

Michael Strogoff wore a handsome military uniform, something resembling that of a light cavalry officer in the field—boots, spurs, half-tightly-fitting trousers, brown pelisse, trimmed with fur and ornamented with yellow braid. On his breast glittered a cross and medals.

Michael Strogoff belonged to the special corps of the Czar's couriers, ranking as an officer among those wicked men. His most discernible characteristic—particularly in his walk, his face, in the whole man, and which the Czar perceived at a glance—was, that he was "a fulfiller of orders." He, therefore, possessed one of the most servicable qualities in Russia—one which the celebrated novelist, Tourgueneff, says, "will lead to the highest positions in the Muscovite Empire."

In short, if any one could accomplish this journey from Moscow to Irkutsk, across the rebellious country, surmount obstacles, and brave perils of all sorts, Michael Strogoff was the man.

A circumstance especially favorable to the success of his plans was, that he was thoroughly acquainted with the country which he was about to traverse, and understood its different dialects—not only from having traveled there before, but because he was of Siberian origin.

His father—old Peter Strogoff, dead ten years since—inhabited the town of Omsk, situated in the government of the same name; and his mother, Marfa Strogoff, lived there still. There amid the wild steppes of the provinces of Omsk and Tobolsk, he had the famous huntsman brought up his son Michael to endure hardships. Peter Strogoff was a huntsman by profession. Summer and Winter—in the hunting heat, as well as when the cold was sometimes fifty degrees below zero—he scoured the frozen plains, the thickets of birch and larch, the pine forests; setting traps; watching for small game with his gun, and for large game with the spear or knife. The large game was nothing less than the Siberian bear, a formidable and ferocious animal, in size equaling its fellow of the frozen seas. Peter Strogoff had killed more than thirty-nine bears—that is to say, the fourth had fallen under his blows; and according to Russian legends, most huntsmen who have been lucky enough to kill the thirty-ninth bear, have succumbed to the fortieth.

Peter Strogoff had, however, past the fatal number without even a scratch. From that time, his son Michael, aged eleven years, never failed to accompany him to the hunt, carrying the magazine, or spear, ready to come to the aid of his father, who was armed only with a knife. When he was fourteen, Michael Strogoff had killed his first bear, quite alone—that was nothing; but after stripping it, he dragged the gigantic animal's skin to his father's house, many versts distant, thus exhibiting remarkable strength in a boy so young.

This style of life was of great benefit to him, and when he arrived at manhood he could bear any amount of cold, heat, hunger, thirst, or fatigue. Like the Yakout of the northern country, he was made of iron. He could go four-and-twenty hours without eating, ten nights without sleeping, and could make himself a shelter in the open steppe, where others would have frozen to death. Gifted with marvelous acuteness, guided by the instinct of the Delaware of North America, over the white plain, when every object was hidden in mist, or even in higher latitudes, where the polar night is prolonged for many days, he could find his way when others would have had no idea whither to direct their steps. All his father's secrets were known to him. He had learned to read almost imperceptible signs, the forms of icicles, the appearance of the small branches of trees, mists rising far away on the horizon, vague sounds in the air, distant reports, the flight of birds through the foggy atmosphere, a thousand circumstances which are so many words to those who can decipher them. Moreover, tempered by snow like a Damascus blade in the waters of Syria, he had a frame of iron, as General Kisooff had said, and what was no less true, a heart of gold.

The only sentiment of love felt by Michael Strogoff was that which he entertained for his mother, the aged Marfa, who could never be induced to leave the house of the Strogoffs, at Omsk, on the banks of the Istish, where the old huntsman and she had lived so long together. When her son left her, he went away with a full heart, but promising to come and see her whenever he could possibly do so; and this promise he had always religiously kept.

When Michael was twenty it was decided that he should enter the personal service of the Emperor of Russia, in the corps of the couriers of the Czar. The hardy, intelligent, zealous, well-conducted young Siberian first distinguished himself especially in a journey to the Caucasus, through the midst of a difficult country, ravaged by some restless successors of Schamyl; then later, in an important mission to Petropolowski, in Kamtschatka, the extreme limit of Asiatic Russia. During these long journeys he displayed such marvelous coolness, prudence and courage, as to gain him the approbation and protection of his chief, who rapidly advanced him in his profession.

