

val of that martyr, the 10th August, 1534. The native Indians called it the River of Canada.

ix.—At the time of the discovery of the country, the Indians divided it in three sections:—From the gulf to Tadoussac was called Saguenay; from that river to Stadacona, (Quebec) was named Canada or Kanata, and from Stadacona to Hochelaga (Montreal) was denominated Hochelaga.

x.—Cartier, in 1534-35, and Champlain, in 1607-8, found that the Indians, all the way up from the gulf to Montreal, smoked the tobacco leaf, whence the wonder is that this plant has not continued to be cultivated here down to our time.

A LOST LOVE.

A TALE OF 1759.

It was the close of a lovely summer's day and nature was slowly sinking to rest as though well satisfied with her labours. Already the hill sides were dark with the shades of coming night, the last rays of the setting sun rested on the figure of a girl standing at the gate of a little white cottage, bringing her into strong relief and making a very pretty picture.

But Nannie Richards was far too much occupied with her own thoughts to bestow even one on her artistic surroundings. The mysterious silence which always comes with night, had no terror for her, for had she not spent her life in that lonely valley, and to night she only waited impatiently for the time to pass and her lover to come. For tomorrow was her wedding day!

Presently her blue eyes lit up with a tender, eager look, and a smile played round her dimpled mouth and chin, as she heard a cheery whistle and the sound of brisk footsteps coming off the white road, and soon Jim Kendrick was at her side, a fine tall young fellow whose dark eyes were full of honest love and pride, as he looked down on the little maiden by his side. With his arm around her waist, the pair slowly went down the road to where the little river sang and leaped over the stones; there they talked over the simple preparations for their future life, as happy as though it was to be spent in luxury and pleasure instead of hard work for both. Jim was only a fisherman and many weary days and anxious nights had passed before he had ventured to ask Nannie to share his little cottage down in the fishing village of Wrexford. It was late when their talk was ended and Jim, after paying a short visit to Nannie's home, parted from his little sweetheart, who watched him disappear into the darkness, and the last "good night" died away in the distance.

The next morning was bright and sunny and the pretty bride was busily engaged in the important operation of dressing, assisted by her sister, and her careful fingers had just arranged the last bow of the simple pink muslin dress, when a sudden outcry was heard, and Sallie ran into the "house place" as the living room of the cottage was called, to find her mother with her apron up to her eyes, weeping and full of noisy grief, while her father stood silent and bewildered.

The cause of this commotion being apparently a young fisher lad who was standing awkwardly by the open door.

"Oh Sallie, Sallie, what is to be done?" cried her mother "my poor Nannie, my child!

"What is the matter, where is Jim?" asked Sallie lowering her voice.

"He's gone. The press gang have got him," was the reply and Sallie dropped into a chair. The lad continued. "I saw it done myself. I'd just come up from the boat, and Jim was coming down the road to his cottage, it was bright and moonlight last night and he was plain to see, but I was at the turn of the road right in the dark, the press gang sprung on him just as I

sighted them and was a going to halloo to him and before I well knew what to do they were gone." He looked down sheepishly. "There was about a dozen of them and I couldn't have done any good. Jim gave two or three of them a mark to remember him by," he added, looking round as though his auditors could not fail to be gratified and consoled by this last remark, but the half smile on his face faded as he caught sight of a figure standing on the threshold of the inner room. It was Nannie, who hearing her lover's name had silently crept nearer, and now with white face and dilated eyes tottered into the room.

"Nannie, darling," began her mother when with one despairing cry the poor girl fell fainting into her arms.

Months passed away and sad little Nannie heard no news of Jim; she had to bear her trouble as best she might for the poor must work, though their hearts are breaking, and perhaps it is a merciful ordering of Providence, for what better antidote to sorrow than constant occupation. Sir John Holland who was the "great man" of the country around Wrexford, had one daughter, who had been very kind to Nannie, and on hearing of her blighted hopes, took her into her service, and the girl had quickly learnt her new duties, going about the house gravely and quietly, with a wistful expression in her blue eyes so different to the bonnie laughing girl of a short time before.

