Written for the Record.

"Unsevered."

Though our earthly loves have perished,
Buried in the tender past,
Yet their freshness lingered 'round us,
Still their memories will last;
Often in the gathering gloamin'
When the sinking sun has set
We still can hold communion
With every dear heart yet,
Thro' the Sacred Heart that's over
Earth and heaven and everywhere.

Though distance may have sundered,
And death have come between;
Estrangement may have severed
Hearts that erst but one hath been,
We still can send a message—
For every earnest prayer
Of the guilty or the sinless,
Meets its answer even here;
Not only for the stainless and those whose life is bright,
But the erring and the burden'd yet struggling thro' the night.

Though the "Shepherd's" eye hath rested
On the lambs within the fold,
'Twas the strayed one and the wounded
He did to that heart enfold;
So time may take them from us—
Rob us of them one by one,
But when this world of beauty,
And life's day of work is done;
When the Angels will have rolled by
The grave-stones one by one;
Again we'll claim our treasures,
In heaven we'll have our own;
And each buried love we'll cherish,
'Neath the glow of the eternal's own.

July, 1880. MARY JOSEPHINE.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

Antoine watched him most carefully, and when Therese offered to come and nurse him, he somewhat scornfully rejected her proposal. "These women," he said one evening to his master, "are always fancying that nobody can take care of sick people but themselves. And they are often dreadfully in the way. Ministering angels I have heard them called; very troublesome angels they sometimes are. The second evening after Monsieur came home, and when he was so ill, and I wanted to keep the house quiet, there was Madame de Moldau coming at the door and wanting every minute to know. . ."

D'Auban started up, the blood rushing violently in his face.

"What did you say?" he asked in a voice, the agitation of which made it sound fierce. "Has not Madame de Moldau left St. Agathe?"

Oh dear, no! She was here this morning to hear how Monsieur was, and if we wanted anything. I did not mean to speak unkindly of her, poor lady! She did not make much disturbance after all, and took off her shoes not to make a noise on the boards."

A joy too great, too deep for words, filled the heart which had so much suffered. It was visible on the face, audible in the voice of the sick man. Antoine noticed the change. He had some vague idea of what was going on in his master's mind. Perhaps his mention of the Lady of St. Agathe had not been quite accidental. He went on brushing a coat with his face averted from him.

"I should not be surprised," he said, "if she were to be here again this afternoon. I told her we had no more lemons, and she said she would bring or send some. As Monsieur is up to-day, perhaps he would like to see Madame if she comes herself with them?"

"Of course, if . . . if she should wish . . . But I ought to go myself to St. Agathe. I think I could."

"You! oh, that's a good joke! Father Maret charged me not to let you stir out of the house to-day. To-morrow, perhaps, you may take a little walk."

From the window near which he was sitting, in less than an hour, d'Auban saw Madame de Moldau crossing the glade, and approaching his house. It was a moment of unspeakable happiness. She was still all she had ever been to him. She had not spurned his offers, or sought other protection than his. This was enough. He did not at that moment care for anything else. Their eyes met as she passed under the window, and in another moment she was in the room.

"Sit down, dear Monsieur d'Auban," were her first words, as he arose to greet her. "Sit down, or I shall go away."

"No! don't go away," he said, sinking back into the arm-chair, for he had not strength enough to stand. "For some days I thought you were gone—gone for ever!"

"Did you? O why?"

He drew her silk handkerchief from his bosom. "I found this in a hut a hundred miles off, where the people you were to have travelled with slept a few nights ago. And there was a lady with them besides Madame Latour. . ."

"O, Monsieur d'Auban, how grieved I am about that handkerchief. It must, indeed, have misled you. What a strange coincidence that you should have found it! I gave it to Madame de Marche; she was the second lady of the party. They all stopped here for a day. Had it been a fortnight ago I should now have been with them."

"What made me so miserable was the thought that you did not trust me. That you rejected my offer of accompanying you to Europe.

"I am not going back to Europe," she said in a low voice.

