

Ave Maria.
To-night above the valley lights
We keep our broad bonfires...

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! deep in a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that ere awoke my agony...

Oh! the fever was yet so pretty a thing
By racing river or bubbling spring—
Nothing that ever more grew...

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

D'Auban's business was quickly despatched
that day. He galloped back across
the prairie faster than usual...

"Oh, what a beautiful nosegay!" he exclaimed.
"Run, Sambo, run, and get a
ruse filled with water and a little table...

"You were going to tell me why you
left Russia," she observed, in a somewhat
alarmed tone...

"My prospects at the court of Russia,"
he began, "were in every way promising;
I had reason to believe that the emperor...

"Not for the world," d'Auban cried;
"the grass is more favorable. But where
is rather a pointed manner...

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

"I had sometimes been a little anxious
about Anne's freedom of speech. She
allowed herself openly to inveigh against
the czar's conduct..."

"What pleases me most in it is its
solitude and I do not think of the future at
all. Is not that what moralists say is
wisdom?" d'Auban said...

"Sufficient unto day is evil thereof," 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
long ago," those last words were uttered
in so low a voice that he did not hear
them, and then, as if to change the
subject, she said...

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teaches us that morality. But man cannot
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"Then I am satisfied," and she fell into
one of the dreamy reveries which seemed
habitual to her.

"He interrupted her 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."

"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 circum-
stances 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 re-
fined manners, and you can scarcely con-
ceive what a weighty pleasure it is to one
who for five years has lived so much alone, or
with un congenial 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."

"My father returned at that moment
with the fan. 'Shall I fan you?' he
asked as she held out her hand for it.

"No, thank you. There is more air
now. But will you write that letter we
were talking about just now?"

"I will call you if I should want
anything; but as the breeze may go this
evening, it ought to be ready."

"Of course it ought," answered M. de
Chambelle, and again he shuffled away
with as much alacrity as before.

"Madame de Moldau followed him with
her eyes and said, 'What a weight you
have taken off his mind, M. d'Auban!
He is quite another man since you have
undertaken our affairs.'

"How devotedly he loved you, d'Auban
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, Madame de Moldau bent back her
head against the cushion and closed her
eyes. But tears forced their way through
the closed eyelids.

"You returned immediately to
France."

"My first impulse—a frantic one—was
to take the papers I had brought from the
Crimée to the czar, and to stab him to
the heart. May God forgive me the
thought, soon disowned, soon repented of!

"It was a short madness, wrestled with
and overcome by my knees, but when it had
passed away nothing remained to me but
to quit the country as quickly and as se-
cretly as possible. I knew I could not re-
fused 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 language, would have been tor-
ture. I feigned illness, disposed of my
property, and effected my escape."

"And how soon afterwards did you
come here?"

"There was a pause. D'Auban felt a little
disappointed that Madame de Moldau
made no comment on his story. The next
time she spoke, it was to say—"I wonder
if suffering softens or hardens the
heart?"

"I suppose that, like the heat of the
sun on different substances, it hardens
the more pliant, and softens the more
flexible, the more clearly I see how difficult
it is to talk of suffering and happiness with-
out saying what sounds like nonsense."

"What I mean is this; that there is very
little happiness or suffering respectively
of the temper of mind or the physical
constitution 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,
that I have never known a man whose
ideas have quite changed since I
thought prosperity and happiness and
adversity and unhappiness were synonym-
ous terms."

"Could you tell me of some of the in-
stances you mean?"

"I could relate to you many instances
of the happy, amidst apparent—aye, and
real suffering too. It is not quite so easy
to penetrate into the hearts of the pros-
perous and place a finger on the secret
springs of their minds. But I have 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. I
almost inclined to be angry with Madam
de Moldau for awakening in him feelings
he had not intended ever to indulge again,
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the moment utter a word of sympathy.
It is always so with me." Her lip quiver-
ed, and he exclaimed:

"I made from St. Petersburg she became in-
timidated with some of the 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 Emperor.
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-
nals 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
and to others—to palliate these at-
rocities by specious reasonings. I had
made light of the sufferings of others.
Times and distance marvellously blunt the
edge of indignation. Sophistry hardens
the heart towards the victims, and we at
last excuse what once we adlored. But
when cruelty strikes home, when the blow
falls on our own heart, then the iron is
driven into our own soul, then we know,
then we feel, then comes the fighter's
temptation to curse and to kill. . . . For-
give me, I tire, I agitate you—you look
pale."

"Never mind me. What happened?"

"When I returned to St. Petersburg,
this was the news that met me. The girl I
loved, and whom I had left gay as a bird
and innocent as a child—who had never
known shame or suffering—who had
been led astray by others—was dead;
and oh, my God, what a death was hers!"

"Was she put to death?" faintly asked
Madam de Moldau.

