Summer Longings.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY. Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles
With the woodbine alternating, With the woodbine alternating, Scent the dewy way. Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study.
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the Summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the Winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing.
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where, in laughing and in sobbing.
Glide the streams away.
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary, Waiting for the May; Spring goes by with wasted warnings— Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings Summer comes, yet dark and dreary Life still ebbs away; Man is ever weary, weary, Waiting for the May!

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

There was an undefinable expression in Simonett's face when she came into Madame de Moldau's room—an uneasy, suspicious look. She answered briefly the question put to her, and seemed re-lieved when her active exertions were called into play. She had not been many hours before it assumed a new aspect. Some people have a natural talent for making others comfortable, and relieving he many little sources of disquietude which affects invalids.

Madame de Moldau's couch was so furnished with cushions made of the dried wild grass, which the Indians collect for a wild grass, which the indians collect for a similar purpose. The want of blinds or shutters was supplied by boughs, ingeni-ously interwoven and fixed against the windows. The sunbeams could not pierce through the soft green of these verdant curtains. The kitchen was put on a new through the soft green of these verdant curtains. The kitchen was put on a new footing, and towards evening a French consomme was brought to Madam de Moldau, such as she had not tasted since

her arrival in America.
"I could not have believed a basin of broth could ever have been so acceptable," she said with a kind smile when her new attendant came to fetch the cup away.

Simonette made no answer. Her man ner to her mistress was by no means agree-able; she laboured indefatigably for her, but the gaiety which had been her princi-pal attraction only showed itself now by fits and starts. She soon became the ruling power at St. Agathe; took all trouble off M. de Chambelle's hands, and managed him as a child. The Indian servant, the negro boy, and even the slaves on the plantation, owned her sway. After she had been at the pavillon about three weeks, D'Auban met her and said, "Your employers are delighted with you, Sim-"They would do better to send me

away, sir," she testily replied.
"Why so?" he asked, feeling hurt and disappointed.
"Sir, I do not like people who have

Before she could answer M. de Chambelle joined them, and she went away. The recklessness of her childhood, and the taken the form of incessant activity,

exuberance of her animal spirits, had now never seemed happy except when hard at D'Auban's visits to St. Agathe were be

coming more and more frequent. There were few evenings he did not end his rounds by spending a few moments under the verhandah or in the parlour of the pavillion. Most of his books, and all his flowers, gradually made their way there.

Antoine, though little given to reading himself, bitterly complained that there was scarcely a volume left on his master's shelves. He began to feel at home in that little room, to which Simonette had contrived to impart an Old World look of comfort. He, glimpses of the colonists' houses at New Orleans had given her an insight into European habits. His chair was placed for him between Madame de Moldau and her father, and, though she was habitually silent, the hours glided by with wonderful rapidity during the now lengthening evenings, as he recounted the little incidents of the day, or described the scenery he had rode through, or dwelt on the new plans he was forming. She always listened with interest to every-She always instance thing he said, but did not seem to care much about the people amongst whom their lot was cast. The mention of any kind of suffering always made her shudder, but that negroes, Indians, or poor people of any sort were of the same nature a herself, she did not seem exactly to realize. Practically, she did not care much more about them than for the birds and beasts living and dying around her in the sun-shine and the shade. But d'Auban, by telling her facts which came home to her woman's heart, gradually awoke in her a new sense of sympathy. It was danger-ous ground, however, to venture on, for if the woes of others did not always appear to touch her deeply, yet sometimes the mention of them provoked a burst of feeling which shook her delicate frame almost to pieces. M. de Chambelle on these occasions was wont to look at him reproachfully, and at her with a distressed expression till she had recovered her com-posure. D'Auban also got into the habit of watching every turn of her counten-ance, every tone of her voice. She attracted and she puzzled him. Not only did her father, and she herself, continue to preserve a nearly total silence as to their past history, but there were peculiarities in her character he did not understand. It was impossible in many ways to be more amiable, to show a sweeter disposition, or bear with more courage the privations and discomforts she was often subjected to. But he could not help observing that, not-withstanding all her sweetness and amia-bility, she took it as a matter of course

