

from the text, "Hear, all people, and behold my sorrow; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity." His wife, Eunice Williams, nerved her soul for suffering by reading her Bible. She soon faltered by the way, and committed her five captive children to heaven, when the blow of a tomahawk ended her life. Neither bribes nor threats could make the veteran missionary waver in his faith. "If I had the offer of the whole world," said the sturdy Puritan, "it would tempt me no more than a blackberry."

A child of pastor Williams was adopted by the Caughnawaga Indians, and became a proselyte to the Catholic faith. No money could procure her ransom. She married an Indian chief, and years after, clad in Indian dress, she visited her kin at Deerfield; but not the fasting nor the prayers of her people could win her back to the faith of her fathers. She returned to her wigwam in the forest, and to the care of her dusky babes. One of her grandsons became a proselyte, and for a time a missionary to the Indians. At a later period he was supposed by many to be the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI.

The descendants of another of these Deerfield captives adopted by the French, in 1866 numbered 982 persons.

Parkman, who has very thoroughly studied the subject of Indian missions, while giving due praise to the zeal and missionary enthusiasm of the Jesuit fathers, nevertheless records that the Christianity which they planted did not strike a deep root. "While humanity," he adds, "is in a savage state, it can only be Christianized on the surface; and the convert of the Jesuits remained a savage still. They taught him to repeat a catechism which he could not understand, and practise rites of which the spiritual significance was incomprehensible to him. To his eyes the crucifix was a fetic of surpassing power, and the mass a beneficent 'medicine' or occult influence of supreme efficacy."

The footprints of civilization were marked with blood. Merciless butchery ravaged the frontier, unrelieved except for brave men dying for the

defence of their hearthstones, and weak women avenging the murder of their babes, or with unwearying mother-love escaping with their orphaned children through the trackless wilderness. "I hold it my duty towards God and man," remonstrated honest Peter Schuyler, of Albany, to the French governor, "to prevent, if possible, these barbarous and heathen cruelties. My heart swells with indignation when I behold a war between Christian princes degenerating into a savage and boundless butchery."

The most dramatic episode recorded in these volumes is the capture of Louisburg, 1745. George Whitfield, then preaching in New England, was asked to furnish a motto for the colonial colours, and gave the inscription "*Nil desperandum, Christo Duce.*" Colonel Pepperell, a merchant and militia colonel, with four thousand colonial militia, set out to attack the strongest fortress in America, said to be one of the strongest fortresses in the world. It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick, and by a ditch eighty feet wide, mounting nearly two hundred guns, while the assailants only had eighteen of much smaller calibre and three mortars. After six weeks' siege, to the amazement of the besiegers themselves, the French Garrison surrendered. As the New England militia marched into the works they exclaimed, "God alone has delivered this stronghold into our hand," and a sermon of thanksgiving was preached in the French chapel. The capture caused the wildest delight in Boston and the deepest chagrin at Versailles.

But for the recital of these and other brilliant exploits our readers must consult these volumes for themselves. Parkman's entire series of twelve volumes should be in the hands of every reader who would trace that great duel for the possession of this continent between the English and the French. We have in large part consulted the same authorities as Parkman, and can bear testimony to the thoroughness of research and fidelity and accuracy of the recital.