

in the narrow street amid a blinding snow-storm. They were taken in front and rear by the garrison, and penned in between the high cliff and the river, and were caught like rats in a trap, and we soon had four hundred of them prisoners. When day dawned we found Montgomery and his slain companions half buried in the drifts. The General lay on his back, far in advance, wrapped in his icy winding-sheet. His sword arm frozen stiff, thrust through the snow, still grasped his naked sword.\*

"O e good result at least followed this dreadful fight in storm and darkness. We suffered no more assaults all winter long. But both sides endured great hardships. The enemy, in their snowy trenches and canvas tents, smitten with pleurisy and small-pox, died like sheep. It was dreadful. But they hung on like bulldogs, and never for an hour relaxed the strictness of the siege. We couldn't go outside of the gates for fuel, and had to break up the houses to bake our bread and cook our rations.

"At last, one morning in spring—it was May-day, and I'll always keep it as a holiday—the look-out on Citadel Hill cried out, 'A sail! a sail!' We all crowded to the ramparts and walls and there, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levis, was the van of the British fleet, with the dear old Union Jack flying at the peak. How we cheered and hugged each other, and laughed and cried by turns, and the drums beat a joyous roll, and the bugle blew a blithe fanfare, and the big guns fired a double royal salute, although it used up nearly the last of our powder. With the flood-tide the fleet came sailing up the broad river, with their white sails swelling in the wind, like a flock of snowy swans, and the sailors manned the yards, and red-coats lined the bulwarks, and the bands played 'God Save the King,' and 'Britannia Rules the Waves' and our men shouted and sang and Commissary Tuffey exhorted and prayed, and the old Highlanders and their Cameron sergeant all gathered in the King's bastion and sang, between shouts and sobs, the psalm:

"Had not the Lord been on our side,  
May Israel now say;  
Had not the Lord been on our side,  
When men rose us to slay;  
They had us swallowed quick, when as  
Their wrath 'gainst us did flame:  
Waters had covered us, our soul  
Had sunk beneath the stream.

"Then had the waters, swelling high,  
Over our soul made way;  
Bless'd be the Lord, who to their teeth  
Us gave not for a prey.  
Our souls escaped as a bird  
Out of the fowler's snare;  
The snare asunder broken is,  
And we escaped are."

"Then they sang—

"When Zion's bondage God turned back,  
As men that dreamed were we,  
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,  
Our tongue with melody."

"And the enemy in their trenches  
Saw the ships and heard the guns, and  
They turned and fled like the army of  
Sennacherib, leaving their tents and

\*Forty-two years later the body of Montgomery was given up by the British to a kinaman, who had it removed to New York. From the windows of her cottage on the Hudson, his widow, then in extreme old age, beheld the vessel that bore him remain glide down the river past her door. In the porch of the Church of St. Paul, in Broadway, amid the rush and roar of the ceaseless tide of traffic, stands the monument which commemorates his untimely and tragic fate.

their stores behind, and even their sick in their beds. And we went out and spoiled their camp, as the people of Syria spoiled the camp of the Syrians, and we brought in their sick and wounded, and tended them as carefully as if they were our own."

Such was, in brief, the narrative, divested of its interruptions and amplifications, given by John Lawrence to his attentive auditory, of the terrible winter of the last siege of Quebec.

#### The Tapestry-Weavers.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—  
No lesson can braver be—  
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers  
On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs,  
They study it with care;  
The while their fingers deftly work,  
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides,  
Of the patient, plodding weaver:  
He works on the wrong side evermore,  
But works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,  
And the web is loosed and turned,  
That he sees his real handiwork—  
That his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty,  
How it pays him for all his cost!  
No rarer, daintier work than this  
Was ever done by frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire  
And giveth him praise as well;  
And how happy the heart of the weaver is  
No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of men are the looms of God,  
Let down from the place of the sun,  
Wherein we are weaving alway,  
Till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,  
Each for himself his fate;  
We may not see how the right side looks—  
We can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern,  
No weaver hath need to fear;  
Only let him look clear into heaven—  
The perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour  
Forever and always in sight,  
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,  
His weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,  
And the web is turned and shown,  
He shall hear the voice of the Master—  
It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven,  
To bear him thence shall come down,  
And God shall give him gold for his hire—  
Not coin, but a shining crown!

—Anson G. Chester.

#### Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

From the Superintendent of this Institution we have received the following communication:

"Kindly allow me to say to your readers that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is open to the deaf children of the Province, and every deaf mute child in Ontario, whether the parents are poor or rich, may share in the many advantages the Institution affords, such as tuition, board, care, etc. There are many parents of such children who do not know of this place, and persons who will inform them of what the Province has so generously provided for their children will confer a lasting obligation. Uneducated, a deaf mute child has no knowledge of language; is isolated, as it were, from the rest of mankind; is irresponsible and in many cases dangerous to the community; life is a blank without a ray of hope to illuminate the future. With an education

such as may be had here, all this is changed and the mute is enabled to take his or her place as respectable members of society and law abiding citizens and learn of the glorious life beyond. Over 700 mute children have been entered upon our books, and the large majority of them spread over the Province bear testimony to the good work already accomplished. We have a full staff of capable, devoted teachers in the literary and industrial departments. We are doing all we can for those afflicted in this way and we are anxious to do whatever work of this kind there is to do. There will be room for all who can come in September next, and in the meantime it will give me pleasure to supply application papers and necessary information to any one who may apply. Yours faithfully,  
R. MATHISON, Superintendent"

BELLEVILLE, July 1st, 1886.