"But, ought you not?" he answered, trying to speak calmly. "Ought you not to resume your rank and your position—to return to your son? Is it not, perhaps, your duty to do so?" he asked, with a beating heart.

"As to rank and position, to forego them forever would be my greatest desire. But it would no doubt be my duty to return to my poor child, if I could do so—even at the cost of the greatest misery to myself—even though convinced that the same heartless etiquette which separated me from him as an infant would still keep us apart if I went back. It would certainly have been right to make the attempt, and if spurned and rejected by my own kindred. . . ." She stopped and held out her hand to him. "You would not have forsaken me."

"Never! as long as I live. If you were on a throne you would never see me, but you would know there was a faithful heart near you; and if driven from it, O how gladly would it welcome you!"

"I know it—I never doubted it—and if it had been possible, under your protection, I would have tried to make my way to Russia, and to take my place again near my son. But I forget if I told you that, before I left St. Petersburgh, the Comtesse de Konigsmark made me solemnly promise that, as long as the Czar lived, I should not reveal to anyone the secret of my existence. She knew that the emperor, even if he chose to acknowledge and receive me, which is doubtful, would never forgive those who had deceived him, even though it was to save my life. My attendants especially would be liable to his vengeance. She had interests I know which made her very fearful of incurring his displeasure. It would not, at all events, be possible for me to act in this matter without her knowledge and approval. I have written to her, and must be guided by her answer. I may hear from her any day. I cannot but think she will write to me at such a decisive moment."

"And in the mean time, you will stay here?"

"Yes. In any case till I get her letter."

"And if you decide not to return to Europe, what will you do?"

She coloured deeply. "Had we not better put off speaking of that till I see my way clearly before me? I need not tell you. . ." "Yes," he exclaimed, "I need that you should tell me, I need to know that, if we part. . . ." "If we part M. d'Auban, I shall be making the greatest sacrifice a woman can make to duty and to her child." This was said with an emotion which could leave no doubt in his mind as to the nature and strength of her feelings towards him. From that moment perfect confidence was established between them. Each tried to keep up the other's courage. Both looked with anxiety for the arrival of the expected letters. One packet arrived, but it had been delayed on its way, and contained nothing of particular interest. At last, one afternoon, as they were busy planting some creepers round the stump of an old tree, each thinking, without saying it, that they might not stay to see them grow, a boatman came up to the house, and delivered a letter into Madame de Moldau's hand. She sat down and broke the seals and untied the strings with a nervous trepidation which made her long about it. He continued to prune the newly-planted shoots in an unsparing manner. He did not venture to watch her face, but the sound of a sob made him turn round. She was crying very bitterly.

"We are to part," he thought.

"What is it, Princess?" he said; "anything is better than suspense."

"My poor child! my boy!" she exclaimed.

"What—what has happened to him?"

"He is set aside; thrust out of the succession. The Empress Catherine's son named heir to the crown. Poor fatherless forsaken child! forsaken on the steps of a throne, like a beggar's infant on a doorway! O why, why did I leave him! my little Peter—my son."

D'Auban, though he could not forget his own interest in the contents of the letter, checked his anxiety, and only expressed his sympathy in her sorrow.

