Stigmata.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

In the wrath of the lips that assail us,
In the scorn of the lips that are dumb,
The symbols of sorrow avail us,
The joy of the people is come.
They parted Thy garments for barter,
They followed Thy steps with complaint;
Let them know that the pyre of the martyr
But cleanes the blood of the saint!

They have crucified Thee for a token; For a token, Thy flesh crucified For a token, Thy flesh crucified Shall bleed in a heart that is broken For love of the Wound in Thy side: In pity for palms that were pleading, For feet that were grievously used, There is blood on the brow that is bleeding And torn, as Thy brow that was bruised.

By Thee have we life, breath and being;
Thou hast knowledge of us at our kind;
Thou hast pleasure of eyes that are seeing,
And sorrow of eyes that are blind;
By the fail of the mystery shown us—
The wounds that with Thy wounds accord—
O Lord, have mercy upon us!
Have mercy on us, O Lord!—Are Maria.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"Certainly, as far as I can. I will beg of "Certainly, as far as I can. I will beg of our Lord to give you grace to resolve aright. I feel very much for you, my child." These words were said most kindly, and went to the poor lonely woman's heart, who, at this turning-point in her life, had not a friend or a relative to take counsel with, and who dreaded perplexity beyond all other trials. There are natures to whom it is the only intoleraatures to whom it is the only intoleraperpetury beyond and the control of sunshine. But where conflicting duties, as well as conflicting feelings, are in question, and the mind cannot resolve between them, the depressing effect on the mind is akin to that of walking in a thick fog at night amidst precipices. Under such circumstances, a child's impulse would be to sit down and cry. There was some-thing childlike in Madam de Moldau's thing childlike in Madam de Modau's character, in spite of its latent energy. It did her good to be pitied. Father Maret's sympathy seemed to loosen the tight cord which bound her heart, and she sat down in Therese's little garden, and after a good fit of weeping, felt comforted and religied

relieved. Over and over again she read and mused over the details of the Czarovitch's death, which the French Gazette contained. A which the French Gazette contained. A deep compassion filled her soul for the un-happy man who had been her husband. Womanlike, she resented his wrongs, and shed tears over his fate. Whilst reading the eloquent words with which the bishops of the Greek church had sought to obtain mercy from him at his father's hand, she felt it had been wrong to despise them as she had done in former days, and that the Christian faith. however obscured, and the Christion church, however fallen can speak in nobler accents and find words of greater in nobler accents and find words of greater power than cold unbelief can ever utter. Her heart softened towards those Greek priests she had once hated, and she said, "God bless them for this thing which they

have done. In one part of Therese's cabin that night was reposing the lifeless form of the girl who had just died, and divided from it m whose fate so great a change had taken place. On each pale face the moon was shedding its light. Cold and motionless was the bosom of the first, whilst that of the other was heaving like a children of the met simply and went through the color was the color was heaving like a children of the color was heaving like a child the other was heaving like a child's that has cried itself to sleep. For the girl of seventeen all was over on earth. For the widowed wife life was opening new vistas; dream after dream filled her brain with visions of grief and joy, in wild confusion blent. Word sakin to those dreams fell

And as the swift thoughts crossed her soul,
Like visions in a cloud.
In the still chamber of the dead
The dreamer spake aloud.
Therese did not sleep. She was accustomed to long night watches, and she knelt and prayed between the two sleepers. She did not know the secrets of those two destinies, but she said the "De profundis" for the one, the "Memorare" for the dear, "May she rest in peace," for the dead; "May she live for God," for the living.

the living.

When the morning dawned, and the rays of the rising sun began to light up the silent hut, she laid down by Madame de Moldau, and took a few moments' re pose. Once she was roused by hearing her murmur some words or the Bible; they were these: "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"

D'Auban had attended the service for

poor Simonette's burial. He had stood on one side of the grave and Madam de Moldau on the other. Their eyes had not met whilst the solemn rites were performed.