The furloughs which were his due after these distant missions, although he might be separated from her by thousands of versts, and winter had rendered the roads almost impassable, he has never failed to devote to his old mother. Having been much employed in the south of the empire, he had not seen old Marfa for three years—three ages! The first time in his life he had been so long absent from her. Now, however, in a few days he would obtain his furlough, and he had accordingly already made preparations for departure for Omsk, when the events which have been related, occurred. Michael Strogoff was therefore introduced into the Czar's presence in complete ignorance of what the Emperor expected from him.

The Czar, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, went to his bureau, and motioning to the Chief of Police to seat himself, dictated, in a low voice, a letter of not more than a few lines. The letter penned, the Czar re-read it attentively, and then signed it, preceding his name with these words, "Byt po somon," which signifying "So be it," constitutes the decisive formula of the Russian emperors.

The letter was placed in an envelope, which was sealed with the imperial arms.

The Czar, rising, told Michael Strogoff to draw near.

Michael advanced a few steps, and then stood motionless ready to answer.

The Czar again looked him full in the face, and their eyes met. Then in an abrupt tone: "Thy name?" he asked.

"Michael Strogoff, sire."

"Thy rank?"

"Captain in the corps of couriers of the Czar."

"Thou dost know Siberia?"

"Here is a letter which I charge thee Michael Strogoff to deliver into the hands of the Grand Duke, and to no other but him."

"I will deliver it, sire."

"The Grand Duke is at Irkutsk."

"I will go to Irkutsk."

"Thou wilt have to traverse a rebellious country, invaded by Tartars, whose interest it will be to intercept this letter."

"I will traverse it."

"Above all, beware of the traitor, Ivan Ogaroff, who will perhaps meet thee on the way."

"I will beware of him."

"Wilt thou pass through Omsk?"

"Sire, that is my route."

"If thou dost see thy mother, there will be the risk of being recognized. Thou must not see her!"

Michael Strogoff hesitated a moment.

"I will not see her," said he.

"Swear to me, that nothing will make thee acknowledge who thou art, nor whither thou art going."

"I swear it."

"Michael Strogoff," continued the Czar, giving the letter to the young courier, "take this letter; on it depends the safety of all Siberia, and perhaps the life of my brother, the Grand Duke."

"This letter shall be delivered to His Highness, the Grand Duke."

"Thou wilt pass, whatever happens?"

"I shall pass, or they shall kill me."

"I want thee to live."

"I shall live, and I shall pass," answered Michael Strogoff.

The Czar appeared satisfied with Strogoff's calm and simple answer.

"Go, then, Michael Strogoff," said he, "go for God, for Russia, for my brother, and for myself."

The courier having saluted his sovereign, immediately left the imperial cabinet, and, in a few minutes, the New Palace.

"You made a good choice there, General," said the Czar.

"I think so, sire," replied General Kisooff; "and Your Majesty may be sure that Michael Strogoff will do all that a man can do."

"He is indeed a man," said the Czar.

CHAPTER IV.

The distance between Moscow and Irkutsk, about to be traversed by Michael Strogoff, was five thousand two hundred versts. Before the telegraph wire extended from the Ural Mountains to the eastern frontier of Siberia, the dispatch service was performed by couriers, those who traveled the most rapidly taking eighteen days to get from Moscow to Irkutsk. But this was the exception, and the journey through Asiatic Russia usually occupied from four to five weeks, even though every available means of transport was placed at the disposal of the Czar's messengers.

Michael Strogoff was a man who feared neither frost nor snow. He would have preferred travelling during the severe Winter season, in order that he might perform the whole distance by sleighs. At that period of the year the difficulties which all other means of locomotion present are greatly diminished, the wide steppes being levelled by snow, while there are no rivers to cross, but simple sheets of glass, over which the sleigh glides rapidly and easily.

