments without betraying one of them, for the simple reason that he never served anything but his country!"

## ITALY.

General La Marmora has published a letter maintaining the truth of his statements in regard to negotiations at one time for the cession of German territory to France, in which he says Prince Bismarck participated. The letter is a reply to Prince Bismarck's denial of the whole story in the *Prussian Landtag*.

The statement in De La Marmora's book with regard to the cession of German territory to France and Prince Bismarck's denial of its truth, cause coolness between Germany and Italy.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February gives the following sketch of a Neapolitan Bishop under the old regime:—

"Not only did he expend, in relief to the sufferers every dollar he possessed, but he sold his valuable service of plate, and used the proceeds in the same benevolent cause. He gave also his entire time to the sick, bringing to the lowest beds temporal and spiritual comfort. On one occasion when, accompanied by three or four young priests, he was about to enter one of the most crowded alleys, he noticed the momentary hesitation of his attendants to follow him down the dark entrance-steps, and quietly said to them: 'Rest here till I return my children! This is too much for you.'"

## GERMANY.

BERLIN, Jan. 30th.—The *North German Gazette*, alluding to the sympathy manifested in Belgium for the German Ultramontanes, declares that every Government is bound to check the disposition of its subjects to participate in any revolutionary attempt against a friendly power.

## ST. BRIDGET'S ASYLUM ASSOCIATION.

Quebec, Dec. 30, 1873.

Annual meeting, the Rev. Mr. McGauran in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. Messrs. Heatley and Foley, Auditors for 1872, reported that they had examined the Treasurer's accounts and found them correct.

The following Report and Treasurer's statement for 1873 were then read:—

To the St. Bridget's Asylum Association:

GENTLEMEN:—The Trustees in their report of last year referred to the assistance which they were about to receive from the Ladies of St. Patrick's Charitable Society in the management of the Asylum, and they are happy in being able to state that the supervision of its internal affairs by the members of that excellent Society during the current year has been productive of most important benefits to the institution.

Notwithstanding their arduous labors in the Asylum itself, these good ladies, in order to replenish its funds, and assisted by other ladies of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, held a bazaar in the month of October last, under the distinguished patronage of Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, which realized the very handsome sum of \$3,418, thus adding another proof of the zeal, energy and perseverance they have always displayed in its behalf.

In order to relieve the inmates from the crowded state to which the want of room in the old Asylum subjected them, and to effect their necessary classification, the chapel and several apartments in the new building have been fitted up, and the old chapel has been converted into a dormitory for the orphans. These improvements, which are, however, of a permanent nature, entailed an outlay of \$178.72, the details of which will be found in the Treasurer's report.

In the early part of the year Miss Bradley, who for sixteen years performed, gratuitously, the duties of Matron, having resigned, the Trustees had to engage a Matron to replace her, whose salary, as well as the salary of an additional servant (rendered necessary in consequence of the removal of several inmates to the new building) adds considerably to the current expenditure of this as compared with former years.

The Trustees have to acknowledge with thanks the continuance of the annual grant from the Provincial Legislature, and they have also to report the receipt of the following donations, etc.:—The St. Patrick's Society, \$50; the Ship Laborers' Society, \$30; a Friend, \$25; an Unknown Friend, through Mr. M. Enright, \$25; bequest from the late Rev. Mr. Clark, \$150; and from the late Mrs. Laurence Doyle, \$10. Other donations in provisions, etc., have been received, which the donors do not wish to be specially mentioned. These generous benefactors are entitled to the gratitude of every friend of the institution.

The number of inmates in the Asylum on the 1st of January, '73 was, . . . . . 59

Admitted since—Adults 4, children 14 . . . . . 19

Died—Adults 4, children 1 . . . . . 5

Children placed out (Adopted) . . . . . 10

Do taken out by relatives . . . . . 4

Remaining in the Asylum . . . . . 58

The prosperity of the Asylum since its first establishment gives us full reason to be thankful to Almighty God, and it ought ever to be our constant prayer that He would continue, as in the past, to foster and protect it.

B. McGAURAN, Priest,

President.

MAURICE O'LEARY,

Secretary.

Quebec, 30th Dec., 1873.

The Treasurer in account with the St. Bridget's Asylum Association:

Dr.

