

When the last dark storm is gathering,
And our hearts are swept with fear,
By the love of Thy dear Passion,
Master, let us feel Thee near.

So when all at last is ended
And the Best is reached above
May we swell Thy Heart's rejoicing
With the rapture of our love.

Jesus Master, King of glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life,
Victor, when the battle's sorest
O sustain us in the strife.

CANON LITTLE.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

LETTERS TO THE MOST NOBLE COUNTESS
OF R...FROM AN ENGLISH LADY
IN CANADA.

ANNA T. SADLER.

Quebec, the 12th of June, 1635.

Honored Madam.

I write from ever seas to keep you informed, as in duty bound, of matters transpiring in these foreign parts. How often do I turn my thoughts backwards towards the peaceable daysspent under your illustrious roof, whence I came forth to undertake the arduous post of mother to the motherless children of my beloved sister. I kept you advised as to the prospect of coming to these countries, because of the ardent desire which Antoine de Melleray entertained to see once more his son and daughter. It seemed as if the will of God, no less than my natural inclination, prompted me to accompany those dear ones.

I also apprised you of the date of our departure and