

recently pointed out to me by one of the priests as the oldest remains of former days now standing in Montreal. Recently, Protestant churches in Canada have sent missionaries to the Indians, but the church of Rome bore the burden and heat of the day, and still occupies the post of honour. Her missions are co-extensive with the Dominion. I have seen them in New Brunswick, where the Restigouche mingles its waters with the Bay Chaleur; on the great Manitoulin, where the remains of the Huron Nation sought refuge; and under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, where gentle ladies who had travelled across the great loneliness lovingly ministered to Cree and Blackfoot children orphaned by war and the small-pox. Words are too weak to acknowledge the devotion to God's will and the self-sacrifice for man that the histories of such missionaries record. They have laid the country under a large debt of gratitude. The one thing that Canada cannot be too thankful for is that she has no Indian wars. For this unspeakable blessing, how much do we owe to the teaching, sacrifices, and long-continued labours of self-exiled men and women whose names are written, not in the columns of newspapers, but in the Book of Life?

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#### ORIGIN OF THE DUCAT.



HE origin of *ducats* is referred to one Longinus, governor of Italy, who, revolting against the Emperor Justin the younger, made himself Duke of Ravenna and called himself *Exarcha*, i.e., without lord or ruler; and to show his independence, struck pieces of money of very pure gold, in his own name and with his own stamp, which were called *ducati* (ducats).