

FIRST CALENDAR PRIZE.

BY GERTRUDE WAUD, MONTREAL.

GENERAL WOLFE.

Our hero, James Wolfe, was born at Westerham in Kent in the year 1727. He entered the army at the age of fourteen and distinguished himself at the battle of Minden and at the age of twenty-two was a Lieutenant Colonel. In private life he was esteemed by all who knew him as an upright, religious man, kind and engaging in manner. He was a man of refined and cultivated mind. An anecdote is told of him that while floating down the river to surprise the French at the Heights of Abraham, he repeated in a whisper to his officers a large portion of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church Yard" then recently published, and ended by saying "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem, than have all the glory I feel sure of to-morrow."

He had closely studied his profession and thoroughly understood it, and possessed moreover, activity, enterprise and readiness,—a courage that never quailed before danger nor shrank from responsibility.

Though sickness compelled him to return to England after the Conquest of Cape Breton he lost no time in offering his services to Pitt for the next American Campaign, and was given the command of eight thousand troops employed in the Conquest of Canada. According to the instructions given to him, he embarked on board the fleet of Admiral Saunders, sailed up the St. Lawrence and undertook the task of reducing Quebec, the strongest fortress in America.

He took up his post near the Falls of Montmorency and prepared for the principal attack, aided by a portion of the fleet which had forced its way above the city. The soldiers crossed the river at night and clambering up the steep cliffs, reached the celebrated Heights of Abraham which offered a commanding position for the attack.

Montcalm, the gallant French commander, advanced with all his forces and a general engagement took place. Wolfe was wounded three times; first, in the wrist, but he tied a handkerchief round it and never swerved from his post.

According to his commands, his troops remained immovable until the enemy was within forty yards of them and then a well-aimed volley was poured into them from the whole British line, which caused them to waver. Wolfe darted forward and cheered on his grenadiers to the charge. He was struck a second time but continued to give his orders as before, but a third shot brought him to the ground, and he was carried to the rear, where he gazed on the battle-field till his eyesight began to fail. All at once a cry rose, "See how they run!"

"Who run?" asked the dying hero raising himself on his elbow.

"The enemy," was the reply.

"Then thank God, I die happy." These were his last words, as he again fell back and turning on his side expired at the age of thirty-three amidst the tidings of the victory he had gained, the glories of which hardly compensated to his countrymen for the loss of their hero.

Monuments were erected to his memory, the most enduring of which is West's great picture of the scene of his death, familiar to most of us from the engraving.

SPRING SONG.

I wandered in the well-known path,
The sky was bright and blue,
The trees were clad in freshest green,
The sunlight streaming through.

The nightingales were singing loud
Their love-songs from the vale,
The purling brooklet, as it flowed,
Seemed chanting a sweet tale.

O whence this gladness in the air?
And wherefore do ye sing?
The little birds were answering me:—
"Rejoice, for it is spring!"

Rejoice, for it is spring! I cried;
Rejoice for all the year!
For winter too—there is no death
In Nature—have no fear!

And joying thus for all the year,
More joyful could I sing
Than bird, or brooklet flowing by:
"Rejoice, for it is spring!"

GOWAN LEA.

Topics of the Day
ABROAD.

THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

JAMAICA, 23rd January, 1891.

DEAR YOUNG CANADIAN,—I believe I promised to give you an inkling of my trip to Jamaica to attend The International Exhibition to be opened by His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales, on the 27th instant. The promise was somewhat rash in view of the uncertainty of my condition to write at sea, and under the circumstances much may have escaped my observation which would have been of interest in relation to the passage.

Should I fail therefore in reaching the high standard of excellence to be found in your pages, I trust you will impute the failure rather to want of head than to any lack of interest in the subject, as my whole thought is how to redeem my promise in a handsome and spirited manner.