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## CANADA.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

They may talk of the land of the mountain and heather,  
The land of the virtuous, the brave and the free:  
They may tell us on earth there is not such another,  
But, Canada, thou art far dearer to me.

The banks of the Rhine are historic in story,—  
The Danube once sheltered the eagles of Rome,  
The Thames and the Seine are a national glory,  
But across the St. Lawrence a slave cannot come.

I love thy dark forests and deep rolling rivers,  
The moss covered ground where the red man doth roam;  
Thy touch the poor captive from bondage delivers,  
He treads thy free soil and he calls thee his home.

When the poor stricken slave, driven mad by oppression,  
Attempts from his Southern bondage to flee,  
Thy fair fertile fields are to him a possession,  
His shackles fall off, and he cries, "I am free!"

The cliffs of old England are grander and bolder,  
And the proud Atlantic foams wild on her shore,  
Her towers and her castles are sterner and older,  
But Albion bears not Niagara's roar.

And France may have fields that are richer and fairer,  
And Italy's valleys are classical ground,  
But where are the wilds that to nature are nearer,  
In majesty grander, in depth more profound.

O! Canada, give me thy lakes and thy woodland,  
Let me live where the cataract hurls and foams,  
By the banks of some stream where I gambol'd in childhood,  
No homes are more dear than Canadian homes.

But history warns us with useful instruction,  
To mark where dissension and ruin begin;  
For of all those proud empires now swept to destruction,  
The deadliest blow always came from within.

Then may not mismanagement mar thy resources,  
Nor internal misgovernment pervert thy laws,  
And all the true happiness freedom enforces,  
Will be the effect, aye, if right be the cause.

From the *Canadian Quarterly Review*.

It is a curious fact, and one very much to be regretted, that, while the study of History, both ancient and modern, is pursued to a considerable extent in the Public Schools of Ontario, the History of Canada, our own country, is left, if not severely alone, almost so. This should not be; while no one will deny the benefits of studying the History of foreign countries, still, it is only right that Canadian History should have precedence above all others. We hope the time is not far distant when this shall be the rule, and not the exception.

## LEGENDS OF CANADA.

BY E. G. GARTHWAITE.

### THE CAVE-CHUJAH.

The traveller who has explored the beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Riviere du Lièvre and White Fish Lake, will probably remember a very remarkable cave, the interior of which bears a striking resemblance to a church. Its roof is a dome of solid rock, whose rugged curves and corners present to the imaginative beholder quaint carvings and curious forms, whilst here and there along the sides are natural niches, in which one almost expects to find figures of saints enshrined, but the most singular portion of the cavern is a large raised mass of stone at its extremity, suggesting by its shape and position an altar. This strange natural imitation of a sacred building cannot fail to impress its visitors with feelings of wonder and awe; but few are acquainted with the sad and pathetic story attached to the grand weird scene on which they gaze.

In the year 1648 the Huron and Iroquois Indians were engaged in deadly war. The former were in every way inferior to the latter, who had determined upon the extermination of their enemies. At this time the Church of Rome was making a great effort to extend its power amongst the savages. Many Jesuit missionaries had gone forth as pioneers of their religion, and were, consequently, subjected to most severe trials and hardships in the pursuit of their arduous and heroic enterprise. Several devoted women had also arrived from France, and even at this early period more than one convent had been established. Amongst the inmates of the Ursuline Convent, with which will ever be associated the name of the zealous Marie de l'Incarnation, was a pious nun, whose compassion and kindness towards the Huron Indian women are still remembered by the remnant of that ill-fated race. Although Sister St. Joseph deserves a wider fame than to be recorded among the oral traditions of a savage tribe; no better monument could be erected to her memory than the cave-altar on which she died in the cause of philanthropy and mercy.

In the autumn of 1648, the nuns of the convent above named were startled one night by the clamor of Indian voices without their walls. On hastening to the gate they beheld a party of Hurons, who had evidently travelled a great distance, led by a chief named Topati, who had lately been converted. The Indians were admitted into the outside room and the old chief briefly explained the object of his visit. It appeared that whilst he and his warriors were on a hunting expedition, a band of Iroquois had treacherously taken and burned their

village, killing most of the women and children. Those who had not been killed outright had been inflicted with most horrible torture, and would assuredly die. Amongst these wretched victims, the old chief's wife and daughters were numbered. They were well known to the Ursuline nuns, who had taught them on religious matters during the previous summer, and were to have been shortly baptized into the church.

The old chief had told this portion of his story unmoved, but his stern and callous manner relaxed as he implored the nuns to visit these poor women and show them the true way to the kingdom of God before they died.

The story deeply moved the pious nuns and they consulted together upon the course they should pursue. The Indian's request was most urgent, and, if complied with, involved a long and perilous journey into the heart of a savage country; but this did not daunt these good hearted women. They retired to their private chapel to pray that God would reveal his will in the matter, leaving the Hurons in anxious suspense. It was not long before the Sisters returned and told the Indians that one of their number would go with them to their village and endeavor to save the souls of their dying women.

To Sister St. Joseph the lot had fallen, and in a short time she left the convent with the savages, the nuns singing hymns as they departed. For several days they travelled with great caution owing to the danger of meeting hostile Iroquois. At length they reached the neighborhood of White Fish Lake and entered the cave in which the Hurons had placed the sick women for safety.

The singularly sacred character of the place at once arrested the attention of Sister St. Joseph, who regarded it in the light of a miracle and interpreted it as a divine assurance that her mission had not been undertaken in vain, but was clearly a predestined duty. Impressed with these thoughts, the pious woman regarded these unfortunate victims of the recent treachery, who were lying on the sandy floor of the cave. Great was their joy when they recognized the Sister, and many were the blessings the poor Indians invoked upon her, but Sister St. Joseph heeded them not, for her soul was intent upon the holy business she had been commissioned to perform. Her first regard was for the bodily sufferings of the poor creatures, and so far, as the limited means around her permitted, she dressed their wounds and relieved their agonies, after which she spoke to them on spiritual matters and tried to make clear to their dark minds the simple yet sublime truths of the Christian religion. Under her zealous and ceaseless care

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