that her wishes should be considered paramount to any other consideration. She acknowledged Simonette's services with kindness, but made ample, and not always very considerate, use of them. He was often sent for himself at inconvenient times, and for somewhat trifling reasons, and she did not seem to understand that the requirements of business were imperious, and not be postponed to suit her con-venience. But he was so glad to see her venience. But he was so glad to see her shake off the listless despondency which had weighed upon her during the first period of her residence at St. Agathe, so delighted to hear her express any wish and take pleasure in anything; the least word of thanks from her had such a charm for him, and ministering to her happiness was becoming so absorbing an interest, that, even whilst wondering at M. de Chambelle's paternal infatuation, he was fast treading in whilst wondering at M. de Chambelle's pa-ternal infatuation, he was fast treading in his footsteps, and in danger of being him-self subjected to the same gentle tyranny. Their conversations grew longer and more intimate. He felt he was gaining influ-ence over her. Often when he was expres sing his opinion on various subjects, she

ould say:
"I had never thought of that before; or, "it had never struck me in that light."
And he would notice the result of some
observation he had made in slight changes

in her conduct.

There was one subject, however, she always carefully avoided, and that was religion. He was in total ignorance as to her feeiings and opinion on that point. Except the volume of German Psalms which had been taken out of his hand, he had seen nothing at St. Agathe which gave him any idea as to the form of religion she professed, or whether she held any religious helief at all. At last he resolved ligious belief at all. At last he resolved to break silence on this subject by putting a direct question to her.

a direct question to her.

This happened one evening when he had been speaking of the slaves, and of the measures he was taking for their instruction in Christianity. He abruptly asked, "What is your religion, Madame de

The silence which ensued was painful to both. His heart was beating very fast, to both. His heart was beating very fast, and an expression of annoyance almost amounting to displeasure was visible in her face. At last, as he seemed to persist in expecting an answer, she said, "I think I should be justified in refusing to answer that question. There are subjects on which, in such a country as this at least, thought may be free. I would rather not be questioned as to my religious belief."

be questioned as to my religious belief."
"Forgive me, Madame de Moldeau, but
is this a friendly answer? Do you think
it is curiousity leads me to ask? Do you think, as day after day we have sat talking of everything except religion; that I have not longed to know what you thought—what you believed?... No, I will not leave you till you have answered my ques-

There was in d'Auban's character the strength of will which gives some persons a natural ascendancy over others. Other qualities may contribute to it, but determination is the natural element of all such friendship or intimacy between two per-sons, there comes a moment which es-tablishes the ascendancy of one of the parties over the other, and if this be true. that moment has arrived for those we are now speaking of. Madame de Moldau now speaking of. Madame de Moldau had resolved not to open her lips on the subject which he was equally determined she should speak upon. She wept and made signs that he should leave her; but he who had been hitherto subservient to her slightest wish, who had treated her with an almost exaggerated defence, now stood firm at his point. He sat resolutely on with his lips compressed, his dark gray ves fixed upon her, and his whole bent on obtaining the answer which he hoped would break down the wall of silent misery rising between her soul and

the consolations she so much needed. "Madame de Moldau, what religion do you profess?" he again asked, laying a ress on the last word.
"I profess no," she answered in a voic

stifled with sobs. "Well, then, thank God that you hav said so-that you have had the courage to avow the truth. If you would only oper

vour heartyour heart..."
"Open my heart!" she repeated, with a
melancholy emphasis. "You do not
know what you are saying; I am not like

other people."
"But will you not tell me, Madame, in what religion you were educated?

A bitter expression passed over her fac

In no particular religion." "Is this possible?"

"I was always told it did not signify what people believed, and, God knows, I

she answered:

ak so now."
Madame, is that your creed?"

"I detest all creeds. "And have you never practised any "I have gone through certain forms.
"Those of the Catholic religion!"

Madame de Moldeau was silent. "For heaven's sake, Madame, answe

that one question.
"One, I have never been a Catholic." "Oh, I am so glad!" "You will not understand it no

Madame, but some day you will. And now, before I go, do tell me that I have not offended you. "I ought, perhaps, to be offended, but in truth I cannot say that I am. Perhaps it is because I cannot afford to quarrel with the only friend I have in the world." She

held out her hand, and for the first time he pressed it to his lips.

