

much peril in those stirring old days. Even when the trading was at its height, an Indian came who stated that an had seen near Lake George a large party of Iroquois making canoes with which to join the English in an attack on Montreal. Immediately Frontenac called the Indians from the west to a conference, and induced them to stay for a while, calling upon them to join him in a war against the Iroquois. He himself, brandishing a hatchet in the air, led a war-dance, and so roused his audience to enthusiasm. Afterwards there was a feast. "Two oxen and six large dogs had been chopped to pieces for the occasion, and boiled with a quantity of prunes. Two barrels of wine, with abundant tobacco, were also served out to the guests."

Before many days the English expedition came down the well-travelled route of the Richelieu, 172 fighting men, including about 40 whites, under Captain John Schuyler, but it did not attack Montreal. Instead, it fell upon La Prairie when the soldiers and all at that point were reaping the grain, made nineteen prisoners, took six scalps (four of women), killed 150 cattle, burned the houses, and departed. Schenectady was avenged.

On the 10th of October more startling news came,—that a fleet had sailed from Boston—thirty-four ships in all—to attack Quebec.

Frontenac set out immediately in a small boat which proved so leaky that before long he had to take to a canoe, and on the next day met a second messenger, who stated that the fleet was within thirty-eight miles of the city. On this Frontenac sent Captain de Ramezay back to Montreal with a request that he send all possible help to follow him, then he himself hurried on once more, and on the 14th of October, in a pelting rain, landed at Quebec, where he was greeted with "shouts, cheers, and the waving of hats." Already, he found, the men were flocking in from the surrounding settlements.

On the 16th, at daybreak, the English squadron, under the daring yet untrained Sir William Phipps, was in sight, four large ships, with thirty smaller craft of all kinds. Slowly the vessels glided into the basin below the fortress, and presently a small boat bearing a flag of truce shot out from the Admiral's flagship.

The envoy landed, was blindfolded, and led before the Governor-General in the Chateau St. Louis, where the bandages were taken off to reveal to him the haughty and dignified Frontenac, surrounded by his officers in all the splendor of gold lace, perukes, and powder.

He presented to Frontenac a letter from the commander which demanded surrender of the forts, stores, and persons, the answer to be given within an hour.

Frontenac scarcely glanced at the message. "Tell your general," he said, "that I in no way recognize King William. The Prince of Orange is a usurper. King James is the only sovereign of England whom I recognize. It is by the cannon's mouth and by musket-shot that I will send my answer."

Blindfolded again, the emissary was despatched to the strand of Lower Town, and thence made his way to the fleet. Uncertain as to the actual forces within the town, Phipps delayed his attack, and in the evening a shouting and roll of drums in the Upper Town drifted across the water. Phipps asked a Frenchman whom they had taken what it meant. "Ma foi, messieurs," he said, "you have lost the game. It is the Governor of Montreal with the people from the country above. There is nothing for you now but to pack and go home."

Callieres had, indeed, arrived with seven or eight hundred regulars and coureurs de bois from Montreal.

Fortune seemed to favor the French. The next day was stormy, and the troops of the English could not be landed. On Wednesday, however, about 1,200 men disembarked on the Beauport shore, and a skirmish ensued with 300 French sent out from the fort, who, after shooting from cover like the Iroquois, retired.

Phipps' vessels now moved up, but "the first shot came from the rock." The ships returned the fire, but it was inadequate, many of the shots striking the cliff. At daybreak the cannonade began

again, but with no better success on the part of the English, and finally, with his flagstaff gone and his ships torn and riddled, Phipps drew off, taking on board the soldiers from Beauport, who, though they had conducted themselves bravely enough, hurling taunts at the French for cowardice in not coming into the open, could not make any definite move without better management. In the hurry of re-embarking, five guns were left on shore, and were speedily taken by the French and given voice in the salvos of rejoicing that followed.

The rejoicing, however, was tempered by much suffering for want of food. It was known that three French ships were on the way, laden with supplies, and there was much uneasiness lest Phipps should capture them on his way down the St. Lawrence. But again fortune favored the French. A small boat sent with warning managed to pass the English vessels in the night; the supply ships, which were found at St. Paul's Bay, went up the Saguenay where snow and fog gave them protection, and so all reached Quebec in safety.