To balance from last year . . . . . \$ 325 48

" Dividends on Bank Stock . . . . . 216 00

" Interest on Debentures . . . . . 416 00

" " Deposits . . . . . 46 19

" Payment of Board for inmates . . . . . 86 00

" Subscriptions . . . . . 14 00

" Bequests and Donations:

Widow Laurence Doyle . . . . . \$ 10 00

Late Rev. P. G. Clark . . . . . 150 00

Ship Laborers' Society . . . . . 30 00

A Friend . . . . . 25 00

St. Patrick's Society . . . . . 50 00

A Friend, per Mr. Enright . . . . . 25 00

—290 00

" School Allowance . . . . . 120 00

" Government Grant . . . . . 500 00

" Building Fund . . . . . 5 00

" Proceeds of Bazaar . . . . . 3,418 86

" Received from Matron . . . . . 49 80

—\$5,517 33

To Balance . . . . . \$1,249 77

By Oatmeal, Bread and Flour . . . . . \$ 440 25

" Meat, Fish, Butter, &c. . . . . 399 11

" Groceries . . . . . 550 01

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|--|----------|
| " Vegetables . . . . .                     | 69 33    |
| " Grazing Cows, Bran, &c. . . . .          | 279 32   |
| " Firewood, Cartage, &c. . . . .           | 90 59    |
| " Bed, Bedding, Clothing, &c. . . . .      | \$297 32 |
| " do do per Matron . . . . .               | 40 35    |
| " Funeral expenses . . . . .               | 337 87   |
| " Cab hire—driving Clergy . . . . .        | 10 50    |
| " Salaries, &c. . . . .                    | 41 50    |
| " Tinsmith and Plumber . . . . .           | 600 66   |
| " Insurance . . . . .                      | 38 77    |
| " Painting and Advertising . . . . .       | 86 96    |
| " Cartage on Supplies . . . . .            | 37 38    |
| " Books and Stationery . . . . .           | 7 35     |
| " Furniture . . . . .                      | 9 00     |
| " Building and Repairs . . . . .           | 184 23   |
| " Debt paid off . . . . .                  | 257 05   |
| " do do . . . . .                          | \$400 00 |
| " do do . . . . .                          | 61 48    |
| " Annuity . . . . .                        | 461 46   |
| " Interest . . . . .                       | 108 63   |
| " Discount on Note . . . . .               | 56 37    |
| " Rent of Music Hall . . . . .             | 63 43    |
| " Balance in Treasurer's hands, \$1,210 32 | 138 10   |
| " do do Ladies' do . . . . .               | 39 45    |
| —1,250 77                                  |          |
| \$5,547 33                                 |          |

Quebec, 30th December, 1873.

WILLIAM QUINN,

Treasurer.

Moved by Mr. M. F. Walsh, seconded by Mr. Thos. Heatley.—That the report of the Trustees and the financial statements just read be received, adopted and published—and that the same be also submitted to the congregation of St. Patrick's in accordance with Law.

A report from the St. Patrick's Ladies' Charitable Society, detailing their management of the internal affairs of the Asylum for the past year, was then read, and on motion of Mr. Foley, seconded by Mr. D. Nolan, it was unanimously resolved: that the best thanks of the Association are due and hereby tendered to the St. Patrick's Ladies' Charitable Society, for their very successful management of the internal affairs of the Asylum during the past year.

Messrs. Heatley and Foley were appointed auditors, and the meeting adjourned.

MAURICE O'LEARY,

Secretary.

## ENDOWMENT FUND.

In addition to the balance of Cash in hand, as shown above, of . . . . . \$1,249 77

There is at present to the Credit of the Endowment Fund:—

27 shares Union Bank Stock . . . . . \$2,860 75

Hamilton City Debentures . . . . . 10,400 00

Loan to St. Patrick's Church . . . . . 300 00

—13,579 75

\$14,819 52

WILLIAM QUINN,

Treasurer.

Quebec, 30th December, 1873.

## IRISH LANGUAGE AND MUSIC.

There is no better criterion of the nature and distinguishing characteristics of a people, than the study of its language and music. In comparing the ancient Greek and Hebrew languages, Chateaubriand remarks: "The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflection in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of thought by the mere apposition of a letter, proclaims the idiom of a people, who, by a remarkable combination, unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind. The Greek displays, in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius, a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words. Again he says: "The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew conveys a moral and universal sentiment."

Here we have the characteristics of these two nations beautifully portrayed in their language, and this, on principle, can be affirmed of all others; for as the stream carries along with it the properties of the fountain, so does language bear the impress of the soul from which it flows. The language of the Frenchman is the mirror which reflects his politeness, vivacity and fickleness, while the phlegmatic, but vigorous nature of the Teuton, shines forth from the broad, slow-paced, and stentorian harshness of his vernacular German. The stately Spanish proclaims itself to be the language of a high-toned people; the Italian shows a people of sentiment, and the homely Anglo-Saxon speaks the blunt, strong-minded, and matter-of-fact Englishman.

