

and perils; each was admitted by the other to a participation in his rewards and delights. When Brébeuf was in the midst of his tortures and his noble exhibition of faith, Lalemant was made to behold his agony, that he might the more keenly feel his approaching martyrdom. Touch-ed equally by the sufferings of his superior, and by the sublimity of the scene, he uttered aloud the memorable words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." His own sufferings were intense and prolonged. Every method of torture which savage ingenuity could devise, was exhausted ere death came as a sweet release. After sixteen hours of mortal agony, he entered upon the joys of immortality. Through the fiery portals of persecution he passed triumphant to the blissful haven of eternal rest.

Pausing amidst the tumults and cares of the present, to look back to this period of the past, we are lured into a momentary forgetfulness of party prejudice, and become for the nonce, champions of the good and the noble, under whatsoever forms and with whatsoever modifications they may have existed. Piercing beyond the clouds and mists of superstition and error, we behold in the light of charity and truth, much to admire and much to treasure up and remember in the lives and labours of that little band of men, of three of whom we have written, thus briefly and somewhat at random.

J. FREDERIC.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF
 LAUGHING GAS*.

I could leap! I could hold the owls in chase,
 I could clip the moon in a kind embrace;
 I could look with scorn on the comet's flight,
 With my body of air, and my wings of light.

I could pass the sun with a careless scoff,
 I could pass the stars that are farthest off;
 I could pass where light and darkness sever,
 And mount through space for ever and ever.

And as I sailed on so wild and free,
 And laughed with mad and measureless glee;
 Though the huge concave were as dark as sin,
 I should kindle a kingdom of light therein.

* A fact.