



Where I Would Be.

I sit alone with Memory
A-wond'ring where I'd like to be,
When May is singing to the sea,
When sunbeams startle dreamy showers
And glistening smile at little flow'rs
That fling their fragrance to the hours.

When comes the queenly gracious June,
With gowns aglow from morn to noon,
And voice like softest olden tune
Caressing dews and moonlit waves,
I sit with Memory and gaze,
Still wondering, as pass the days.

And when departs the Summer Queen,
The Autumn comes with gentle mien,
And in her eyes a friendly gleam;
The Forests frolic, and the Wind
Wafts dreams most dear across the mind,
And in them real contentment find.

When Winter comes with drifts of snow,
When weird and wild the North winds blow,
A-sitting in the firelight's glow,
A-wond'ring where I'd like to be,
My heart makes answer low for me,
"I'd be with thee, sweet Memory."

—M. Aileen Ward.

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

THE HERO OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

(Continued.)

Notwithstanding his misfortunes, La Salle was still dreaming of the great French empire which was to be formed in America, and to this end he now conceived the plan of forming a confederacy of Western tribes against the Iroquois.

The first step, however, was to appease his creditors who, at Fort Frontenac and elsewhere, were snarling—and perhaps reasonably enough—because the expected dividends from the vast fur trade which was to have been built up was not forthcoming; so he resolved to go again to Canada (New France) to try to secure a reprieve for a time from these obligations, and also to secure somehow and somewhere, means wherewith to carry out his great projected trip down the Mississippi.

Paddling all the way to Fort Frontenac he found that by disposing of part of his monopolies he could temporarily satisfy the creditors and have something left over for his trip. At Montreal, he made his will in favor of a cousin, and before long, with a new party of venturers, he was on his way back to the Illinois.

Early in autumn (1681) the party reached the spot upon which Toronto now stands, and from there made the long portage to Lake Simcoe, proceeding thence by way of the Great Lakes to Fort Miami on Lake Michigan. By December they were again en route, traveling over the frozen streams and through the grim woods until the site of the great Illinois town near the ruined Fort Crevecoeur was reached, then, after a halt to recover strength, on again down the Illinois until on the 6th of February the canoes floated out on the waters of the Colbert (Mississippi) now all dun and dark and dangerously full of floes of ice hastening on to dissolution in Southern seas.

THE DESCENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On, on, ever down the great, swollen river. Paddling here was lighter, for, for the most part, it was only necessary to go with the current, but canoes are fragile, and there were floating cakes of ice, and timbers adrift, and treacherous eddies to be guarded against.

Past the mouth of the Ohio to a point which the explorers called Fort Prudhomme, in memory of a Frenchman who was lost for an "inconvenient length" of

time at that spot, then on again through scenes of ever-varying interest. . . The bleak plains and grim forests of the North, gave way to more sunlit prairies over which bison galloped with thundering tread, and more varied woods in which nut and mulberry trees appeared increasingly, though yet scarce responding to the pulsations of spring. . . The Indians, too, who appeared along the banks, sometimes hostile, sometimes friendly, were of different character from those in that far north land where "the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip." Here they built great mud and matting cabins like huge domed beehives, often forty feet across, and correspondingly high, while their woven garments and wealth of decorated pottery, seemed to give indication almost of civilization. But there were strange rites and customs to banish the illusion. At one Indian town it was found that when the chief died, his youngest wife and one hundred men were immediately sacrificed in order that he might not have to travel alone to the spirit world.

A fine race were these, too, for one of the Frenchmen has written of them, "The young men are so well-formed that we were in admiration at their beauty." . . . Farther down, a landing was made at a town in which the chief was already awaiting in state the arrival of the strangers. He sat on a sort of dais, with three of his wives and sixty old men all "wrapped in white cloaks woven of mulberry bark," and whenever he spoke his wives set up a howl in his honor before anyone could reply. . . At yet another point, says Father Membre, the party was met by a chief "dressed in a fine white cloth or blanket. He was preceded by two men carrying fans of white feathers. A third carried a copper plate highly polished."

So through dangers, through pleasures, the little party drifted on, and upon the 9th of April, 1682, with glowing hearts and shining eyes, paddled out upon the sea, "So that on the 9th of April," writes the good father (Zenobius Membre), "with all possible solemnity, we performed the ceremony of planting the cross and raising the arms of France. After we had chanted the hymn of the church, 'Vexilla Regis,' and the 'Te Deum,' the Sieur de la Salle, in the name of his majesty, took possession of that river, of all rivers that enter it, and of all the country watered by them." . . . In the words of another, Jacques de la Metairie, notary of the expedition, "So M. de la Salle, in a loud voice, proclaimed possession of Louisiana from Chukagona (Chicago) to the mouth."

Finally, a leaden plate, encribed with the arms of France, and the names of all those in the discovery party, was buried in the earth, a column was raised, and with shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and a salvo of musketry, the ceremony was over. Upon the column, for the future identification of Spaniards sailing the Southern seas, was placed the inscription:

Louis le Grand,
Roi de France et de Navarre, Regne;
Le Neuvieme Avril, 1682.