It was only when the crowd had dispersed
—for settlers and natives had attended in great numbers the funeral of Simon's daughter—that he came up to her where was still standing, in the cemetery, and placed a letter in her hands. She took it in silence, and held out her hand to him. He kissed it, and withdrew to prepare for his departure. His letter was as follows:—

'MADAME: I have a few words to say. which I feel it easier to write than to speak. Your fate is changed, and so are my duties towards you. From the moment I became acquainted with your name and rank, that I knew you to be a princess and a wife, I felt the deepest regret that by my rashness and presumption I had put it out of my power to devote to you as a servant a life which I would fain have spent in your service; that I had made it impossible for you to accept of the services which under other circumstances, I might have been permitted to render to one so inbeen permitted to render to one so infinitely above me in rank, as well as in merit. Whilst you were forced to hide your name, whilst the unhappy prince, your husband, was alive, I felt constrained had happened. And they were all such your husband, was anve, I let constant to see you depart from hence alone and unprotected, and dared not even offer to accompany you to the place you had fixed upon for your future residence. I will not dwell upon what I suffered; it was one of those efforts at passive endurance more trying than the most painful exertions.

"Now, as I said before, a great change has taken place in your position, and I venture to lay at your feet whatever God

has given me of strength and energy, to be spent, and if it please Him, consumed in helping you to reassume the position which belongs to your Imperial Highnes, both by birth and marriage, and replacing you on the steps of the throne which your son is one day to occupy. I have no ties or duties which bind me in an absolute manner to any spot on earth. If you will deign, Princess, to accept me as your servant; if you will allow me to act by you as our poor friend would have done had he yet been alive, I will accompany you to Europe, and only leave you the day when, amidst your relatives, and the friends of your youth, you will stand once more ac-knowledged by them all as their lost

"I implore you to trust me. I dare not promise to forget the past, but I can and do promise that no word shall ever pass my lips unbecoming a servant. I would not ask to live near you at Court, would not ask to live near you at Court, and be your servant there; but whilst trials and difficulties beset you, whilst you are friendless and alone, grant me this favor. Let me be your servant. I feel nearly as old as poor M. de Chambelle. The last few months have seemed to add many years to my age. Let me be your guardian. I could not brook a refusal. It would wound me to the heart. I know would wound me to the heart. I know there will be many difficulties to overcome, and a long time may elapse before your identity is acknowledged, but that it will be so at last I feel no doubt of; and if it is granted to me to see you happy—I was going to say I could be happy to part with you for ever, but I cannot, dare not, write you for ever, but I cannot that any, was such an untruth. I do not want to be happy myself; I want to see you happy. That I can and do say from the depths of my heart. Forgive me, Princess, if this letter ends in a less formal manner than it began. It need not make you distrust the promise I have made. I have not courage write it over again, so I send it just as it is, with the most fervent blessings and prayers that you may indeed be happy,

and that I may help you to be so.
"Your Imperial Highness's
"Devoted servant, "HENRI D'AUBAN."

This letter had been written the night before it was given to Madame de Moldau. Perhaps the tone of it might have been a little different had it been composed after the brief meeting in the cemetery; for as he looked at her, as he kissed her hand, as he felt its silent pressure, hope, in spite of himself, sprung up in his heart and made it bound. Princess as she was, the woman he loved was now free. Men's customs, their habits, perhaps their laws, stood between him and her, but not God's laws, not His commandments. The words she had once said came back to his mind: "It is the wedded wife, not the Imperial Highness, who rejected your love." And as he gazed at the solitary beautiful landscape, at the boundless plain and far-stretching forests on every ide, he thought how insignificant were the thoughts of men in that solitude, how impotent their judgments. If she should to abandon altogether the old choose to abandon altogether the old world and accept a new destiny in the land where their lot was now cast, might they not now, with safe consciences and pure hearts, be all in all to each other! But he had resolution enough to give her the letter he had written under a stern sense of duty, and not to add a word to diminish its effect. He went on his way through the forests and the deserts, and encountered the usual difficulties belong-ing to such journeys. But bodily exercise relieves activity of mind, and he was glad The bargeman was much afflicted by this sudden blow, but he did not care quite so much for his child since she had ceased to be his companion and plaything. D'Auban gave him a sum of money in recompense for Simonette's services to Madam de Moldan, thinking of the Madam

de Moldau, thinking at the same time how little money could repay what the poor girl had done for them. Simon was not indeed consoled, but somewhat cheer-ed, by the sight of the gold; for the ruling passion is strong in grief as well as in death. Then d'Auban retraced his steps, and stopped that night at the little Mission of St. Louis. He reached it just as

Behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, was heard a
murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the
bank of a river,
Rose the tents of the Christians—the tents of
the Jesults' mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the
midst of the village,
Kneit the Black Robe chief with his children;
a crucifix, fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chappl—aloft, through
the intricate arches
Of its agrial roof, arose the chant of their

the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their
vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and
sighs of its branches.