During her life at Holland Hall, there came a young French lady to visit Miss Holland. They had been educated together at the same convent, and this was the first time the friends had met since their early days, for communication between France and England, in the times we speak of, was neither frequent or safe. Madame LaRoque took a great fancy to the gentle, sad eyed girl and set about persuading Nannie to return with her to France. But Nannie shook her head at the thought of leaving home and friends, and then, was it not her one hope that Jim might return—and if she were away!

Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind, might not she find him! From that hour she lent a willing ear to Madame LaRoque's offers of kindness.

So the little country girl sailed away with her new mistress amidst the tears and prayers of her father and mother, whose last words were "Remember, Nannie darling, thou art as near God in yon strange land as in thine own home."

She was destined to make a still longer journey than merely crossing the English Channel, for Monsieur LaRoque was a soldier, and when he was ordered away to Canada, to take command of the forces, assembled at Quebec, in view of the impending struggle with the English, Madame chose to brave all dangers and accompany her husband. By this time Nannie had become very fond of her pretty indulgent mistress, and could not entertain the thought of parting with her; so together they endured the long and tedious voyage.

How little we, of the present time, accustomed to the rapid flight of our great ocean steamers across the mighty ocean, realize what the journey of three thousand miles by sea meant in the last century. The small ships, often driven out of their course by adverse winds, the numberless discomforts of life on board, suffered by delicately nurtured women, compared to the luxuries by which travellers are surrounded in these days, make us wonder that so many of our ancestors left their old homes for the new world.

At last, our travellers entered the smooth waters of the St Lawrence, that mighty and wonderful river, that wide expanse of water, bordered on either side with fertile lands and great forests, and even in those days there were a few settlements of white houses and churches, surrounded by fields of ripening grain. Then they reached Quebec,

over which the white flag of France waved, a place rendered almost impregnable by nature's hand, the town being composed of large, handsome buildings and fine churches.

Madame LaRoque was soon settled in her new abode and Nannie well nigh forgot her hitherto ever present sorrow in her wonderment as the novel and varied phases of her Canadian life came one by one before her, but as she became more at home, the thought of her lost love became more and more engrossing, and she grew pale and thin, and good Madame LaRoque was full of anxiety as to how she could make her favorite more contented in her far away home.

She devised many pretences to send her hither and thither and found Nannie a very willing helper in her various works of charity and well doing. One morning madame said: "Nannette, le bon père Brisson, has just been telling me there is a countryman of yours in the Hospital; he is dying, he has been a sailor, and during the last attack he was taken prisoner by the troops. Now I want you to take him some few comforts; if he is our enemy, he must be shown we are generous conquerors, and what a delight to see an English woman, for the poor fellow cannot speak French."

Accordingly that afternoon Nannie found herself walking down the steep old street, paved with wood, so steep it was nothing more than a series of steps; on either side houses built in the old French style by her exiled sons. Nannie's heart was scarcely in her work, for hope was almost dead, and her thoughts were busy in the past. That day only, one little year ago, she had risen to greet her bridal morn, to see it fade with all her hopes of happiness. A year! she wondered how she had lived without one word to tell her if Jim was living or dead, the thought had it been death that took him from her, she could have borne it more bravely. Better a blow from God's hand than from man's. She reached her destination and entering gave madame's gifts to the nun who had charge of the sick sailor. Nannie had quickly learnt her mistress's native tongue and found no difficulty in conversing. "He is English?" asked she.

"Mais, oui."

"Madame thought he would like to speak to me."

Sister Celestine assenting, they went towards the dying man's room.

"Is there no hope?" Nannie asked with a pang of sorrow for this unknown man dying amongst strangers, whose speech he could not understand.

"Hélas! he will not see the sun set," replied sister Celestine in a low voice.