In a moment she took up the letter again, and said: "I am ashamed of caring so much for my son's exclusion from the throne. Have I not often and often wished he had not been born to reign? Would not I give the world to withdraw from the court? Would that they would let me have him! Who cares for him now? Perhaps I might go one day and steal him out of their hands, and carry him off to this desert, and bring him up in my own faith. But for the present the Countess de Konigsmark insists on the fulfilment of my promise. This is what she says, M. d'Auban: 'Princess, if you should come forward at this moment, and seek to establish your position as the widow of the late prince, and the guardian of your son, you will infallibly be treated as an imposter, and your claims set aside. None of those who assisted in your escape could venture to give their testimony to the truth of your assertions. Your reappearance at this time would involve your own family in difficulties with the Czar, and would expose those who saved you in the hour of danger to the greatest danger themselves. It might even be fatal to your son. As long as there is no one to resent his wrongs or advocate his cause, he is safe in the hands of the emperor. The empress is very kind to him now, but who knows what would be the consequence if she thought you were alive and intriguing against her own son. It grieves me deeply to have to write it, but for the sake of all concerned, I feel bound to claim the fulfilment of your promise, solemnly given at the moment of your departure; and I feel assured that in doing so I am serving your own interest and those of your son. The day may come when, in spite of the late decree, he will ascend the imperial throne Then, perhaps, you may safely return to Europe, but you know Russia too well not to be aware of the dangers which threaten those nearest the throne, when not too helpless to be feared.' Nothing can be clearer. I am tied hand and foot—cast off—never to see my son again; for who would know me again years hence? who would believe me then? Oh, my boy, has it indeed come to this?" These words, and the burst of grief which accompanied them, painfully affected d'Auban. She saw it in his face, and exclaimed: "Do not mistake me; you cannot guess, you do not understand what I feel. It is very strange—very inconsistent."

"God knows, Princess, I do not wonder at your grief. What can I be to you in comparison with your child? How can I claim an equal place in your heart?"

"Equal! Oh, M. d'Auban, do not you see, do not you understand that I love you a thousand times better than that poor child, and that I hate myself for it?"

He silently pressed her hand, and when both had grown calm they parted for that day; he to attend to business, and she to walk to the village, where she had a long interview with Father Maret. He listened patiently to the outpouring of her doubts, her misgivings and self-accusations; to the inconsistencies of a loving heart and a sensitive conscience. It was a work of patience, for he perfectly well knew how it would end; and feeling certain that she would marry d'Auban at last, and not seeing any wrong in her doing so, he gave it as his opinion that she had better not torment herself and him by prolonged hesitation, but agree to join their hearts, their hands, and their plantations; and from that hour to the one in which death would part them, do as much good together as they could in the New World, or wherever else the providence of God called them.

A few weeks later, in the church of the Mission, Charlotte of Brunswick was married to Henri d'Auban. She had required from him a promise, which he willingly gave, that if the day should ever come when she could approach her child without breaking her promise, that he should not prevent, but on the contrary assist her to do so. As the husband and wife came out of the church they stopped a moment to pray at M. de Chambelle's tomb. As they were leaving it, she said, Monsieur d'Auban, you have kept your promise to him."

"Ah! but what would the good old man have thought of such a mesalliance Madame?" d'Auban answered.

"I would have told him." she replied, smiling also, but with tears in her eyes, "that the princess lies buried in the imperial vault at Moscow, and that she whom you have married has neither rank nor name—nothing but a woman's grateful heart."

PART II.—CHAPTER .

Sweet was the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore,
Like birds, all joyous from their cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear,
Whilst I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.

And I, pursued by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.
Campbell.

O she walks on the verandah,
And she laughs out of the door,
And she dances like the sunshine
Across the parlor floor.
Her little feet they patter,
Like rain upon the flowers,
And her laugh is like sweet water,
Through all the summer hours.
Negro Melody.

A few brief years will suffice to record the history of Henri d'Auban and his wife, during the eventful years which followed their marriage. Novelists are sometimes reproached with dwelling on the melancholy side of life, of not presenting often enough to their readers pictures of happiness, such as exists in this world even in the midst of all its sin and suffering. But is it not the same with history? How seldom do its pages carry us through bright and smiling scenes? How few of them record aught else but crime and sorrow? The truth is that there is very little to relate about happy people. A joyous face tells its own story; a peaceful heart has no secrets. If everybody was good and happy, writers of fiction might lay aside their pens.

