Ave Maria.

To-night above the valley lights

We keep our broad hearth-fire.
Whose sparks, set free from earthly bonds,
For evermore aspire:
To thee we turn, beside its glow,
With thought of deep desire:
May not our life like these spent stars
In ashes pale expire—

Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Bear thou our souls still higher.

The midnight blue of summer sky
Above the hills lies spread;
The silent stars fill full of peace
The infinite depths o'erhead;
Bark lie the hollows of the hills
As if death shadowed;
O Mother! let thy mantie blue
Its folds about us spread—
Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Keep us in peace, pure Maid.

Near seem our feet to heaven to-night,
Our pathway fair and clear;
Our mountain thome God's footstool is,
I ring the aur hearts as hear;
Go businerace for our good-night,
So busines every fear,
From any thought of dread or ill
Keep thou our visions clear—
Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Pray for us, Mother dear.

—Catholic World.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong A voice that eries against mighty wrong. And full of death, as a hot wind's blight, Doth the ire of a crushed affection light. Mrs. Hemans

Oh! there never was yet so pretty a thing By racing river or bubbling spring— Nothing that ever so merrily grew Up from the ground when the skies we blue—

blue— Nothing so fresh, nothing so free, As thou—my wild, wild cherry-tree Barry C

The blessing fell upon her soul: Her angel by her side Knew that the hour of grace was come; Her soul was purified. Adelaide Proctor.

D'Auban's business was quickly despatched that day. He galloped back across the prairie faster than usual, and dismounting at the foot of the hill of St. Agathe, he left his horse to make his way home, and walked to the pavilion. The heat had been oppressive, but a refreshing breeze was now beginning to stir the leaves and to ripple the surface of the river. The first thing he saw on approaching the house was M. de Chambelle and his ally Sambo carrying a couch across the lawn.
They placed it in the shade of some widespreading trees, and the former beckoned
to him to join them.
"Oh, what a beautiful nosegay!" he ex-

claimed. claimed. "Run, Sambo, run, and get a vase filled with water and a little table from the parlour. Your bouquet will give an air de fete, dear M. d'Auban, to our salon d'ete. Look what a magnificent home of verdure and what a soft mossy carpet we have got here. She is coming in a moment to breathe a little fresh air.

It has been so hot to-day."

He gave a delighted look at his little arrangements, and then said he would fetch his daughter; but when half-way to the house he turned back to whisper to d'Auban. "She will not care about the birds, I think; but I should not be surprised if she was to allow herself to be rowed in the boat some day. She said Laughing Water was a pretty name for a waterfall." Then he went off again, and waterfall." Then he went on agon, d'Auban sat down on the grass, musing the half-provoking, half-amusing man," he thought, "seems to take it for granted every one must share his infatua-tion." But when she appeared on the lawn, and he was greeted by her beautiful smile and heard again the sound of her sweet voice, the ungracious feeling vanished. He no longer wondered; on the contrary, it seemed to him quite natural that he and every one else in the world should be expected to pay her homage. She sat down and said to her father, "Will you get a chair for M. Not for the world," d'Auban cried;

"Not for the world," a Aluan cried;
"the grass is may favorite. But where
will you sit, M. de Chambelle !" he asked
in rather a pointed manner.
She blushed a little and made room for

her father by her side; but he said he would do like Mr. d'Auban and sit on the grass. After a few minutes' conversation about the plantation which they had just about the plantation which they had just purchased, Madame de Moldau asked him to fetch her fan which she had left on the

"I am afraid, sir," she then said, address ing d'Auban, "that you have undertaken for our sakes a heavy amount of

"Madam," he answered, "I am not afraid of labour, and if I can succeed in furthering your interests and relieving you from anxiety, I shall be amply repaid for my exertions. May I hope that you are becoming reconciled to this new world, which must have seemed to you so desolate at first! Are you beginning to take an interest in its natural beauties, and to think you could find happiness in

"What pleases me most in it is its solitude and I no not think of the future at all. Is not that what moralists say is wisdom, M. d'Auban!"

