

a priest, and a few months after his arrival he was ordained in the chapel of the Jesuits. When the Seminary was founded he was chosen its first Superior, an office which he continued to hold until the appointment of Des Maizerets, who had joined Laval on his return from a visit to France in 1663. For thirty-two years the latter remained at the head of affairs, ably seconding the efforts of his bishop in maturing the educational interests of the Province. Some years ago, as they were digging the grave of M. Lavardiere, the faithful antiquary of Quebec, a leaden casket was found containing the heart of one who had been buried a hundred years before in the same spot, and bearing an inscription which identified the contents as part of the remains of the second Superior of the Quebec Seminary. Des Maizerets died in 1721. For nearly sixty years he was a prominent figure in all religious and educational movements connected with his church, and, as was said of him by a contemporary, all Canada rests under an obligation to him for the interest he took in the education of the young.

In 1757 the premonition of evil things had fallen upon Quebec, and the Seminary did not escape the gloomy influence. Famine stared the people in the face, and the priests of the Seminary were obliged to send away their pupils simply for want of food for them. Next year, in charity, they gave an asylum to a number of starvelings, feeding their bodies with but scanty rations, and trying to make up for it by storing their minds with the good things in philosophy. But when the danger of war drew nearer to Canada, when through the streets of Quebec there rang the tidings that Louisburg had fallen, and nearly all the students who remained were drafted as soldiers, the priests were forced to close the doors of both Seminaries. Then it was that the classes, or all that was left of them, took refuge in Montreal, where the college was kept alive by the directors until its removal to Quebec in 1763. The time of distress is seldom time lost if it be followed by a determination to grow in experience and courage. Many of the students of the Seminary at this period of reversal in its fortunes, became prominent citizens, one of them indeed becoming bishop and the founder of the College of Nicolet.

From the time of the Conquest, the Laval Seminary has continued to prosper, growing in wealth, in numbers and in fame. All but ruined by famine and war, it soon found its energies revived by the courage of Bishop Briand, who came to Quebec at the time when the Superior of Quebec had neither palace nor revenues. From the time of Laval to the time of Hébert the bishops had their private apartments in the Seminary buildings, where, as the latter says, they had their bed and board free of charge; indeed the relationship between the episcopate and the directorate of the Seminary was as intimate then as it is now, and when the Treaty of Paris assured Canada of peace, and removed all barriers to the return of the Seminary classes to Quebec, the directorate had interest enough with the episcopate to command its co-operation in the attempts to recover lost ground. The manner in which the new bishop was received by his people gave him an influence at once which the Seminary soon felt working in its favour; and when we wander through the court-yard and lanes within the massive pile of buildings which now overshadow the site of Madame Couillard's house, in which the fourteen pupils of the little Seminary intoned their first oraison, we cannot but admire the enterprise which has achieved so much for education. The history of the students who have run about these enclosures is the history of the country, since it is among them we find in embryo many of the more prominent of those French-Canadian jurists, authors and poets, doctors and publicists, whose names are a household word among their compatriots.

After the opening of schools in the country districts, events in connection with the Seminaries guide us towards the time when these institutions were crowned with university powers by royal charter; but these can better be grouped under the history of Laval University.

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### THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

A VERY long time ago—before the first pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company had penetrated into the wilds of Temiscaming, before ever the Red Indian had heard or dreamed of the existence of a white man, still less that he would be a visitant and a lord in their fairest realms, there dwelt upon that long rocky point a powerful chief, whose name was Menogamick.

He was a man who was both loved and feared by his people; admiration and respect, dread and reverence all mingled in their feelings towards him. Many were the wondrous actions of kindness and subtle craft (so captivating to the savage mind) recorded of him. As for instance, while his prowess in the battle field was undeniable, yet he was never known to scalp an enemy before he killed him—and while he loved to witness the tortures of his captives, and would loudly applaud the heroic firmness of some and derisively laugh at the weakness of others, yet he would never personally give the finishing death blow, but leave that pleasure to some of the inferior warriors, or the women. Such a chief could not fail to command the love and obedience of his people. Their love he gained by allowing them to gratify to the full their lowest and most cruel propensities; and their obedience he secured by his subtle craftiness in bringing down condign and terrible punishment upon those who opposed him. If he had lived in these days he would have been among the greatest of the great statesmen and political rulers who sway the destinies of nations. Thus Menogamick was a great and powerful chief and his fame was noised far and wide among the neighbouring tribes.

Now in those far off early days of Indian history the Geetchee Manitou (Good Spirit) was nearer to his children than he is now, and took a greater interest in their personal welfare than in these degenerating times of civilization and strong waters.

