In Memoriam.

Joseph Alexander McGee, died April 2, 1880 aged 4 years, 9 months and 17 days.

"NOBIS DONET IN PATRIA."

Christ smiled of yore upon the children fair Who clustered close and looked into His He blessed them all and stroked their golden hair.
"Of such," he said, "is God's own para-

And now, from time to time, the children go From dreary earth into His sacred arms; Far from all cares, and safe from earthly

and calm above all grief's alarms. So in the octave of the Easter time, The Queen and Mother took him by the

hand, And led him to a softer, fairer clime, To live forever in his native land. Who would remember, yet who would forget The little face that seemed a glimpse of sun On darkest days? Remembrance is regret— A mother's heart cannot forget her son.

The empty shoe, with little toe half worn, The broken toy that lies upon the floor, Makes her heart bleed—a wound pressed by

a thorn, And touch upon a never healing sore.

And yet his Mother keeps him safe above, And praising her, he waits until the Saint Who holds the keys shall cry, "Your pray-ers of love Are answered." Faith in God's great love shall faint.

Does she not keep him, wno his Mother is ? He is not dead, but daily prays for you Unto our Lord, who his sweet Brother is, And grace will come, as gentle, falling dew.

In the bright octave of the Easter day, He rose with Christ, and still with Christ he lives—
"Their native land give them," he sings all

To Him who loves us all, and all graces gives.

MAURICE F. EGAN. New York, April, 1880.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Maitre Simon's barge was lying at anchor near the village. It had just landed a party of emigrants on their way back from Arkansas to New Orleans. He was storing it with provisions for the rest of the voyage, and was standing in the midst of cases and barrels, busily engaged in this labour, when Colonel d'Auban stepped in-to the boat, bade him good morning, and inquired after his daughter. On his first arrival in America he had made the voyage up the Mississippi in one of Simon's boats, and the bargeman's little girl, then a child of twelve years of age, was also on board. Simonette inherited from her mother, an Illinois Indian, the dark complexion and peculiar-looking eyes of that race; other-wise she was thoroughly French and ike work and to assist human weakness to keep its footing amidst life's shoals and quicksands—themselves at best but sands! But if a grain of sand has ever stood beher father, whose native land was Gascony. From infancy she had been the plaything of the passengers on his boat, and they were, indeed, greatly in need of amusement during the wearisome weeks when, half imbedded in the floating vegetation of the wide river, they slowly made their way against its mighty current. As she advanced in years, the child became a sort of attendant on the women on board, and rendered them many little services. She was an extraordinary being. Quicksilver seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the Simon seemed to run in her veins. She never remained two minutes together in the same spot or the same position. She same should not be here now. The swam like a fish and ran like a lapwing. Her favourite amusement were to leap in and out of the boat, to catch hold of the swinging branches of the wild vine, and run up the trunks of trees with the same light-hearted creature she quite the same place for two minutes together."

She was here a minute ago, "answered Simonette laughted a short bitter laugh and, hugging the monkey, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good little ape! Are you not glad to see how foolish men can be?" Then, suddenly becoming grave, she looked steadily at d'Auban and said, "Then, since the laughted a short bitter laughted a short bitter laughted a short bitter laughted a short bitter laugh same simple simple should not be simple should not plant a grin. The same place for two minutes together."

Simonette laughted a short bitter laugh sand, hugging the monkey, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good little ape! Are you not glad to see how foolish men can be?" Then, suddenly becoming grave, she looked steadily at d'Auban and said, "Then, since the same place for two minutes together." agility of a squirrel, or to sit laughing with her playfellows, the monkeys, gathering bunches of grapes and handfulls of wild cherries for the passengers. She had a wonderful handiness, and a peculiar talent for contrivance. There were very few things Simonette could not do if she once set about them. She twisted ropes of the long grass which grows on the float-ing islands of the Mississippi, and could build a hut with old boards and pieces of course canvass, or prepare a dinner with hardly any materials at all—as far as any one could see. She mended dresses and made them, kept her father's accounts, or what was more extraordinary still, proved a clever and patient nurse to the pas-sengers who fell ill with the dreadful fever sengers who fell ill with the dread uniever of the country. Wild as an elf, and merry as a sprite at other times, she would then sit quietly by the side of the sufferers, bathing their foreheads or chafing their