"Sufficient unto day is evil thereot," he answered, with a smile. "The Bible teaches us that morality. But man cannot live without hope earthly or heavenly." "I don't think so, I should have died

ng ago." These last words were uttered so low a voice that he did not hear them, and then, as if to change the subject, she said. "Nothing could have been advantageous to my poor father as this artnership with you. He has not, I sup-

pose, the least idea of business?"

"Not much, madam. But he furnishes capital, an important item."

Madam de Moldau coloured as if about

to say something which cost her an effort.
"Are you sure, M. d'Auban, that you have not done yourself an injustice—that your agreement with him is quite a fair I know he would not take advanage of your kindness, but he might not know."

"You need have no fears on this point, madame. The agreement is a perfectly reasonable one. I assure you we colonists are very sharp-sighted about our

"Then I am satisfied;" and she fell into one of the dreamy reveries which seemed

habitual to her.

He interrupted it by saying, "May I venture, Madame, to ask you the same question you put to me just now? What have you been doing to day?"

"Only what Italians say it is sweet to

do—nothing."

"And do you find it sweet?"
"Not in the German settlement, but

here I rather like it." here I rather like it."

"I am not much afraid of anything;"
and then, as if wishing once more to turn
the conversation into another channel, she
said, "I interrupted you the other day
when you were about to tell me why you
left Russia. I should very much like to
hear what induced you to do so."

"I have seldom spoken of the circumstances which compelled me to it. When first I returned to France, my feelings on the subject were too acute, and here you can already perceive that there is scarcely any one with whom intimate conversation is possible. I had almost forgotten, Madame de Moldau, what it is to converse with a lady of cultivated mind and refined manuers and converse and representations. fined manners, and you can scarcely conceive what a new pleasure it is to one who for five years has lived so much alone, or

with uncongenial companions."

"I can believe it," she said in a low voice. "It is not the heart only which has need of sympathy. The mind also sometimes craves for it."

said with much feeling.
"He is indeed devotedly attached to me; no words can do justice to what his kindness has been." As she uttered these words, Madam de Moldau leant back her head against the cushion and closed her eyes. But tears forced their way through eyes. But tears to the closed eyelids.

D'Auban gazed silently at those trickling tears, and wondered whence they flowed. Were they bitter as the waters of Marah, or did they give evidence of a grief too sacred to be invaded? He ventured to say in a very low voice, "You have suffered a great deal," but she either did not or pretended not to hear him.

"You were going to tell me why you abrupt tone.

He felt that the best way of winning

her confidence would be to open him-self with her as to his own history and

"My prospects at the court of Russia," he began, "were in every way promising; I had reason to believe that the emperor was favorably disposed towards me. General Lefort was kindness itself. I had lately been appointed to the command of a regiment. I must tell you that some time after my arrival at St. Petersburg, There was a pause. D'Auban felt a little disappointed that Madame de Moldau I had made an acquaintance with a young Russian lady whose father had a place at Court. Her name was Anna Vladislava.

She was hande with a weakly set later. over the half-provoking, half-amusing manner in which M.de Chambelle presupposed his interest and enlisted his services in his daughter's behalf. "The poor old much central. She was fanatically attach- in the daughter's behalf. "The poor old much central. She was fanatically attach- in the more clearly I see how distinct to many apparent reason, as a visitant from another sphere. With her sun on different substances, it hardens the amoy structure of hardens the amoy structure. ed to the customs and traditions of her country. We disagreed about every. is to talk of suffering and happiness without saying what sounds like nonsense." thing, religion, politics, books. We never met but we quarrelled. I was one of those foreigners whom, as a class, she held in gners whom, as a class, she here prener, and yet, strange to say, an between us. The attachment sprang up between us. The fearless independence of her character at-tracted me. It was a refreshing contrast with the servile, cringing spirit of the Czar's Court. She endeavoured to con-vert me to the orthodox religion, as it is vert me to the orthodox religion, as it is called" (a faint scornful smile curled Mzdame de Moldau's lip), "and used to get exasperated at my obduracy. Still in the height of our disputes we behaved to each other as enemies, who were to be one day even more than friends. There was a mutual understanding between us, h open engagement: of marriage we did not venture to speak. It would have endan-gered her father's position and prospects, and my own also, to have acknowledged such an intention. I had been given to understand that my imperial master had fixed upon a wife for me, and to have chosen one myself would have been a mortal offence: but we often met, and though our opinions continued as dissimi lar as ever, there were points of sympathy in our char eters, and our mutual attach-