Perhaps certain natural phenomena are most to be feared at that time, such as long continuing and dense fogs, excessive cold, fearfully heavy snow storms, which sometimes envelop whole caravans and cause their destruction. Hungry wolves also roam over the plain in thousands. But it would have been better for Michael Strogoff to face these risks; for during the Winter the Tartar invaders would have been stationed in the towns, their marauding bands would not be overrunning the steppes, any movement of the troops would have been impracticable, and he could consequently have more easily performed his journey. But it was not in his power to choose either his own weather or his own time. Whatever were the circumstances, he must accept them and set out.

Such were the difficulties which Michael Strogoff boldly confronted and prepared to encounter. In the first place he must not travel as a courier of the Czar usually would. No one must even suspect what he really was. Spies swarm in a rebellious country; let him be recognized, and his mission would be in danger. Also, while supplying him with a large sum of money, which was sufficient for his journey, and would facilitate it in some measure, General Kisooff had not given him any document notifying that he was on the Emperor's service, which is the Sesame par excellence. He contented himself with furnishing him with a podorojua.

The podorojua was made out in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, merchant, living at Irkutsk. It authorized Nicholas Korpanoff to be accompanied, if requisite, by one or more persons, and, moreover, it was, by special notation, made available in the event of the Muscovite government forbidding natives of any other country to leave Russia.

The podorojua is simply a permission to take post-horses; but Michael Strogoff was not to use it unless he was sure that by so doing he would not excite suspicion as to his mission, that is to say, while he was on European territory. The consequence was that in Siberia, while traversing the insurgent provinces, he would have no power over the relays, either in the choice of horses in preference to others, or in demanding conveyances for his personal use; neither was Michael Strogoff to forget that he was no longer a courier, but a plain merchant, Nicholas Korpanoff, traveling from Moscow to Irkutsk, and as such, exposed to all the impediments of an ordinary journey.

To pass unknown more or less rapidly, but to pass somehow or other, such were the directions he had received. Thirty years previously the escort of a traveler of rank consisted of not less than two hundred mounted Cossacks, two hundred foot-soldiers, twenty-five Baskir horsemen, three hundred camels, four hundred horses, twenty-five wagons, two portable boats, and two pieces of cannon. All this was requisite for a journey in Siberia. Michael Strogoff, however, had neither cannon, nor horsemen, nor foot-soldiers, nor beasts of burden. He would travel in a carriage or on horseback, when he could; on foot when he could not.

A crowd of travelers had collected at the Moscow station. The stations on the Russian railroads are much used as places for meeting, not only by those who are about to proceed by the train, but by friends who come to see them off. It indeed resembles, from the variety of characters assembled, a small News Exchange.

The train in which Michael took his place was to set him down at Nijni-Novgorod. There terminated, at that time, the iron road which, uniting Moscow and St. Petersburg, will eventually continue to the Russian frontier. It was a journey of about four hundred versts, and the train would accomplish it in ten hours. Once arrived at Nijni-Novgorod, Strogoff would, according to circumstances, either take the land route or the steamer on the Volga, so as to reach the Ural Mountains as soon as possible.

Michael Strogoff encoined himself in his corner, like a worthy citizen whose affairs go well with him, and who endeavors to kill time by sleep.

Nevertheless, as he was not alone in his compartment, he slept with one eye open, and listened with both his ears.

In fact, the rumor of the rising of the Kirghiz hordes, and of the Tartar invasion, had transpired in some degree. The occupants of the carriage, whom chance had made his travelling companions, discussed the subject, though with that caution which has become habitual among Russians, who know that spies are ever on the watch for any reasonable expressions which may be uttered.

These travelers, as well as the larger number of persons in the train, were merchants on their way to the celebrated fair of Nijni-Novgorod. A very mixed assembly, composed of Jews, Turks, Cossacks, Russians, Georgians, Kalmucks, and others, but nearly all speaking the national tongue.

They disclosed the pros and cons of the serious events which were taking place beyond the Ural, and those merchants seemed to fear lest the government should be led to take restrictive measures, especially in the provinces bordering on the frontier—measures from which trade would certainly suffer.

It must be confessed that those selfish individuals thought only of the war, that is to say, the suppression of the revolt and the struggle against the invasion, from the single point of view of their threatened interests. The presence of a private soldier, clad in his uniform—and the importance of a uniform in Russia is great—would have certainly been enough to restrain the merchants' tongues. But in the compartment occupied by Michael Strogoff, there was no one who could even be suspected of being a military man, and the Czar's courier was not the person to betray himself. He listened, then.

