

over the man of honour; "Death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces;" Edward has long since left this his once loved retreat, and now sleeps far off in the sepulchre of his fathers—

"That solemn mansion of the royal dead."

There he reposes in the cold embrace of the universal conqueror.

Yet, most noble Prince, thy memory is blessed. Thine was the career of arms and honour. 'Twas thine also to rally around thee the friends and advocates of our holy religion, and to lead them on to enterprizes benevolent in their objects, and glorious in their results. Oft have I seen thee take thy seat amidst the loud acclaim of British Christians, where the friends of the Bible were assembled to strengthen each other's hands, and cheer each other's hearts, by the details of the diffusion and conquests of that holy book. As the powerful advocate of that holy cause, oft have I listened to thy commanding voice, while eloquently and piously pleading the cause of perishing millions. Not ashamed of the Bible, nor of "the Gospel of Christ," thine hand, heart, honours, all were consecrated to the service and glory of the King of Kings. The pious wish of thy illustrious sire, that every poor child throughout his dominions should be taught to read his Bible, was not forgotten by thee. Those institutions which are devoted to the interests of the rising generation, alike shared thy patronage and munificence. Thine was a career of the most distinguished and enlightened philanthropy. Like the declining sun, thine orb of glory enlarged its sphere as it approached the horizon of our dark world, and, though invisible to us, is now pursuing, with ineffable splendours, its ascending way amidst those stars which are destined to shine for ever and ever.

In the midst of these reflections, my attention was arrested by the noise of a horse passing along the road; it was a solitary and benighted traveller like myself, who having sheltered himself during the storm, was pursuing his journey. A gentle western breeze was then rolling back to the ocean the dark clouds which had been the vehicles of the tempest—the northern constellations glittered above the horizon—the clustering Pleiades were climbing to the Zenith—and soon the vast conclave glowed with innumerable stars. I quitted the desolate rotunda which had been my shelter, and mounting my patient horse, resumed my journey.

A PILGRIM.

EXTRACTS FROM "HOCHELAGA."

HOCHELAGA, OR MONTREAL, IN 1535.

The present inhabitants of this city would find it as difficult to recognise its "local habitation" as its "name," from the following description of its ancient state. The way to the village was through large fields of Indian corn. Its outline was circular; and it was encompassed by three separate rows of palisades, or rather picket fences, one within the other, well secured and put together. A single entrance was left in this rude fortification, but was guarded with pikes and stakes, and every precaution taken against siege or attack. The cabins or lodges of the inhabitants, about fifty in number, were constructed in the form of a tunnel, each fifty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. They were framed of wood covered with bark. Above the doors of these houses, as well as along the outer rows of palisades, ran a gallery, ascended by ladders, where stones and other missiles were ranged in order, for the defence of the place. Each house contained several chambers, and the whole were so arranged as to enclose an open court-yard, where the fire was made. The inhabitants belonged to the Huron tribe, and appear to have been more civilised than their neighbours. Being devoted to husbandry and fishing, they seldom wandered from their station. They received the Frenchmen with courtesy, feasted them after the manner of their tribe, and presents were reciprocally exchanged. The sight of the Europeans struck them with astonishment: their fire-arms, their trumpets, their dress, their long beards, (fashionable in that age,) were all sources of wonder and conjecture to the natives. They constantly interrogated their guests,

who on their part were also desirous of learning all they could; but as neither party could understand the language of the other, and as they could only converse through the medium of signs, very little information was received or imparted.

Cartier\* appears to have been regarded by these simple people as a being of superior order, capable, at least, of curing diseases at his pleasure; for, during his stay, he was surprised to see the Chief of the village brought towards him, and who, pointing to his limbs, testified by signs that he suffered pain of some kind, and wished to be healed. The gesticulations of the Chief were imitated by his attendants, and presently afterward a number of other persons were brought in, who were either ill, or decrepid from old age. Touched by this display of condescending simplicity, Cartier did what he could to soothe their minds, and, as the Catholic historians relate, filled with holy fervour, recited as devoutly as possible the opening passage of the Gospel according to St. John. He then made the sign of the cross upon the sick, distributed chaplets and images of the *Agnus Dei* amongst them, impressing them with the belief that these things had much healing virtue. By the same authority we are informed, that, though he disclaimed the power they ascribed to him, he recited to them, with a loud voice, the sufferings of the Saviour; though to what purpose we do not perceive, if they understood not his language. At all events, he prayed fervently with them, and for them, that the Almighty would not suffer these poor idolators to remain under the power of error, and in the darkness of infidelity. We are told that the whole was listened to with respectful attention and great interest; and we can easily believe that a flourish of trumpet, at the termination of the ceremony, "delighted the savages beyond measure."

