

But disunion and misunderstanding arising in the American camp frustrated their plans. And on the 31st of December the death-blow was given to the invasion, when a stray shot from the height struck the general, Montgomery, and he fell in the midst of an undertaking that would have done honor to the bravest of Europe's warriors. On the 6th of May, 1776, the Americans withdrew, leaving Canada to England, and leaving its people in union, happiness and peace.

In a short space we have travelled down more than two centuries; in another essay we will strive to reach our own day, and thus finishing with the past, we will find ourselves in the happy present.

INDIAN LYRICS.

II.

LAY OF EARLY LOVE

The sun shines no longer as bright on the hills,

There's music no more in the voice of the rills,
The summer sky seems to have lost its soft blue,

The river its beauty—the forest its hue,
Since Mona, the Micmac, my choice as a bride,
The joy of my heart, in the wilderness died.
We met, when I first went as Herald of Peace—

And stayed, fishing salmon and shooting wild geese.

Far off was thy dwelling—my own honey bee,

Beside the Salt lake the Pale face calls "the sea,"

By Vale of the Echo—the trail I would take
And dark *Metapedia's* lone river and lake,
To hear she'd be mine—it was like a sweet dream,

Or sunshine that glows in and gladdens the stream.

To tell her my love and with ardour declare
That in my affection no other had share.

From old *Stadacona* I'd frequently roam
With presents of beads, to her *Restigouche* home,
And weave as an emblem of chaste love from me

A wreath of acacia—the true-lover's tree,
Ere worshipped the Spirit, in shape of a bird,
The first in the woods of the morning that stirred,

At night was my path lit by luminous flies,
That soon were eclipsed in the light of her eyes.

Intense and devoted my fondness remained—
No thought of this earth my attachment had stained,

That magnet of beauty and love could control
The heart's deep affections, the tides of the soul:

So gentle and fond, and so graceful and young,

A circle of magic around her was flung:—
When strength leaves each limb and the light of my eye

Is faded,—I'll sleep where her cold ashes lie.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

In the dedication of the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, Sunday, May 25, the Catholics of New York city saw the fruition of nearly thirty years of labor and self-sacrifice.

At 10 o'clock between two and three hundred priests in black cassocks and white surplices marched from St. John's Church, in Fiftieth street, to the rear entrance of the Cathedral, for the purpose of forming in the grand procession.

Meanwhile the scene within was a brilliant one. In the organ loft, in front of the lofty background of color made by the organ pipes, was a choir such as seldom in any country interpreted sacred music within sacred walls.

The tabernacle, with its wealth of inlaid marble, was without adornment other than white and red rosebuds. These were arranged in pyramids before the golden crucifix that surmounts the tabernacle. About the tabernacle were ranged golden candelabra. On the broad ledge at the base of the reredos, were golden candelabra, separated by vases of red and white rosebuds. Above towered the wondrous tracery of the reredos, left without extrinsic ornamentation. On the topmost pinnacle was an image of our Saviour. The altars of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and of the Sacred Heart were adorned only with a few white and red rosebuds; their beauty of sculpture, carving, and inlay showing to the best advantage, when least adorned.

The Cardinal's throne is on the Gospel side of the sanctuary. Three steps of dark French oak lead up to the base of the throne. A gilded balustrade opens outward from the fretted columns