Quebec's bold front had saved her, for there had been no supplies to withstand a siege, and now she gave herself up to a great celebration of victory. There were processions, and Te Deums, and services in all the churches, feasting, and the firing of cannons and ringing of bells. Even to-day a monument of the general rejoicing may be seen in the fortress city—the quaint old church in Lower Town known as the church of "Notre Dame des Victoires," dedicated upon that occasion as a memorial of the protection of Heaven.

In the meantime, Phipps' fleet, scattered by storm, was making its weary way back to Boston. One of the vessels, under Captain Rainsford, was wrecked on Anticosti where more than half of the sixty men on board died of cold and want of food. Two of the ships were never heard of, while smallpox broke out on some of the rest, causing much loss and distress.

(To be continued.)

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Trust the Leader.

Yet in this thing ye did not believe the LORD your God, Who went in the way before you, to search you out a place to pitch your tents in.—Deut. i: 32, 33.

Browning, in a very lovely poem, describes a mill-girl singing her way through a day's holiday—the only holiday in her toilsome year. Her innocent gladness is an inspiration to all the people she passes. Why is she so glad? Let one of her own songs tell us:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Who but Browning would have thought of mentioning the snail on the thorn, in such a song! And yet, if God cares for the sparrows and clothes the lilies, is it possible that He can despise the lowly snail? Has He not provided for it in its helplessness, giving it a house of refuge always at hand?

Moses, in our text, was reminding the Israelites how God cared for them in the wilderness journey, even going before them—in the cloudy, fiery pillar—to seek out their best camping-place. He wanted them to learn the great lesson of Trust—not an easy lesson, nor one quickly learned. What a difference it would make in our lives if we could master this lesson and win the prize of daily peace and gladness. We do trust God very undoubtingly about some things. When the sunlight dies each night, we trustfully look forward to the new day that lies ahead. When the spring is slow in coming—as it has been this year

—we may venture to find fault with God's appointment, but we do not lose hope of the summer. We know that "the earth is turning round all the time," and that every hour we are moving forward towards the daylight and the sunshine. We know—why? Only because it has always been so, as long as we can remember. So the young Israelites, who had been for twenty years or so in the wilderness, must have been quite sure each morning that there would be enough manna on the ground for their day's needs. We accept daily miracles very carelessly.

We can trust God to keep the sun burning, and the earth hanging safely in space. These are big things, which we have no power to influence. But when the things are small, and we feel that the burden of responsibility rests partly on our own shoulders, we are apt to try to shoulder it all. A small boy prayed that God would take care of him at night, but in the daytime he felt quite able to take care of himself. We are apt to face life in that fashion.

When the desolating tragedy of our Lord's crucifixion was drawing very near, He tried to inspire trust by showing the disciples how every little incident was part of His plan. He sent two of them to bring a young ass for His use, explaining exactly where it would be found and what the owner would say. He sent two disciples into Jerusalem, telling them they would meet a man carrying a pitcher of water, showing that He knew whose servant this man was and what the master of the house would do.

Nothing is unimportant in the eyes of God. Look through a microscope and you will find marvels of beauty and orderliness in things so tiny that we cannot see them at all unless they are magnified. The great stars and planets swing on their ordered way, with such exactitude that astronomers can calculate their movements a thousand years ahead. Think of the mighty power of God, which keeps them unsupported in space, and gives them force to move with unslackening speed! But these are big things. Does God also attend to small things?

We used to talk about an "atom," as if it were a speck of unorganized matter. Now scientists are telling a wonderful story about this "atom." They say each atom is a universe in itself, and in it swing millions of electrons, like the stars in the sky, each in its ordered course. If God goes before, to plan out the way for each of these electrons, which are almost too small for us to imagine, why should we doubt His care for us? Are we of less value than they?