During the time when d'Auban was on board her father's boat, it was the little stewardess herself who fell ill. One day stewardess herself who fell ill. One day her laugh was no longer heard—the play-thing, the bird, the elf, ceased to dart here and there as she was wont to do in the exu-berance of her youthful spirits. Nothing had ever before subdued her. She did not know what it was to fear anything, except perhaps a blow from her father, and, to do him justice, his blows were not hard ones. A bit of European finery or a handful of sweetmeats were enough to send her into an ecstasy. Sometimes she was in a passion, but it did not last beyond a minute or two, and she was laughing again before there had been time to notice that she was out of temper. But now sickness laid its heavy hand on the poor child, her aching head drooped heavily on her breast. She did not care for anything, and when spoken to hardly answered. Simon sat by his little daughter driving away the insects from her face and trying in his rough way to cheer her d'Auban also came and sat by her side, and whispered to him, "Has she been baptiz

hands as the hot or cold fit was upon them, and rendering them every kind of service.

"No. I have never had the time to take

her to a priest."
D'Auban sighed, and Simon looked at him anxiously. Faith was not quite ex-tinct in him, and grief, as it often does,

"May I briefly instruct, and then baptize her?" d'Auban added. "You! but you are not a priest."

"No, but a layman may baptize a per-

son in danger of death.

The girl overheard the words and cried out, "I will not die; do not let me die." "No, my bird, my little one, you shall not die," Simon answered, weeping and his hands.

"Not unless the good God chooses to take you to His beautiful home in heaven," said d'Auban, kneeling by the

seemed always on the point of starting off, and had a way of looking out of the corner of her eye as if she caught at what side of the child. Then he talked to her side of the child. Then he taked to her in a low and soothing voice, and taught her the few great truths she could under-stand. Then showing her a crucifix, he made her repeat a simple act of contrition, and baptized her in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. As the water flowed on her brow she raised her eyes no longer with a wild elfish smile, but a calm contented look. He made her Christian that day and on their arrival said to her rather than listened to it "How do you do Simonette? It is a long time since I have seen you." "Sir, I thought you had forgotter

to Father Maret, who, while her father's bark was repairing, placed her under Therese's care. She was christened in the

church, and made her first communion be

with the volatile, impulsive, and wayward nature of the Frenchman's child. Si-

some branch, or else swinging in one of the

nets in which Indian women rock their children. She could hardly sit still during a

sermon, and from sheer restlessness envied the birds as they flew past the windows. But if Father Maret had a message to send

across the prairie, or if food and medicine was to be carried to the sick, she was his

marshy lands she made her way, fording with her naked feet the tributary streams

and wild honey.

As she grew older, the life she led, her

company, listening to conversation and read books well adapted to taint the mind

and corrupt the heart. But as yet she had

passed through these scenes and been ex-posed to these trials without much ap-

parent bad result. When she returned to

St. Francois du Sault, her manner was for a while bold and somewhat wild; she said

foolish and reckless things. But an interview with Father Maret, a few days spent

among good people, or a word of friendly advise from her godfather, would set her

right again, and cause her to resume her good habits, to soften her voice, and sober her exuberant spirits. She had found a

safeguard against contaminating influences

in a feeling of nature of which she could

scarcely have defined, composed as it was

of gratitude, admiration, and a love which had in it no admixture of hope or expecta-

traneous helps are permitted to do their

"Where is Simonette?" inquired d'Au

who enlivened for me the horrors of my first acquaintance with your barges, Maitre

Well, I am glad of it.

midst of mournful-looking Indians and careworn settlers, it is pleasant to have

a laughing fairy like your daughter to re-mind us that there still exists such a thing

as mirth. But I wish she was here.

Maitre Simon, thrusting his hands in his

"Partly an attendant, partly as com-

"Ah! but there I watch her."
Whatever d'Auban might think of the

persuaded that she is a person of un-exceptionable character. Her father has

more fortune than the generality of settlers, and has bought M. de Harley's

pavillion. I did not know them before

ney came here, but my impressions are a favourable that I do not hesitate to

advise you to accept the offer I speak of, if Simonette herself is inclined to do so."

