

The Family Circle.

MOON RISE AT COW BAY.

The tide is high, and thundering on the strand

The breakers crash. In the dim light
We sit in hushed expectancy. The night
Is filled with beauty; the long stretch of sand
Whence the salt wave recedes in motion
grand,

With iridescence glows upon the light;
And, while we watch, the seaward sky
grows bright,
And brooding darkness flees from off the land.

It comes! The full round glory of the moon!
She rises from the ocean like a queen
With royal pomp to hold her regal sway.
Over the rolling waters falls a sheen;
And all the wild and romping waves at play
Laugh as they catch the precious, golden boon.

—Constance Fairbanks, in The Week.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Coming back along Notre Dame Street, they turned into the "Gray Nunnery," Nettie being most eager to see a French convent. They looked around the quiet courtyard, such a strange contrast to the bustling, crowded streets they had just left; and Marjorie showed Mr. Lane the primitive old gray stone building near the gate, which had been the first chapel founded by Marguerite de Bourgeoys in the seventeenth century, and which is now used for some kind of warehouse. Then they read the tablet on the present substantial stone chapel, which commemorates the name and the fame of the devoted and benevolent Marguerite. And when a gentle, sweet-faced nun conducted them into the great *salon*, she pointed out, in her broken English, the portrait of the foundress, with its kind and sensible face; and Marjorie at once excited the pleased interest of their conductress when she began to tell her friends what she had learned about the labors of love of this noble-hearted French maiden for the poor Indian children in the early days of Montreal.

Last of all they went to the Jesuite's church, and there they were all delighted; first with the beauty of the interior with its rich artistic decorations, and then with the exquisite organ music, for there was a practice going on, and they had the benefit of it.

Marjorie took lunch with her friends at the Windsor, and in the afternoon Professor Duncan came by appointment to take them to see the University. The library and museum were of course the chief points of interest. Marjorie thought it would be delightful to live among those long rows of books, and have nothing to do but read them—a pleasure which Nettie declared she would never envy her. But Nettie was delighted with the museum, and especially with the specimens of wild Canadian animals. She was not at all impressed with that black unintelligible-looking object which the professor told Mr. Lane was the oldest Canadian fossil yet discovered, and which had caused a great deal of discussion among naturalists. Nor did she care much for the long rows of cases of minerals and moths and butterflies; but the beaver and foxes and deer and bears were inspected with the greatest interest, in which Marjorie fully shared; for were not these the very creatures which sometimes came into the professor's stories? He himself pointed out the different kinds of deer; showed them the great ox-like head of the moose, with its immense breadth of nose and of horns; and the smaller, though somewhat similar type of the elk and the caribou, with their completely different horns, rounded and pointed instead of flat and branching. He pointed out the curious third horn of the caribou deer, pointing downward along the creature's

nose, and Marjorie thought she should have no difficulty now in remembering what these different species looked like. Then they looked at the finer, more graceful heads of ordinary red deer, so beautiful and appealing with their large soft eyes, that the girls wondered how men could ever be cruel enough to shoot them, and Professor Duncan admitted that he was quite of their opinion, whereat Mr. Lane laughed heartily, and said that he only wished he had the chance to bring down such a fine quarry.

Nettie looked with much interest at the beaver, with his flat trowel of a tail; and the raccoon, with his bushy body, sharp nose, grizzled eyebrows and black eyes, and at the slender mink and soft-furred otter, which would now be real creatures to her, instead of mere names of furs. Then they went to look at the birds, and after pointing out the principal song birds, the professor showed them the varieties of aquatic birds; the tall cranes and herons, the soft-tinted ducks, the great, solemn loon, with his black head and white collar, which frequents only solitary places, and dives below the water whenever an enemy approaches.

But the hour for the departure of Mr. Lane and his party was drawing on, far too soon for Nettie, who could hardly bear to leave 'dear, delightful Montreal,' and all her new friends, and begged Marjorie to write to her long letters, telling her about everybody and everything.

Professor Duncan and Alan, as well as Marjorie, went to the station to see the travellers off; and many regrets and good wishes were exchanged. Mr. Lane was most earnest in his thanks to Professor Duncan for the pleasure which his society had added to a most delightful visit, in his hospitable invitation to come to see him, and 'do' New York with him, as they had 'done' the Carnival together.