The traveller knelt down and joined in The traveller knet down and joined in the devotions of the Indian congregation, and after they were ended introduced himself to the priest, who invited him to spend the night in his hut. The pleasure of seeking a Frenchman, and conversing in of seesing a Frementian, and conversing in his native language—a rare one in that locality, beamed in the face of the good father. "I have been very fortunate this week," he said; "for several months past I had had no visitors, but on Tuesday quite a large party of travellers, including two European ladies, halted here on their way to Montreal. We had some difficulty way to Montreal. We had some difficulty in putting them all up for the night. I managed to accommodate the two priests and one of the gentlemen, the others slept in the schoolmaster's hut, and the two ladies in the schoolroom. It was luckily fine weather, and they were not very uncomfortable, and I had not had such a

said the next morning in our poor little chapel. It was the first time such a thing had happened. And they were all such kind and pleasant people."

Little did the good father guess, as he good-humouredly talked on in this manner, what anguish he was causing his guest, who, in a voice which any one who had known him would have thought strangely altered inquired the names of these

"Rather pale, I think; but about ladies' ages I never know—yes, I suppose she was quite yourg. Are you acquainted with them, my dear sir?"

"I know some of them by name," d'Auban answered, pushing away the dish which had been set before him; he could not have swallowed a morsel. There are irremetances which heighten invalidations. circumstances which heighten singularly the acuteness of certain trials. He knew that he might still have to part from Madam de Moldau, though during the last few days hope had been gradually gaining groung in his mind, but he had never anticipated that such a separation would take place in an unexpected and abrupt manner. That she should leave St. Agatha during his absence, and that he should thus lose the opportunity of speaking a few parting words to her, was more than he could endure; it almost upset his fortitude. The Father noticed his releases and want of appetite, and the paleness and want of appetite, and the pareness and want of appetite, and the way in which he unconsciously pressed his hand against his temples, as if to still their throbling. "I am sure you have a bad headache," he kindly said; "come out into the air and take a stroll—it is a beautiful right."

beautiful night."

D'Auban accepted the proposal, for the hut was very close. The fresh air did him good. He took off his hat, to let it blow on his forehead. He tried to think that on his forenead. The tried to think the second lady of the party might not, after all, be Madame de Moldau, though the others were the people she was to travel with, and only one lady had been mentioned by Father Maret's correspon-

dent. As they passed a small cluster of cabins As they passed a small cluster of calonia the priest pointed to one of them, and said, "Ah! there is the bedroom of our ladies. They had to sleep on mats with a bundle of moss for a pillow."

bundle of moss for a pillow."

The door was open. D'Auban stood on the threshold, and gazing into it, thought:
"Did she indeed sleep in this spot two days ago, worn out by fatigue and sorrow, or did she lie awake thinking of the past and of the future, without a friend near her? Or is she now glad to escape from that love I could not conceal, and which perhaps frightens her away? Perhaps she is seeking other assistance than mine to recover her position. She will not, I suppose, accept the services of one who has dared to love her. It would not have been

wrong, however, to wait for my return. . . She might have spared me this suffering. Absorbed in these musings he was forgetting his companion, and was only roused by hearing him exclaim, "Ah! what have we here! See, one of those poor ladies has dropped her neckhandkerchief. It will be no easy matter to restore it, seeing we have no postal service in this part of the world!" D'Auban till that moment had had a lingering hope that Madame de Moldau had not after all been one of the ladies of that party; but now he could no longer have a doubt on the subject. The blue and white silk handkerchief in the hands of the priest was the very one he had often and often

as she was wont to do, on thes

"Would it be a comfort to you to tell

ing too long a story for me to tell or for you to hear to-night. But thus much I will say: missing those travellers who were here three days ago has been a terrible

"But could you not overtake them, my dear friend? women cannot travel

be sure, in a country like this it would be ten chances to one that you hit on the same track."
This was obvious; and d'Auban who for

one minute had been tempted to catch at the suggestion, remembered that there other reasons against it. His absence from the concessions even for a week had been a risk, and a prolonged one might affect not only his own but likewise Madame de Moldau's interests; and she might be more than ever in want of means, if she intended to return to Europe. It might also have been her wish by this sudden departure to avoid the pain or the em-

No, lather; it would be madness. I must, on the contrary, return as speedily as possible to my habitation. If you have anything to write to Father Maret I will take charge of it.