"And I suppose I am to read these books?" she said, with a faint smile, pointing to the last volumes he had sent doubt not they are carefully chosen.

"There was not much to chose from in my library, and no art in the selection. I have sent you the friends which have strengthened me in temptation, consoled me in sorrow, and guided me through

As he was leaving Madame de Moldau's room, d'Auban perceived through the green leaves two eyes fixed upon them. He wondered who it was watching them, and darted out to see. Simonette was sitting at work in the verandah, humming the old French song:

Au clair de la lune, Mon ami Pierrot, Prete-moi ta plume, Pour ecrire un mot.

"Who was looking into that room ?" he

said, going up to her in an angry man-

eyes met, and Simonette's were also full of tears. "Would you be sorry to leave me, Simonette?" ner.
She shrugged her shoulders without answering. He felt convinced it must have been her eyes he had seen through the green boughs, but thought it better not to

say so.
"Do you like your situation, Simon-

"No, sir, I do not."

"No, sir, I do not."

"Are you not well treated?"

"I have nothing o complain of."

"What makes yo, dislike it then?"

"Nothing that anybody can help."

"Come, Simonette, I am an old friend of yours. You ought to speak to me with more confidence." more confidence. "A friend to me! yes, you have indeed been the best of friends to a friendless

girl; but, sir, it was not a friendly act to bring me here."
"I wish you would speak plainly."

"That is just what I cannot do."
"You are not used to service, and find it irksome, I suppose?"
"No, I have always served some one or

other since I can recollect. "Your mistress seems particularly kind to you, and I know both she and her are greatly pleased with your services

"And it gives you pleasure that I should stay here?"

This was said in a gentler tone [of

"Well, I should be glad that you re mained, and I cannot see any reason against it."

Then, sir, I will try to do so," she anwered, in a humble, submissive manner.

"Good-bye, M. d'Auban."
"When he was gone, the young girl sank down again on the seat, and for a moment covered her face with her hands. When covered her face with her hands. When she took up her work again, and as her eyes wandered over the lawn, they caught sight of something yellow and glittering lying on the grass, at a short distance from the house. She went to pick it up, and found a magnificent gold locket, which contained a miniature set in diamonds. She held it open on the palm of her hand, and gazed alternately at the picture and on the words inscribed at the back. An expression of surprise a sort of suppressexpression of surprise, a sort of suppress-ed exclamation, rose from her compressed lips; then putting it in her pocket, she walked back to the house—not in her usual darting bird-like fashion, but slowly, like a person whose mind is wholly absorbed. Madam de Moldau had been asking for her, and when she came in com-plained a little of her absence; but, observing that she looked ill, kindly in-

quiring if she was ailing.
"You work too hard, perhaps. I really do not thing you ever take a moment's rest. I reproach myself for not having noticed it before."

"Indeed, you need not do so, lady, for it is not for your sake that I came here, and if I do spend my strength in working for you, neither is it for your sake that I Madame de Moldau coloured a little,

for there was something offensive in the tone with which this was said.

"Do you mean," she asked with a slight amount of irony, "that it is all for the

love of God, as pious people say?"
"No, Madam; Therese works in that way, and I wish with all my heart I did so "And for whom do you work, then?

Who do you call your master? Is it the priest, or your own father?"
"I am not spkeaking of them, Mad-

"Then of whom are you speaking ?" as you have yours?"

Madame de Moldau coloured deeply,
and put her hand on hear as if to still its

throbbing "Call M. de Chambelle," she faintly said. "He is gone out, Madame, with M. Auban. I saw them crossing the stream

moment ago."
Madam de Moldau sighed deeply, and joined her hands together in an attitude of forced endurance. Simonette was look ing at her with a searching glance. One of her hands was in her pocket tightly grasping the locket she had found. At

Lady, have you lost anything?" Madame de Moldau hurriedly felt for the black ribbon round her neck, and not finding it there, turned pale.
"What have you found ?" she asked,

"A very beautiful trinket," Simonette inswered, and pulled the locket out of her booket. "Of course it belongs to you, Madame? Those are larger diamonds than any I have yet seen, but I learnt at New Orleans the value of those kind of