She, who though doomed to death had been so strangely fated not to die, and who had passed as it were through the grave into a new world, sometimes felt almost tempted to believe that the whole of her past life was a dream. That the deserted, hated, and miserable princess of former days could be the same person who—now, with a light step and a gay heart, trod the sunny prairies of the New World and the mossy carpets of its wide forests, as if the blue sky over head was the dome of a vast temple, in which the varying seasons kept festival with incense-breathing flowers, and winds whispering songs of praise, seemed indeed incredible to herself, as it would have been to anyone who had looked on this picture and on that. When once she had fully entered into the full spirit of a settler's life, its very freedom from conventional trammels was as agreeable to her as the boundless air to the bird set free, or the sight of the wide ocean to the liberated captive. She had never enjoyed till then a sense of liberty. The gentle formalities of her father's dull court had preceded the miserable slavery of her wedded life, and that had been followed again by all the sufferings of her flight, and of her arrival in America.

Now it seems as if for the first time sunshine was flooding her soul. In the new atmosphere of faith and love which surrounded her, every faculty was developed, and every aspiration fulfilled. No human happiness is, however, perfect. There are moments when the very blessings she enjoyed called up a sharp pain. When her eyes had been fixed awhile on her husband's face, or on the various beauties of her home, she would suddenly turn them away, and appear to be gazing on some distant scene till tears gathered in them.

And when she became for the second time a mother, when her little girl was born, when she nursed her at her breast, when she carried her in her arms, when she saw her totter on the grass, and then fall with a scream of joy into her delighted father's arms, when she began to lisp a few words of prayer at her knee, and when, as time went on, she did not miss one of her smiles, one of her childish sallies, but noticed and dwelt upon and treasured them all; as she kissed her soft cheek, and twined her little arms round her neck, a feeling, made up of pity and yearning and a vague self-reproach, would for a moment wring her heart at the thought of her first-born royal child in the cold northern palace far away. Sometimes she passionately longed for tidings of kindred. Sudden and final as her separation had been from them, gushes of tender recollections would now and then arise in her soul, when some accidental word or sound, or the smell of a flower, or a feeling in the air, recalled some scene of her childhood and youth. Of her sister she chiefly thought; who, on the same day as herself, had been doomed to an untried destiny, and with whom she had parted in the blissful unconsciousness of coming woes. Often after a day when she had gathered about her all the little children of the Mission, and played and laughed with them to their heart's content, her pillow at night would be wet with tears. These were the shadows that clouded over her bright days, but bright they were withall, bright as love could make them. With the quiet enthusiasm of the German character she applied herself to all the duties of her new position, and governed her household with the talent which Peter the Great had discerned in his daughter-in-law. It was a peculiar one she had to rule, but the charm of her manner, joined to the goodness of her heart, carried everything before it. She was a little bit exacting; she liked to be waited upon and followed about, and made the first object of all her dependents, but they did not love her the less for it. There are persons who are allowed to be tyrants by a sort of common assent; no one has any desire to shake off the yoke, so sweetly and lightly does it sit upon them; but they must be the elected monarchs of their subjects' hearts. Nobody has a divine right to have their own way.

Who would ever have guessed that Madame d'Auban had been reared in a palace who had seen her at work in her kitchen or in her laundry by the river's side? And yet, perhaps, a keen-sighted observer would have noticed the refinement of all her movements—the grace of her attitude—and deemed her fit for a throne as she stood amidst her dark-coloured slaves on the green margin of the stream, spreading the white linen on the grass, or wringing it with her still whiter hands.

