

all their tribes and with France "which would endure as long as the rivers followed their course and the stars kept their brightness."

The era of blood was ended; Canada breathed again and the half-century which followed was the epoch of the true development of colonisation.

As varied as the tattooing of their warriors were the manners, the dialects and the political organization of these peoples. Some were sedentary and industrious, as the Iroquois, the true Kabyles of Canada; others were nomads, as the Algonquins, and lived only by hunting and fishing. Democracy with all its abuses, disturbed the tribe of the Sewanaïs, and the fierce nations of the Huron language had established among them aristocratic republics, while the Miami obeyed a supreme chief, a very king. Here, behind the high palisades of the Wyandot villages, the women governed the state; elsewhere, in the wigwam of an Illinois for example, they were only the numerous slaves of one and the same master.

But, as the copper-coloured skin reappeared alike in all, so in their character one recognized the common origin of the race. All were slaves of their dreams, strangely fickle and always carried away by eloquence, a formidable siren when she has for an instrument a language like that of these nations, as rich, as full of images, as oriental poetry; everywhere in the depth of these hearts hardened by pride and cruelty, when Christian charity was successful in breaking her way in, she found watching there the innate ideas of justice and the immortality of the soul; everywhere these wills, which seemed untameable, bowed at the voice of the feeblest old man. Not an Indian who had betrayed his host, not one who had neglected to honour the dead; the hospitality of the tomb and that of the hearth were equally sacred. In fine, all were brave and capable of self-devotion; who knew it better than France. Little by little she had conquered these fickle hearts and, more astonishing still, they remained faithful to her when her fortunes turned. Between France and England, the sympathies of the natives seldom hesitated; they were almost all our allies.

There existed between their nature and ours, as the English have said, a secret affinity, some common traits of an adventurous and fickle character. What matters a thing of so little weight in the scales; what brought the tray down was our heart. Without effort, almost without intention and by the impulse of our nature, we treated these *savages* as equals, as friends, only making them feel our superiority musket in hand, and never forgetting that with these childlike tribes gentleness was as necessary as force.

(To be continued.)

SURPRISE.

BY MATTHEW RIDHEY KNIGHT.

THE thing that we expected,
Is old before it comes,
As though 'twere resurrected
From newly hollowed tombs:

But that we looked for never,
All radiant with surprise,
A thing of beauty ever,
Brings new light to our eyes.

Welcome the cloud-rack drifted
Before the distant star!
Let not the veil be lifted
That hides the joy afar!

If thou canst see the banner
It raises in the sky,
Tell me not of its coming,
Lest ere it live, it die!

Benton, N. B.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE:

Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

(Continued.)

BUT the voyage was not all sunshine; about the eighth day out the weather grew very much colder than it had been since we left England, the sea grew very rough, and a driving snow storm sent us all below; some one said we were nearing Newfoundland, that it was a dangerous coast, and we were likely to have heavy fogs and perhaps meet ice-bergs. A great many grew sea sick again, especially among the women, the little children did not seem to get sick like the rest of us, but we all went to our berths immediately after supper hoping the storm would abate before morning. But it grew worse instead, the great masts creaked and shook down to the very hold, the engine seemed to work by fits and starts, and it was as much as some of us could do to keep in our berths; sometimes we should be rolled violently from side to side; again, our heels would fly higher than our heads; then we should be startled by a fearful blow on the ship's side that would make her quiver from end to end, and her masts creak as though they were being torn out, and again she would seem to be sinking into the depths of the ocean. Now and then we could hear the hoarse voice of the captain on deck; and again nothing could be heard but the terrific noise of the waves; it was a fearful night; some were crying, some on their knees at prayer, and others rocking themselves to and fro in the agony of fear. Through it all I could not but notice how soundly most of the children slept, and I was glad for their sakes. I could not sleep, however, and the pitchy darkness, for we were allowed no lights between nine at night and six and seven in the morning, made the storm seem very terrible. The morning light came at last, and with it breakfast, and then it occurred to me how good it must be to be taught to obey and to do one's duty under all circumstances, for although the storm still raged furiously, the cook had prepared our breakfast, and the steward and his boy were serving it as usual, and all through that fearful night the captain, his officers, and the sailors had been on deck work-