

THE CLOUD THAT CAME AND WENT.

A Story of the St. Croix.

BY REV. A. W. MAHON IN THE WESTMINSTER.

(Continued from Saturday.)

The disappearance of La Motte from the little Island of St. Croix, brought to many of the colonists a sense of relief, and gave no one very much concern. All through that beautiful summer the work of clearing the land, and building houses, and making other preparations for a permanent settlement went on. Huguenot and Roman Catholic lived and labored together on the most friendly terms, an interesting prophesy of what our country was destined to become, a home of complete religious liberty, where men of all creeds, strong of arm, and clear of eye, and clean of heart, should live and labor happily together to build up a great Dominion in this rich, resourceful land of ours.

One day a vessel which had been despatched to St. Mary's bay to make a more careful examination of the mineral wealth of that district returned, bringing with it the lost priest, whom they had found on the opposite shore, across the bay of fogs. While they were engaged at their work they noticed at a little distance away a handkerchief tied to a stick which excited their curiosity. When they reached it they found Father Aubrey lying on the bank, a few paces from the shore, scarcely able to speak. He told them how he had strayed from his companions, while in search of his sword, which he had left by a brook where he had stopped to drink. After finding it his head had got turned and he could not tell which way to go, and so had wandered far inland out of sight and sound of his companions.

What a day of rejoicing there was in the little Island colony when the vessel returned with the priest! Only one thing was lacking to make the joy complete. Where was La Motte? Those who had cherished cruel suspicions in their hearts, and had driven the young Huguenot into a lonely exile, which, perhaps, had ended in an untimely death, felt the great wrong which they had done. Aubrey himself was deeply distressed when he heard the story of their suspicions, and resolved at once to go in search of his friend, whom, notwithstanding their controversies on board ship, he had learned to love.

Far up the river in a little hut of boughs and bark, near an Indian encampment, the priest found La Motte. It was an impressive scene which heaven witnessed that day, as the two men of different creeds but one heart-faith grasped hands again, and mingled their tears of joy and gratitude. The priest tried to prevail upon his friend to accompany him back to the Island, but La Motte feared that the joyous welcome which awaited him there, and the festivities which were sure to follow, might wean his heart from his work to which he had promised God to devote the rest of his life.

He had already established friendly relations with the Indians, who from the very first were not disposed to be hostile to the French. He had made rapid progress in acquiring a sufficient knowledge of their language to converse with them and he was hopeful that he might win them from their cruel rites and impure ceremonies, and bring them to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

When Father Aubrey returned to St. Croix and told his story of the finding of La Motte, and of the kind of life he was living, there was great joy on the island. No one was more

deeply interested in the story than Champlain, whose heart went out so fully to the young Huguenot in his efforts to convert the Indians, that he proposed to follow the young man's example, uttering his famous saying that the salvation of one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire; and that kings ought not to conquer heathen nations except for the purpose of making them Christians.

To the utter dismay of the French the winter began that year in October, about two months earlier than at the present time, and increased in severity till the condition of the colonists became most pitiable. They had not anticipated anything like this and were consequently quite unprepared.

In the midst of all their suffering from improperly constructed dwellings, and scarcity of fuel on the Island, and unsuitable food, scurvy broke out. Those who spent their days in hunting or in out-of-door sports escaped the fearful malady, but those who remained curled up and shivering in their cold houses, complaining about their fate, and as a sorrow's crown of sorrow remembering happier things, were the first to be attacked. It was a dreadful disease for which they knew no cure, although Jacques Cartier, seventy years before had learned from the Indians of Quebec of a remedy made from the bark and leaves of the white pine, which had proved most efficacious.

Father Aubrey spent his days and nights in ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of the sufferers till he himself was taken ill. An Indian, who visited the plague-stricken island, carried the sad news to La Motte that the priest was dying of scurvy. The Huguenot hastened to the bedside of his friend and ministered to him with all the tenderness and devotion of a son until he passed away. Before La Motte could get back to his home amongst the Indians he, too, fell ill of scurvy, and was soon laid to rest beside the priest.

For many of the colonists that winter of their discontent was never to become a glorious summer on the Island of St. Croix, for nearly one-half of them fell before the ravages of the plague.

Those who visit today this interesting spot, the first home of the French in the Canadian Provinces by the sea, which the relentless waves of three hundred years have worn away till very little of it remains, will find, a short distance from the light-house, which crowns the summit of the Island, two green, rock-marked mounds, side by side, which look like two graves. It is a happy thought, if not a reliable tradition, which associates these graves with the priest and the Huguenot. Beginning with religious strife, they came to know and love each other well. In death they were not divided, and we doubt not that in heaven where no clouds come their love has been made perfect.

(The End.)

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Steamers Collided in St. Lawrence River

WITH FATAL RESULTS.

One of the Vessels Went to the Bottom.

Montreal, June 12.—Six miles below Sorel, at 2.30 o'clock this morning, the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamer Canada, bound from Quebec, for Montreal, came into collision with the Dominion Coal Co.'s collier, Cape Breton. Twenty minutes later the Canada went to the bottom. At the time of the collision there were 110 people on board and all were rescued except five. Those who perished were: Alfred Thibebault, ticket agent of the company at Quebec, and his two sons aged twelve and fifteen; Purser Bonnetterre, of the Canada, a man named Brunet, of Sorel, is missing and it is supposed that he perished.

The Cape Breton lay at the entrance of the Lake St. Peter channel waiting for daylight so as to find her way through. She was just getting under way when the Canada making for Sorel at full speed, came into view. Just how the collision occurred and who is responsible for it has not yet been determined, for the officers of the Canada decline to talk, but from the statement given out, it would appear that the Cape Breton had not got headway on enough to answer her rudder and that she swerved across the path of the passenger boat, her bow striking the Canada just forward of the paddle box on the starboard side and tearing its way half through. Then she swung clear and the two steamers came alongside one another. There was no necessity of arousing the sleeping passengers, for the shock of the collision had already done that.

The Canada at once began to settle and as the Cape Breton did not appear to be seriously damaged the passengers were hurriedly transferred to that steamer. In the excitement some of the passengers jumped overboard and were picked up by the boats from the Canada and Cape Breton, but generally those on board were composed, while the discipline shown by the crew of the Canada was excellent. Twenty minutes later, when the Canada went down alongside the Cape Breton, resting on her side in the mud, all the passengers had been transferred to the Cape Breton. Thibebault and his two sons occupied a stateroom just above where the Cape Breton's bow entered the Canada, and it is supposed that they were killed in their berths.

The body of the father was recovered later in the day, but those of the sons have not yet been found.

Bonnetterre, the purser, was seen after the collision making his way to his quarters on the lower deck with the intention of saving his cash and his records, and it is supposed that he perished in the attempt.

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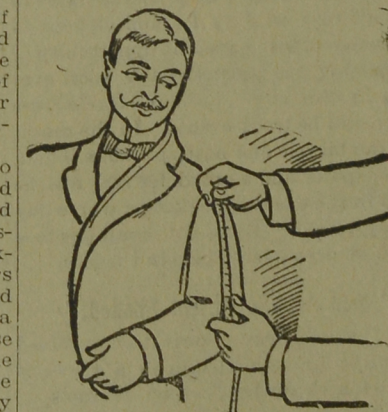
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