ment increased. "I had sometimes been a little anxious "I had sometimes been a fittle affiliation about Anne's freedom of speech. She allowed herself openly to inveigh against the Czar's conduct, and to express her dislike to his innovations. It was a kind of natural eloquence peculiar to her that she was wont to hold forth about the old Muscovite traditions and the deteriorating poor bright and careless child! I remember asking her if she admired the national custom of husbands beating their wives, typified by the whip, which formed part of a bride's trousseau. I see before me her flashing smile. I hear her eager defence of that trait of patriarchal sim she said, plicity. 'A Russian woman,' she said, 'gloried in submission, and looked upon her husband as her master and her lord.' How little she looked for bondage, and yet I do believe she would have borne any-thing from one she loved. But insult, shame, and torture....."—d'Auban paused an instant. Madam de Moldau was listening to him, felt it, with intense in-terest. He went on: "I used to comfort myself by the thought that the wild sallies of so young a girl could not bring her into serious trouble, and I was not aware of the extent to which her imprudence was carried. When quite a little child she had been taken notice of by the Princess Sophia, the Czar's sister, and had retained a grateful recollection of her kindness. She considered this Princess as a martyr to the cause of Holy Russia, and always spoke in indignant terms of her long imprisonment. During a lengthened absence reproche if I accept your kind offer. Not,

I made from St. Petersburg she became intimate with some of this ambitious woman's friends, and was employed to convey letters to her agents. The Czar's sister was continually intriguing against her brother and striving to draw the nobles into her schemes. My poor Anna was made a tool of by this party; a plot was formed, and discovered by the temperor. He was once more seized by the mad fury which possessed him at the time of the Strelitz revolt, and which causes him to torture his rebellious subjects with his own hands, to insult them in their agonies, and plunge into excesses of barbarity surpassing everything on record, even in the an-

sing everything on record, even in the an-nals of heathen barbarity. . . . " hals of heathen barbarity."

Madam de Moldau raised herself from her reclining posture, and exclaimed, with burning cheeks and some emotion: "Oh, M. d'Auban, what violent lan-

guage you use! State necessity some-times requires, for the suppression of re-bellion, measures at which humanity shudders, but—"

"Ah! I had often said that to myself "An! I had often said that to myself and to others—often to palliate these atrocities by specious reasonings. I had made light of the sufferings of others. Time and distance marvellously blunt the edge of indignation. Sophistry hardens the heart towards the victims, and we at lest exceen when the property of the control last excuse what once we adhorred. But when cruelty strikes home, when the blow falls on our own heart, when the iron is driven into our own heart, when the iron is driven into our own soul, then we know, then we feel, then comes the frightful temptation to curse and to kill. . . Forgive me, I tire, I agitate you—you look

vere

will call you if I should want to curse it ought," answered M. de Chambelle, and again he shuffled away with as much alacrity as before.

Madam de Moldau followed him with her eyes and said, "What a weight you have taken our affairs."

"How devotedly he loved wid with much feel."

"He is in to curse and to kill. . . For spale."

"Never mind me. What happened?"

"When I returned to st. Petersburg, this was the news that uet me. The girl I loved, and whom I had left gay as a bird and innocent as a child—she who had had been led astray by others—was dead; and oh, my God, what a death was baddan de Moldau.

"Was she put to death?"

"No, she The week now. The girl is give me, I tire, I agitate you—you look pale."

"When I returned to st. Petersburg, this was the news that uet me. The girl I loved, and whom I had left gay as a bird and innocent as a child—she who had been led astray by others—was dead; and oh, my God, what a death was baddan de Moldau."

"No, she The week now."

"N

married to a common soldier, and sent to Siberia. But first reason and then life gave away under the shame and horror of her doom. The proud wild heart broke, and my poor Anna died raving mad. Her father was banished, and the house which had been a home to me I found desolate as

a grave."
"You returned immediately to "My first impulse—a frantic one—was take the papers I had brought from the Crimea to the Czar, and to stab him to heart. May God forgive me the thought, soon disowned, soon repent of? It was a short madness, wrestled with and

'About a year."