"You know him, then?" said the priest,

"He is my most intimate friend."
"Ah well, God bless you. It is a good thing in sorrow to have a friend, and a friend like him. I will spend the night in mixture and the second the second

D'Auban remonstrated against this arrangement, but the good missionary in-sisted on carrying it out. He took a few hours' broken and restless sleep on the the poor couch, whilst his host sat writing on an old trunk, which served at once as a

"No, not one, sir," Antoine answered.
D'Auban thought Madam de Moldau would at least have written to him. A feeling of resentment rose in his breast, which made him better able to conceal his feelings. He would not for the world have uttered her name, though he would have wished to know the exact day on which she had left. Wounded pride is a powershe had left. Wounded pride is a power-ful stimulant: it gives a false kind of strength even whilst it embitters a

was the very one he had often and often seen round her neck. He mechanically stretched out his hand for it. It was one of those little things connected with the remembrance of past happiness which affect the heart so deeply.

When the evenings grew chilly after hot sunny days, or when in the boat or the sledge on bright frosty nights, he used to remind her to tie her handkerchief round her throat—her white, slender, swan-like throat. It had a trick of slipping off. He saw her in fancy smilslipping off. He saw her in fancy smil-So vivid was this recollection that a deep

me your grief?"
"I could not speak of it without relat-

the evening service was going on.
scene was precisely similar to the one so beautifully described in Longfellow's poem:

here three days ago has been a terribody to me. One of them, the one to whom this handkerchief belonged, is very dear to me; and I shall probably never see here again."

"Do you know what road they were to

"The usual one to Canada; but to

observing this agitation, the priest said, n a grave and comp sionate manner, 'Perhaps you ought not to follow her?' "No, father; it would not be wrong, but

with a look of pleasure.

writing, and then you can use may bed; that will suit us both."

chest and a table.

The first sight of St. Agathe was almost more than d'Auban could bear. He had, during his homeward journey, schooled himself to endure with fortitude his re-

I did not eatch the name of the other lady."

"Was she tall and fair?"

"Yes, I should say so—tall, certainly."

"Young and pale?"

"Rather pale, I think; but about ladies' ages I never know—yes, I suppose she ages I never know—yes, I suppose she ages I never know—yes, I suppose she tarking amidst the grand and gloomy.

The place which had been her abode, and in which every object was so intimately connected with her presence, wooden cross over his remains. His death wooden cross over his remains. striking amidst the grand and gloomy scenery around it, his courage almost striking amidst the grand and gloomy seenery around it, his courage almost failed. But he determined to master the pain and to look that suffering in the face. Riding up to the door he gazed on the park, the verandah, the window of her room, and then breathing a deep sigh, turned away, saying to himself, "The worst is over now," and rode on to his own house. When he entered, he was looking so worn and ill, that his servant Antoine was quite frightened. He Antoine was quite frightened. He brought him some wine, and anxiously asked him if he had not met with some accident. He said no; and asked if any letter had arrived during his absence.

He sent for his overseer and looked

over his accounts. Both the overseer and Antoine observed the burning heat of his hands, and that he often shivered that hands, and that he often shivered that evening. His face was alternately pale and flushed. They felt anxious about him, and well they might; for he had caught the fever of the country whilst taking a few hours' rest in a hut by the river-side on the last day of his journey. The sufferings he had gone through had The sufferings he had gone through had predisposed him to it. In a few hours he was so ill that Father Maret was sent for. For two or three days he was alarmingly ill, and it was evident that he was suffering in mind as well as in body. There was in his character—and it was perhaps the only fault that others noticed in him—a rigidity which made him take extreme resolutions, and act up to them with a firmness bordering on obstinacy. From the moment he found that Madame de Moldau had left St. Agathe he determined to suppress in himself, by a strong effort of the will, all feelings more tender or affectionate than those which it was befitting for him to entertain towards a person in her posi-tion. He would work for her and watch over her interests more closely than ever. If she should ever call him to her assistance he would obey her summons and never utter a word of complaint; but, except when business made it necessary, he never pronounce her name or allude to their former intimacy. And accordingly when Father Maret visited him on his sick bed he did not allude to her departure, and abruptly changed the subject whenever he seemed about to speak of her. At the end of the fourth day the fever abated,

but it promised to take an intermittent form, and in the intervals his weakness was great. TO BE CONTINUED. Written for the Record.