"Here comes the monkey," cried Simon, pointing to the thicket from whence

his daughter was emerging. "May I speak to her first about it?" d'Auban

"Certainly, only when you come to talk of wages you better take me into

D'Auban went to meet the girl. In her

ing quick glances, more like those of a women, Simonette, as Maitre Simon's daughter had always been called, was

rather pretty. There was life, animation, and a kind of brilliancy about her, though there was no real beauty in her features,

'It is a situation with a lady.

"What sort of a situation !"

"And is the lady a real one?"
"I have no doubt she is."

on board your boats.

panion.

tion of return. Sometimes these

fulfilled.

"No, indeed, I have not; and the proof is in my coming here to-day to offer you a situation." a Christian that day, and on their arrival at the mission of St. Francis he took her

"Hear what it is, Simonette, before you decide. Madame de Moldau, the lady at St. Agathe, would like to engage you as an attendant; but, in fact, what she really wants is a companion.

Sir, she had better not take me." Why so, Simonette? "Because, sir, I should not suit her."
"But I think you would, Simonette,
and I really wish you would think about

fore his next voyage. Therese took great poins with her charge, but she did not understand her character. The Indian's grave and earnest soul did not harmonize Well, wait a moment, and I will." She

monette heard mass on Sunday, and said short prayers night and morning, but her piety was of the active order. She studied darted off, and in a moment was out of er catechism up in some tree, seated on

sight.

Maitre Simon came up to d'Auban and asked what had become of her.

"She says she must take time to consider, and has rushed into the thickets."

"I always maintain she is more like a monkey than a woman," Simon exclaimed, in a tone of vexation. "I dare say she is in the hollow of a tree or at the top of a branch. I wish she was married and off my hands. What wages would the lady give?"

ready messenger—his carrier-pigeon, as he called her. Through tangled thickets and "Well, forty francs a month, I sup-

"Fifty would be more to the purpor of the great river, or swimming across them if necessary; jumping over fallen trunks, and singing as she went, the bird-You see, sir, if it is not often that ladies are to be found in these parts, it is just as seldom that ladies' maids are to be met like creature made friends and played with every animal she met, and fed on berries Well, I admit there is something in

that. Let us then say fifty.' "Ah! I know you are a reasonable man, Colonel d'Auban. I wish the girl would voyages to and from New Orleans, and above all, the acquaintances she made in that town, were very undesirable for a young girl. She learnt much of the vile of the world, was often thrown into bad

In a few minutes she did return, hold-

ing a small ape in her arms, and playing a thousand tricks with it.

"Well, Simonette, your father is satisfied with your wages. It remains for you to say if you will accept the situation."

to say if you will accept the situation."
No, sir, I will not," answered Simonette, looking hard into the monkey's face.
"But it is a very good offer," urged her father. "Fifty francs a month. What are you thinking of child?"
"It would also be an act of charity towards the lady," d'Auban put in. She is ill and sorrowful."
"And I am sure it would be a charity."

"And I am sure it would be a charity to ourselves," Simon said, in a whining voice. "Passengers are not so frequent as they used to be, and it is like turning our backs on Providence to refuse an

honest employment."

"It is the lady we brought some months ago, father, from New Orleans?" said Si-"A pale, tall woman, with blue

"Of course, I remember her quite well.
The old gentleman paid my bill without saying a word, which very few of my passengers have the right feeling to do. I am sure they must be excellent people." There was a slight sneer on his daughter's

tween us and sin it is not to be despised: nor will He despise it who caused the gourd to grow over the prophet's head, and to wither away when its mission was lip.
"What does this lady expect of me, sir?"

"What does this lady expect of me, sir?" she said, turning to d'Auban.

"To help her to govern her household, and render all the little services you can. She is much inclind to like you, and I think you would be very happy at St. Agathe."

Simonatte laughted a short hitter laugh. ban, after the first words of civility had passed between him and the bar-"She was here a minute ago," answered

"I really do. I think it will be a mu-

tual advantage to this lady and to you."
"Then, God forgive me, I will." d'Au"God forgive you!" exclaimed itritatban, puzzled, and beginning to feel irritated with the girl's manner. "What can
you mean?"

you mean?"

