

the snow and ice of November on the spot where they had expected to find the homes of their friends, but where they found only a scene of desolation, the very north wind with freezing breath might seem to howl across the bleak plains the old question of infidelity, "Where is now thy God?" But these people had been from their childhood indoctrinated in a great creed whose central truth was the sovereignty of God, and in many a solitary place the wilderness heard from their hearts the old psalm of the fathers:

“Why art thou then cast down, my soul,
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?
Still trust in God: for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have;
He of my countenance is the health,
My God who doth me save.”

Lest it might be supposed that the sympathies of the present writer would lead him to picture too highly the struggles of the colonists, let us hear what Begg, a recent writer, in his "History