Now let us bring our everyday lives into the sunshine of trust. There are little vexations and trifling disappointments to be met, as well as the great troubles which we usually try to bear bravely. We have to attend to business which is irksome or unpleasant, we have to make headway against an almost overwhelming stream of work. Don't let us waste our strength and peace by anxiety and distrust. The Leader—Who has proved His love to the uttermost—has planned our day. Nothing can meet us which He did not know about beforehand. This day, which seems so ordinary, is crowded with opportunities for gaining courage, patience, love and trust. The hillside is dew-pearled, and so is every commonplace duty. Take it willingly, as a gift from God's hand to yours, and your soul will be fed with bread from heaven, your spirit be adorned with the pearl of great price.

Heaven is so near—why, we search all around us
Till it leans with its ear to our hearts to sound us,
And here in our own dear lanes it has found us!"

Let me read that verse again, substituting "GOD" for "Heaven." His ear is against my heart, noting its every beat. He detects the slightest token of disease,—any hardness to others' troubles, my hunger for worldly praise, my grasping after selfish comfort and inglorious ease. He searches out the way before me, providing me with needed food, medicine and discipline. What a catastrophe it would be if He allowed me to choose for myself! Then I should be pretty sure to choose the easiest and most pleasant road; and come out at

the end of this wilderness journey, cold-hearted, lazy and weak.

We say sadly: "Thy Will be done." Why do we say it with such sad resignation? Our God is not a harsh Master, but our loving Father. His Will is always for our happiness—lasting happiness—and for our eternal good. Look around you—you who live in the country, especially—and count up, if you can, all the things He has showered down on you for your everyday pleasure. Count up the beauties of sky and water, of flowers and trees, of the green grass studded with golden dandelions. Drink in the spring scents, the music of rustling leaves, of the birds and creeks; rejoice in your power of seeing, hearing, and walking, thank God for the common, sweet fellowship with relations and neighbors. When we have thanked Him for all the pleasant gifts, and thanked Him also for the wise discipline He has lovingly provided, perhaps we shall feel ashamed to murmur when we fail to understand our Leader's choice. He proves His love in thousands of ways, and calls on us to trust Him in one or two mysterious matters. How else can we learn trust or prove our love?

Life does not come to us in patches, it is planned out carefully by One Who has "gone before" to search out the way for us.

"How often, Master, I have lagged behind,
And feared to follow, when Thy voice so kind
Has called me on, bidding me trust in Thee,
However dark the pathway seemed to me.
Afresh to-day I put my hand in Thine,
With childlike trust would all to Thee resign;
Just lead me where Thou wilt and guide me still,
Fulfilling in me all Thy blessed will."
DORA FARNCOMB.

News of the Week

During the past week the situation in Mexico has driven all lesser news into the background. Notwithstanding the fact that the United States has from the beginning been averse to hostilities, collision occurred almost as soon as the American navy reached Vera Cruz on April 21st. The first act of the marines was to seize the Customs House, this to prevent the landing of arms and ammunition; the Mexicans opened fire, which was returned, and as a result four Americans were killed and twenty-one wounded, the Mexicans being repulsed with a reported loss of over two hundred killed and wounded. War was not, however, formally declared. General Villa declared that he would not enter into hostilities with the United States; Carranza, on the other hand, declared the movement inevitable, yet to him, on April 24th, representatives of the Mexican Constitutionalists at Washington sent a telegram strongly advising him to remain neutral, on the ground that the United States was willing to withdraw her forces from Mexico as soon as satisfactory reparation should be made by Huerta. . . . In the meantime the conflict between Federalists and Constitutionalists was going on, and, after a five-days' battle, Monterey fell into the hands of the Constitutionalists. Meanwhile, also, the United States continued to take every precaution. The embargo on arms forwarded to the Mexicans was restored, troops were despatched to the Texas border, and to reinforce the American navy, and Vera Cruz was placed under martial law, Rear-Admiral Fletcher being thus constituted absolute ruler of the shore for the enforcement of order. . . . At time of going to press, however, some prospect of peace seems in sight. On April 26th, President Wilson announced that he had accepted an offer from Brazil, Argentina and Chile, to use their influence to bring about a peaceful settlement. Upon the same day, General Huerta also accepted the offer. . . . In the meantime, pending negotiations, ships of all nations still remain in Mexican waters to safeguard the interests of their subjects in Mexico. These at present consist of two French war vessels, two German, one Japanese, one Spanish, and five British.