Madame de Moldau held out her hand for the locket. "Thank you," she quick-ly said. "It is my property." Then she took off a small ring and offered it to her attendant. "This is not a reward for your honesty, for I am sure you do not ish for one, but rather a token of the pleasure it gives me to recover this

Simonette hesitated. On the one hand the thought crossed her mind, that the offer the thought crossed her mind, that the offer of the ring was a bribe. She thought she had grounds for thinking this possible. The conflict which had been going on in her mind since her coming to St. Agathe seemed to have reached a crisis. "I am much obliged to you, Madame," she said at last, "but I would rather not accept the ring."

accept the ring."
A long silence ensued. Both took up some needlework. The hands of the mistress trembled, whilst her attendant's fingers moved with nervous rapidity. After a long silence the former said, You have been a kind and a useful attendant, Simonette, and I do not know what I should have done without you during my illness; but I am quite recovered. You do not seem to be happy here, and I ought to learn to wait on myself. Is it

not better that we should part?" Again good and bad thoughts of that gentle lady passed like lightening through the girl's mind. "She wishes to get rid of me. She knows I suspect her. Perhaps I am an obstacle to some of her wicked plans." The indignant inward voice was answered by another. It is cruel to suspect her. Cruel to leave her. She will be ill again if I go. At the bottom of my heart I believe I love her."

She raised her eyes, which she had hi therto kept fixed on her work. Madam de Moldau was weeping; she looked the very picture of youthful and touching sorrow— so innocent, so gentle, so helpless. Their

me if I do."
"Not if I chose to part with you?"
This was said with gentleness but firmness.

"M. d'Auban will be very angry with

Simonette felt her conduct was ungen-

erous, and she exclaimed, "I have been wrong; do let me stay, Madame. I can-not bear that M. d'Auban should think me ungrateful."
"What has he done to inspire you with

much gratitude?" "What has he not done for me?"
Simonette replied, with deep emotion.
"I was an outcast and he reclaimed me—

a savage and he instructed me—I was was dying, and he baptized me?" Indeed! Why ?-where !"

"Indeed! Why —where!"

"Five years ago in my father's boat. I had the fever. I shall never forget the words he said to me then, or what I felt when he poured the water on my head."

"And he has been kind to you ever "Oh yes, very kind; he is always

"He has indeed been so to us."

"May I say ?"
"I don't know, Simonette; M. de
Chambelle will decide."
"Then I am sure I shall stay."

This was said in a tone which, in the midst of her emotion, which had not yet subsided, made Madame de Moldau laugh. That laugh settled the question. But although Simonette's heart had been touched her winder. although Simonette's heart had touched, her mind was not satisfied. sight of the locket and of the picture it contained stood between her and her peace. She took advice of Father Maret. He, probably, was of opinion that she should stay at St. Agathe, for she said nothing more about leaving; but though she grew every day fonder of her mistress, it was clear that some secret anxiety was preying on her mind.

After this day nothing occurred for ome time to disturb the even course of some time to disturb the even course of the settlers' lives. D'Auban now spent all his spare time at St. Agathe, and Madam de Moldau gradually began to take an in-terest in his pursuit and occupations. The united concessions were flourishing under his management, and the condition of the labourers rapidly improving. At last she labourers rapidly improving. At last she was induced to visit some of the huts on the plantation, and as soon as the effort was made, she found pleasure in doing good to her poor neighbours and in study ing how to help them—first, by furnish ing them with little comforts such as they could appreciate, and then by nursing them in sickness. But when it came to this she felt her own helplessness in cases where persons were troubled in mind, or leading bad lives, or plunged in ignorance. Her own ideas were too vague, her own be-lief too uncertain, to enable her to give advice or consolation to others. One day she found Therese in a cabin where a Frenchman was lying at the point of death. She had spoken to her two or three times before, and d'Auban had been anxious to make them better acquainted, but they were both very reserved, and no advance had been made towards intimacy. Wishing not to disturb her she remained near the door, and did not make her presence known. Therese was speaking earnestly to the sick man and preparing him for the last sacrament, which Father Maret was soon to bring him. What she said, simple as it was, indeed, because of its simplicity, made a great impression on Madame de Moldau. It gave her dif-ferent ideas about religion than she had hitherto had. She remained in that poor hut watching, for the first time in her life, hut watching, for the first time in her life, the approach of death, and wi'h all sorts of new thoughts crowding into her mind.