"She is in one of her moods; it is the Indian blood in her,"cried Maitre Simon.
"But you know, Colouel, she soon gets out of these queer tempers; she is a good girl on the whole. May we consider the affair as settled?"

"I suppose so," said d'Auban, speaking rather coldly. "If you will come tomorrow at nine o'clock to St. Agathe, Simonette, Madame de Moldau will see you." as mirth. But I wish she was here. I have something to propose to her. However, I may as well, perhaps, broach the subject to you."

"Is it something profitable?" asked

admit that such an offer is not often to be met with in this country." "Very well, sir. Have you any other

"No, only to catch and tame for me just such another ape as that."

"They are not easily tamed. They re-"And a person of good character? You see, Colonel, I am an old sinner my-self, but I should not like my little girl to

quire a great deal of affection."
"Oh! that I cannot promise to give to ive with some of the ladies whom we know come out to the colony."

D'Auban felt he had no proof to give of a monkey,"

"The love of a little animal is not to be Moldau's respectability beyond his own entire belief in it.

He answered in a somewhat sneering manner, "I will engage to say that, as far always despised," muttered Simonette "nor its hatred;" and then she went about the barge pulling things about and exciting the apets grin and to chatter. When d'Auban and her father had gone away. as morality goes, she is greatly superior to the persons your daughter associates with she sat down on one of the benches and began to cry, "Oh, bad spirit!" she exbegan to cry, "Oh, bad spirit!" she ex-claimed—"fierce spirit of my mother's race, go out of my heart. Let the other spirit return—the dancing, laughing, singing spirit. Oh, that the Christian spirit that took charge of me when I was amount of Simon's parental vigilance, he felt that his own manner of speaking had "All I can tell you is," he said in a different tone, "that from what I have myself seen of Madame de Moldau, I am

uptized would drive them both away. I am so ti.ed of their fighting!" Just then Therese came near the boat and said, "Simonette, all the girls of the mission assemble to-day in the church to renew their baptismal yows, and the chief of prayer will speak to them. The altar is lighted up, and the children are bringis lighted up, and the children ing flowers. Will you come?

Simonette was soon with her companions in the forest chapel, and after the service was over she played with them on the green sward under the tulip trees. The maiden of seventeen summers was as wild with spirits, as turbulent in her glee, wild with spirits, as turbulent in her giee, as the youngest of the party. She stopped once in the midst of a dance to whisper to Therese—"The Indian spirit is gone out of my heart for the present, but as to the French one, if I drive it out of the door it comes back by the window. What is to be done?" half-French, half-Indian costume, with her black hair twisted in a picturesque manner round her head, and her eyes dart-

CHAPTER V.

Strive: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away.
Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;

And far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light. An hour of joy you know not Is winging her silent flight.

Rumour is a pipe blown by surmises, jeal-On the following morning Colonel d'Auban met Simonette in the avenue of the pavillion. M. de Chambelle was com-ing out of the house with a ver discon-solate countenance. He brightened up a

little when he saw d'Auban "I do not know what is to become of s," he said. "Madame de Moldau is quite ill, and the Indian servant does not know how to do anything. Mon Dieu! what a country this is! Why would she

"I have brought Maitre Simon's daughter, M. de Chambelle. She wishes to offer her services to Madame de Moldan."

"Ah! Madamoiselle Simonette, you are

a messenger from heaven!"

The celestial visitant was looking at poor M. de Chambelle with an expression which had in it a little too much matic to be quite angelic. "Let Mademoiselle,' he continued, "Name her own terms. It was fortunate that Simon was not there to hear this, and d'Auban mentioned the sum agreed upon between them. M. de Chambelle gladly assented, and said he would go and inform his daughter of Mademoiselle's arrival. "I beg you will be seated," he said, bowing to the young quadroon with as much ceremony as she had been a princess in disguise.

With equal formality he announced to his daughter that he had found her an attendant in the little stewardess on board the Frenchman's barge.
"De you mean his daughter?" she ask-

ed—"the girl with eyes as black as the berries she gathered for us?"

