

he with a careless air, and whistling to his dogs, stepped over the ditch.

Kate and Willy walked on in silence for some time.

"Kate," said he, "isn't there a great deal of misery in the world?"

"Yes, Willy; the poor are afflicted sorely here; their reward, indeed, must be great hereafter."

"To feed the hungry is one of the works of mercy, and our Saviour says, what we give to these poor forlorn outcasts, we give to Himself."

"It's true, Willy, 'Charity covers a multitude of sins'."

"And shows the true Christian, Kate; why, love, if you were adorned with precious stones and jewels, you would not appear so charming to me as you did beside that wretched bed."

Kate blushed.

"I have only done my duty, Willy. God does not give us riches to close our hearts upon them; no, Willy, but to relieve His little ones."

"There would be less misery here, Kate, if we had fewer proud Pharisees, who wallow in the luxuries of wealth, and forget that the poor are their brothers."

"God help them! I fear they will have a black account to settle."

"I fear so, too, Kate."

"Kate," said Willy, and he took her hand in his.

"What, Willy?"

"Frank knows our love."

Kate blushed and held down her head.

"You needn't feel so, Kate, love; he promises to be our friend."

Kate brightened up.

"Does he? Frank, noble, generous brother! but how did he know it?"

"I think he heard me singing the song in the bower yesterday evening; besides, Kate, he has, I know, some love secrets of his own, and the heart that once loves sees its workings in another as if by intuition."

When they reached home Frank was before them, and dinner ready. After dinner they retired to the garden. The drizzling rain had ceased, and the heavy clouds had passed away, leaving the evening fine and calm. The garden was behind the house; a French window opened from a small parlor into it. The little garden was tastefully arranged, and nicely interspersed with gravel walks bordered with box, sweet-william, forget-me-not, bachelors' buttons, and the like. In a corner was a small summer-house, made of young larch trees, cut into various shapes; beside it was a little rivulet, over which was built a rockery of curious and grotesque stones, honey-suckles, sweet-briar, rose trees, and other parasitical plants and shrubs. There was a rustic seat around the interior; here they agreed to have tea. With light hearts and smiling faces, our party sat down to their delicious beverage, sweetened by the perfume of the aromatic shrubs, plants, and flowers that yet remained as if loth to fade away, and above all, by contentment—that inward balm, that sweetens the humble fare of the peasant, and often makes it more delicious than the sumptuous dishes of the peer.

Bessy strayed about the garden to pick the few flowers that were, like the last rose of summer, "left blooming alone." She then, after presenting a bouquet to Kate, gave another to Frank and Willy.

"Thank you, Bessy," said Willy; "these flowers are like yourself, the emblem of innocence and purity."

"You're fond of flowers then, Willy," said Kate.

"Oh, yes, Kate; there is a dazzling joy about flowers that thrills through us like loving words; they speak to the heart of man. Look at a neat parterre when in bloom: how beautiful, how gorgeous they look. Are they not a type of all that is grand and fair? God has made them the purest language of nature—they speak to the soul. The Persian revels in their perfume, and woos his mistress in their language. He tells his tale of love in a rose-bud or pansy. Thus he speaks to her of his hopes and fears. They

deck the marriage couch and the bridal feast; they crown the youthful bride, and twine her brow; they strew the warrior's path—a nation's mute but grateful tribute; they garland the lonely tomb, as a symbol of the decay of life; they festoon the altar, mingling their odor with the soft incense that ascends in grateful worship to the Most High—such are flowers."

"Yes, indeed," said Kate, "flowers are beautiful; they are nature's own painting; a skilful artist may paint them to some perfection, and heighten their gaudy colors, still, they want the fragrance, the perfume, the reality of nature. Can the pencil of a Rubens or an Angelo paint the rainbow, or take off the varying colors of the sky? As well might they attempt to give its true and natural life to a rose."

"Are you as fond of music as of flowers, Willy?" said Kate, after a moment's silence.

"I cannot say I am; still I love music very much; though I must say, I have not a very fine ear for it; still, I love its sweet sounds and soft influence over the senses; I always like the soft and melancholy; I believe it is more in accordance with my own temperament."

"As for me," said Kate, "I think I could not live without music. When I feel heavy or lonely, or when anything displeases me, I play a few lively tunes, sing a few songs, and in a moment I forget that the world has either care or sorrow. I am, as Richard says, 'myself again.' But come, I think the genius of melancholy is stealing over us; get your flute, Willy, and Frank, your clarinet, and let us set up a perfect oratorio. Come, now, I will sing with you."

The soft notes of the lute, the sweet, low, impassioned voice, the still silence around, gave it something of the air of those fabled bowers into which Sylvan nymphs decoy mortals. The evening was beginning to get chilly, and a low, fitful breeze was moaning among the trees.

"I think," said Frank, as he looked at little Bessy nestling under his coat, "the evening is chill; we had better go in."

"I think so, too," said Kate.

(To be continued.)

AUCKLAND DIOCESAN CATHOLIC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS. (Concluded.)

CIVICS—AND ITS PLACE IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

(By a Sister of St. Joseph.)

The subject I am treating deals with the growth and development of cities and the rights, privileges, and duties of citizens as contra-distinguished from the State and nation of which these cities are component parts. In our day we see civic progress trending more and more in the direction of scientific socialism—not the socialism which would overturn society with the visionary hope of reconstructing it on lines that would make all people equal, but the socialism which aims at the civic authority of Government undertaking those services that are necessary to the well-being of individuals.

In ancient times many cities like Athens and Rome were really the State, and waged war against other cities and made conquests of vast territories. During the Middle Ages many famous cities grew rich and powerful by commerce, and their citizens gained for themselves greater privileges and asserted prouder rights than were extended to rural communities. Take, for example, the cities of Europe which banded themselves together as the Hanseatic League, or take London with its trade guilds, its train-bands of apprentices, and its rich city companies.