'Good-by, Marjorie! come back as soon as you can,' Nettie called out as a last word from the window of the train. Then with the usual shriek of the locomotive, they were off, making Marjorie feel, for the moment, as if she had lost a link with her old home-life. But she soon forgot this in hearing Professor Duncan and Alan discussing, as they walked home, the battles in Egypt, of which the news had just come, and the grave situation of Stewart and his troops, not to speak of General Gordon, about whom the anxiety was growing stronger every day. It was not long before their worst fears were confirmed.

A few days later Professor Duncan came in for his usual Sunday evening visit, with a saddened look and a lack of his usual animation.

'So it's all over out there, Ramsay,' he said to his friend the doctor.

'You think the worst is true, then?' replied Dr. Ramsay. 'I have been trying to hope still.'

'I fear—I fear,' said Professor Duncan, sorrowfully. 'It seems too sad to be true, but it's only too probable. In fact, treachery is what I've been fearing all along; and they say it was on the twenty-eighth. While we were enjoy the mimic siege of the ice-palace, that tragedy was being enacted over there.'

But Norman and Effie did not at all enjoy this grave and solemn talk, and Millie, though she had taken a profound interest in Gordon's fate, thought that it should not swallow up all other subjects, and asked if they were going to have that other story the professor had promised to tell them.

'O, yes! about my good Pere De Noue,' he said, 'the first martyr of the Canadian missions. Well, it isn't so difficult to turn from Gordon to him, for, though the good Father is by no means a martial figure, he showed that he could be a hero, too, and one with the very same spirit in him—of humble, unconscious self-sacrifice. It is pleasant, too, to realize that whoever may live or die, that spirit, "the Spirit of the Lord," abideth forever.'

(To be continued.)

A RELIC OF VILLE-MARIE.

In the process of improvement, false and real, the antiquities of this continent's history have suffered much, and, among the old and notable towns, Montreal has not been the least of the sufferers. The buildings of the French period are now reduced in all to between thirty and thirty-five (if a list recently made by me be correct), and every year or two another goes over to the majority, such as La Corne St. Luc house, or the original Cottage of Madame d'Youville's Grey Nun Hospital. Just now it is the quaint little cottage-built warehouse on St. Nicholas street behind the Board of Trade Building. This bore on its front, which was in a courtyard, the evidences of having come down from the earliest age of Ville-Marie, days when the town was but a straggling village of little provincial Norman cottages, not yet walled nor even palisaded, and when each house was a separate stronghold. Entering by a wicket in the gate, which pierced a high wall of rough stone, the visitor, on turning to the right, rested his eyes on the whitewashed rubble house of a story and a half, its openings faced with characteristic scanty widths of cut stone. A door and two large windows, grided with rude ironwork, pierced the lower story. (Another window was covered by a latter addition of a wing.) On the face of the wall above these, and in the centre of the facade, was a small image-niche. Near it on one side was a diminutive window of the size of a single pane. A little above it began the roof. On entering the door it was seen that the ground floor consisted of a range of heavy round-arched vaults, divided into three by two ponderous walls, the effect of which, with the prison-like, grided windows, was highly "donjon-keep" like. Vaulting was characteristic of the more substantial houses of the period, and the range of vaults beneath the Chateau de Ramezay are a rare sight for this continent. A fireplace was built across a corner at one end of the building presently in question, and adjoining it was a mysterious opening in the wall about six feet up, leading into a dark hole or chamber large enough to hide a man, and the use of which nobody has been able to divine. There was an attic above and cellars beneath divided by walls supporting the vaulting.

From documents and information belonging to the proprietor, Mr. James Coristine, it is known that the building belonged, about 1670, to Migeon de Bronsac, who was bailiff or fiscal attorney of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, then feudal proprietor of the Island of Montreal, and who was also agent of the celebrated Compagnie des Indes Occidentales, to which the monopoly of the trade of the colony had been granted in 1664 by Louis XIV. This man appears to have carried on his business in the premises, as well as later in the premises adjoining, which also belong to Mr. Coristine, and which are likewise vaulted but are more spacious and built more pretentiously, with a dwelling overhead in which Migeon in due course doubtless resided. There Count Frontenac was a frequent and friendly visitor, for he was interested in the profits of the company. La Salle also, of whom Frontenac was the patron and ally, was deeply interested in business transactions with Migeon, being indebted to him in 1679 the vast sum of 46,000 livres, for part of which Frontenac went security to the fiscal attorney. Their dealings together began with a loan to La Salle of 450 livres in 1671.