It was as pretty a picture as possible, with its background of forest trees, and its chequered lights and shades. D'Auban sometimes watched it from a distance, and reminiscences of his classical studies would recur to him as he gazed on his fair and beautiful wife and her dark attendants. Thus were Homer's princesses wont to direct the labours of their maidens. He did not feel as if his bride was one whit less royally occupied than if she had been holding a drawing room. What would have seemed unbefitting her birth in such occupations if associated with the commonplace scenes of the Old World, seemed transformed into poetry when carried on amidst the grand scenery of the New. The wild-looking Indians; the negresses with their bright-coloured head-dress; the pines, the palms, the brilliant sky, lent on Oriental colouring to the whole scene. St. Agathe seemed made for the abode of a fairy queen. Nature and fancy had lavished upon it all their gifts; and love, the most potent of all magicans, had heightened all its charms, D'Auban's fond dream had been to make it a perfect home for the woman who had transformed his solitude in a paradise, and many a princess, "nursed in pomp and pleasure," but who had never reigned over a devoted heart, might have envied the fate of the settler's wife. She had her courtiers, too, this princess, who, when once she had renounced her rank and gained happiness in its stead, began, with a truly royal instinct, to gather around her a crowd of satellites, and was more worshipped than any eastern or western queen. Her house was literally besieged all day by these liege lords of every race and colour. Indians, negroes and poor whites were equally devoted to the lady of St. Agathe. They claimed her bounty and her sympathy—her help, or, if nothing else, her kind words. They brought offerings also, and laid at her feet fish and game, and fruit and flowers; she who had once, in her days of gloom and misery, disclaimed all love for "the sweet nurslings of the vernal skies," now gladdened with delight at the sight of the prairie lily, the wild rose, or the blue amorpha. The homage paid her by the childlike Indians was almost superstitious. One of the hairs of the head once bowed down in anguish at the feet of a princely ruffian was treasured as a talisman. Father Maret said to her one day, "I must preach, Madame, against the Magnolian idolatry. One of your Indian worshippers wears a stone fastened to his girdle. I asked him what it meant, and he said the wife of the French chief, the white Magnolia, had set her foot on it when she entered his cabin. I cannot sanction the use of these new manitous."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Record.

THE

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT TO THAT OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, A. D., 1713-1748.

CHAPTER II.

On his return to Canada in 1716, M. de Vaudreuil at once resumed the active direction of affairs. With the concurrence of the home government he was enabled to regulate the currency on a fixed basis. For an unsettled currency, consisting of bills drawn on the royal exchequer, he caused to be substituted an issue of specie which gave universal satisfaction. The government redeemed the bills at 62½ per cent of their nominal worth—a loss to which their holders gladly consented, in view of their constantly fluctuating value, and the insecurity such uncertainty caused in trade. The important matter of public instruction also occupied the care of the governor. The education of the people had been wisely committed by preceding administrations to the Jesuits and Recollets.

The members of these religious bodies were untiring in their efforts to impart the benefits of religious education to all classes within their reach. The government, with credit, it must be said, encouraged these bodies by very liberal grants from the public domain; but the almost uninterrupted wars waged with the Indians and Anglo-American colonists for the first hundred years of the colony's existence greatly restricted the usefulness of the early Canadian educational establishments. The frequent calls to arms often almost depleted the ranks of the students in attendance at these institutions. Even the scions of the noblest families in New France gladly exchanged in the early years of boyhood, the quiet and happy life of study, for the commotion and terror of war. Still, under these grave disadvantages, these institutions kept alive amongst the Canadian people a love of learning and a taste for polite literature characteristic of the race at the present time.

The population in the rural districts were so circumstanced as to render for a long time the establishment of schools in their midst an utter impossibility. Engaged in almost constant struggles for the defence of their homesteads against the Iroquois, or called to take part in various expeditions outside the limits of the colony, the male inhabitants of these settlements had little time even to cultivate the soil, much less to receive even the rudiments of school training, while the domestic duties of the women were so multiplied as to absolutely prevent their enjoying any such benefit, even if the stinted means of the colonists permitted its being placed within their reach.

To M. de Vaudreuil belongs the honor of inaugurating a system of elementary education as an auxiliary to the system followed by the Jesuit and Recollect fathers. He was enabled, after some years, to secure the services of eight lay teachers in addition to those connected with the religious orders, to instruct the children of the poorer classes throughout the country.

The military defences of the country, especially of Quebec, also came under the observation of M. de Vaudreuil. His urgent representation to the home government advising the construction of a regular system of fortifications at Quebec, failed for a time to elicit a favorable response. But at length in 1720, after four years delay, the French government approved the plan for the strengthening of Quebec prepared by M. Chaussegrosde Levy, and ordered the execution of the work. In 1722 Montreal was also fortified, but the cost of this improvement was borne by the citizens themselves. For the better government of the colony, it was about this time sub-divided into eighty-two parochial sub-divisions, of which thirty-four were on the south side of the St. Lawrence. The total population of the colony was now reckoned at 26,479. In 1716, the number of marriages was 240, and of births 1,229, in 1722 they numbered 272 and 1,404, and in 1724, 261 and 1576, respectively.

