

he wanted to our consciences, and in our duty to the country, if we did not raise our voices on so important an occasion, and if we appeared to approve by our silence a measure which, in so grave a manner, affects the interests of the Catholic subjects of her Majesty in this province.

'It is for this reason that we humbly pray your Excellency to deign to refuse your sanction to any bill that would give effect to the resolution against which we take the liberty to protest, and which has also encountered a very strong opposition in the Legislative Assembly.

'By condescending to grant our prayer, your Excellency will put us in a position to lay our representations at the foot of the throne.

'We avail ourselves of this opportunity to assure your Excellency of our profound respect and sincere attachment for her Majesty's Government and your Excellency's person.

(Signed) ✠ Jos., ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.
✠ G., BISHOP OF MONTREAL.
✠ P. F., BISHOP OF SIDYNE.
✠ J. C., BISHOP OF MARTYROPOLIS,
Coadjutor of Montreal.

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

Continued.

The next day as soon as it was light, there was a great uproar in the street. The whole city flocked towards the house of the counsellor, to the strange sight on the roof. He had retired late from dinner, and was yet sleeping, little dreaming that half the inhabitants of the town were assembled about his residence. The cries of the multitude at last aroused him: he got up quite surprised put his head out of the window, and saw that the eyes of all were directed to the roof. He dressed himself in haste, and went down to the street to discover what was the matter. Furious at seeing his morning robe and wig displayed to such advantage on the lightning rod, he went into the house, called a chimney sweep and ordered him to take them down. The crowd continued to clap their hands whenever the wind shook the sleeves of the gown or the cue of the wig which they compared to the tail of a comet. At length silence was restored: the crowd dispersed, the chimney sweep brought down the gown and wig, and gave them to the counsellor.

Ely grieved and testified a lively sorrow for what had happened. Sophia increased the anger of the

old man; whilst Frederic who was learning his lesson, showed evidently by his composure, that he knew nothing of the trick that had been played. All on a sudden his mother flew from her seat, fell upon him, and gave him blows, calling him a hypocrite, and a wicked boy, and telling him that he was the only one capable of doing such a thing, and of thus disgracing his family.

Frederic protested his innocence, called Ely to witness that he had not left the room one moment during the whole evening; all was useless. Sophia scolded him; his father harshly rebuked him; Ely sighed, and remarked that after an action like that he would not dare show his face in the street. Frederic shed tears, threw himself at his father's feet, and begged leave to speak; but his father, carried away by passion, drove him from his presence, shut him up in his room, with orders not to leave it; he even went farther, and threatened to send him from home that very day. He kept his word; four hours after, Frederic was intrusted to the care of a manager of the mail, who carried him to college.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

The sudden departure of Frederic gave rise to various reports in the little town. All who were more intimately acquainted with that amiable young man, lamented him as being the victim of the jealousy of his step-mother. Every one spoke his opinion, and execrated the unfortunate youth thus driven from home without being allowed to defend himself. Sophia, who heard all this, took good care to conceal it from her husband; she went even farther, and said to him one day: 'Why do people meddle with the affairs of others? There is a rumor that Frederic is innocent—that he is an angel, and that it is my Ely who is the author of that disgraceful scene; that it is he who placed the morning-gown and the wig on the lightning-rod: in fine, the tongue of slander represents Ely as a worthless fellow. You see to what one may be exposed. Poor little Ely!—You know his behaviour; how can any one spread such infamous calumnies about him? I fear they will seriously affect his reputation.'

Such was the language of this deceitful woman. She warmly took the part of her son, but did not fear to calumniate an innocent person. Her husband was still deceived, and more and more convinced of the guilt of Frederic.

Ely, who at the beginning was so glad of the departure of his brother, was, however, cruelly disappointed. Hitherto, he had been able to indulge with impunity his propensity to evil; his brother was there to bear the consequences of his wicked tricks; but this resource now failed him; he was