

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day;
For the years go out and the years come
in,
Regardless of those who lose or win,
Of those who may work or play
And the troops march steadily on, my
boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling
swords
Going down to the river where the two
worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my
boy,
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done on the way,
my boy,
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men;
Work for the plough, plane, spindle, and
pen:
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my
boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits of evil with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven
might wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and
shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may
wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod;
And before high heaven do the best you
can
For the reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

REQUIRED READING, S. S. R. U.

STORIES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.*

STONEY CREEK.



COLONEL Vincent, withdrew the garrisons from the frontier forts on the Niagara river. He retreated with sixteen hundred men toward the head of the lake, and took up a strong position on Burlington Heights, near Hamilton. In the now peaceful Protestant cemetery to the west of the city may still be traced among the graves the mouldering ramparts and trenches of this once warlike camp. Dearborn despatched a force of three thousand men, with two hundred and fifty cavalry and nine fieldpieces, under Generals Chandler and Winder, to dislodge the Canadian force. On the 6th of June they encamped at Stony Creek, seven miles from Vincent's lines. The position of the latter was critical. Niagara and York had both been captured. Before him was a victorious foe. His ammunition was reduced to ninety rounds. He was extricated from his

peril by a bold blow. Colonel John Harvey, having reconnoitered the enemy's position, proposed a night attack. Vincent heartily co-operated. At midnight, with seven hundred British bayonets, they burst upon the American camp. A fierce fight ensued in which the enemy were utterly routed. The British, unwilling to expose their small number to a still superior force, retired before daybreak, with four guns and a hundred prisoners, including both of the American Generals. The victory, however, was purchased with the loss of two hundred men killed or missing. A venerable old lady, recently deceased, has described to the writer the dreary procession of waggons laden with wounded men that filed past her father's door on their return to the British headquarters. The battle was fought early on Sunday morning, near the house of "Brother Gage," a good Methodist, as his appellation indicates.* On that sacred day, so desecrated by the havoc of war, he gathered the neighbours together and buried the slain, friend and foe, in one wide, common grave. Among the traditions of the war is one which records that the boys of the Gage family gathered up a peck of bullets which had been intercepted by the stone fence bounding the lane that led to the house.

The Americans, after destroying their camp stores and leaving the dead unburied, retreated to Forty Mile Creek, where they effected a junction with General Lewis, advancing to their aid with two thousand men. At day-break on the 8th of June, the American camp was shelled by Commodore Yeo's fleet. The enemy retreated to Fort George, abandoning their tents and stores, which were captured by Vincent. Their baggage, shipped by batteaux to the fort, was either taken by the fleet or abandoned on the shore.†

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

"IN CAMP AT BURLINGTON HEIGHTS,
"October 10, 1813.

"I take my pen in hand, leastways the quarter-master's, which he lent me, to let you know that I am well and hope you are enjoying the same blessing, also father and the sore colt, about which I am mighty particular, as my roan has fallen lame. You will have heard about the fight at Moraviantown. It was a bad bizness. We was dead-beat with marching day after day, from Fort Malden; and Harrison,—that's the Yankee general,—had a strong body of cavalry and captured nearly all our stores and amunishun. Our kurnel seemed to have kind of lost his head, too—leastways, that's what I heard Captain Villiers say—and never broke down a single bridge, nor blockaded the road behind us. A few of us Niagara boys could soon have felled some trees that would stop their big guns pretty quick, but we had no axes. Backwood's fighting has to be done in backwood's way, with the axe and spade as much as with the musket. But some of these red coats fit in Spain with Wellington, and think what they don't know about fighting ain't worth knowing.

"Well, at Moraviantown was an Indian church, built by a Dutch missionary from Pennsylvania, and a few

houses, and our kurnel gave the word to halt and make a stand against the enemy. But the ground along the River Thames was black and mucky, almost like a swamp, and we was soon fagged out. Afore we knowed it almost, the Kentucky mounted rifles was on us a-shouting like mad. They rid right through our lines, cutting and hacking with their heavy sabres, and then they formed behind us and began firing with their muskets. Our line was completely broken, and badly cut up, and most of our fellows threw down their arms and surrendered on the spot. They couldnt do much else.

