

The vows are ta'en, the deed is done,
The old life past, a new begins,
And Dame Champlain is now a nun
Of the order of the Ursulins.
Slow paced she to the convent door
And stooping lowly entered in,
Lady of Canada no more
But "Sister Helen of Augustin."

The sieur sleeps in Fort Royal
And she in the church of Meaux;—
To families such fates befall,
And still the world wags. Even so.
But by Canadian field and flood
Yet lives the race of the Champlains?
No! none can say the honored blood
Of Champlain flows within their veins.

HUNTER DUVAR.

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had slipped away pleasantly enough since Phil became an inmate of the Groves; during this time he had made such progress with his studies, and more especially had proved himself so apt at learning some games and so proficient in others as to have taken great strides towards making his school life pleasant; in other words, he was already becoming very popular with his fellows. Strickland coming at the same time and about the same age, often wondered how it was that Phil was not tormented: he knew or at least his cousin had told him, that on first coming to the school every boy was chaffed more or less, and personal experience amply confirmed it in his case; but to his benighted mind it was hardly clear how Phil escaped; but the fact remained.