PRICE OF COMMODITIES IN CANADA IN 1647.

In a journal kept by the Jesuits, of the affairs of the colony, there is an account of the price of commodities, which affords some points of comparison that may be interesting to the reader. It is stated that wood for fuel was this year, 1647, publicly sold: the price was one shilling and three-pence, Halifax currency, per cord. The price of bread was fixed at sevenpence halfpenny for a loaf of six pounds weight. The price of labour was one shilling and three-pence per day, exclusive of board and lodging. A servant's wages were, by the year, four pounds three shillings and six-pence, and a pair of shoes. Hens were sold in the market for one farthing per hundred: 10,000 had been taken that year, from August to November.

MONTREAL AT THE TIME OF ITS CAPTURE, 1760.

At the time of its surrender, Montreal was well peopled: it was of an oblong form, surrounded by a wall, flanked with eleven redoubts, which served instead of bastions. The ditch was about eight feet deep, and of a proportionable breadth, but dry; it had also a fort or citadel, the batteries of which commanded the streets of the town from one end to the other. The plan of the city, as it existed in 1758, while in possession of the French, and which we have copied and reduced from one published at the time, will shew these particulars very distinctly. It should be recollected, however, that Vaudreuil made some additions to the fortification, in the prospect of an attack by the British forces. The town itself was divided into two parts, the upper and the lower. In the lower, the merchants and men of business generally resided; and here also were the place of arms, the royal magazines, and the Nunnery Hospital. The principal buildings, however, were in the Upper Town, such as the palace of the Governor, the houses of the chief officers, the Convent of the Recollets, the Jesuits' Church and Seminary, the Free School, and the Parish Church. The Recollets were numerous, and their buildings spacious. The house of the Jesuits was magnificent, and their church well built, though their Seminary was but small. Several private houses in Montreal, even at this time, made a noble appearance, and the Governor's palace was a large fine building. The neighbourhood of the city contained many elegant villas; and all the known vegetables of Europe were cultivated in the gardens attached to them.

\* Jacques Cartier, the discoverer.

POLITENESS.

REV. MR. ——— had travelled far to preach to a congregation at ———. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some one of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking gentleman, and gravely said—

"Will you go home to dinner with me to-day, brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this, sir."

"No," said the man, colouring, "but you must go with me."

"Thank you—I will, cheerfully."

After that time, the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.—*Prot. and Visitor.*

THE LETTER H.—A young collegian was one day contending with the Rev. Rowland Hill as to the utility of the letter H. "Of what use is it," said he, "before a vowel? it begins no word in which, if followed by a vowel, it might not be omitted without any detriment to the sound. In your own name, for example, it might as well have been left out." "I beg your pardon," replied Rowland Hill, "its omission would have been to me of very serious consequence, as but for the H, I should have been ill all my lifetime."

POETRY.

[FOR THE WESLEYAN.]

THE CONSOLATION.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE AND DELOVED DAUGHTER.

WHY weeps my friend when LUCY smiles—  
Why mourn her loss below?  
In yon bright world she lives and shines,  
Released from pain and woe.

Transplanted from this stormy vale,  
To milder climes above,  
Where killing blasts no more assail,  
The beautiful flower of love.

That tender head, where felt disease  
And pain, once reigned and raged,  
In peaceful slumbers, and at ease,  
Rests with th' adjacent dead.

That generous, sympathetic heart,  
Which bled for others' woes,  
Nor longer droops, nor feels the smart,  
But now with rapture glows.

For twice six years the lovely girl  
Was spared to increase thy joys,  
When lo! she heard a heavenly call,  
And soared above the skies.

Those tears, fond Mother, then dry up,  
Which from remembrance flow;  
The young immortal strikes her harp  
To themes unknown below.

A few revolving months, or years,  
May hide her from thine eyes,  
When thou shalt quit this vale of tears,  
And meet her in the skies.

MARCUS.

\* She died of *Hydrocephalus*.

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