She placed on the floor the provisions she had here a better the soul of that unfortunate people. Disheartened and dispirited, the remnant of that brave race, surveying the ruins of their nation had brought with her, and slipped away unperceived; but the next day Therese was surprisrd by a visit from the lady of St. Agathe, and still more so by her saying, "Therese, you must instruct me

A thrill of joy ran through the Indian's heart, but she answered, "Not so, daughter of the white man. Let me take you

"Not yet, Therese, not yet. You must

reach me yourself, and then perhaps I will go to the black robe."

"But the eagle of your tribe—he can tell you more than a poor Indian about the Great Spirit and the Christian's

prayer."
"Are you speaking of Colonel d'Auban,

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TOUCHING STORY OF A PARISH PRIEST.

The Irish correspondent of the New York Times sends the following from Dramore West: The area of this parish is over 10,000 acres, the greater part of which is bog and mountain; the remaining portion, with the exception of a couple hundred acres of grazing land, concouple nundred acres of grazing rand, consists of poor marshy lowlands. The average size of the holdings is between six and eight acres, and the population, including all denominations, is about 600 families, nearly 4,000 individuals. Over 400 families are dependent on the relief committee, and 100 families in this parish are almost entirely in want of

clothing, and the children in a state of On Sunday morning last as I was about going to church, a poor young woman, prematurely aged by poverty, addressed me. Being in a hurry, I said: "I nave no time to speak to you, Mrs. 'Calpin; are you not on the relief list?" "No Father," she answered, "we are starving." Her appearance caused me to stop. She had no shoes, and her wretched clothing made her a picture of misery. I asked her why her husband had not come er why her nussand nad no con-o speak to me. Her reply was: He has not had a coat for the ast two years, and this being Sun-

last two years, and this being Sun-day did not wish to trouble Thomas Feeney for the loan of one, as he sometimes lends one to him." "Have you any other clothes besides what I see on you? Father, I am ashamed," was the reply I have not even a stich of undercloth ing." "How many children have you?"
"Four, Father." "What are their ages?"

ren aside for their nakedness." "Have you any bedclothes?" "A couple of guano bags." "How could you live for the last week?" "I'll tell you, sir. I went to my brother, Martin McGee, of Farrelinfarrel, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel, of which I gave my husband the biggest portion, as he was working in the fields." "Had you anything for the children?" "Oh. you anything for the children?" "Oh, Father," she exclaimed, "the first question they put in the morning is, 'Mother, have we any meal this day?' If I say I have we any meal this day? If I say I have they are happy; if not they are sad and begin to cry." At these words she show-ed great emotion, and I could not remain unmoved. This is one of the many cases I might adduce in proof of the misery of JOHN J. O'KEANE, P. P. my people.

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC, A. D. 1635-1672.

Written for the Record.

M. d'Ailleboust, like his predecessor, found the country on his accession to of-fice embroiled in war between the aborigines. During the brief period of peace, brought about by the tact and firmness of M. de Montmagny, the missionaries of the Jesuit Order penetrated to the very inby the Hurons and by certain tribes of Algonquins. Previous to the promulgation of the last peace Father Bressani, an Italian Jesuit, was massacred on his way to missionary labor. Upon the restoration of peace the Iroquois themselves received the missionaries, who at one time seemed to have acquired a well-founded influence over these restless savages. But the mild doctrines of Christianity took no firm hold of hearts ruled by those fiercest dis-positions, nurtured by hatred and revenge. Upon the outbreak of hostilities 1646, the Iroquois, casting the blame recent disasters arising from famine and pestilence upon the missionaries, whom they accused of wizardy, murdered Father Iogues in cold blood. They then fell upon whomsoever they could lay hands on of the ill-fated Hurons, sparing neither age