"Yes, Madame, the young person who sometimes used to make you laugh."
"You know, my dear father, we had resolved not to have European servants. I feel as if it would be running a risk." "But the girl is a quadroon. She had never been in Europe. She is really half She had

"On the contrary, my good father, she is a very civilized little being—far too much so for us. Indeed I had rather not much so for us. Indeed take her into the house.

"But I cannot bear any longer, and that is the real truth, to see you without any of the comforts you ought to have.

Oh yes, I know the walls are thin. I will not speak too loud. But did I not find you yesterday kneeling on the floor, trying to make the fire burn, and that rible squaw standing stupidly by?" " It is not the poor creature's fault; she

"And in the mean time you, you, my

The old man burst into tears, and leant

against the foot of the bed overpowered with grief. "If you know what I suffer when I see you thus!"

"Poor old father! do not grieve. There have been times when I have suffered much more than I do now. And let this thought be a comfort to you. What should I have done but for your care! I sometimes, however, ask myself if it was worth while to go through so much in order to lead such a life as this. If it would not have been better—" She hi her face in her hands and shuddered. "No no. I am not ungrateful. But do not take it unkindly, dear good father, if I talk to you so little. I often feel like a wounded animal who cares for nothing but to lidown exhausted. I remember—ah! I had resolved never to use that word again— but I do remember seeing a stricken deer lying on the grass, in a green valley near the tower where the hounds used so often to meet. It was panting and bleeding. I could not help weeping, even as you are now weeping. Dear old father! try not to give way to grief. It only makes me sad. Settle as you think best about this French or Indian girl. Does Colonel d'Auban recommend us to take her?"

"Most strongly. He is sure you will nd her useful. He feels as I do; he cannot bear to see you without proper at-

tendance." "You have not told him ?" "Heaven forbid! but anybody would be sorry to see you so ill and with no one

to nurse you. "Well, let her come. I have energy enough to resist yours and his kind wishes. The future must take its chance. But before you go, lock up that book, if you please."

This was the volume of German Psalms which had been snatched out of d'Auban's hands on the day of his first visit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and no one answering, he opened the door, and found his page fast asleer in his elbow-chair. He advanced toward and was about to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his Curiosity prompted him to know what it was; read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery, and telling him that God would reward him for his filial affecand telling him that tion. The king, after reading it, went back softly to his chamber, took out a purse full of ducats and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Re-turning to his chamber, he rung the bell so loudly that it awoke the page, who instantiy made his appearance.
"You have had a sound sleep," said

the king. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he found there a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, shad a torrent of tages with at the king, shed a torrent of tears without being able to utter a word.
"What is that," said the king: "what

"What is that," said the king; "what is the matter?"

"Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "some one seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; sainte her on my part, and assure her I will take care of both her and you."

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

BON THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN TO THE APPOINTMENT OF COUNT DE FRONTENAC, A. D. 1635-1672.

Written for the Record.

Champlain was succeeded in the gover-norship by M. de Chateaufort, who held the reins of power for a period as brief as it was uneventful, giving place in 1637 to M. de Montmagny. The latter entered on his duties at a time when renewed hostilities between the Huron and lroquois nations demanded all the caution prudence could suggest or forethought devise. Champlain had, as we have noticed, by entering into alliance with the Huron race, incurred for the French colonists and traders the lasting enmity of the Iroquois. With a subtlety equalled only by their vindictiveness, the latter had long compassed the ruin of the Huron tribes. The struggles of these contending tribes. The struggles of these contending races enliven our early history with tragic episodes, wherein dauntless courage and episodes, wherein daunness courage and tireless cruelty, heroic endurance and pitt-less barbarity, noblest resolution and basest perfidy, in turn claim attention, exciting betimes admiration or horror. The territory of New France was at the time of its discovery occupied by three principal races of aborigines: the Algon-quins, Sioux and Hurons, the Iroquois occupying the territory south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the river St.