"They say that caravan teas are up," remarked a Persian, known by his cap of Australian fur, and his ample brown robe, worn threadbare by use.

"Oh, there's no fear of teas falling," answered an old Jew of sullen aspect. "Those in the market at Nijni-Novgorod will be easily cleared off by the West; but, unfortunately, it won't be the same with Bokhara carpets."

"What are you expecting goods from Bokhara?" asked the Persian.

"No, but from Samarcand, and that is even more exposed. The idea of reckoning on the exports of a country in which the khans are in a state of revolt from Khiva to the Chinese frontiers."

"Well," replied the Persian, "if the carpets do not arrive, the drafts will not arrive either, I suppose."

"And the profits, Father Abraham!" exclaimed the little Jew, "do you reckon them as nothing?"

"You are right," said another traveler: "goods from Central Asia run a great risk of falling in the market, and it will be the same with the Samarcand carpets as with the wools, ulwads and shawls from the East."

"Why, look out, little father," said a Russian traveler, in a bantering tone; "you'll grease your shawls terribly if you mix them up with your ulwads!"

"That amuses you," sharply answered the merchant, who had little relish for that sort of joke.

"Well, if you tear your hair, or throw ashes on your head," replied the traveler, "will that change the course of events? No, no more than the course of the Exchange."

"One can easily see that you are not a merchant," observed the little Jew.

"Faith, no, worthy son of Abraham! I sell neither hops, nor cider down, nor honey, nor hemp seed, nor salt meat, nor carviage, nor wood, nor wool, nor ribbons, nor hemp, nor flax, nor morocco, nor furs."

"But do you buy them?" asked the Persian, interrupting the traveler's list.

"As little as I can, and only for my own private use," answered the other, with a wink.

"He's a wag," said the Jew to the Persian.

"Or a spy," replied the other, lowering his voice.

"We had better take care, and not speak more than necessary. The police are not over particular in these times, and you never can know with whom you are traveling."

In another corner of the compartment they were speaking less of mercantile affairs, and more of the Tartar invasion and its annoying consequences.

"All the horses in Siberia will be requisitioned," said a traveler, "and communication between the different provinces of Central Asia will become very difficult."

"Is it true," asked his neighbor, that the Kirghiz of the middle horde have made common cause with the Tartars?"

"So it is said," answered the traveler, lowering his voice; "but who can flatter themselves that they know anything really of what is going on in this country?"

"I have heard speak of concentration of troops on the frontier. The Don Cossacks have already gathered along the course of the Volga, and they are to be opposed to the rebel Kirghiz."

"If the Kirghiz descend the Irkitch route to Irkutsk will not be safe," observed his neighbor. "Besides, yesterday I wanted to send a telegram to Krasnojarisk, and it could not be forwarded. It's to be feared that before long the Tartar columns will have isolated Eastern Siberia."

"In short, little father," continued the first speaker, "these merchants have good reason for being uneasy about their trade and transactions. After requisitioning of the horses, they will requisition the boats, carriages, every means of transport, until the time will come when no one will be allowed to take even one step throughout all the empire."

"I'm much afraid that the Nijni-Novgorod fair won't end as brilliantly as it has begun," responded the other, shaking his head. "But the safety and integrity of the Russian territory before everything. Business is only business."

If in this compartment the subject of conversation varied but little—nor did it, indeed, in the other carriages of the train—in all it might have been observed that the talkers used much circumspection. When they did happen to venture out of the region of facts, they never went so far as to attempt to divine the intentions of the Muscovite government, even to criticize them.

(To be continued.)

THE SUSPENDED BANK.

The True Position of the Mechanics' Bank—Statement of a Director of Molsos' Bank—A Letter from Mr. Menzies, Cashier of the "Mechanics' Bank."

The suspension of the Mechanics' Bank Wednesday afternoon, caused alarm among the working classes of citizens, who are unfortunately for themselves the only heavy sufferers, for as stated in our six o'clock edition yesterday, the total of the liabilities is not large, being officially estimated at \$547,238.71, and the effect of the suspension upon financial circles generally will not be important. No large business firms dealt in the Bank, and none of the monetary institutions are interested to any considerable extent. Several conflicting statements were current on the streets Wednesday evening concerning the causes of suspension, and accordingly we withheld publication of full particulars until the actual position of affairs could be ascertained.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE.

