

It has recently been suggested to me by a former resident of Malta, now our gallant fellow townsman Trooper Richardson (one of the 195 survivors of the 600 Light Brigade) that by writing to the military authorities of Malta, where the archives of the old order still are kept, a decisive reply could be procured as to the early movements of the order of Malta.

I cannot do otherwise than regret that a prolonged and serious illness still prevents our learned old friend Abbé Bois, of Maskinongé, from forwarding his *factum* on the case. But what of the gilt stone on the wall, "1647."? However, the letter you recently received from Col. Carr, as you stated, contains valuable information, procured lately by him at the *British Museum*, which information I hope you will publish, in order to help to unravel this tangled web of Canadian history.

Yours truly,

J. M. LEMOINE.

AN INDIAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FOREFATHERS.

BY EDWARD JACK.

IT WAS immortal "amaranth" that Milton apostrophised in his sublime poem, but there is a spot far down in Nova Scotia where the foot of the tourist seldom enters, where if the spirit of the illustrious bard had ever strayed in these latter days, that glorious shade would have found a more humble but far more fragrant flower on which to waste the sweetness of his melody,—the place *Antigonish*, the flower, the clover. Whether I am in the pleasant residence of Mr. Gregory, overlooking the town, or in the streets of the pretty little village under the shade of the willows, or drive miles into the country, it is all the same,—the warm summer wind everywhere comes to me laden with the perfume of clover, and the fields so far as I can see are red and