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

BOOK FIFTH.

FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT TO THAT OF

"You are suffering very much; I am certain of it," said his companion; you must let me prescribe for you; like most missionaries, I am somewhat of a physician."

D'Auban seized his hand.

"I am not ill, my dear father, but it is true I am suffering. Pray for me, and forgive my strange and ungracious conduct."

"Would it has been a publicated for the maintenance of their power, seemed to infuse new life, vigor and determination into their whole colonial empire. The bold spirit of adventure, which in the preceding century had carried the mouth of the Mississippi, again asserted its heroic daring. From Quebec to Detroit, and from Detroit to Louisiana, prevailed the same exalted purpose, to maintain at all bazards and information into their whole colonial empire. The bold spirit of adventure, which in the preceding century had carried the mouth of the Mississippi, again asserted its heroic daring. From Quebec to Detroit, and from Detroit to Louisiana, prevailed the same exalted purpose, to maintain at all bazards. judicial to the maintenance of their power, dominion of France over the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The home government having spent its energy andwasted its resources on dynastic aggrand-izement in Europe, could but partially sec ond the patriotic resolution of its colonists in the new world. But even with this limited assistance from the parent state, the French in America maintained, to the last, an attitude of vigorous aggressiveness, and when finally compelled to withdraw from Canada, still retained possession of Louisi-ana. The latter country had, previous to ana. The latter country had, previous to
the treaty of Utrecht, witnessed the death
of two of the most illustrious of the
pioneers of civilization in America. De
la Salle, suffering, after his discovery of the
Mississippi from the enmity of De la
Bane, then governor-general, proceeded,
in 1653, to France, to lay his case at the
foot of the throne. The Marquis de Seignelai, son and successor of the famous
Colbert, inherited the esteem of his father
for De la Salle. His influence now stood for De la Salle. His influence now stood the latter in good stead. He was exonerated from the charges of disloyalty and peculation preferred against him, reinstated in the possessions of which he had been deprived, and commissioned to colonize the new province of Louisiana, acquired by his own indomitable courage.

To execute this commission, he set sail on the 24th of July, 1684, from La

on the 24th of July, 1684, from La Rochelle, with a squadron of four vessels, with a large body of colonists and eight missionaries. The expedition led to un-fortunate results. One of the vessels fell into the hands of the Spaniards off San Domingo, while the others, misled by faulty nautical instruments, overpassing their destination, landed at Matagordon Bay on the coast of Texas. Here the Bay, on the coast of Texas. Here the treachery of its captain caused the wreck of another vessel with the loss of valuable stores. De Bangen, commander of the expedition, who had been from the beginning actuated by an ungovernable jealousy of De la Salle, took the criminal under his protection and soon after abandoned the plonists to their fate. Disease and want colonists to their late. Disease and want speedily reduced their numbers and broke their spirit. De la Salle made two inef-fectual attempts to reach the Mississippi, and finally resolved to proceed to Canada and thence to France for assistance for his abandoned colonists. He had not, however, proceeded any great length on his journey when his followers mutinied, killing his nephew, and inflicting on himself a mortal wound. He died assisted by

spent in promoting French dominion, and furthering French interests in the new world. From Fort Frontenac on Lake