Of the Bank having to close its doors was the action of Molsos' Bank yesterday in declining to honor the settlement cheques bearing the name of the Mechanics' Bank, which cheques, as will be seen in what follows, the Molsos' Bank was at liberty to adopt at any time during the past three years. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1875 this same Mechanics' Bank, through some mismanagement, was compelled to suspend payment, and on the 18th December, of that year, the Molsos' Bank agreed to advance \$125,000 to enable the Mechanics' Bank to resume business, and shortly afterwards operations were commenced by the latter, and have been continued with the assistance of the said loan ever since. This was, however, no written agreement, it seems, between the two institutions as to the term of the loan, and hence the ability of Molsos' Bank to cause suspension at any time—strange as it may appear. In 1876 an Act was passed in Parliament, authorizing the reduction of the nominal value of the shares to 60 per cent, and issue of \$300,000 preferential stock, which should bear issue at 4 per cent, to be a first charge on the savings. Accordingly, at the shareholders' meeting in July following, the capital stock was reduced, and preferential shares issued, and since that time, it is stated, the bank has earned sufficient to pay interest on the loans from the Molsos' Bank and on the preferential stock taken up, and leave a balance at credit of profit and loss account. At the last annual meeting of the Bank, in July last, the statement then presented, showed the earnings of the year, after paying interest on preference stock, to be \$2,800, which was transferred to the profit and loss account, making the total credit \$157,733.19.

THE INDEBTEDNESS TO THE MOLSONS' BANK.

has been gradually reduced, and, it is stated, to the satisfaction of the Directors and Cashier of Molsos' Bank; but the latter gentleman denies the statement appearing in to-day's Gazette that the cheques of the Mechanics' Bank were refused acceptance without any warning or explanation to the officials of the Mechanics' Bank. Mr. Angus, of the Bank of Montreal, as well as the City Treasurer, also stopped the receipt of Mechanics' Bank bills yesterday afternoon, but so far as can be ascertained this morning, the position of the suspended bank was no worse, and some reports make it better than at any previous period since its re-organization, and the directors were, no doubt, unprepared for the course adopted by Molsos' Bank. According to the monthly statement for April of the Mechanics' Bank, published in the *Canada Gazette* of Saturday last, the assets, \$721,155.04, exceed the liabilities by \$173,917, exclusive of the capital paid up, \$194,704. Against the circulation and deposits, amounting to \$420,000, the cash reserve is only \$8,000, but it must be remembered that the bank kept its reserve with the Molsos and the settlements were made by cheque on the latter institution. The circulation of the bank was large considering the nature of the business, and constituted an element of some danger, but the proceeds of the circulation, we are informed, were used for the purpose of reducing the loan from the Molsos' and saving the interest on that account.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK.

are Messrs. C. J. Brydges, President; Walter Shanley, Vice-President; John McDougall and Samuel Waddell.

The authorized capital of the bank is \$1,000,000; subscribed capital, \$243,374; paid-up capital, \$194,704; circulation, \$168,132; Dominion Government deposits, \$2,026; other deposits on demand, \$230,352; after notice, \$21,158; due other banks, \$12,829; total liabilities, \$547,238.

The President of the Bank is now in Manitoba, but his return home is expected soon, and it is said that it is only a question of time when the deposits in the Savings Department will be paid in full, and pending further developments, holders of bills should not part with them at any large discount. Further particulars will appear in our later editions.

The following written notice is posted up on the closed door of the Bank this (Thursday) morning:

"In consequence of the difficulty of realizing the assets of the Bank, owing to the pressure of the times, it has become necessary for the protection of all interests, and pending the preparation of a complete statement of affairs, to suspend payment for the present."

(Signed), "W. SHANLEY, Vice-President."

On further enquiry it appears that when the Mechanics' Bank was in distress a little over three years ago, the required pecuniary assistance was granted by the Bank of Montreal on certain conditions, one being that the bank should be secured by the Molsos' Bank.

