

which she was being treated, she rejoiced to see her sister interested in Peter, for Alice had begun to consider him a kind of *protégé*, and was glad to see him getting into any one's good graces. So, instead of rising and interrupting the *l'été-à-tête*, she glided softly into a dreamy piece of music, and in her own way played an important part in the conversation. Whatever it was about, she felt sure that Edith would tell her afterwards, for neither sister had a secret from the other.

After Peter had gone, and while the girls were preparing to retire, Alice turned to Edith and said—

"What were you talking about so earnestly to-night while I was playing?"

"Oh, confidences," said Edith, lightly.

"Well," replied Alice, sharply, "you needn't tell unless you like, but it was rude of you, to say the least."

Edith came up to her sister, and, kissing her, said—

"There, there, sobersides, don't be angry. Whatever it was, I like your country baby the better for it."

And Peter, on his road home, thought to himself that Miss Edith was not nearly so haughty as he had thought, and came very near being as lovely a girl as Lizzie. He would tell Lizzie about her in his next letter.

But, strange to say, he did not.

(To be continued.)

THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY CARL FULLER.

Within the last year or two the subject of Canadian History has begun to receive some degree of attention amongst our English speaking population, but it is only within the last year or two, and even now in a very limited circle of students. It is a subject which has long been considered too trivial and unimportant to merit the attention of scholars from the European universities, and as our teachers have been largely drawn from this class, the idea thus instilled into the mind of the Canadian youth remained persistent in the Canadian man. That there should be anything of interest or much less of value, in the narrative of the settlement of a forest primeval, peopled by savages—both biped and quadruped—seemed incredible, and that the history of a country, which had been known to Europeans for a couple of hundred years only, should have anything to teach the representatives of a glorious nationality, with a pedigree of a thousand years of civilization and progress, seemed absurd. Aside from all this, the chief annals of this paltry colony were written in French, and there were few—if any—complete collections in the hands of English Canadians, so that the teacher turned from it in disgust, and set himself to hammer Romulus and Remus the mother of the Græci, King Alfred and the cakes, or the building of the Great Wall of China, into his little pupils, who acquired a confused mass of dates and facts about antiquities, but remained in the grossest igno-

rance of the most striking changes in their motherland.

Fenimore Cooper popularised the redman, and then Francis Parkman arose, and in a brilliant series of histories, he worked the rich vein of this continent, broke away the rubbish which had accumulated about it, and gave us many samples of the rich historic ore which lies embedded in our soil. Parkman's books have all the interest of a well written novel; he has a keen appreciation of the artistic, which expresses itself not only in his vivid and sometimes florid descriptions of the magnificent scenery amid which the events are enacted, but also in his dramatic grouping of the events themselves. He strives after effect, intermingling graceful touches of romantic legend with the sterner features of the early days. How much scope there is for such writing becomes evident to the most superficial student, and the wonder is that the subject should have lain so long neglected. The contrasts presented in the settlement of the colony of New France are difficult to realize, so curious and so rare is the mingling of the highest civilization with untutored savagery. Take, for instance, the time when the noble Count of Frontenac was governor of New France, and had his court at Quebec. The Count occupied the Chateau of St. Louis, beautifully situated upon the great rock of Quebec, from whence it commanded one of the grandest bits of scenery in the world.

Around the Chateau clustered the few buildings which constituted the town, notable amongst which were, as now, the church and other buildings of the religious orders. Let us endeavour to recall the scene, and the better to do so we shall say it is the 18th Oct., 1673. As we stand admiring the many beauties of the autumnal landscape, we hear the clank of armour in the court yard, mingled with an occasional word of command, and then gentlemen wearing the graceful and showy costume of the times are seen to pass into the chateau. The military looking man is the Sieur Chartier, lieutenant general at Quebec, and his companion, whose bronzed face shows that he knows something of the distant trading ports, is the Sieur le Ber, these two having been summoned to complete the number of councillors required when matters of the first importance are to be discussed. Inside the chateau, we follow these gentlemen into a large room, roughly but substantially finished in wood, in the centre of which a group of councillors is already assembled. One figure immediately attracts attention, the restless Count of Frontenac, who walks impatiently to and fro across the room, stopping now and then at the open casement which commands a view of the harbour, in which several vessels ride at anchor. The day is fine, and the Governor's eye passes from the ships, across the noble river to the Island of Orleans, and then far away where the line of hills indicated the course of the St. Lawrence upon its journey to the sea. The old nobleman's thoughts appear to follow the direction suggested by the river, and he recalls the distant capital or the gay court of Versailles, where he sees the mighty Louis surrounded by his dazzling throng of brilliant courtiers. How distant are the beautiful gardens in which he has so often wandered when the air was filled with soft music and the hum