'I do not undeastand vou. "What I mean is this; that there is very little happiness or suffering irrespectively of the temper of mind or the physical con-stitution of individuals. I have seen so many instances of persons miserable in the possession of what would be generally considered as happiness, and others so happy in the midst of acknowledged evils, such as sickness, want, and neglect, that my ideas have quite changed since I thought prosperity and happiness and adversity and unhappiness were synony-

"Could you tell me of some of the instances von mean ?" ould relate to you many instance of the happy, amidst apparent-aye, and

real suffering too. It is not quite so easy to penetrate into the hearts of the prosperous and place a finger on the secret bruise. But has not your observation, Madame de Moldau, furnished you with such examples ?"

"Perhaps so—are you happy?"
Few but the young, whose lives have been spent in perpetual sunshine, know quite how to answer this inquiry. With some the fountain of sorrow has been signation, acquiescence, or sim ly by time Its waters have been hallowed or ened, or dried up as may be, but it is like stirring the source afresh to put that ques-tion to one who has ever known deep suffering. D'Auban hesitated a moment

before he answered it.
"I have been happier here," he said at influence of foreign manners and habits on the spirit of a nation. Poor Anna! it is quite a different kind of happin ss poor bright and careless child! I refrom that which I had once looked forward to.'

Your sufferings must have been ter rible at the time you were speaking of. I felt it, Mr. d'Auban, but I could not at the moment utter a word of sympathy. It is always so with me." Her lip quivered, and he exclaimed:
"I know one heart which suffering has

not hardened."
"Oh yes!"she answered with passionate

emotion, "it has—hardened it into stone, and closed it forever."

"Well, my dear sir, have you spoken to her about riding? Have you succeeded in amusing her?" whispered M. de Chambelle to d'Auban. He had finished letter and hurried back with it from his letter and hutried back with it from the house. But the conversation was so eager that his approach had not been

noticed.

"Tiring her, I am afraid," said d'Auban; "but if you will second my proposal I will venture to plead for Bayard, who would carry you, Madame de Moldau, like a chevalier suns peur et suns

when she had taken leave of him, and was returning to the house, followed by M. de Chambelle, the latter turned back again to say, "You see she is pleased."

That that fair creature should be pleased seemed the only thing in the world he cared about. "Let Belinda but smile, and all the world was to be gay."

D'Auban would have liked to see in her more affectionate warmth of manner to more affectionate warmth of manner to-wards her father; but he supposed she might be a little spoilt by his overweening

affection. "Above all things, you will not forget to inquire about the black-eyed dame de

ompagnie."
M. de Chambelle said this when, for the econd time, he returned to d' uban, after having escorted his daughter to the house. He followed her like her shadow, and she was apparently so used to this as

not to notice it.
"I will not fail to do so; but Simonette

"I will not fail to do so; but Simonette is a wayward being, and may very likely altogether reject the proposal."

"Gold has, however, a wonderful power over Simon, and if you offer high wages, he may persuade his d ughter to accept it. What a beautiful night it is!"

This was said as they approached the accept it. What a beautiful night it is!"
This was said as they approached the river, in which the starry sky was tremb-lingly reflected. The moon was shedding her silvery light on the foliage and the waving grasses on its banks.

"What a fine thing rest is after a day

of labour!" de Chambelle exclaimed as he stretched and smiled with a weary but

"If you sleep more soundly, M. de Chambelle, for having committed to me the management of your estate, I do from the increase of work it affords me. But we must really try and make your slaves Christians. Suppose we had a temporary chapel and two priests, if we could get them to preach a mission on this side of the river, you would not object to it?" "Not to any wish, my dear friend. And it might, perhaps, amuse Madame de

D'Auban could not repress a smile seemed quite a new view of the ques-

After M. de Chambelle had left him, h remained out late, attracted by the beautiful night. Though tired, he did not feel inclined to retire to rest. A musing fit was upon him. He had become conscious that evening that he was in danger of falling in love with Madame de Moldau. He had never yet been the better or the happier for this sort of interest in a woman. After It was a short madness, wrestled with and overcome on my knees, but when it had really cared for, he had made up his mind passed away nothing remained to me but to quit the country as quickly and as secretly as possible. I knew I could not endure to see the Emperor; to feel his hand laid familiarly as it had often been on my shoulder, or to witness his violence and coarse pleasantry, would have been torture. I feigned illness, disposed of my property, and effected my escape."