These ponderous arches, therefore, two hundred years ago looked down on famous men and picturesque transactions. The piles of furs, the painted Indians, the voyageurs and bold *courreurs de bois*, Frontenac, LaSalle, Joliet, the cassocked soldier, Dollier de Casson, the brave town-major, Lambert Closse, who fell fighting the Iroquois, the nuns, Marie Bourgeoys and Jeanne Mance, and, playing about the floor, Bienville, leading other boys—what a picture these would make!

In 1681, the premises were witness of other lively scenes. Perrot, the notorious

Governor of Montreal protected certain lawless *courreurs de bois* in illicit trade, of which he shared the profits. Duchesneau, the intendant of Canada, ordered Migeon to bring the men to justice. "Perrot," writes Parkman, "at once arrested the bailiff and sent a sergeant and two soldiers to occupy his house, with orders to annoy the family as much as possible. One of them accordingly walked to and fro all night in the bedchamber of Migeon's wife. On another occasion, the bailiff invited two friends to supper, Le Moyne d'Iberville and one Bouthier, agent of a commercial house at Rochelle. The conversation turned on the trade carried on by Perrot. It was overheard and reported to him, upon which he suddenly appeared at the window, struck Bouthier over the head with his cane, then drew his sword and chased him, while he fled for his life. The seminary was near at hand and the fugitive clambered over the wall. Dollier de Casson dressed him in the hat and cassock of a priest, and in this disguise he escaped."

One of the earliest cemeteries of Ville-Marie was situated for many years just in rear of the old building. Whether connected with this in any way or not, is not known, but a coffin containing a skeleton was disinterred a few days ago at a depth of some five or six feet under the courtyard and adjoining the wall of the house. On the St. Nicholas street gable, a beam bore traces of a fire, and evidently the original roof had been destroyed by that element, while in rebuilding the edifice had been considerably enlarged and widened at the back. The fire was evidently the great conflagration of 1765, which reduced two-thirds of the town to ashes, and was such a calamity as to occasion a large cash subscription in Britain for the relief of the sufferers. The rebuilding on the other hand accords with the epoch and circumstances of the owner soon after, the celebrated Alexander Henry, the first British Canadian explorer of the Northwest. He it was who doubtless made the enlargement. In more recent times the property has had owners and associations of more local interest, and on the building of the new Board of Trade Building it was regarded as an obstruction, expropriated and demolished. ALCHEMIST.

DEATHS CAUSED BY WILD BEASTS.

Two thousand eight hundred and four persons were killed during 1893 by wild animal in India, as against 2,963 in 1892. Of the total 2,804, Bengal's figure is 1,600; Madras, 274; Assam, 155; and Bombay, 38 only. The results, taking all Provinces together, is only 1 per 78,000. Twenty-one thousand two hundred and thirteen is the return from snake bite, the number for Bengal being 10,797; for the North-West Provinces, 4,847; Madras, 1,498; Bombay, 1,192; and Assam 206. The Government of India regret the serious increase of more than 1,600 deaths in Bengal, and the total shows a big increase of 19,025 on the figure for 1892. Ninety thousand, two hundred and fifty-three cattle are reported to have been destroyed, as compared with 81,663 in the preceding year. Tigers killed 12,840 cattle in Assam, and 8,716 in Bengal. Leopards destroyed 10,359 cattle in Bengal, and 7,765 in Madras. The wild beasts destroyed were 15,309, or slightly less than last year, and the amount paid for rewards was 104,840r. One thousand two hundred and sixty-seven tigers and 4,088 leopards were killed. One hundred and seventeen thousand one hundred and twenty snakes were destroyed, as against 84,789 in 1892, and rewards of 12,607r. were given.—*Colonies and India.*

The fifth Chalmers lecture by Dr. Walker was a narrative of the negotiations for union with the United Presbyterians. His concluding lecture was on the Cardross case, the dilemma in which Dr. Donald Macleod alleges that decision to place the Free Church being declared to be no dilemma at all, as the State could always, if it liked, persecute any church.