

scription of Satan and his compeer; after adverting to Styx, thus describes :—

Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark, and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile : all else deep snow and ice.

What must we think of them? Ought not the present memorial of their work, the chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac, to be rehabilitated and embellished?—Ought it not to be held as sacred as a shrine? What suffering and misery, what sad and painful episodes there must have been in the lives of those devoted missionaries, the pioneers of the civilization and evangelization of the once benighted regions of the Saguenay! The writer of this appeal, for such it will be, is an Anglican, one who has for many years enjoyed the boating and yachting in the Lower St. Lawrence, and the fishing in the Saguenay, the Bergeron and the Esquemain. After having had a rough passage in one of the decked fishing boats belonging to the family Hovington, whose name is as familiar as household words to all frequenters of the Tadousac Hotel, he has felt a relief to go into the chapel of Ste. Croix and offer up his Hymn of Thanksgiving.

But to return to the history of the chapel:—In 1647 the Jesuits brought a bell for the chapel, said to be the gift of Louis XIV of France; it was not injured during the fire of 1665, and is now hanging in the belfry of the present little church or chapel of Ste. Croix. The Jesuit Fathers held the mission until the year 1782. Father J. B. de la Brosse was the last, and it was he who built the confessional which is now to be seen in the sacristy, which is a very undignified portion of the chapel, and is as devoid of architectural embellishment as one of the ordinary cabanes of the district.

In 1747, during the bishopric of Monseigneur Dubriol de