The relations between church and state during the administration of M. de Vaudreuil were free from the serious complications which under previous governors disturbed the colony. There were, however, individual cases of difference between the clergy and the state authorities, which fortunately allowed of a satisfactory solution. M. de St. Vallier had in 1688 succeeded M. de Laval, as Bishop of Quebec. He occupied the episcopal throne for thirty-seven years. In 1714, M. de Mornay was named his coadjutor, with the right of succession. The latter, however, never discharged any episcopal functions in Canada after the demise of M. de St. Vallier.

Amongst the regulations of the sovereign council during the administration of M. de Vaudreuil, we notice one affirmed on the 27th of Oct., 1707, registering the royal edict, inhibiting under severe penalties the selling or giving of intoxicants to the Indians. This salutary and humane measure seems to have provoked none of the bitterness a similar proposition caused under former governors. The adjustment of disputes concerning tithes called at times for the intervention of the council. The tithes had been fixed in 1667 at one-twenty-sixth of certain products of the soil, but the clergy found in various places, great difficulty in collecting even this moderate rate. Two of the parish priests in the neighborhood of Quebec were in 1705 summoned before the council for a misinterpretation of the terms of the regulation of 1667, confirmed by a royal edict two years later. The council ordered the payment of the tithe on cereals only, prohibiting the levying of tithes on other products and on live stock. This decision appears to have given satisfaction. In the following year M. de la Foye, a missionary discharging parochial functions at Contrecoeur, Saint Ours, Sorel and Vercheres addressed a remonstrance to the Intendant M. Randot, calling his attention to the neglect and irregularity of the inhabitants of these localities in assisting him to reach his various missions, and to their failure in making due payment of their tithes. This remonstrance drew from M. Randot an ordinance making it incumbent on the people of the localities concerned to meet the just demands of the missionary, as set forth in his memorial.

About the same time complaint was made of disorders in and around churches on Sundays and holidays, caused by the unrestricted traffic in intoxicants, on these days especially, in the neighborhood of places of public worship. An ordinance issued over the signature of the Intendant, not only inflicted a severe penalty on all guilty of such disorders as were complained of, but prohibited under fine of ten pounds, applicable to church purposes, the selling or giving of alcoholic liquors on these days, save to certain persons justly excepted.

The payment of tithes and assessments levied for the construction or improvement of church buildings was always rigidly enforced, as the several ordinances of successive Intendants prove. But the close relations between church and state led in many cases to annoyance and embitterment, chiefly on account of the meddlesomeness of grasping and ambitious officials, who, instead of lending their assistance to the church authorities, seriously obstructed their freedom of action, and lessened their power for good.