In July, 1648, a powerful body of Iro quois suddenly attacked the Huron settle-ment of St. Joseph, presided over by Father Daniel. The attack was so unexpected that the inhabitants could offer no resistance to their bloodthirsty assailants. No fewer than seven hundred victims, the devoted missionary amongst the number, fell on this occasion before the cruelty and malice of the insatial Iroquois. The firm determination of the latter to be satisfied with nothing but the total exter-mination of the Huron race found vent in the following year in another massacre, wherein four hundred women and chil-dren were cruelly murdered by a horde of these same red-handed monsters. On the day following this last massacre the same band of savages-a thousand well-armed warriors— utterly destroyed the Huron settlement of St. Ignatius, inflicting the most unheard-of cruelties on the heroic missionaries, Fathers Jean de Brebœuf and Gabriel Lallemant, whose names re-

and Gabriel Lallemant, whose names re-flect undying lustre on the Society which had Loyolas and Naviers for its founders. This last cruel blow following so rapidly the fearful catastrophe which had previ-ously overwhelmed the Huron race, broke the heart and rent the soul of that unfor-

determined by a sort of general consentthe saddest testimony of universal and hopeless misfortune—to abandon the ter-ritory that had once given them happy homes and prosperous hunting grounds. Some took refuge with tribes in territory contiguous to their former country. Others dispersing in smaller bodies far and near, were soon utterly forgotten, while a determined band resolved upon some day rebuilding the fortunes of their fallen race, decided upon emigrating in a body to some sheltered and favored localities, where, protected from hostile incursions, they might grow into something of their pris-tine strength and influence. The island of St. Joseph, in Lake Huron, was one of the places thus selected on account of its comparatively isolated position. They there founded a village of one hundred huts, which at first seemed to offer the brightest promise. But famine and pes-tilence now combined to complete that task which the insatial rage of the Iro-quois had not consummated. The winter of 1650 was for the Hurons the saddest in their annals, for, while famine and dis-ease desolated their refuge on St. Joseph's Island, war of the same merciless characacter that had driven them from their own country was carried into their retreats on Lake Ontario, where the Iroquois mas-sacred hundreds of the refugees, amongst them the devoted Father Garnier, who had thrown the mantle of his zeal around

his people's misfortunes.

The famishing remnant of the Hurons on the island of St. Joseph was all that now remained of a race once so powerful and so daring. These, now, dreading lest invasion might complete their sorrows by annihilating their race, resolved to return to seek the securest of retreats, that offered by closest proximity to the seat of the French Government at Quebec. Headed by the brave and fearless Father Raguenan and other intrepid missionaries, they set out by way of Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa, and after encountering untold trials, reached Quebec in July, 1650. The Governor kindly granted them an asylum on land a few miles from the city. Here their descendants yet survive, recalling in the paucity of their numbers and the completeness of their isolation one of the greatest disasters in the history of the aboriginal races in America.

Another evil of even greater magnitude

Another evil of even greater magnitude than war began at this time to afflict the aborigines. The European free traders aborigines. The European mee and now began to introduce intoxicants into now began to introduce with the red man—only their commerce with the red man—only to find the latter so ready to barter every "The eldest, a boy eight years; a girl seven; another four, and a little one on the breast." "Have they any clothes?" "No, sir; you might remember when you were passing last September you called into the house, and I had to put the child-

designated the inflaming liquid—for a commo lity of exchange. Drunkenness, with its numberless attendant evils, proved a veritable curse to the aborigines. It consumed their energy, repressed their vigor, overpowered their strength. The missionaries employed every means to pro-hibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Their efforts, though too frequently thwarted by the malicious ingenuity of the traders, were of lasting service to the unfortunate savages.

M. d'Ailleboust withdrew from the

Governorship in 1650. Apart from the dispersion of the Hurons, no other event of importance except the arrival of an envoy from New England to propose a commercial treaty between the English envoy from New England to propose a commercial treaty between the English and French colonies, is chronicled under his administration. The negotiations thus opened, needless to say, led to no practical result. M. d'Ailleboust's retirement was to no one more than himself a matter of gratification, for amid the perplexities of an office unsustained by the convent of graduation, for aimid the perplexities of an office unsustained by the command of means adequate to the enforcing of its de-crees and the upholding of its policy, he felt little of the ease and satisfaction attendant upon the successful discharge of duty, not to speak of the happy inaugura-tion and brilliant execution of projects of improvement to which, however, his ambition hardly led. The successor of M. d'Ailleboust was M. de Langon, who arrived in Canada in 1651. He was a leading member of the company of the hun-dred partners, and had taken such action hope that his administration should be the hope that his administration should be highly successful, a hope destined to be wholly frustrated.