"And how soon afterwards did you come here?" friends called his romantic ideas, he could not understand happiness in marriage. It seemed the most improbable thing in the seemed the most improbable thing in the world that a refined, well-educated, beautiful, and gentle lady, should take up her residence in a wild and remote settlement, and yet such a one had unexpectedly come, by his side, and was beginning to haunt his waking hours and his nightly dreams with visions of a possible happiness, new and scarcely welc ne to one who had attained peace and contentment in the solitary life he had so long led. In the Christian tem-ple reared in the wilderness, in nature's forest sanctuaries, in the huts of the poor, by the dying bed of the exile, he had felt the peace he had sought to impart to others reflected in his own bosom. He had been contented with his fate. He had ascended to the doom of loneliness, and foresaw nothing in the future between him and the grave but a tranquil course of duties fulfilled and privations acquiesced in. If he sometimes yearned for closer ties than those of friendship and charity-if recollections of domestic life such as he remembered it in the home of his childhood rose before him in solitary evenings, when the wind made wild musi amidst the pine branches round his log-built house, and the rolling sound of the great river remined him of the waves breaking on a far-off coast, he would forthwith plan some deed of the mercy, some act of kindness, the thought of which generally succeeded in driving away these troublesome reminiscences. He felt e Moldau for awakening in him feelings e had not intended ever to indulge again visions of a kind of happiness he had tacit-ly renounced. Who has not known some time or other in their lives those sudden reappearances of long-forgotten thoughts— the return of those waves which we fanci-ed had cobed and been for ever swallowed up in the great deep, but which heave up again, and bring back with them relies of

ast joys or dreams of future bliss! TO BE CONTINUED.

The Whitehall Review says that a careful tudy of the recent examination lists issued her Majesty's Inspector of Schools lows that Roman Catholic female pupil teachers, in proportion to their numbers, obtain far higher places than any others, a fact which will afford particular pleasure

to the Marquis of Ripon.

My experience is, that Christianity dispels more mystery than it involves it is twilight in the With Christianity, it is twilight in the world; without it, night. Christianity does not finish the statue—that is heaven's work; but it "rough-hews" all things, truth, the mind, the soul .- Madame Swet

The little Parisian mendicant who followed a gentleman some time since, whined:—"Monsieur, give me just a sou —I'm an orphan by birth!" The definition was worth ten centimes to her.

Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

FROM THE DISCOVERIES OF CAR-TIER TO THE DEATH OF CHAM-PLAIN, A.D. 1534-1635.

The company had scarcely entered on the discharge of its functions when a grave crisis threatened for the moment to sever New France forever from its control. The policy of Cardinal Richelieu in regard of the Huguenot party in Frence, had provoked the bitterest hostility amongst their friends in the Court of Charles I., of England. Huguenot refugees in that country were numerous and influential. Many of them—persons of rank, merit and ability, enjoying favor or rank, merit and ability, enjoying ravor with leading public men, were thus enabled to guide indirectly the policy of England in its relations with France. With the latter country they had, through the policy of Richelieu, lost all sympathy. Their allegiance transferred to Eugland, their resolution to advance her interests in all cases, but especially in those wherein cases, but especially in those wherein they came in conflict with those of France, assumed an unrelenting fixedness pro-ceeding on the one hand from grati-tude for favors received, on the other from

a rankling sense of injuries inflicted.