It is in this way the philologist naturally wanders back from the study of a language to the habits and peculiarities of the people who spoke it, deciphering the religion, pursuits and characteristics of nations which history has long since lost sight of, and corroborating its narrations, regarding those that have not yet passed away. It is, in this way, we are enabled to read a reliable, social and moral history of Ireland, from the construction and peculiar traits of her language. In its polished finish and regularity, we see a people of refinement and education, long before most other nations of Europe had arisen from their semi-barbarism. In its expressiveness and volubility, we see the ready-witted and communicative Irishman, and on every page of its literature we find those aspirations and sentiments which can only belong to a people naturally endowed with a religious propensity. The Irishman's salutation is: "God bless you." If he enters the house of his neighbor it is either: "The blessing of God be here," or "God save all here," and he is greeted in turn by the repetition of his own salutation or the well-known *Cead mille faile*—"you are a hundred thousand times welcome." The idiom of the Irishman shows that he is neither selfish nor egotistical, and hence there is not, in the whole language, a single word that implies absolute possession. In the words of Rev. Ulrick Bonke, "It would seem as if the native Irishman were either too poor, or too high-minded, to proclaim boldly that he has property. He cannot say it; his language does not supply the apposite verb; he gently states that it is 'with him,' *ai agam*. It is the *est pro habeo*. Now, this peculiarity must have some cause, and that cause, we believe, is to be found in the unselfish disposition of the Irish. We can never understand Irish character and history without some knowledge of the Irish language. The Irishman is the incarnation of the Irish tongue, and the Irish tongue is the vocalization of the Irishman."

What we have said of languages can also be affirmed of music. In the national music of Ireland we see the soul, the life and the dispositions of her people. It is now joyous and soul-stirring, then sad and plaintive, or often with both qualities beautifully blended, the same strain will exultate and sadden, leaving you enraptured between an inexpressible two-fold feeling, like a child smiling through its tears.

It is this which Moore has beautifully given expression to in his far-famed melody:

"Ere I the tear and the smile in thine eyes,  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies;  
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,  
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise."

Music is the language of the heart, and its strains are expressions of the feelings by which they are awakened. The lively and soul-stirring strains of the Irish bards breathe forth the natural joyousness of a people careless and happy, and side by side we

find the mournful and pathetic melody—the outpourings of a heart overburdened with oppression and sorrow. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland's music will again be all joy and gladness, as it was in the days when she was free and happy, before her brightness had been overclouded by the dark cloud of oppression.—*Western Catholic*.

Speaking of law as at present violated, Rev. T. K. Beecher says:—"It is extremely difficult to commit the crime of murder in such an accurate and honest way that it shall satisfy the specifications of the statute. Unless the would be murderer take legal counsel beforehand and follow instructions minutely, he will fail nine times in ten however sincerely he may try. Anybody can kill a man, but he cannot do it in first-degree murder style without counsel and care."

Good humor, which is good nature polished and consolidated into habit, consists in the amiable virtues of the heart, and in suavity of manners. A person of good humor is pleased with himself; he is pleased with others; he cherishes humanity, benevolence, candor; and these qualities, infused into the dispositions and conduct, shed around a chastened gaiety, and he feels complacency in general happiness. Mirth is the glancing solar beams of summer; wit is the gleam between disparaging clouds on the autumnal plain; good humor is the balmy and genial sunshine of spring, under which we love to recline. Mild and genuine good humor has a peculiar simplicity, frankness and softness of expression; fashionable politeness puts on its semblance, but, as is the case with every species of hypocrisy, it falls by its overacted efforts to please. This amiable quality is consistent; no latent frown bends with its smile, no feigned officiousness contradicts the language of the lips; its expressions are faithful to its sentiments, and it is perennial as the source from whence it flows. Good humor is estimable as a personal quality. High reputation and superior attainments have naturally dazzled splendor, which is only approachable with confidence, when subdued by the refreshing softness of good humor. Moderate abilities with assumed pretensions, provoke censure or excite ridicule; but adorned with good humor, they insinuate themselves into esteem, even more than eminent but austere attainments. The show of distinguished qualities humbles mediocrity, and generates the dissatisfaction of jealousy; the display of witty and confident assurance silences modesty, and produces a feeling, which has perhaps a tincture of envy; a vein of satire, which elicits occasionally hilarity, arms all with the precaution of fear. The temper which I recommend removes jealousy, envy, fear; it gives pleasure to everyone, places everyone at ease; and whatever produces such results, we are disposed to esteem and love. Social happiness, in its aggregate sum, is chiefly made up of kind attentions and minute favors; an attention or a favor derives much of its value from the manner in which it is conferred, and good humor gives a charm to whatever it bestows.

