LE COURIER DE NEIGES. Canadian Legend.

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By WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

Sancta Maria, speed us! I
The sun is falling low.

Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Saew.

"Benedicite," prayed a child, with up
lifted hards; "Deminus," began the compray round the table, in chorus; and the
child lisped on alone: "nos et ea quae
sumus sumpur benedicat dextera Christi.
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti."

"Amen," hastily responded the company,
and at the word burst forth the clatter and
disturbance of an ill-conducte I family dinner in a Canadian household over two
hundred years ago.

The father and mother had barely helped
themselves before half a dozea spoons met
and rattled against the sides of the large
earthen ware bowl, in a struggle to transfer the choicer morsels to the plates crowded close about-its generous circumference.
The clamorous contestants were a lot of
half-grown boys and girls, ranging from
Henri, an unlicked cub of eighteen, down
to the child of six who had just repeated
the old-fashioned grace.

A glance at the father, who with an open
book propped against his silver cup, sat
quietly reading, unmindful of the noise

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