"No, she was not condemned to death.
This would have been mercy to one like
her. She was scourged by the executioner,
and had she survived, and been sent to
Siberia. But first reason and then life
gave away under the shame and horror of
her doom. The proud wretch had broken,
and my poor Anna died of her grief. Her
father was banished, and the house which
had been a home to me I found desolate as
a grave."

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the moment utter a word of sympathy.
It is always so with me." Her lip quiver-
ed, and he exclaimed:

"I should not be myself sans peur et sans
reproche if I accept your kind offer. Not,

I am afraid, sans peur at mounting him,
and certainly not sans reproche for depriv-
ing you of your horse. But I am grate-
ful, very grateful, for all your kindnesses."
Her eyes were raised to his as she said this
with an expression which thrilled through
his heart.

"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 creature should be pleased
seemed the only thing in the world he
cared about. 'Let Belinda, but smile,
and all the world will be gay.'
D'Auban would have liked to see in her
more affectionate warmth of manner to-
wards her father; but he supposed she
might be a little spoiled by his overweening
affection."

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

M. de Chambelle said this when, for the
second time, he returned to d'Auban,
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.

"Will you 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 her high
wages, he may persuade his d'utiger to
consent. . . ."

"What a fine thing rest is after a day
of labour!" M. de Chambelle exclaimed as
he stretched and smiled with a weary but
happy look.

"If you sleep more soundly, M. de
Chambelle, for having committed to me
the management of your estate, I do for
the increase of work it affords me. But
we must really try and make your slaves
Christians, suppose we had a temporary
charred 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
Moldau."

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

After M. de Chambelle had left him, he
remained out late, attracted by the beauti-
ful night. Thought, tired, he did not feel
inclined to retire to rest. A musing fit
never to marry. But this resolution was
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
the tragical end of the only person he had
really cared for, he had made up his mind
never to marry. But this resolution was
not likely to remain proof against the
attractions of so charming a person. It was
the dread of suffering as he had suffered
before; the fear of disappointment which
had led him to form it, as well as the ap-
parent hopelessness of meeting in the new
world in which his destiny was cast with
any woman capable of inspiring the sort
of attachment with which, what his
friends called his romantic ideas, he could
not understand happiness in marriage. It
seemed the most improbable thing in the
world that a rational, well-educated, beau-
tiful, and gentle lady should have her
residence in a wild and remote settlement,
and yet such a one had unexpectedly come,
almost without any apparent reason, as a
visitant from another sphere. With her
striking beauty, her secret sorrows, her
strange helplessness, and her penetrable
reserve, she had, as it were, taken shelter
by his side, and was beginning to haunt his
waking hours and his nightly dreams with
visions of a possible happiness, new and
scarcely welcome 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, and in his own bosom. He had
been contented with his fate. He had
ascended to the doom of loneliness, and
forewent nothing in the future be-
tween him and the grave but a tranquil
course of duties fulfilled and privations
acquiesced in. He sometimes yearned
for a return to the home of his childhood,
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 music
amidst the pine branches round his log-
cabin house, and the rolling sound of the
great river roared him of the waves
breaking on a far-off coast, he would forth-
with plan some deed of the mercy, some
act of kindness, the thought of which
generally succeeded in driving away those
troubling reminiscences. He felt
almost inclined to be angry with Madam
de Moldau for awakening in him feelings
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THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

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

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 con-
trol. The policy of Cardinal Richelieu in
regard of the Huguenot party in France,
had provoked the bitterest hostility
amongst their friends in the Court of
Charles I. of England. Huguenot re-
fugees in that country were numerous
and influential. Many of them—persons
of rank, merit and ability, enjoying favor
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 England, their re-
solution to advance her interests in all
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, and 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 sym-
pathy for the Huguenots, in the wrongs
they had suffered, and in the efforts
to determine the French Government to
a spirited and decisive policy. The de-
termination of Richelieu once formed soon
accorded the English Government into
accord with his views, and the treaty of
St. Germain-en-Laye, signed March 29th,
1629, restored Quebec to France, which
as a consequence, could then lay undis-
puted claims to the immense regions
stretching from Cape Breton 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 contrary influence over the
whole history of the North American
continent. Had Canada remained after
1629 in possession of the British it would
have no doubt formed a link in that
long chain of Anglo-American colonies
skirting the Atlantic seaboard, colonies with
"claims, customs, opinions and interests
ever looked on with disfavor or contempt
in England, but tolerated and counten-
anced through dread of alienating their
assistance in its struggles with France.

The British monarch, in signing that
treaty, indirectly perpetuated British
dominion on this continent. The effect
of such a policy of conciliation and counte-
nance to a policy of conciliation and counte-
nance towards the French colonies would
brook no interference. The sense of
gratitude to the mother country for
liberties accorded under this policy of
conciliation induced the colonists, at a
later period, to resist, with both hand and
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