The ardor of English Protestantism then tinged with a fiery puritanical zeal, had already laid Port Royal in ruins. It now burned under the influence of sympathy for the Huguenots, in the wrongs they claimed to have suffered, through the operation of the policy of French unification so steadily pursued by Richelieu to extinguish the struggling colony at

The terms of the charter granted to the hundred partners, placing the entire ter-ritory of New France under influences wholly and exclusively Catholic, by pro-viding to liberally for the maintenance of Catholic worship and the support of Catholic religious, missionary and educabut complete realization could satiate. The disappointment and disgrace of defeat at Larochelle, whithe he had gone in command of the English fleet, left in the mind of Villiers, duke of Buckingham, the mind of Villiers, duke of Buckingham, the favorite of the English King, a silent feeling of vengeful malice which gave ready ear to the projects of the exiled Huguenots. War being declared, hostilities were soon carried to the very shores of New France. A fleet was fitted out to act against the French settlements in North America, and the command given to Sir David Kertk, a Huguenot refugee. The fleet reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the summer of 1628, and after capturing several French trading vessels, ascended the summer of 1628, and after capturing several French trading vessels, ascended the estuary as far as Tadousac. Here, on the 8th of July, he forwarded a summons that the summer of the structure of the colonists, at a later period, to expend freely both blood and treasure to reduce Canada to her sway; thus giving, through the influence, as it were, of some happy precision to surrender, to Champlain, at Quebec.
The summons received a refusal so peremptory that Sir David, ignorant of the condition of the defences of Quebec, feared to risk an attack on the place. He, therefore, decided upon withdrawing, not, however, before he had seized on a convey way with settlers and summilies for the officers. The long and vexatious wars between the French and English in America, continuing with little intermission for nearly and a half after the taking of the condition of the defences of Quebec by Sir David Kertk, engendered vov with settlers and supplies for the

French colony.

The loss of these vessels, loaded with provisions, proved a veritable calamity for Quebec. The government stores were almost expansted-the returns of the harvest and the supply of provisions from the natives so deficient, that starvation now threatened the settlers. In this crisis, the greatness of soul of the French governor was as conspicuous as in the carry of the e tablishment of the colony. His prudent and far-reaching regulations for the collecting and economising of provisions saved the colony from the extraction. He himself set the example of endurance in every hardship, of fortitude in every privation. He kept the colonists in hope by his cheering assurances that with the advent of spring supplies would arrive from the mother country. All his precaution, energy and forethought, could not, however, prevent distress from sorely afflicting many of the settlers. The winter with its gloomy days, whose cheerlessness was embittered by hunger and whose cold was intensified by destitution, dragged through its course with a merciless sever-ity. When spring, which may, in this climate, be truly termed "sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire," did succeed to winter, its very joyousness seemed to mock the serrows of the luckless colonists. They had hoped till even hope itself abandoned them

Meantime, Sir David Kertk had sueceeded in forming a second expedition to reduce Quebec. Arriving a fe in the waters of New France, he again cast anchor at Tadousac, but despatched three vessels, under the command of his brothers, Louis and Thomas, to demand the surrender of Quebec. Champlain, in his utterly help-less condition, was constrained to yield to the summons, and on the 29th of July. 1629, twenty-one years from its founda-tion, saw Quebec fall into the hands of the British. The conditions of surrender were honorable alike to victors and to wan-quished. The French were permitted to march out with arms and baggage, with the privilege of being conveyed, if they so elected, to France. Louis Kertk, having assumed the governorship, treated the French inhabitants of the town with so much kindness that very few availed themselves of the opportunity of return-

ing to Enrope.
The loss of Quebec, while serious in its consequences, did not assure the posses-sion of the whole of New France to the British. The French yet held the greater part of Acadia, and wrested Cape Breton from Lord James Stuart, who, in behalf of his sovereign, laid claim to the island by creeting and garrisoning a fort at Port-aux-Baleines. Captain Daniel, a brave and fearless French officer, in September, 1629, assailed this fort and demolished it.

To assert French supremacy in Cape Breton, he constructed and garrisoned another fort at the mouth of the Grand Cibore. While the contest was thus carried on, with results so opposite in Quebec and in Cape Breton, a severe struggle was maintained by the French on the southern coast of Acadia, to retain that was maintained by the French on the southern coast of Acadia, to retain that territory for their sovereign. The English assailants, led in this case also by a French Protestant, Claude de la Tour, invested the French fort at Cape Sable, commanded by the son of this same Claude

THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

WITH CERTAIN CONSIDERATIONS AS THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY ON ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT.

de la Tour. This gallant youth proved indifferent alike to every proffered bribe and every menace. "The King of France," said he, "has confided the defence of this place to me; and I shall maintain it, if attacked, till my last breath."