It now transpires that the advance had been repaid longer than the time originally specified, and the Molsos' Bank is further stated that the Molsos' Bank has been carrying about \$190,000 for the Mechanics' Bank for several months past, but with the understanding that the liability would be reduced to a reasonable extent every month. Up to within a few days of the suspension \$40,000 had been received on account of the possible reduction of the indebtedness to the Molsos' Bank by \$70,000, but immediately after placing that amount to the credit of the Mechanics' Bank, the Molsos Bank was asked to honor cheques to the extent of about \$200,000, and on enquiry \$15,000 more were discovered to be on hand, making a total of \$35,000, against the \$40,000 which had just been paid on the indebtedness. Therefore the refusal of the cheques by the Molsos' Bank on Wednesday could not have been without mature consideration. The circulation of the Mechanics' Bank has been about trebled since the beginning of 1877, and demand deposits in the same period have increased fully \$100,000. The following statement was written yesterday for publication by a Director of Molsos' Bank:

"Instead of the facts being as stated in the *Gazette* this morning, the Molsos' Bank has treated the Mechanics' Bank with the greatest and prolonged forbearance. The Molsos' Bank

has many months past advanced to it a larger sum than promised at the time of the reorganization (\$125,000), and such a large loan of money to that during the past few weeks the honoring of the settlement cheques of the Mechanics' Bank was a matter of daily consideration, and on several occasions special meetings of the Board had been called to sanction their being honored, as the amount exceeded the sum the cashier was authorized to accept. They (the Mechanics' Bank) knew from communications made to them, both written and verbal, during the past six months, that they were in daily peril. As long ago as December last the Mechanics' Bank was advised to make arrangements elsewhere, as the Molsos' Bank would not be bound to carry them on; everything depended upon the prudence of the management."

The following letter has also been handed to us for publication:—

THE MECHANICS' BANK, MONTREAL, MAY 29, 1879. C. J. Brydges, President. Walter Shanley, Vice-President. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I desire to remove an impression that I am told prevails in some quarters that the Molsos' Bank has acted unwisely and harshly towards this Bank.

As a matter of fact, I must bear sincere testimony to the general leniency and fair treatment the Mechanics' Bank has received from the Molsos' Bank.

We have been very often, during the past three years, indebted to you for timely assistance, and I thank you for your refusal of cheques yesterday was a surprise to me and the Board. I cannot say, taking a calm view of the whole subject, that I can blame your Board, as business men, for taking that course.

I am, dear sir, Your obedient servant, J. H. MENZIES, Cashier.

VICEROYAL MOVEMENTS.

Visit to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Saint-Jas-Berolles.

At about 2:45 p.m. 27th ult., the Governor-General, Princess Louise and suite arrived at the main entrance of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the Back River, and were received by His Lordship Bishop Fabre, Canon Moreau, Sister Dommasine, Mother Superioress, and other Sisters of the Convent, as well as several of the Montreal clergy. It was evident without much oratory that His Excellency and his Royal wife were welcome, and so they passed into the principal hall of the building, where the pupils were drawn up on either side, all dressed in white, presenting a very fine appearance. The way in which the interior was decorated was a marvel to behold, and seemed to please the distinguished visitors very much. Mottoes were placed on the walls; wreaths of flowers and suitable emblems pleased the eye wherever it travelled. The more advanced musical pupils sang the National Anthem, the harp and piano being the instruments used in accompaniment. Miss Sheridan, of Toronto, then read the following address:

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Knight of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of St. Michael and St. George, Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The winds are yet wafting over the Atlantic sounds of the rejoicings with which, yesterday, a loyal and devoted nation saluted for the sixtieth time the birthday of its beloved Queen. Those sounds of rejoicing travelling with increase to the distant boundaries of Canada have there met responsive reverberations thrilling every grateful heart proud to own the sway of our Most Gracious Queen.