"But Tecumseh never showed the white feather a bit. He and his braves was all painted and plumed, and he wore on his naked breast the King George's medal Brock gave him, and they emptied a good many saddles from behind the trees. When they saw it going so hard with our fellows, they yelled their war-whoop and rushed at the dragoons. Tecumseh pulled their kurnel off his horse, and was fighting like a wild cat when a dozen mounted rifles spurred to the spot, and riddled him with bullets. We'll never see his likes again, Kate. No white man or red-skin ever was a better soldier. He died for his country like a hero, as he was. He should long be remembered, Captain Villiers says, by every Canadian as the bravest of the brave.*

"Captain Villiers rallied a couple of companies and brought us off after a smart skermish. You'd think the Captain was in love with death, he was so reckless of his life. We made forced marches almost day and night, till we got to Ancaster; and, I tell you, glad men we was when we saw Vincent's lines. We're kind of rested now. Trueman was as good as a surgeon at dressing wounds and the like, and he had enough of it to do, besides his preaching and praying, and writing letters for the men. I got a scratch myself, but I thought I'd try and write to you. But I have to sit on the ground and write on a drum head, and its kind of tiresome.

"No more at present from your loving brother,

"ZENAS."

MR. BEECHER'S REMINISCENCES.

REV. Henry Ward Beecher recently gave the following reminiscences of his early ministerial life. When I was about twenty-three years of age—knowing little of life and having much to learn, I went forth as a preacher. I went across the Ohio to Covington, to a little Presbyterian Church, for I was a Presbyterian then and am still, all but their confession of faith. Then Martha Sawyer—that isn't her name now, so no one will know—came for

* An attempt was made in 1877, to identify his grave in order to pay fitting honours to his bones, but without success. His chief memorial has been the giving of his name to a township of that Canada for which he gave his life.

† An American poet has thus commemorated Tecumseh's last conflict with Colonel Johnson:—

"The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung his battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.
He fought in defending his kindred and King,
With a spirit most loving and loyal,
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh the royal."

* Carroll's "Case and His Contemporaries," Vol. I., p. 307.

† Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. ed., chap. xxiii. p. 318.

me to go to Lawrenceburg, Ind., about twenty miles from Cincinnati, a town which has sent out more whiskey than any other in the United States. There Miss Sawyer was the trustee, deacon, and treasurer of the little church, with twenty members and only one man among them. They raised \$150 the first year, and with the aid of the American Home Missionary Society, God bless it forever, I had \$400 salary. There I began to learn to be a preacher and learned for two years, and then went to Indianapolis for eight years before I came here. There in that little church, which would seat 100 persons, and where, if I wanted to hold a communion, I had to send to the next town to borrow a deacon, I was sexton as well as pastor. I used to sweep, and I bought the lamps and filled, trimmed, and lit them. There that little church has stood till now, and now they hope to build a larger one. I want you to help them. The collection will now be taken to rebuild the Presbyterian Church in Lawrenceburg, Ind., where I began my ministry. I suppose the deacons will not object."

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Aianthus.

HIDDEN FLOWERS.—1. Acanthus.
2. Adonis.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A r a b S
L a r u M
C h i l I
O r i e L
V e n u E
E d i t S

NEW PUZZLES.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In monkey, not in ape;
In mantle, also in cape;
In tempest, also in storm;
In heat also in warm;
In bread, not in food;
In rare, not in good;
In swift, not in fleet;
In animal, not in meat;
In wondrous, also in strange;
The whole denotes a change.

II. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Am an old saying composed of 20 letters.

My 16, 19, 5, is a conveyance.
My 11, 18, 12, 2, is to suppose.
My 4, 1, 17, 13, is a streak in cloth.
My 15, 14, 8, 6, 3, is part of a plant.
My 7, 9, 12, 20, 10, are signs.

III. DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

-o-s-l-s-f-l-s-h-f-o-o-T-m
T-a-o-l-t-e-d-o-f-o-e-a

IV. DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Words of four letters each.)

1. Loud language.
 2. Sour.
 3. To detest.
 4. Nice, transposed.
 5. An adverb and a preposition.
 6. Crisis.
 7. Simple sounds.
 8. Insects.
 9. A Chaldean idol.
 10. Stretched.
 11. A verb, (transposed) and a pronoun.
 12. Manner.
 13. A name.
- Zigzag from upper left corner, act of discussing.
Zigzag from upper right corner, change of form.

* This sketch is taken from a volume by the Editor, entitled "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher; a Story of the War of 1812," pp. 244, price 75 cents. Wm. Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.