

made their way in, and there would be blood shed; as to the end who could doubt?

Suddenly, Father Paisley with his surplice on, and an uplifted crucifix in his hands, steps between Stewart and the twenty masked and armed men who have now broken in the door. Seeing the priest they half retreat, but mustering courage, they demand Stewart, who is overshadowed by Father Paisley's burly form. "You will have to kill me before you get Stewart. In the name of Him whose Image is on this cross, I command you to leave this house in peace." "We must have Stewart, he is an Orangeman", they cry. "He is a Christian and an honest man, what you are not, who come in the night to tear him away from his family and shed his blood. You have been all baptised in old Ireland with the sign of the Cross. I baptised three of this man's children yesterday with that same Sign, and he has given me food and shelter, and I say again that you will have to kill me before you touch a hair of his head."

The intruders held a council of war among themselves, and then the leader stepped forward and said: "We believe you speak the truth, Father, and we will not harm Stewart."

Reverence for the priests of their church is an instinct with the Roman Catholic Irish, and there is many and many an instance on record where, as in the present instance, their intervention has prevented the shedding of blood.

Stewart lived up the Gatineau many years, and there his bones have been laid to rest, but never after that awful night was he molested by the "Shiners."

Ottawa, Ont.

### INDIAN SUMMER IN MONTREAL.

BY ERIC.

THIS Indian summer, fair and still,  
The drowsy twilight of the year,  
The sunlight sleeps on vale and hill,  
The clouds have shed their last bright tear.

The wood queen's robes of gorgeous hue  
Lie scattered through the forest maze,  
But she has veiled herself from view  
In gauzy folds of autumn haze.

Like oases in desert sands  
That light the dreariness of the waste;  
Like emeralds set in golden hands  
Some artist's hand has deftly chased;

So gleams upon the mountain's brow,  
Amid the interlacing lines  
Of wind swept trunk and leafless bough,  
The dark green of the living pines.

No ripple breaks the placid calm  
That broods upon the silvered stream;  
The world has sung its evening psalm,  
And all the earth is in a dream.

Montreal, Que.

### MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE  
BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued.)

THE English, on the contrary, not as *good fellows*, if one may pardon the expression, had repelled them. "They were not a little disconcerted", says Charlevoix, "when, essaying to take with the newcomers (the English) the same liberties as the French had freely permitted them, they perceived that their manners were distasteful, and when they saw themselves chased with a stick from the houses where till then they had entered as freely as they entered their own huts." They then came to us; but, as much through pride as with a touching simplicity, they recognised in the sovereign of France, whom they called the great *Onnonthin*, not the king, but a father; they were children and not subjects.

They did not deceive themselves, these poor, ignorant Indians, when they believed that they felt a heart beating in the breast of our fathers; their instinct told them truth; they were the adopted sons of old France, for listen:

In the earliest days of our rule in America, a royal edict issued by Richelieu declared that "every converted Indian shall be deemed and reputed a natural Frenchman, just the same as true natives."

Everywhere, in the new world, Europeans, when confronting warlike nations, used brandy to disarm their enemies by stupefying them; the unfortunate creatures drank with their "fire-water" defeat and degradation. In the thickest of the struggle against the five Iroquois nations, an edict of the 18th of May, 1678, prohibited "under the heaviest penalties" the sale of intoxicants to the savages.

Observe again, a century after, France was about to leave the continent that she had possessed almost entirely; she negotiated with the government of the United States the cession of Louisiana and, before signing, the French plenipotentiary, Barbé-Marbois, in the name of the first consul, stipulates that "the former treaties entered into with the native tribes shall be observed." A unique example in the history of the new world, of conserving the rights of the third party, when the third party was the poor disarmed savages.

Thus, in all the course of her reign in America, France sacrifices herself for the relief of a human race and her last farewell is a safeguard for the miserable. If there is a glory which belongs to us, all to us, a glory so pure that it cannot be tarnished, it is that we have so often fought and stipulated for human dignity. Behold, as long as there shall be in the world the feeble and oppressed, it is to France they will turn their eyes and in her they will put their trust, were she feeble and oppressed as they.

The reader will pardon us for delaying so: before relating how our fathers were vanquished upon American soil, it was sweet to tell how they were loved there.

When he disembarked at Quebec, Montcalm already knew of what utility in a country of rivers and forests, such as Canada, was the alliance of these savages called by the