

hideous fever-shed, where the very atmosphere was impregnated with the most loathsome of diseases. There they stood, day and night, for four long months, the priest and nun, regardless of trials and fatigues, regardless of life itself; and there the spirit of the chivalrous Canadian, accompanied the soul of the Irish exile in its journey to the throne of the Eternal.

The descendants of Catholic Ireland and France—the ones driven out by famine and penal persecution, the others sent by the will of Providence to build up a Catholic nation in the New World, stood side by side in the grand, the noble battle-field of Christian charity, in the rude conflict between life and death, in the racking struggle of the final moment against the torments of despair and the assaults of the arch-enemy of man. Many a father and a mother had to mourn the loss of a child or a friend that fell a victim to the work of Charity.

Nor was that incomparable, inexhaustible devotedness of the French Canadian population confined to the Clergy alone. It knew no distinction of persons or localities; it was equally manifest in town and country. Hundreds of little orphans of every age—from the infant taken from the bosom of its dead mother, to the child that could barely lisp the name of its parents,—were left lonely and destitute, unconscious of the terrible loss they had suffered. But the arms of the nation were extended; they welcomed the helpless innocents into the hospitable bosom of their families; they cared for them, and many an eminent Irishman, who has risen to fame and distinction on the banks of the St-Lawrence, can, to day, look back with pride and eternal gratitude to the fostering fireside of his adopted parents.

And now, forty-two years have glided by; many of those that were living then, have gone to their everlasting reward, but many a venerable veteran still remains, with the snows of old age, whitening