It was a glorious finale to a long and brilliant dream, and a journey filled with peril, but after all these men were but a little, little gathering at the mouth of a great river, surrounded by the miasmatic marshes of the South, thousands of miles from friends, under the constant menace of attack from hostile tribes, and, worst of all, almost utterly lacking in provisions. The most intrepid must eat, and looming ahead was the gigantic task of returning up the river, whose rolling

currents had been so kindly on the way down.

Near the spot at which the cross was planted, some dried meat was found, and some of the men began to eat it, but on finding that it was human flesh, left the rest there for the Indians. Next day the ascent was begun, and it was necessary to live on a few potatoes and alligator flesh, until Indians were reached, from whom provisions could be obtained.

There was a fight with the Quinipissa Indians, then La Salle fell ill of fever, and for forty days battled with death. Past Fort Prudhomme he could not go, so the valiant Tonti was sent ahead to Michilimackinac to carry the good news. In September, La Salle rejoined him at that point.

Next time will be told something of La Salle's next step towards forming the gigantic empire of his dreams, his battle with Fate, his heroic defeat.

The Roundabout Club

STUDY II.

On examining the papers submitted in Study II, the subject of which was requested by one of the members of the Literary Society, the first places were found to go to the following: "Canada," Cumberland Co., N. S.; "Madame Crusoe," Lambton Co., Ont.; W. J. Way, Kent Co., Ont.; Mrs. W. E. Hopkins, Carleton Co., Ont.; "Taps," Wentworth Co., Ont.; "W. R. H.," Middlesex Co., Ont.; Milton Charlton, Elgin Co., Ont.

An unusual number of souvenirs is thus being sent out, but the uniform quality of the work necessitated this.

The Honor Roll is as follows: Marion Bell, Middlesex Co., Ont.; "Rue," Welland Co., Ont.; "Sherard McLeay," Perth Co., Ont.; "Grit," Grey Co., Ont.; "Rura," Halton Co., Ont.; "A. A. C.," Brome Co., Que.; "Marie," Middlesex Co., Ont.

It may be said without flattery that the essays submitted in this study—searching little sketches of heart-history—were, on the whole, of excellent quality, showing high ideals, broad range of thought, and ease in expression.

The papers submitted in Study III are now under examination, and those for Study IV are called for. Subject: "Write a short story on any subject you choose." Time limit extended to March 20th.

Some of the Essays.

"WHAT I REALLY WANT MOST IN THIS WORLD."

Some people have an object in life. In many cases it may not be a lofty one, and it may be followed so far off that casual observers may not know anything about it. After all, what we really know about people is very little. We may think we know a good deal sometimes, and then some glimpse into their lives will reveal to us the fact that we do not know the real reason after all. What I am really trying for in this life may not be very plain to my associates. No doubt many of them would be very much surprised if they were told, that the deepest desire of my heart is to make my life count for something, that somebody, or some part of the creation may be the better for my having lived. No other thing, to my mind, is at all to be compared in importance with that. I may not go just the right way about it, but it seems to be about the right way for me.

Other things come up in life. Whether they are all necessary to make a perfect

whole, I do not know. If one felt sure of that, one could put up with seeming hindrance with more patience perhaps. But one never can be sure what may depend on our words and acts. Again and again, time and effort seem to have been wasted; but it may be only a seeming after all.

I have often thought it a comforting thing that the Lord needs workers as well as trusting followers. When we find a person who combines these qualities, that means a splendid, forceful personality, of whom we expect great things and are seldom disappointed.

I have always thought, that if there was one thing one set one's heart upon being or having, whether it was fame, or money, or power, or anything whatever, one could get that thing. The trouble with the most of us is, that our interests are too much scattered to achieve anything of the sort. And in a way it is well that it is so. A person who makes up his or her mind to achieve a certain thing, regardless of all others, is very apt to be a narrow, selfish person. One is constantly being surprised at the private ambitions of people. Often the very dearest ambition has to be kept hidden, on account of the impossibility of its fulfilment, and do life's duty by one's family, friends or surroundings.

I have heard persons laugh and ridicule the ambitions of the young. It is a cruel thing to do. It is a wicked thing to do. Disillusionment may come to the youthful heart, it probably will; but let it come gradually, if come it must.

There are many things in life I would like to do. There are many things I would like to learn; but I would like to have them all contributory to the one great object,—for the good of the world.

Life is filled up with many things, many of them, seemingly, trivial, and discouragement is not unknown; but the only thing to do is to keep on trying, and if one does not gain his desire, one can be glad of having had it, and of having gone even a little way towards it.

"The good that's done by thee, while here below,
Shall like a river run and broader flow."
"CANADA."

Cumberland Co., N. S.

A TEXT FROM TENNYSON.

What I really want most in this world—not what I may appear to want, but what really in my heart I am trying for.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

What I want most is not self-reverence,—not self-knowledge, nor yet self-control, but a combination of the three, known as self-reliance. To learn to rely on myself at all times; to rely on myself to control my temper under provocation; to have tact under difficult circumstances; to control my emotions; to say and do the right thing at the right time; in fact, to rely on myself to make a success of these years entrusted to my care.

How best to do this is the question. By acquiring a certain amount of self-knowledge. An eminent painter says that "Nobody can draw a tree without, in some sort, becoming a tree," and the learned draughtsman refuses to sketch the rocks in the survey on which he is employed, until their geological structure is explained to him. In the same way I must become known to myself. I must work; work at whatever comes to my hand, and as I learn my capabilities, must try to climb gradually to that at