

Millicent might at another time have felt in these tidings was all absorbed in intense anxiety for her father and Léon.

She dared not hope that they had escaped death, for the dreadful loss of the Canadians, great as it actually was, came exaggerated to her ears, and with feelings of mute and passionless despair, she yielded to the conviction that they were among the slain. As the day advanced, and she heard no tidings from them, this conviction became a certainty in her mind. Now she was indeed alone and desolate upon the earth; she would go to the battle field in search of their disfigured forms, and when she had laid them in their parent earth, she would seek the shelter her father's love had provided for her, and live a veiled sister among the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu! Thus thought and resolved the stricken girl in the first moments of her deep and utter wretchedness, and when another sleepless night had passed slowly and wearily away, she proposed with the first gray light of dawn to depart and execute her harrowing task. Justine, her faithful attendant, who had in vain endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, was to accompany her, together with a priest, who went, if need be, to shroud the dying and perform the last offices of religion for the unburied dead.

(To be continued.)

THE CALLING OF GIDEON.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The yoke of Midian on the land lay sore,
And Israel mourned her days of glory o'er;
When guilty nations at her presence fled,
And God's own arm her hosts to battle led:
When at His awful bidding, Joshua rose,
Like death's destroying angel on his foes;
And cities spoiled, and altars in the dust,
To impious tyrants told, that God was just.
Ungrateful Israel from Jehovah's hand,
Long reaped the blessings of the promised land;
Till flushed with conquest, hardened by success,
They broke his laws, revered his mandates less;
And bound as slaves upon their fertile soil,
They found meet recompense in chains and toil,
The Lord unmoved, through seven revolving
years.
Marked Israel's bondage and her bitter tears;
And called the armies of the east to share
Her plenteous harvest and her vintage fair.
Wrath and destruction through the land they
spread,
And strangers reaped the famished children's
bread;
Her men of might, disdaining to be slaves,
Fled to the rocky holds and mountain caves;

In desperate bands to dare the unequal strife,
And purchase freedom, with the loss of life,

Dire was the crisis—in their hopeless grief.
They turned once more to heaven, and sought
relief;

A ray of comfort through the darkness broke,
And God relenting, through his prophet spoke.
In solemn silence round the gifted seer,
Gathers the crowd, intent their doom to hear;
They feel the land is for their crimes accursed,
And sick with misery, long to know the worst:—
"Thy sins, O Israel! have provoked my wrath—
"Am I not He—the Lord, who brought you forth,
"From out the land of bondage and of shame,
"Till Egypt trembled at Jehovah's name—
"Who the fell rage of Pharaoh's arm controlled,
"When o'er his host the waves triumphant rolled?
"Beneath my feet the despot's force I trod,
"And Israel hailed me her redeeming God.
"If you my laws—my awful power withstand,
"Still shall you bow beneath the spoiler's hand;
"But if repentant to your God you turn,
"My fierce displeasure shall no longer burn."
The prophet ceased—and sternly gazed on those
Who loudly mourned their bondage and their

woes,

While the sole answer that the people gave,
Rose in one cry to Heaven!—for God, to save!

One man alone, amid that prostrate crowd,
Felt that high mandate, and with spirit proud,
Spurned the invader's yoke and foreign chain,
And viewed his country's slavery with disdain;
Gideon had loved in calmer hours to trace,
The promised glories of his fallen race;
And deemed the hand that erst vouchsafed to
guide,
His chosen people through the foaming tide;
And placed his cloud between them and their
foes,

A veil of darkness—till in splendor rose,
With the last glimmerings of returning light,
The pillared fire that led their hosts by night;
Could aid his chosen in their sore distress,
As erst he led them through the wilderness;
Could burst their bondage as their sires of yore;
Their ancient freedom and their laws restore;
And full of hope the warrior strode away,
To Ophrah, where his father's dwelling lay.

His ripened harvest from the robber band,
Gideon had saved, and with his own right hand
Had piled the golden treasure on that morn,
And now in secret threshed the rescued corn,
Beneath an oak whose giant branches spread,
Their grateful shadow o'er the hero's head,