Lawrence as far east as the Richelieu The Algonquin race peopled an immense tract, stretching on the one side from the frigid regions occupied by the Esquimaux to the winterless dominions swning the sway of the Mobiles, and on the other from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. The Hurons or Wyandots occupied scattered portions of the country in the regions of the of the country in the regions of the Algonquins, along the northern margins of lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario. The aborigines of North America were not numerous. Their entire population could be computed at a few thousands, decimated

from time to time by war, famine, and pestilence. Their very mode of living itself militated against the steady or rapid natural increase. Though savage as they were, it cannot be said of them that they were guilty of the gross and brutal immoralities practiced by some of the more advanced aboriginal races in America.

The Iroquois nation consisted of a confederacy, fir t of five and afterwards of six tribes. They were a subtle, ingenious, and warlike people. They could place in the field a body of warriors numbering two The Hurons, on the other hand, were no

so numerous, but, besides enjoying the favor of alliance with many of the Algonquin tribes, enlisted, from the time of Champlain, the powerful support of the French. Even with this alliance and this support, they were not able to save themselves from the doom pronounced on them by their implacable foes. Having entered into a peace which the Hurons would fain hold lasting, the Iroquois employed the leisure moments secured by the cessation of hostilities in

preparing their forces for a sudden and s onslaught on the Huron settle-Pretexts of one kind or another were found to offer some apparent justification for a declaration of war, which commenced with indescribable fury before the Hurons could realize the weakness of their position. The Huron tribes, thus surprised by their merciless foes, without any organized system of defence, had to withdraw from their villages and strong places far into the interior. Severe as were their losses, they were enabled for losses, they were enabled for years afterwards to offer a vigorous if not successful resistance to the Iroquois, who still, bent on their utter ruin, pursued them with insatiable ferocity. The hostilities of the aboriginal nations, while obstructing, did not entirely prevent the progress of settlement. This progress is not, as Garneau justly remarks, to be attributed to the foresight of home or colonial office holders, but to the zeal and devotedness of private individuals, par-ticularly the Jesuit missionaries. The settlement of Sillery was thus established by the generosity of M. de Sillery, a zealous priest of the archdiocese of Paris represented in the settlement itself by Father Lejeune. The founding of the color of the island of Montreal is due to courage and religious zeal of M. de Maisonneurs, selected through the intervention of Father Lalemant to rule the settlement, which the beneficence of an association of pious noblemen designed an association of pious noblemen designed to form there as a nucleus for missionary labor and a barrier against hostile savages. In 1642 M. de Maison-neurs laid the foundations of the city

neurs laid the foundations of the city destined in after years to become the commercial metropolis of half a continent. He gave the infant city the beautiful and suggestive name of "Ville Marie."

Three years previous to the founding of Montreal, the colonists at Quebec were gratified by the establishment in their width of the institutions of Montreal. midst of two institutions of religion—the one for the relief of the sick and disabled, the Hotel-Dieu: the other for the religious and educational training of girls, the convent of the Ursulines. The day of the arrival of the good religiesues—who, having abando ned home, country, and parents to live amid the wilds of New France a to live amid the wilds of New France a long martyrdom of self-abuegation—was observed by the whole colony as a day of public rejoicing. The governor, M. de Montmagny, leading the noble ladies to the great church, a solemn Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving for their safe arrival. Meantime the war between the arrival. Meantime, the war between the savage tribes continued with unabated fury. The Iroquois, desirous of dis-sociating the French from alliance with the Hurons, had in the earlier part of the war despatched envoys to meet M. de Montmagny at Three Rivers. The French governor, discerning the real motives of the Iroquois, broke off negociations rather abruptly. Baffled in their attempts to weaken the Hurons by deceiving the French, the Iroquois extended their range of hostilities to the very gates of Quebec, spreading terror even to the furthermost eastern settlements of the French.