Ontario, to Fort St. Lewis in Texas (the last post he erected), he left traces of heroic ardor and fearless determination. It it not so much for his discoveries and explorations that he deserves eulogium and renown, as for those sublime qualities which led him through every trial and trial and The next difficulty to their achievement. attempt at colonization in Louisiana was made by that distinguished Canadian, M. D'Iberville. Leaving La Rochelle in the D'Iberville. Leaving La Rochele in the autumn of 1698, he reached the mouth of the Mississippi early in 1699. Erecting a fort at Biloxi Bay, of which he gave the command to M. de Saurole, he returned to France. With a body of Canadian colonits, he revisited Biloxi in January, 1700. The king had named him Governor General of Louisiana, a distinction nobly won by past services, and bravely sustained by past services, and bravely sustained by subsequent achievements. Finding the territory in the neighborhood of Mobile more favorable for settlement, he then erected a strong fort and removed the col-onists thither. Under his judicious admin-istration, population increased and com-merce became brisk. In the midst of his pre-occupations, D'Iberville fell sick of yelpre-occupations, D'Iberville fell sick of yel-low fever. After a protracted illness he re-turned to France, when he submitted sev-eral schemes to the government for the advancement of French interests in the West Indies. Another attack of sickness prevented his then prosecuting in person any of the purposes he had formed. In any of the purposes he had formed 1706 he took the British island of transporting the colonists and their slaves, with immense booty, to the French island of Martinique. This was his last achievement. On the 9th of July, 1706, he succumbed to a second attack of yellow fever. He died in his forty-fourth year, having spent thirty years in the service of his king His daring and resolution, combined with his tact and discernment as a leader, made him a foremost figure in the struggle for ascendancy between France and England in the new world. His conquest of New-foundland and of the Hudson Bay territory led the Anglo-American colonies to a just perception of the military provess of New France. The success which almost invaria-bly met his plans inspired the French with courage and confidence, to which his death

ave a rude shock.

M. de Iberville was seven years in his grave, when the treaty of Utrecht robbed France of the fruits of his victories in Newfoundland and the Hudson's Bay Territory. The loss of these valuable possessions, together with that of Acadia, taught the French government the necessity of e tablishing a strong post on the island of Cape Breton, which, with that of St. John, now Prince Edward Island, alone remained under its sway on the eastern seaboard. Without a commercial and military entre without a commercial and military entre-pot on Cape Breton, the French were ef-fectually cut off from ocean communica-tion with Quebec. The government, im-pressed with this view, took active meapressed with this view, took active mea-sures to colonize and strengthen Cape Bre-ton, which they re-named Isle Royale. Their choice of a site for the seat of gov-ernment of the new colony fell on Louis-burg, so named in honor of the king. Louisburg was advantageously situated for purposes of war and commerce. Under the fostering protection of the government the lostering protection of the government of the lostering protection of the government of the solution of the solution of the government of the solution of the soluti to the colony. Few colonists were, how-ever, despatched to the island from France. The progress of the colony excited the ire of the British governor of Newfoundland, who forbade all trading intercourse between the two islands. His prohibition

was neither respected nor obeyed.

The island of St. John, since called Prince Edward Island, was attached to the government of Isle Royale. In 1719, a company was formed in France to develop its fisheries, but the company, before ac-complishing anything useful, fell into utter disorganization. Its first settlement dates

While France was strengthening he position on the Atlantic seaboard, Canada was, under the happy influences of peace and good government, rapidly advancing. Its population, computed in 1705 at 16,417, in 1715, 20,531. Healthy and progressive settlements were now in existence on both sides of the St. Lawrence. From reliable statistics of population in those times, we learn that the number of mar-riages contracted in the Province had risen from 144 in 1705 to 204 in 1715, and the number of births in the same period from

788 to 1,127.

The decreasing profits accruing from the trade in furs had the effect of causing greater attention to be given to agriculture. But much was yet to be done in this regard before the colony could claim to be self-sustaining. The habits contracted by the Canadians in their warlike and trading expeditions tended to create an aversion for agricultural labor which a prolonged peace alone could foster. M. de Vau-dreuil devoted his attention to the pro-notion of this great industry amongst the motion of this great industry amongst the Canadian people, and before the close of his administration saw the colony in a position to export to France a portion of its agricultural products. To press the claims of Canada on the immediate attention of the home government, whose patronage and support he desired to secure in strengthening the defences of the colony, with a kindly disposition and a well-baland promoting colonization by means of emigration from the mother country, the governor visited France in 1714, and did not return till after the death of Louis