THE BOY WHOSE MOTHER CUTS HIS HAIR.—You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the ends of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you can tell by the way he stops on the street, and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to sit him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirtband appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recoils that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this point he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him; she merely hits him on the other ear to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through, she holds a jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to the fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully-disfigured head to the mirror and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Danbury News*.

**HEALTH MAXIMS.**—The dress of children, especially of girls, is often reprehensible and fatal to health and symmetry. The tightly fitting shoes and dresses that impede the natural motion of the limbs, the exposure of some parts of the body and the overloading of others—above all the accumulated finery, which, in order to be kept nicely forbids the healthy play and exercise which alone can develop the muscles and invigorate the system—these are answerable for much of the ill-health that afflicts the women of the present day. How can any conscientious mother, knowing these things, continue to inflict them, with their long train of evils, upon the daughters given her to train for happiness and usefulness? The growing girl especially should be clothed in warm, soft and easy-fitting garments, that shall neither compress nor bear upon any part of her delicate frame, nor obstruct the free play of any muscle, and then she should be accustomed to merry out-of-door sports, to healthy exercise and frequent intercourse with the sun and air. She should also be saved alike from the crumpling process too often practised in the vain hope of making her an intellectual prodigy, and from the still worse slavery of fashionable dissipation. Both of these are antagonistic to health or beauty, happiness or true worth. Mental education, in its proper sense, can only be built on a foundation of vigorous health, and when it strives to exalt itself at the expense of its foundation it is preparing for speedy downfall.

Of all the foes, however, which threaten to destroy the health of American women, none is so deadly as the tyranny of fashion. This forbids natural movements and hearty exercise, poisons them with unwholesome viands, denies sleep, deprives them of sun and air, thrusts them into heated rooms, and from thence into the chill air of night; steals their bloom, wastes their strength, and shrivels up their faculties. Who that submits to such a sway can ever hope to become a free, healthy, happy, useful human being? What mother who trains her daughters in such a school, can hope for aught save to see them fritter away a short and useless existence, with only the prospect of an early grave, or a feeble, sickly and unhonored maturity? This subject of physical health is destined to stand on a more elevated plane than before.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Relative to the home of Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans, we find in a recent issue of the *London Globe*, the following item:—"The house of Joan of Arc, at Domremi, has just been put in thorough repair by the French Government. It remained in the possession of the family of the 'Pucelle' for years, till one of the descendants of the family was anxious to sell some land and the house with it. An Englishman offered a sum so large that it was obvious his interest was rather archaeological than agricultural. The owner took fright and finally refused to sell upon

any terms, and finally presented the building to the State as an historical monument. Over the doorway are the armorial bearings of the family, and the date 1481 is distinctly legible. A statue of the maid, apparently of the same date, is fixed in front of the house, while in the principal room the bronze figure of La Pucelle presented by Louis Philippe, and executed by one of the Princesses of the House of Orleans, is exhibited. But for the English mania for curiosities, the house might by this time have fallen into ruins."

In a very ancient Florentine manuscript appears the following curious legendary description of drunkenness:—"When Adam first planted the vine, Satan came and watered it, first with the blood of a peacock, then with that of a monkey, that of a lion, and finally with that of a pig. This is why the vine's fruit bears all the characteristics these four animals. When a man takes his first glass of wine he is exalted, and his vanity (the peacock) comes to the surface; at his second, the fumes of the liquor mount still higher, and he is so gay and at the same time so silly, that he at once reminds people of a monkey; then he quaffs still more deeply loses his temper, and is a lion in his rage; lastly he falls on the ground and wallows in the dust like a pig."

THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.—In the depths of a forest, there lived two foxes who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend. But how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one; "two-legged people fall out; why should not we? So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each one would give way. At last number one fetched two stones.

"There!" said he; "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the other, gently, you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face. "You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

So they gave it up as a bad job, and never tried to play at this silly game again. I often think of this fable when I feel more inclined to be sulky than sweet.—*Children's Hour*.

A SMART CLASS.—"John, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean what continent—eastern or western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the eastern continent; but the people are all of them down south."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing, sir."

"Drawing what—water