#### Thou Knowest Best.

Thou knowest best, my Father,  
What shall be good for me,  
And I, with child-like confidence,  
Would leave all things to Thee.  
Take thou into Thy strong, kind hand  
The ordering of my ways,  
And only give me life and love  
To brighten these my days.

Thou knowest best, my Father,  
If failure or success  
Would make my life the nobler,  
And all my future bless;  
If few or many friends would bring  
My spirit nearer Thee,  
I think I have the faith to say,  
"Thy will be done for me."

Thou knowest best how needy  
Are those for whom I pray,  
Thy loving-kindness comforts them  
Who wander far away;  
Thou hearest all our prayers, and dost  
The right whatever it be;  
Oh, care for mine in mercy still  
As Thou hast cared for me.

Thou knowest I can only guess,  
With all my searching thought,  
What unexpected future good  
By present pains is wrought;  
What can I do but hope in Thee,  
And, leaving all the rest,  
Listen for Thy directing word,  
And know Thy will is best?

Thou knowest if some work remains  
Still for my hands to do,  
Or if, since it is evening-time,  
My task is nearly through;  
What matters that I do not know?  
My Father, I will be,  
In shadow or in fairest light,  
At rest in peace with Thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

#### Colour of the Sea.

The normal or natural colour of the ocean is blue; as expressed rightly in the familiar line of the poet, "Far o'er the waters of the dark blue sea." The deeper the water the darker the hue. But while blue is the dominant colour of the sea, as it is of the sky or the ether in which our planet floats, the ocean presents great variety of tint. The blue is of every shade, from indigo to cerulean azure; while at other times or in other places there is as great a variety of green or of grey. Some parts of the ocean, as well as rivers that run into it, have received distinctive names from the peculiar hue of their waters. Thus, as we have the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, in China; the Rio Negro, or Black River, in South America; the Red River in Canada; so of oceanic waters we have the Red Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Yellow Sea. There are permanent differences of hue in many waters, but besides these the same sea is subject to every change of aspect

under cloud or sunshine, and ever-varying atmospheric influences. There are regions where the changes of climate are few, and the sea looks the same for long seasons of the year, but as most of us know the ocean, as artists present it, there is scarcely any hue from ultramarine to gold or purple that could be called unnatural. The causes of this colour great and picturesque variety in the of the sea are for the most part well known and easily explained. Atmospheric influences produce the effects of light and shade, with the endless diversity of tint and hue arising from the absorption and reflection of the prismatic colours of the sky overhead. In shallow seas the ground underneath also affects the colour. If the subjacent strata are white, as chalk or light sand, the sea is of greenish tint, deeper as the bed below is darker. The surface colour may be variegated, so as to indicate the geological formation beneath. In some parts of the ocean the water is so transparent that the bottom may be clearly seen at more than a hundred feet of depth, as in the Caribbean Sea and in the fiords of Norway. Submarine vegetation or animal life, forests of sea-weed or layers of shells or coral, thus may affect the aspect of the water. Or mineral matter may be in suspension or in course of deposition, so as to determine the colour of even deeper waters, just as that of rivers is affected by the silt through which they flow. A far more conspicuous effect is produced by the presence of vegetable or animal life in the waters themselves. Off the coast of California there is an oceanic region called the Vermilion Sea, from the tint given by dense myriads of red animalcules; the presence of which, of various kinds and hues, gives the names to the Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, and other oceanic regions where such life abounds. To similar causes are assigned the various colours, green, brown, purple, rose, which voyagers have recorded and naturalists described in different parts of the sea.—From "Sea Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil"

#### A Woman's Influence.

A MINISTER had delivered a course of addresses on infidelity, and as time went on he was delighted to find that an infidel was anxious to unite himself with the congregation.

"Which of my arguments did you find the most convincing?" asked the minister.

"No argument moved me," was the reply, "but the face and manner of an old blind woman who sits in one of the front rows. I supported her one day as she was groping along, and, putting out her hand to me, she asked, 'Do you love my blessed Saviour?' Her look of deep content, her triumphant tones, made me realize as never before that He who could suffice to make one so helpless bright and glad, must be a 'blessed Saviour' indeed."

It is the living epistles that convince and persuade men. An earnest, patient, cheerful, helpful Christian is an argument for Christianity more convincing than any that Paley or Butler ever constructed.—Interior.

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—Abraham Lincoln.