Animated by such noble sentiments, he

Animated by such noble sentiments, he repelled the repeated assaults of the British and retained Acadia in its allegiance to the French king. The full order to the French king. The fall of Quebec having occurred two months after the promulgation of peace between the billigerent powers, Champlain, who had, after the surrender, proceeded to London, hastened to lay before the French Ambassador a statement of the case and recommendations. hastened to lay before the French Ambas-sador a statement of the case, and urge upon him the advisability of securing the immediate restoration of Quebec to France. Champlain could not brook the idea of witnessing that stronghold, after twenty-one years of patient seif-sacrifice, noble endurence, and religious heroism, fall into the quiet possession of the British. The ambassador having decided to await instructions from his government, the in-

The ambassador having decided to await instructions from his government, the indefatigable Champlain at once proceeded to France, where he enlisted the support of Cardinal Richelieu, who failed not to see that the reduction of Quebec was due to Calvinistic exasperation produced by his policy in their regard. The Jesuit Fathers, it may here be remarked, ever ready to promote any scheme for the advancement of civilization through the promotion of religion, aided Champlain very materially by counsel and by influence in his efforts to determine the French Government to a spirited and decisive policy. The dea spirited and decisive policy. The de-termination of Richelieu once formed soon brought the English Government into accord with his views, and the treaty of St. Jermain-en-Laye, signed March 29th, 1632, restored Quebec to the French, who, as a consequence, could then lay undisputed claims to the immense regions

to the great fresh water lakes in the east, to the great fresh water lakes in the west. The retrocession of Quebec, effected by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, has exercised a controlling influence over the whole history of the North American continent. Had Canada remained after 1629 in possession of the British it would Catholic religious, missionary and educa-tional establishments, gave zent to a pur-pose cherished with an ardor that nothing but, complete realignts. claims, customs, opinions and interests ever looked on with disfavor or contempt in England, but tolerated and counterianced through dread of alienating their

assistance in its struggles with France.

thaing with fittle intermission for nearly a century and a half after the taking of Quebec by Sir David Kertk, engendered that feeling of antagonism between the two colonies of the two powers which dissociated Canada, when ceded to Britain,

dissociated Canada, when ceded to Britain, from any connection with the revolution ary movement of these colonies, entered upon soon after the treaty of Paris..

Immediately on the final conclusion of peace by the treaty of St. Jermain-en-Laye, the association of the hundred partners resumed the average of the average. ners resumed the exercise of the extensiv priveleges granted them by their charter. Champlain was reappointed governor and placed in command of an expedition to onvey new settlers with ample stores of

provisions to Quebec.

Arriving there in the spring of 1633 he Arriving there in the spring of 1633 he at once addressed himself to the difficult task before him. During the English occupancy the town had not only made no improvement, but even suffered severe loss, as M. de Caen, to whom it had been given by Louis Kertk on the proclama-tion of the treaty, found it almost utterly destroyed. He provided accommo dation for the new setters, strengthened the defences of the town, and recovered the good will of the aborigines. Solici-tous for the Catholic education of the youth of the colony, he directed his care to the foundation of a college for that pur-pose to be placed in charge of the Jesuit

Fathers.
The building was-commenced, to liseown great satisfaction and amid general rejoicing on the part of the colonists, in the autumn of 1635. He did not live to witness its completion. One Christmas Day of that year he died universally regretted -leaving to posterity a name to be honored as long as fortitude is esteemed, virtue prized, piety therished and laroism

NEW PUBLICATION.

Moore's Melodies, manslated into the Irish language by the Most Rev. John McHale, Archbishop of Trans. New York: Lynch, Cele & Mechan.

We have received this very useful little work from the publishers, Messrs. Lynch, Cole & Machan, proprietors of the Irish American newspaper, New York. The melodies are in the Irish and English languages, side by side. We need not

languages, side by side. Wo need not recommend Moore's melodies to our Irish fellow-citizens. They are knawn to all, and need no recommendation. Every Irish house should have a copy, and those who do not possess it should send 25c. and receive this excellent edition.

The grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily istercourse of in-timacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tendezness, the solution, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stated griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities, the last testimonies of expiring