

have since written a short account of our despitiful voyage, with sickness on board and the peril in which we were from pirates and other hostile ships.

We are now at Quebec, a town, surrounded by walls, built upon a rock, which boasts of its inaccessibility, consisting of a few and unimposing houses clustered about the Fort or Chateau of St. Louis. Therein is transacted most of the business of this infant state, councils of war, dealings with the savages and such legislation as concerns the well-being of these colonies. Picture to yourself, gracious Madam, a broad and noble river, rolling past our town, girt with hill shores, but scarce a trace of man's presence.

For three months this hath been my abiding place. To-day, it is ablaze with flags and other tokens of jubilation. The roar of musketry did awaken me at dawn.

The Chevalier de Montmagny our new Viceroy, and, with him, many soldiers as well as divers craftsmen, arrive to-day. Mr. de Montmagny belongs to the most noble Order of Malta, which, I make no doubt, is, by report, well known to your ladyship. By its valiant deeds, it seemed in times of need as a rampart for Christendom against the Turks. Pray God this member of it, who hath come hither, may prove himself a trusty bulwark against the Saracen of this New World, the redoubtable and mighty tribe of Iroquois.

My boy, Maurice, is on fire with excitement. Since day-break, it hath been his delight to aid the cannoneers in firing salutes and to mount ensigns wherever it is possible and to decorate arches. He is a noble youth, handsome and manly of bearing, worthy of his honourable father and most lovely mother. Albertine too, is impregnated with the universal enthusiasm, though her nature, in truth, is calm to passivity. *Adieu*, honored Madam. My dutiful, loving remembrance to My Lord and the Ladies Adeline and Mildred.

*(To be continued.)*

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We do not enter a house without speaking to the porter ; the Blessed Virgin is the portress of Heaven.

THE CURÉ OF ARS.