The task before the new Governor was indeed of no ordinary character. The Iroquois, emboldened by almost uninter-

rroquois, embodened by almost uninter-rupted successes, and supplied with firearms by the Dutch traders at Albany, no longer dreaded the French themselves. Attack-ing the French settlements along the St. Lawrence, they soon compelled the colonists to seek cover within their strongholds, Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. In an attack on Three Rivers they killed the Governor himself and defeated his followers, who had to seek the cover of the fort. Thus harassed, the colony saw its trade de rous harassed, the colony saw its trade de-caying, agriculture languishing and popu-lation diminishing. The Iroquois were everywhere posted, from Ville Marie to Quebec, lying in wait for detached bodies of the French. They surrounded the smaller settlements at times mutting the maller settlements at times, putting the houses to flames and massacring the in-habitants. The whole of New France was in fact kept in constant terror by their ever-watchful and implacable foes. At ength M. de Maisonneuve, Governor of Montreal, resolved to seek in France th additional strength in men and supplies the colony required to put an effectual check on the incursions of the savages. He returned in 1653 with one hundred chosen men, whose arrival gave new heart and good cheer to the already dejected colonists, while it struck terror into the hearts of the Iroquois, who sued for peace.
Father Lemoine was appointed French
plenipotentiary to negotiate the treaty.
The worthy missionary harangued the Indian chiefs for fully two hours. His discourse, accompanied by several presents, was well received, and the treaty concluded to the evident satisfaction of the parties concerned. The advent of peace enabled the missionaries to carry the light of the Gospel to the various Iroquois nations. Fathers Lemoine, Chaumonot, Dablon, Lemercier, Mesnard and Fremin, distinguished alike by zeal, piety and intrepidit, prosecuted this good work amid these savage tribes. Trade relations between the contract of the contract tween the French and Iroquois soon became close and active. One of the nations, however, the Mohawks, preserved a bitter hostility against the French and traded only with the Dutch at Williamstadt, afterwards Albany. The influence of this restless tribe was, after a time, felt in the whole Confederacy, as adverse to the continuance of friendly relations with the French. The extirpation of the Eries and the almost total destruction of the Ottawas by these fierce warriors soon placed the whole of the present territory of On-tario in the hands of the five nations, while all Lower Canada, from the very mouth of the Richelieu southward, ac-knowledged their undivided sway. The hostility of the savages to the French was manifested by their organized attempt to manifested by their organized attempt to destroy, in 1657, a settlement formed the the previous year under Captain Dupuis, in the country of the Onondagas. The Captain, forewarned of the danger hanging over his people, escaped by strategy, leaving to the disappointed savages the tenantless habitations of the settlers on which to vent their fury. The flight of Dupuis encouraged the Iroquois to attack the more distant of the French settlements. They made an incursion on to the island They made an incursion on to the island of Orleans, destroying a few peaceful Hurons who there sought a livelihood by cultivating the soil. Their very audacity so terrified the Governor himself that he yielded to their demand to surrender a number of the Hurons who had sought French protection at Quebec. This ill-considered and ignoble action on the part of M. de Langon brought an inglorious

administration to a close. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIFE OF A PRIEST.

The life of our clergy is a hard one. Constant daily work among poor; the anxieties and privations of poverty itself: exposure to all seasons, at all hours, and to exposure to all seasons, at all hours, and to all forms of sickness and disease—these things wear the health and shorten the life of our priesthood. Many bear the life-long durden of ill-health, many are permanently on the sick-list, and many die. It is therefore necessary that a constant succession of priests be maintained; and that they may be intellectually able to meet the intellect of our times and he and that they may be intellectually able to meet the intellect of our times, and be in all deeper formation examples to those whom they are to guide. For this is need-ed a seminary, fully complete in its material structure and economy, and provided with rulers and teachers, not only sufficient in number, but also mature in experience. And for such a work we must turn to you, to whom the spiritual graces of a faithful holy pastoral care will return in a multi-tude of blessings upon yourselves and upon your homes.—Cardinal Manning.

The Prince of Wales belongs to every cret society in England except the tem-