

tered round the wig-wam: from these books they sang their service.

Even in this humble Tribe we behold an imperishable monument of the holy daring—great perseverance—and almost miraculous success of the Jesuits. One of the children of Port Royal, nearly a century ago, sought to “find” life by losing it” in the wilds and fastnesses of North American savage life. Months, nay years ’tis said did the Father toil with all the horrors of assassination every instant before his face; and brief, on many and many a winter night were the instants between his escape from his sheltering forest-mound and the possession of it by the sworn foe of the pale face blood. His life was never safe—yet still he persevered: and now the rude shingle cross that marks through every part of Nova Scotia the red man’s last home; the “swelling song of praise” that echoes through the Indian wilds on every returning Sunday, as they sing in their pure Gregorian chaunt, the ‘Gradual’ ‘Kyrie’ ‘Gloria’ ‘Credo’ ‘Sanctus,’ ‘Agnus Dei,’ &c.; the abiding firmness, with which they resist every influence and sacrifice every convenience to cling to the ‘faith once delivered to the Saints’—all are proudly demonstrative of the Apostolic ‘increase’ which God gave to the Good Fathers Ministry.

Having seated ourselves we requested our good friends to sing Dumont’s Mass. The request was instantly complied with. They were seated according to the eastern fashion on the ground. A glance passed from one to another. The tenor-voice then commenced the ‘Kyrie’; the treble chimed in; then the whole, to which we added our little share—and such a swell and sweetness!—if there has been finer Psalmody, none we imagine could be more acceptable.

Among the accidentals of our glorious liturgy there is nothing to which we are more devoted than the old ‘Gregorian’ chaunt. There is a power—a massiveness—a majesty about its melody not to be found in the fimsy-fashioned compositions of modern musicians. The ‘old Gregorian chaunt’ seems worthy of the antiquity and consonant with the dignity of the ‘Eternal Church;’—and we never see modern music put in competition with it, that we do not feel inclined to scout the allegiance of the perfumed scion of modern degeneracy for the bold, sinewy, and brave service of our ‘old Gregorian chaunt!’—May we live to be ashamed of Indian superiority in this department of our Church service and hail the restoration to our Choirs of the ‘old Gregorian chaunt!’

But whither do we wander? The Indians song called up many a holy memory and suggested many a happy anticipation. We remembered the old halls, whose echoes we had heard awakened by the ‘Gregorian chaunt,’ and the hours of undisturbed repose which blest our earliest initiation in its deep mystery. Scenes, Friends and Fates which time had shadowed were again revealed; and, then, we thought of the thrilling anxieties—the varied responsibilities—and the hard tho’ perhaps inefficient labours which have extracted the hue from life’s beauty and confirmed the poesy that ‘There’s nothing true but Heaven!’—Amid the throng of sad thoughts, to be sure——No matter, we should like to learn Indian if it were only to impress upon the Micmacs the necessity of clinging to the ‘Gregorian chaunt.’

Yesterday while sitting in our ‘Sanctum’ we were visited by half the tribe—they said ‘they wished to return our call.’ Some could,—some could not speak English. We almost vowed to learn Indian.

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## LITERATURE.

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### EARLY TIES.

Oh! give me back those early ties,  
To which my heart doth cling;  
Oh! give me back my youthful joys,  
When life was in its spring—  
When blooming hope, o’er ev’ry scene,  
Diffused its cheering ray—  
When all was fresh, and fair, and green,  
Along life’s even way.

Oh! give me back my happy home,  
Of childish gaiety—  
Still through the lapse of years doth come  
Its memory back to me!  
And oft the flow’ry paths of youth,  
Again, I seem to tread,  
When all was hope, and love, and truth,  
Ere peace and joy had fled!

Oh! give me back the happy hours  
My childhood lov’d so well;  
Oh! give me back those early flowers  
I gather’d in the dell,  
Or pluck’d amid the forest shade—  
Primrose and violet blue—  
Nor deem’d that they would ever fade,  
Or lose their beauteous hue.

Oh! give me back my bounding heart,  
As free, as light as air—  
It never then had known the smart,  
Of soul-corroding care!  
The birds, that warbl’d on the bough,  
Were not more blythe and glad—  
I cannot bear their music now,  
For oh! my soul is sad!

—*Wexford Paper.*

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### A GLANCE AT THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

*Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. May, 1844.* London: printed for the Institution.

(Continued.)

China, which for two hundred years had honored the priests of the new law with the highest rank among her savans and literati, now began to lose sight of the blessings which she had received from their learning and virtue. The time of proscription and persecution had arrived. In 1811, three churches were demolished at Peking, and the only clergyman left was an aged Portuguese prelate. But the period of the greatest violence was from the year 1814 to 1820, when the bishop of Tabraca and Rev Mr Clet, with a large number of Christians, were put to death for the faith. Though the blood