Our convent halls are not silent while human acclamations loud, and the booming of cannon and martial music are heard throughout the land. Our hearts have exulted, too, and our voices have awakened anthems not less gladsome than any heard on these shores. With good reason may we indulge the outburst of delight; for, if there be one earnest desire cherished by the people of our country, it is that which would claim the boon of our august Sovereign's presence, for a while at least, in these her Western domains. The hope few venture indeed to foster; so far would its fulfillment seem to exceed every reasonable desire; and yet we almost behold its realization to-day in the presence of the noble, the royal rulers who came to us as the special envoys of our dearly cherished Queen. In the gentle Princess who here graciously accompanies your Excellency we love to trace the counterpart of those elevated and womanly virtues which have so long circled Victoria's name with an aureole all its own. Our homage we refer to your Excellency as to the worthy representative of regal qualities that have won for the reign of Her Gracious Majesty a place apart in history and most brilliant annals. Therefore, it is not just that our gladness should redouble on this occasion when our peaceful cloisters are thus honored by guests whose presence thrills every fibre in our loyal hearts?

The Future, the Present and the Past, seem to unite in throwing their varied charms around this auspicious hour. The Present, because of its own plenitude of enthusiasm and happiness; the Past, for

"Noble names when nobly borne Live within a nation's heart;"

and a single glance at Your Excellency's career shows this double nobility still further enhanced by all the lustre which genius and science can impart. It suffices, also, to convince us of the predilection Your Excellency ever entertained for abodes like this, devoted to the sacred cause of education. The Future affords a not less glowing vista; it tells us how Your Excellency appreciates his own momentous destiny, conscious that—

"Shrined within his 'mighty' haunt, Other names than his 'have part."

Hopes of an entire people, centered, Your Excellency, in the august representative of our Gracious Sovereign! It is not for us, simple children, to speak of their mighty moment; but we know that all hearts look up with fond anticipation and that, from every shrine of learning throughout the broad Dominion, eyes are turned with special interest and delight towards the noble, the gifted rulers of our land. The youthful minds struggling through the labyrinths where science dwells, seeking ever, with—

"A longing eye To the 'Ye Unknown'"

and, led on by glimmering reflections, striving to reach the great Luminary itself, the Divine source of all true knowledge, rejoice that in Your Excellency they have found a protector, a model and a guide!

It but remains for us to re-echo the earnest wish ascending from each Canadian hearth and home, that Your Excellency's reign may be attended with every success and prosperity, and that you and your Royal Consort may ever find cause to be gratified with your sojourn among the people of Canada.

Miss Trudeau, of Ottawa, then approached the Viceroys and read an address in French to Her Royal Highness Princess Louise.

Miss Maason, daughter of the Minister of Defence, then presented Her Royal Highness with a beautifully worked cushion on which was worked in monogram the Arms of the Royal Family and the House of Argyle. Miss Laberge also presented the Princess with a handsome bouquet of choice flowers. His Excellency then delivered the following address:—

Ladies and pupils of the Sacred Heart,—I

thank you for the beautiful reception accorded us to-day, and in the few words I will utter I will speak in English for one special reason, which, perhaps, you will readily guess. I will not say it is because I would not be quite as much at home speaking in French, although you have your suspicions upon that score too, but because a great French King once said that English was the language in which the birds usually spoke. At the reception to-day a bird has played a great part. I will hardly be totally unable to use any phrases which will at all equal the grace of those used in the beautiful dialogue, which I believe have been composed by one of the sisters here to whom you look with reverence, and which has been so excellently interpreted by you. Although my words to you on this occasion will be brief, they will be hearty. I assure you we are most grateful for the great preparation and care bestowed on the arrangements for our reception, and we have already seen that you here learn labor which will give you occupation, that in course of time and during your life will, I assure you, be of the greatest assistance to you, for, after all, what is a woman's life unless she has much occupation, and what home can be happy without it? The ceremony to-day has been graced and dignified by the presence of the Lord Bishop, to whose fatherly care you owe so much; and it has also been dignified by the presence of the Minister of Militia and Defence, who has control over the troops which made such a fine display on Montreal on the Queen's birthday, and the thunder of whose distant cannon might even have been heard here. I can only thank you most heartily and assure you that we appreciate very much all the care you have taken in arranging for our reception to-day, and we rejoice to see that in this house the principles inculcated are the fear and love of God, and loyalty to our sovereign the Queen. I am asked by the Princess particularly to thank you for the beautiful cushion which the young ladies have been so good as to present to her.

The Princess then walked round the room, and