

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gather'd for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Sister of Charity, gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender, and mild;
In humbleness strong and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child;
Ever thy love like an angel reposes,
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here.
Till the arrows of death are half hidden in roses,
And hope-speaking prophecy smiles on the bier.

When life, like a vapor, is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to Heav'n uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks behold,
And O! as the Spouse to thy words of love listens
What hundred fold blessings descend on thee then—
Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris glistens,
And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity, child of the holiest,
O, for thy loving soul, ardent as pure—
Mother of orphans, and friend of the lowliest—
Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor;
The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds thee,
Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,
Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,
Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes,
Burning the breast of the maidenly rose;
To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty flushes
When the incense ascend and the sanctuary glows;
And the music, that seemed Heaven's language is pealing—
Adoration has bowed him in silence and sighs.
And man, intermingling with angels, is feeling
The passionless rapture that comes from the skies.

O, that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure
Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,
Like thine, unallured by the phantom of pleasure,
Could rend ev'ry earthly affection away.
And, yet in thy presence, the billows subsiding
Obey the strong effort of reason and will,
And my soul in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still.

Thy soothing, how gentle! thy pity, how tender!
Choir-music thy voice is—thy step angel grace,
And thy union with deity shines in a splendor
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken,—a captive that bound thee
Afraid from thy home in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb, and earth's shadows around thee
Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day.

Still mindful as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they roll,
Intervene as a cloud between us and His glory
And shield from His lightnings the shuddering soul.

As mild as the moonbeam in autumn descending
That lightning extinguished by Mercy, shall fall;
While He hears with the wail of a penitent blending
Thy prayer, Holy Daughter of Vincent de Paul.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Richelieu.

(Concluded.)

No. IX.—ST. OURS.

The village of St. Ours reminds one of a European hamlet more than any other in the valley of the Richelieu. Its seigniorial manor, embowered in secular trees, its shady walks, its old-fashioned houses give it a peculiar air of antiquarian grace. It derives its name from the family of the St. Ours, which enjoyed a local celebrity in France though famed for no historical exploits. The offshoots of that family, as indeed all the aristocracy who came over to Canada in the early days of Champlain and Maisonneuve, did not belong to the *grande noblesse*. Hence, the affectation of certain parties claiming descent from the titled nobility of France, on the strength of the picturesque names which they bear, is very ridiculous to those who are acquainted with the facts of Canadian colonization. Canada is a country of hard-working men—of men who explored the wild, fought with Indians, traded in furs, and there is no aristocracy here, except that of character and soul. All men are equal, and it is gratifying to know that the degrading farce of seigniories so long tolerated in Canada, is at length done away with.

The village of St. Ours was often the scene of rendez-vous for parties of pioneers who were on the look-out for Indians. In the days of the Iroquois, it was made a kind of outpost by these savage warriors in their attacks on Sorel and the lower St. Lawrence.

During the American Revolution, it also figured as the headquarters of the Americans who were despatched by Montgomery to sow discontent and disloyalty among the Canadians, and invite as many of them as possible to take up arms against Great Britain. The celebrated Ethan Allen, renowned among our American neighbours—Vermonters more especially—as the hero of Ticonderoga, was at the head of the movement. He set out from St. Johns and scoured the Richelieu as far as St. Ours for recruits. In a short time, he had some two hundred and fifty Canadians under arms. With these he proposed to commence active operations, and even offered Montgomery to assist in the siege of St. Johns which was then progressing. He left St. Ours, crossed over to the east side of the St. Lawrence, and when midway between Longueuil and Laprairie fell in with Major Brown and a company of Canadians and Americans. With this officer, Allen concerted a sudden attack on Montreal. Brown was to cross above the town and attack it there, while, simultaneously, Allen would cross below. The adventurous Vermonter chose eighty of his Canadians and thirty Americans with whom he passed from the east to the west bank of the St. Lawrence during a stormy autumn night. At day-break he expected to hear the signal of Brown, but this failing, he tried to retreat across the river. But the canoes being few, he had not effected his purpose, when he was discovered. Forty British regulars, two hundred Canadians, and some Indians fell on him and overpowered him, after a fierce combat. Allen himself was taken prisoner and transported to England. This fool-hardy attack took place on September 24, 1775. It did much to break up the recruiting among Canadians.

During the rebellion of 1837, St. Ours was ardent in the insurgent interest, but the *patriotes* who had organized there did not take part in any of the engagements. When the fight came on at St. Denis, they were summoned for reinforcements, but refused to stir.—*St. Johns News*.

No. X.—SOREL.

The town of Sorel situate at the mouth of the Richelieu, derives its name from a French engineer who built a fort there in the primitive time of the Indian wars. It is sometimes, also, called William Henry, in honor of the English Prince of that title who visited the country after the conquest.

Sorel is connected with the earliest history of Canada. Champlain was the first white man who set his foot on its present site. In 1609, when he made his campaign against the Iroquois, as we have already described in the first paper of this series, he stopped there with his party, in order to hold a council of war and take in a supply of pro-