

the guard turns out or it's all up with us. Pull for your lives!"

No longer rowing cautiously with muffled oars, but with loud shouts and fairly churning the surface of the water into foam, they made the boat—a large flat-bottomed barge—bound through the waves. Another and another emerged rapidly from the darkness, and their prows successively grated upon the shingle as they were forced upon the beach. The invading troops leaped lightly out with a clash of arms, and at the quick, sharp word of command, formed upon the beach.

Meanwhile, on the cliff above, the sharp challenge and reply of the guard, the shrill sounds of the bugle, and the quick throbbing of the drums calling to arms is heard. The men turn out with alacrity, and are soon seen, in the grey dawn, running from their several billets to headquarters, buckling their bolts and adjusting their accoutrements as they run. Soon is heard the measured tramp of armed men forming in companies to attack the enemy. Sixty men of the 49th Grenadiers advance with a light 3-pounder gun against the first division of the enemy, under Colonel Van Rensselaer, who has formed his men on the beach and is waiting the arrival of the next boats. These are seen rapidly approaching, but to get them safely across the river is a work of great difficulty and danger. The current is swift, and the swirling eddies are strong and constantly changing their position. On leaving the American shore they were obliged to pull up stream as far as possible. But when caught by the resistless sweep of the current, they were borne rapidly down, their track being an acute diagonal across the stream. To reach the only available landing-place, they must again row up stream in the slack water on the Canadian side, their whole course being thus like the outline of the letter **N**.\*

Of the thirteen boats that left the American shore, three were driven back by the British fire—the little three-pounder and the two batteries doing good service as their hissing shots fell in disagreeably close proximity to the boats, sometimes splashing them with spray, and once ricocheting right over one of them.

The first detachment of invaders were driven with some loss behind a steep bank close to the water's edge, but they were soon reinforced by fresh arrivals, and, being now in overwhelming strength, steadily fought their way up the bank.

Meanwhile, where was Brock? Such, we venture to think, was the most eager thought of every mind on either side. He was speeding as fast as his good steed could carry him to his glorious fate. The previous night, at headquarters at Fort George, he had

\* The present writer has a vivid remembrance of a night-passage of the river under circumstances of some peril. It was in a small flat-bottomed scow. Shortly after leaving the American shore, a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and hail burst over the river. The waves, crested with snowy foam which gleamed ghastly in the dim light of our lantern, threatened to engulf our frail bark. The boatman strained every nerve and muscle, but was borne a mile down the river before he made the land. That distance he had to retrace along the rugged, boulder-strewn, and log-encumbered shore. We reached the landing in a still more demoralized condition than the American invaders, but met a warmly hospitable, not hostile, reception.

called his staff together and, in anticipation of the invasion, had given to each officer his instructions. In the morning, agreeably to his custom, he rose before day. While dressing, the sound of the distant cannonade caught his attentive ear. He speedily roused his aides-de-camp, Major Glegg and Colonel Macdonell, and called for his favourite horse. His first impression was that the distant firing was but a feint to draw the garrison from Fort George. The real point of attack he anticipated would be Niagara, and he suspected an American force to be concealed in boats around the point on which Fort Niagara stood, ready to cross over as soon as the coast was clear. He determined, therefore, to ascertain personally the nature of the attack before withdrawing the garrison.

With his two aides, he galloped eagerly to the scene of the action. As he approached Queenston Heights, the whole slope of the hill was swept by a heavy artillery and musketry fire from the American shore. Nevertheless, with his aides, he rode at full speed up to the 18-pounder battery, midway to the summit. Dismounting, he surveyed the disposition of the opposed forces and personally directed the fire of the gun. At this moment firing was heard on the crest of the hill commanding the battery. A detachment of American troops had climbed like catamounts the steep cliff by an unguarded fisherman's path. Sir Isaac Brock and his aides had not even time to remount, but were compelled to retire with the twelve gunners who manned the battery. This was promptly occupied by the Americans. Brock, having first despatched a messenger to order up reinforcements from Fort George and to command the bombardment of Fort Niagara,\* determined to recapture the battery. Placing himself at the head of a company of the Forty-ninth he charged up the hill under a heavy fire. The enemy gave way, and Brock, by the tones of his voice and the reckless exposure of his person, inspired the pursuit of his followers. His tall figure—he was six feet two inches in height,—his conspicuous valour, and his general's epaulettes and cockade attracted the fire of the American sharpshooters, and he fell, pierced through the breast by a mortal bullet. As he fell upon his face, a devoted follower rushed to his assistance. "Don't mind me," he said. "Push on the York volunteers," and with his ebbing life sending a love-message to his sister in the far-off Isle of Guernsey, the brave soul passed away.