As they approached his bed, he turned his face towards them, and fixed his eyes on Nannie with a bewildered stare.

"Jim!" she gasped and in a moment Nannie's head was hidden on his panting breast. "My darling, my Nan! thank God for this." "I thought you were a ghost, my girl, why, how, how did you get here?"

"Oh Jim, I have so much to tell you. Oh, to think it was you I came to see, but we must wait till you're stronger," and then the words died on her lips as she remembered her Jim was the dying stranger she had come to visit.

"I shall get strong never again, Nannie, I'm done for—tell me how"—he stopped from exhaustion.

"I am living with a kind lady, Madame LaRoque, she stayed a while with one young lady, at the hall,—at home, Jim" and their hands tightened in each other's grasp, for with those words, a vision of the old place, the little village with its white cottages and the fishing boats putting out to sea, with the familiar faces, came before them as the ghost of the life they had shared together, now gone for ever, and neither spoke for a while.

Then Nannie, with a brave effort resumed. "Miss Holland was very kind to me, Jim, in my trouble, for I

was like to die, when, day after day came and no news of you—and when madame offered to take me with her to foreign lands, I thought, well, let it be so. I shall be as much at rest there as in the old home, and now, dear lad, I've found you."

"Ay, lass, but only for a little while." Here, sister Celestine interposed, her patient was exerting himself far too much, but Nannie, with tearful eyes and trembling lips told her story, and the sister gave him a draught which stimulated him a little, and left them to their last sad farewell.

"When that press gang took me, I thought I should go mad, I was mad and those first few days is a blank. I found myself on board H. M. S. *Vicomte*, bound for Halifax—after I got to be myself a bit, I tried to do my best, thinking perhaps it would help me off easier, but there we stuck at Halifax all the long winter, and Nannie, how long it was to me, thinking of you and if you was alive or dead, and I'd look at this and wonder if it would ever reach its own true place in this world," and he pulled out a faded bit of ribbon from round his neck with poor Nannie's wedding ring hanging on it. "Then," his voice getting fainter, "we was ordered here, and had a bit of a fight with the French, and I got a knock on my head and a bullet through my chest, so that how I was taken prisoner, and here I've been ever since, and kindly folks I've found though they are—our—enemies," he was exhausted, and Nannie's heart grew cold as she saw how the color left his lips and his eyes were dim and fixed.

"Jim, dear Jim" she cried intensely. "do not leave me again. Oh I cannot bear it," and the tears dropped like rain upon the pallid hands she held.

"Soyez tranquille" whispered sister Celestine advancing and laying her hands on the girl's shoulder and looking at Jim. The excitement of meeting his lost love had shaken the few remaining sands of life, and he was almost too weak to speak. Nannie bravely controlling her emotion raised his head and supported it on her breast, his hand feebly wandering to the ribbon round his neck.

"For my sake—your wedding—ring Nan," she took it from its place and slipped it on her finger never again to be removed. A glance of light came into Jim's dark eyes and he whispered—"Wife—darling," and with a long quivering sigh, he lay dead, his head pillowed on Nannie's faithful heart.

C. H.

CANADIAN SNOWSHOERS IN NEW YORK.

The party who explored the Bowery excited perhaps the most curiosity, and would have made a fortune for any dime museum that could have caged them for a month. A crowd of delighted small boys preceded and followed the squad, alternately "guying" and cheering them.

"What's dem bloaks wid der dandy slops, Bill?" said one.

"Them's snow shovellers from Canada."

"Snow shovellers, eh? Well, dey struck N'York in a mighty bad time to earn a livin'."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is no longer the wife of his bosom.

The man who saved Victoria's life in a runaway, when she was two years old, is still living, near London, at the age of eighty.

"Can you loan me a pencil?" asked a stranger in a Western newspaper office.

"A pencil? Let me see. Why, we did have one about here the other day, but I don't see it now. Here is a pair of scissors, will they do?"—