M. de Montmagny at length determined upon a vigorous and aggressive policy to inspire this dreaded people, if not with fear, at least with respect, of French prowess. He accordingly ordered the construction of a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu, a river through which the Iroquois communicated with the interior

of their own territories. The savages made a vain attempt to prevent the construction of the fort. Their anxiety had increased with their growing amity with the Dutch settlers at New York. The latter supplied them with fire-arms in exchange for their peltries, and thus familiarized them with an instance. familiarized them with an instrument of taminarized them with an instrument of warfare they had long dreaded. Their repulse at Fort Richelieu served but to strengthen their purpose of destroying the French settlements on the St. Lawrence. The year 1644 was chosen by them for a general attack on the French and Huron settlements. The attack met with a resistance so years spirited that the resistance so very spirited that the Iroquois, repulsed with heavy loss at Montreal and Fort Richelieu, now readily consented to proposals for peace, which was solemnly agreed to at Three Rivers. The Hurons and their Algonquin allies were included in this treaty. But the peace thus concluded and ratified was of brief duration, hostilities again breaking out in 1646.

brief duration, hostilities again breaking out in 1646.

M. de Montmagny, whose judicious husbanding of the resources of the colonists and unequalled diplomatic skill, carried New France through some of the severest crises in her history, gave place in 1647 to M. d'Ailleboust, who, however, devoid of the energy of Champlain, or the skill of de Montmagny, enjoyed the advantages of unquestioned probity and extended colonial experience.

To BE CONTINUED.

TO BE CONTINUED BETTER THOUGHTS.

Men are not more zealous for truth than they are for error.

No tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth. If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's

In all science error precedes the truth, and it is better it should go first than last. One hour of eternity, one moment with the Lord, will make us utterly forget a

lifetime's desolation. With parsimony a little is sufficient, and without it nothing is sufficient; whereas, frugality makes a poor man rich.

Good always comes out of every evil which God permits on the face of the earth .- Fabe We serve a Master who lets nothing go

waste; not a drop of the sweet of brow. - Frederick Ozanam. It is a truth that the faults we see in

ourselves cannot be borne with when encountered in others. We ought to be guarded against every

appearance of envy as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it He who is taught to live upon little

owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care. Reluctant blame is the blame which goos to the heart and consciences of the objects of it; and the greatest merit of it s, that while it condemns it does not dis-

urage. - Sir Arthur Helps. Tell a grumbler that he has no real ground to complain and he will be angry, but prove it to him by irrefragable

arguments that his grumbling is unfounded and he will hate you most cordially. A critic who sits up to read only for an ccasion of censure and reproof is a creature as barbarous as a judge who takes a a resolution to hang all men that come b

fore him for a trial We pity the man who is a creature of circumstances and their vacillating oscillations: we honor the one who can resist the ebb and flow of extraneous

and not be ruled by them. Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled

waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul. To make our reliance on Providence both pious and rational, we must prepare all things with the same care and diligence as if there were no such thing as Providence to depend upon; and when we have done all this, then we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it as if we had made no preparation at all; for if we trust God, we may be sure of all that

Omnipotence can do for us. Hope flies about the cradle and the lives with the rich and poor grave alike; lives with the rich and poor alike; adds brightness to the smile and softens the sorrow of the present; glorifies the surroundings, and poetizes the magnificent. Hope is man's best friend only to be quitted for her pale sister, Resignation, when Hope, turning away her radiant face, forbids all endeavor, whispering softly, "Submit."

God comes to holy souls, not so much in heroic actions, which are rather the soul's leaping upwards to God, but in the performance of ordinary habitual devotion, and the discharge of modest, unobtrusive duties, made heroic by long perseverance and inward intensity.

It will be part of our amazement when we are judged to see what a life of inspirations we have had, and what immense holiness we might have gained with com-

parative facility.

Many great saints could have been made out of the grace which has only made us what we are.

The best of us are ungenerous with

God; and ungenerosity is but a form of the want of fear.—Faber.

In examining, even superficially, those ages which heresy has dared to represent as without the knowledge of the sacred writings, it is easy to convince ourselves that not only churchmen—that is to say, those who made a profession of learning
—knew the Holy Scriptures thoroughly,
but that laymen, knew them almost by
heart, and could perfectly comprehend the numberless quotations with which everything that has descended to us from everything that has descended to us from this period—narratives, correspondence, and sermons—are filled. Those who have ever opened any volume whatso-ever, written by the professors or his-torians of the Middle Ages, must stand amazed before the marvellous power of falsehood, when they reflect that it has been possible, even in our days, to make a large portion of the human race be-lieve that the knowledge of Scripture was systematically withheld from the men who composed, and from those who read the books of that ages.—Montalembert,