

question at issue, should make a point of seeing the entire article. The fact that it appeared a month before Mr. Lafleur's points to the disgraceful conclusion that the latter's method of work is deliberately unconscientious, since with every facility for acquiring correct information, he indolently chooses to dress out his own worthless opinions as facts, and coolly presents them as such to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The editors of that respectable journal must take their share of blame for imposing such windy sensationalism on their subscribers; but we have seen more than once that a spirit of enmity to the Church is made to cover a multitude of sins in the literature of the day.

Well, since the days of Aristides, the just have been made to suffer for their justness, so it is scarcely surprising that the priests of the Church of Rome, the one thoroughly unselfish, unworldly, heroic body of men in the world, should lead the van in the class of martyrs. The frugality of their lives, the singleness of their aims, their lofty indifference to ease and distinction, the complete sacrifice of their indi-

vidual rights and privileges,—all these combine into such an urgent protest against the pride, sensuality and self-seeking of their more "enlightened" brethren, that it is small wonder the vanity of the latter should be irritated by the unflattering contrast, and frequently goaded into an unguarded expression of bitter feeling.

But it is all to no purpose. The man who enviously seeks to raise himself by dragging down better men from the eminence built by their own virtues, is an "engineer hoist with his own petard." In attempting to blacken others, he unconsciously proclaims his own worthlessness and reveals the ugly passions of jealousy and hatred which the sense of it engenders in his breast. He has the worst of the fight in every way, for the slandered priest, unversed in the art of mud-throwing, has recourse to a nobler weapon, and trains his heart to feel the spirit of the godlike petition which his lips often, in generous sincerity, repeat—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

PRINCE EMILIUS.

GUARD WELL THY HEART.



GUARD well thy heart lest passion sweep
The chords, and God's sweet melody
Be lost; lest from the ruins leap
The spirit of unrest set free,
And o'er thy life dark chaos fall.

Guard well thy heart! rest not content
With visions fair. Unwearied seek
'Till thou hast found the true love sent
By him who watcheth o'er the weak,
Who heeds the suppliant's call.

Guard well thy heart! its throbbing life
Protect with jealous care. Be not
Dismayed, though bitter grow the strife,
And dark contention mark thy lot,
Fear not, He ruleth over all.

THEODORE FRANCIS MILTON.