Some ingenious and learned anthropologists have attempted to prove that the North American Indians are the true and lineal descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Facial peculiarities, lingual characteristics, psychological similarities, traditional memorials, geographical facilities, and many others plausible evidences have been brought forward to establish the theory. But to my mind, if there is any truth at all in the position, its strongest evidence lies in this great fundamental fact, that, with the primitive Indians as with the Jews of old, the government of the people was largely that of a theocracy. In both the Supreme Being took an immediate and personal interest in the affairs private and public of his people. He rewarded or punished just as they did well or sinned against him. This striking point of resemblance between the two peoples goes as far as any other argument I have heard advanced to establish their identity. However I have no intention of philosophising, and will leave this vexed question to the savants of anthropology, and its own special hobbyists.

Now it happened in those days that a terrible and grievous famine fell upon the land. The young corn wilted in the field, and the wild fowl and the rabbits died of a pestilence. The people cried for food, for the horrors of starvation were upon them. Menogamick's heart was sad, and he sat apart in his wigwam and shut his ears to the voice of his wife and children.

The holy conjurers had invoked the Geetchee Manitou time and again, but all in vain. They had exhausted their charms and incantations, they had shut themselves up for days in their smoky dens, and fasted, and cut themselves with flint knives, and employed every device of their simple worship to gain his ear and assistance for the famishing people, but he heard them not, and still the cry of the people went up for food.

Then the conjurers in their extremity came in a body to Menogamick, the wise and good chief and said: "Oh Menogamick the Geetchee Manitou is angry with us—we have prayed and fasted and danced and cut our bodies with the sacred knives, but he will not hear us—nothing will appease him but a sacrifice."

Then spake Menogamick the great chief: He shall have one that is worthy of him; I swear it! and moreover, to show the great love that I have for my people, I will sacrifice to the Great One, the Mighty One, the dearest treasure of my heart. "Be it so" answered the holy conjurers, "and the people shall eat."

Now the most beautiful maiden of all that nation was Wasawaysa. She was tall and graceful as the bending willow, and pure and spotless in soul as she was lovely in form. She had a lover too whose name was Temegesick; though he was one of the youngest warriors, yet he had highly distinguished himself on the warpath and was looked upon as the most promising of the young braves of the tribe. The two loved each other with all the warmth and ardour of their young souls, and eagerly looked forward to the time when, by the laws of their tribe, they could be united in wedlock. Their coming union was generally known and approved of by the people, for Wasawaysa was the light and joy of their hearts. Anything that could give her happiness they were eager to promote.

But it happened that these holy conjurers had cast covetous eyes upon the maiden and had tried to have her, but she had laughed the wise men to scorn, and they were bound to have revenge upon her. They also knew, though it was otherwise a profound secret, that Menogamick, the wise and good chief, loved Wasawaysa with all the love of his strong nature; and when he made his awful vow to the Geetchee Manitou, they felt sure that now the cruel revenge of their proud souls would fall upon the hapless girl.

Accordingly, a great day was appointed for the sacrifice. An immense pile of dry wood was gathered, and the best made flint axe was chosen and blessed by the conjurers for the bloody rite. The conjurers, robed in their richest skin suits, chanted incantations, while the woman of the tribe, hand in hand, danced round the funeral pyre of the intended victim.

Poor Wasawaysa danced with a heavy heart, for she knew well how Menogamick loved her, and knowing also his stern and resolute nature, what little hope there was of her escape.

Menogamick meanwhile with head bent upon his breast, and in deep gloomy thought, walked around the dancing women as if in doubt where to strike the fatal blow. Twice he raised his arm as if about to strike, and each time he did so the earth shook and trembled, while about a mile from the spot smoke, flames and steam issued from the ground, as if from a mighty baker's oven. The third time he raised his arm he struck his victim—the dearest treasure of his heart. It was his own wife whom he thus sacrificed—the crafty chief wished to get rid of her. She was getting old and wrinkled, and was an obstacle in the way of obtaining Wasawaysa. He never dreamt that the real treasure of his heart was known to anyone but himself, and he felt confident that with his great cunning and power he could quietly make way with Temegesick, and then he would soon get Wasawaysa for himself.

The conjurers were of course very much confounded by this unexpected issue of the affairs, but like wise men they held their peace for the present, and completed the sacrificial rite by throwing the body of the hapless victim into the fire. Then pointing to the spot from whence had issued the smoke, flames and steam, though some noticed that none were seen after the final blow, they said to the people,

"The Geetchee Manitou has kept his word, see, there are corn cakes, go and eat."

And true enough there was a literal mountain of cakes, somewhat white in appearance, but evidently substantial corn cakes. The people rushed joyfully to fill themselves with the heaven-sent food, but they all with one accord threw it down in disgust—the cakes were not cooked, and besides they were half sand. Cakes half sand and unbaked were not what the people expected, and they rushed back to the conjurers in dismay.