XIV., in 1716. The death of this great monarch proved an irreparable loss to Canada. Whatever the fault of his government in its colonial the fault of his government in its colonial policy, it was at times marked by a vigor which repaired the losses entailed by its shortcomings. The king himself took a lively interest in his American possessions, and had not his European wars drained the royal exchequer, would no doubt have left behind him in the new world many signal proofs of that interest. His death led to an almost complete forgetfulness at home of the French American empire, an home of the French American empire, an empire whose preservation demanded con-stant vigilance and resolution.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A CHILD IN CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Thomas Grace, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Marysville, Cal., in a letter to the *Monitor* of San Francisco, relates the following remarkable cure of a thates the following remarkable cure of a child by means of the cement from Knock. There is a family living near Wheatland named McGre' says he, consisting of father, mother and two children, a boy, and a little girl named Katie, aged six years. The latter child was, about three weeks ago, at the point of death, given up by doctors, her parents and numerous neighbors. In the meantime the father procured some of the cement from the chapel of Knock, Ireland, pounded it to chapel of Knock, Ireland, pounded it dust, gave a few grains in water to the child, and immediately the fever left her. This was Saturday evening. Early next Monday morning, to the astonishment of all, the child said, "Mother I feel well: I must get up to-day." The mother said no—it was impossible that she could walk; but the child insisted that she was well. but the child insisted that she was well. Accordingly she was dressed, and has walked about from that day to this, perfectly cured. Already I have noticed a great revival of devotion towards the Mother of God on account of this extraordinary event, and men who had despised Catholicity are now asking respectful questions concerning it. Thus the apparitions at Knock are already producing their beneficial effects even in distant Calitheir beneficial effects even in distant California; and thus the power of Her who is the Patroness of these United States, asserts itself amidst friends and foes."

A CATHOLIC BISHOP PREACHES IN A BAPTIST CHURCH.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Union gives the following account of a sermon delivered in a Baptist Church by the Bis-

hop of Buffalo:— Wednesday, July 7th, was the day of the Rt. Rev. Bishop's official visitation to the mission of Franklinyille. On the eventhe mission of Frankinivine. On the even-ing of the same day he lectured in the Baptist church, because the Catholic church there was too small to accommodate those who desired to hear him. It was indeed an novel and pleasing sight—a Catholic Bishop addressing an audience, mostly Protestant, in a Protestant church, which was beautifully adorned with flowers, as a mark of respect to the Rt. Rev.

orator.

The subject of the lecture was "The Church forever and to all men. Bishop began eloquently and persuasively, without allusion to any sect. He traced the public life of our Blessed Lord so tenderly and placidly that his audience were won to delighted attention, and began to regard the speaker as "an unprejudiced Christian gentleman," and a good expon-ent of their belief in Christ.

ent of their belief in Christ.

All this was but a preparation. In simple and impressive speech the Bishop presented the irrefragable proofs of Scripture and tradition; and gently but irresistibly and tradition; and gently but irresistibly carried his hearers on to the inevitable conclusion—the One True Church, founded by Christ, Catholic and Apostolic, and through the abiding of the Holy Spirit Infallible forever.

The Baptists ay now that all who are not Baptists should be Catholics; but we fancy that there are not a few among these same Baptists, on whom the Bishon's mass

same Baptists, on whom the Bishop's mas-terly delineation of the Church of Christ terly defineation of the Church of the translation which they are has made an impresiion which they are has made an impresiion words. Good not prepared to put into words seed has been sown, and in time there will surely be, not the mere flowering of fair words, but the fruitage of heavenly deeds. At any rate, all prejudice, except that which is cherished out of sheer perversity, has passed away from among us

BETTER THOUGHTS.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

Feelings come and ge like light troops following the victory of the present, but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

As soon as we awake, our hearts should be in heaven. We owe God in the morning the first fruits of our reason, before we think of other things; for every day is but the lesser circle of our lives.

Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will surely be beloved.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to amuse it. To make the world better and happier is the noblest work of man and woman.

It should be pointed out with continual earnestness, says Ruskin, that the essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for being deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance.

Beauty and style are not the surest pass-ports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her with a kindly disposition and a well-bal-anced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Be her face ever so placid and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and truest of mothers. has a higher purpose in life than the beau-tiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from society, whose compliments are as hollow as they are insecure.

MALARIAL FEVER.

Malarial Fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness and neuralgic ailments, yield readily to this great disease conqueror, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of discase by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always. See "Proverbs" in other column.