#### AN INDIAN MISSIONARY ADDRESS.

AT a Missionary meeting at Hamilton, Ont., John Sunday, an Indian preacher, in closing an address, spoke as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time, when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr.

\* This was done with such vigour that its fire was silenced and its garrison compelled for the time to abandon it.

Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us do this great work, to preach the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all that he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt—that is, a bank note. That is all I have to say."

#### EASTER HYMN.

BY PETER THE VENERABLE.

This is the translation of a famous Latin hymn by an abbot of Clugny, who died several hundred years ago. We give below the original hymn, that the boys and girls who are studying Latin may try their hand at it.

The rich music of the old Latin hymn may be enjoyed by any one.

**B**ROKEN is death's portal;  
Hail the victory,  
For the King Immortal  
Stronger is than he.  
Now the tyrant cruel  
From the throne is torn,  
By the mighty duel  
Round the cross forlorn

Down the darkness dreary  
Streams the light of day,  
Like a morning cheery,  
Driving night away.  
For our God and maker,  
Pitying our pain,  
Comes to be the breaker  
Of our iron chain.

We in sin were lying,  
Helpless under doom,  
Given up to dying,  
Captive to the tomb;  
Then in mercy tender  
Came Immanuel down,  
Laying by his splendour,  
Putting off his crown.

And our nature mortal  
Did the King put on,  
Standing in the portal,  
Our true champion:  
Dead the foe lies under  
His triumphant feet.  
O the joy and wonder!  
Sing with praises sweet!

#### IN RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.

Mortis portis fractis, fortis  
Fortior vim sustulit;  
Et per crucem regem trucem  
Infernum percudit.  
Lumen clarum tenebrarum  
Sedibus resplendit;  
Dum salvare, recreare,  
Quod creavit, voluit.  
Hinc Creator, ne peccator  
Moreretur, moritur;  
Cujus morte, nova sorte  
Vita nobis oritur.  
Inde Sathan victus gemit,  
Unde victor nos redemit;  
Illud illi fit letale,  
Quod est homini vitale,  
Qui, dum captat, capitur,  
Et dum mactat, moritur.  
Sic decenter, sic potenter  
Rex devincens inferos.  
Linquens ima die prima,  
Reddit ad auperos  
Resurrexit, et revexit  
Secum Deus hominem,  
Reparando quam creando  
Dederat originem  
Per Auctoris passionem  
Ad amissam regionem  
Primus redit nunc colonus!  
Unde laetus fit hic sonus.

#### TENDER WORDS AND DEEDS.

[A HINT TO GIRLS.]

**N**OT far from my home was the plain cottage of an Irish woman and her only son, a brave young fellow, dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day, in my visit to him, I carried him some lovely red roses. The next time I went the mother said, "He never let the roses go out of his hand, miss. He held 'em when he died, and the last he ever said was, 'Give my blessin' to the young lady for bringin' the flowers.'" And the desolate mother buried them with him as the most precious thing he possessed. The blessing of that poor Irish youth will always be a pleasant memory.

The remembrance of a tender word will last long after you are in your grave. A little ragged boot-black fell on the icy streets of Chicago one winter's day. A cheery young lady passing said, as she helped him up, "Did you hurt yourself?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions, "I'd like to fall a dozen times if I could have her pick me up like that."

A harsh voice in a woman is like discord in the sweetest music. One can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tones. Have a sunny face, and nothing will do this save genuine kindness in the heart. Every girl ought to try to make it possible to say of her, "She brightens every life she touches." If you never do ought else in life, bring sunshine into every heart you meet.—Sarah K. Bolton.

#### "NOT IF IT WAS MY BOY."

**S**OME years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only *one boy* was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labour of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not colour that a little, when you said that all that expense and labour would be repaid if it only saved *one boy*?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "my boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labour than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "my boy," it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "my boy." To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. Shall we shrink from labour? Shall we hesitate at cost when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "my boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

We only live to teach us how to die.—Sothorne.