The question of precedence in church ceremonies was frequently made a pretext of unwarranted interference with the clergy. In 1675 Count de Frontenac, then governor, took offence because of an alleged incivility offered to the council and himself assisting in a body at High Mass on Candlemas day. The want of attention of which he complained led to an order in council enjoining on the church-wardens the duty of giving precedence immediately after the clergy in all public ceremonies to the governor and the members of the sovereign council. The example of the governor was followed by even subordinate officials, and by the *seigneurs* in the rural parishes, who insisted on special distinction being accorded them. The refusal in some cases of such distinction led to ill-feeling, recrimination and litigation. There was also, from the very establishment of a regular form of church government in Canada, a standing difference between the government and Bishop concerning the revocability of appointments to curacies in the diocese of Quebec. The desire of the Bishop was to make the appointments revocable at will. Bishop de Laval acted throughout his episcopal administration on this principle. His successor, M. de St. Vallier, was equally determined to pursue the same course, but a royal edict, issued in 1692, forbade appointments to revocable curacies. For a time this decree was outwardly followed, but was ever looked on by the bishops as an infraction of the liberties of the church. After a time its provisions were wholly disregarded, and every letter of nomination to a parochial charge contained a clause declaring the appointment revocable at will. The bishops never experienced any great difficulty from this source, as their nominations to parochial charges were never revoked but for some judicious cause. The Canadian church enjoyed from its foundation a healthy growth. The institutions of learning, established at a very early period in the cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the recent introduction of the Sulpicians from Paris, a body specially devoted to the training of candidates for holy orders, combined to give Catholicism in New France, under the administration of M. de Vaudreuil, a vigor and happiness it could not have otherwise attained. The treaty of Utrecht had provided for the appointment of commissioners to settle and define the boundary lines between the English and French possessions in America. The commissioners, named under the treaty, could not, even after prolonged consideration, arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. By the terms of the treaty, Acadia was ceded to the British, but its limits were not defined with anything of exactitude. The French retained possession of the country in the neighborhood of the rivers St. John and Etchemius, and exercised undisputed sway over the almost entire territory now known as Maine and New Hampshire. The Abenaquis Indians who occupied this country were amongst the most steadfast of the aboriginal allies of the French. The New Englanders now made an effort to detach them from the French by securing their conversion to Protestantism. They accordingly sent Protestant missionaries amongst these Indians. They were, on their arrival, confronted by Pere Rosle, whose influence over the Abenaquis could not be shaken by their violent denunciations of Catholicism and its practices. The British then began the erection of trading posts in the Kennebec, to the great displeasure of the Abenaquis, who, after consultation with M. de Vaudreuil as to the terms of the treaty of Utrecht, ordered them to leave. The English colonial authorities invited the Indians to a conference, but though they took hostages for their own personal safety, failed to meet the Abenaquis at the time appointed, and still kept the hostages in custody. This breach of faith would have caused an immediate outbreak of hostilities had not Pere Rosle used his influence to prevent it.

He was, however, held responsible by the New Englanders for the hostility of the Abenaquis. They therefore decided on removing him. A large force was despatched to burn his chapel and take his own life. The heroic missionary fell, pierced with bullets. His body was subjected to the most savage indignities by his assassins, but the influence of his virtues and devotedness did not die with him. His memory was, for generations, cherished amongst the people whose welfare he so greatly promoted. Pere Rosle's death occurred in 1721. In 1725, a conference was held in Montreal, between certain delegates from the Anglo-American colonies, and the chiefs of some hostile tribes. The conference led to no satisfactory arrangement. Hostilities between the British and Abenaquis continued for two years longer, when peace was concluded, recognizing the right of the aborigines to side with the French or English at their option.

In 1721 the colony was visited by Charlevoix, (a learned Jesuit) one of the most trustworthy of our earliest colonists. He found Quebec with a population of 7,000, Montreal with 4,000, and Three Rivers 800. He also visited Fort Frontenac, Niagara and Detroit.

This year was also memorable for the establishment of postal communication between the chief towns of the colony. To M. Lavoullier was conceded for twenty years the exclusive privilege of carrying postal matter between Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal.

The benefits of peace were soon everywhere visible. Its continuance was certain to add immensely to the wealth and population of the country. In the quarter of a century immediately following the peace of Utrecht, Canada made more rapid, lasting progress than in the whole of the preceding century. To this happy result, the prudence and forethought of M. de Vaudreuil largely contributed. This distinguished administrator closed his useful and honorable career in October, 1725. His death was deeply lamented by all classes in the colony, which he had ruled so wisely and so successfully for twenty-one years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NIJNE NOVGOROD FAIR.—The great market of the eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga, the Rivers in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia met with their products for trade. Cossac, Chinese, Turks and Persian met the German and the Greek with every veriety of merchandise that mankind employs, from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools and fabrics, and last but not least, medicines. J. C. AYER & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant bazaar, where the Doctor himself might sometims be seen. They are known and taken on steppes of Asia as well as the prairies of the West, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the yaouts of the north as well as the huts and cabins of the western continent.—*Lincoln (Me.) Times.*