

QUEBEC.

BY H. R. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Equal gallantry, and very unequal fortune, characterized the contest between the French and the English for the New World. Had the French Court sufficiently lacked their gallant general, who was fighting against long odds, the French language might have been spoken now over regions more extensive than the Province of Quebec or the State of Louisiana. Two fruitless victories crowned their arms, and two defeats brought about the treaty, the results of which were so loyally accepted by the French Canadians that there is no population more attached than is theirs to the British Constitution. High as were the hopes of the gallant commanders of the English in 1758, they could hardly have expected that, within a brief period, the sons of the brave men who confronted them would be fighting side by side with the redcoats to repel the invasion which threatened to absorb Canada in the neighboring Republic. But the armament equipped against the French colonists was imposing enough in number of ships and troops to justify confidence that resistance could not be prolonged. The first remarkable action was that at Louisbourg. It was one of the two decisive British successes. The place shows no striking natural features. Low rocky shores almost encircle a wide bay, and to the left as the fleet entered, rose the strong ramparts of a citadel, garrisoned by some of the best regiments of the Royal army of France.

The fleet advances, a cloud of small boats covers the waters between the ships and the shore. The surf is heavy, and the position of the garrison looks most formidable. A slight figure in the leading boat stands up amid a storm of shot, and is seen to wave his hat. Some said afterward that he waved his men back, thinking the attempt to land too perilous. But his gallant followers think it is the signal for a dash—they row amid the splash of oars and roar of artillery, and, as each boat touches land, the crews leap out, and slipping, struggling through the surf, form amid the terrible fire, and rush to the assault. The capture of the place was an extraordinary feat of arms, and the slightly-built man who waved his cocked hat in the leading boat that day, was soon afterward nominated chief of the British forces in North America. Wolfe's next chance was given him in the summer of 1759, when Montcalm, calmly watching his enemy's movements from the ridges near the Falls of Montmorency, was enabled to crush a brigade too hastily thrown on shore, and compelled it to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded. But the hold gained by the invader was not to be easily shaken off. Already masters of the Island of Orleans, with the banks of the river below the Falls, and also those opposite to Quebec in his hands, Wolfe waited until the autumn. His able opponent lay in the lines he had successfully defended. They stretched along the left side of the St. Lawrence as far as the Isle of Orleans, and encircled the city, which on its commanding cape presented one steep front to the great river and another to the wide valley of a small stream named the St. Charles. On the third side the citadel batteries looked across the so-called Plains of

Abraham, a plateau, the walls of which rise steeply two hundred feet above the water. The position was a difficult one to take, and it was held by soldiers who, if they had been properly supported by the Government at Versailles, would have rendered it impregnable. Joined with a few of the finest regiments composed of the Veterans of the wars of King Louis, were gallant bands of hardy Provincials, who had proved that they could render most efficient aid to the Regulars. But there was a chance for the English to place themselves near the town on a level with the garrison, before the French reinforcements, expected from Montreal should arrive. Wolfe had an overwhelming superiority in his fleet, both of men-of-war and of transports. These he well employed. Making as though he would again attempt to force the lines he had vainly attacked in the summer, he caused the mass of his enemy's forces to remain

one autumn afternoon on the Beauport shore, and then under cover of night, swept up with the tide above the city. Quickly scaling the high bank, he drew up his men without meeting with resistance. Montcalm in the gray of morning hurried over the St. Charles and poured his troops through the town on to the plateau. Impetuously attacking, he was driven back and mortally wounded, almost at the same moment that Wolfe also fell, happier than his rival, who lived long enough to feel that the desertion of himself and of his army by the French Court, must cause the surrender of the town. But its possession was again stoutly contested the next year, and the Marquis de Levis, who in 1760, too late and unavailingly, the disaster of the previous year.—*Good Words.*

THE WAY to avoid great faults is to be aware of lesser faults.



WOLFE'S COVE.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS.

I know a man who, when a boy, heard a sermon from the old prophet's inquiry, "Is it well with thee?" The discourse was pronounced by a kindly Christian minister unknown to fame, and who has always remained in obscurity; but his heart was full of love for souls, and his life full of humble labor for the Master. He so rung the changes on that enquiry, "Is it well with thee?" and so pressed the enquiry home, that that boy never forgot it. Twenty years after that sermon was preached, that boy, then a man, was spending a day on business in a town in Northern Ohio when he learned that his long-ago pastor was in charge of a church in an adjoining town. It was winter, and there was no convenient way of securing a conveyance; so that man trudged through the snow several miles to tell that minister about the seed long ago dropped and forgotten; and it was affecting in the extreme

to witness the thankful joy and tearful surprise with which the good man and his faithful wife received the recital.

I could tell you about a man who was diligent in Sunday-school work for more than a score of years, who one day made sad confession that, so far as he knew, no soul had ever been led to Christ by his direct instrumentality. No one had ever said or intimated to him that he had helped that one into the kingdom. He had held on to the work on general principles, but had received no special encouragement. The lane turned finally. There came a revival in the Sunday-school, and every class (but the infant class and a class of adults who were all members) furnished converts; and the next communion saw an addition to that little body which more than doubled the number of its membership. After that event several came to him with the longed-for announcement that to his personal en-

and making some blunders; but experience brought wisdom, and now their well-directed efforts are supporting two native missionaries abroad and a Bible reader in their own city. Their success stimulated the formation of a children's society in the same church; and by-and-by the young men formed another association; and out of it all came church activity, mission-schools, and foreign work, increased knowledge and zeal, internal improvement, and external growth.

This winter that lady was again on a visit in this city, and recalled to her old friend the evening conversation of years ago, told him the above story with its delightful details, and fairly paralyzed him by declaring that it all was the immediate result and outgrowth of the stimulating words which he had spoken.—*American Messenger.*

AN HOUR WITH THE DYING.

The last words of a little child: "We'll all meet again in the morning."

"We'll meet again in the morning,
There's light in the gloom of death;
We can almost see the heaven,
It gleams in the eye of faith."

A Philadelphia Christian dying said, "I am moving into light."

In Bradford, Pa., two little girls, aged respectively six and eight, had been very fond of each other. They had been both fatally injured by the explosion of a kerosene can, and lay each on her death bed surrounded by sorrowing relatives. The youngest, as death approached, raised her head from her pillow and called to her little friend, "Carrie, Carrie; come with me," then passed away. Carrie, too, was dying in her home several blocks away, and as her last moments came the watching mother heard her say, "Wait for me, Jessie; 'I am coming,' and passed away about the same time. Question: "Does the dissolution impair the life of the soul? What say you in this case?"

The dying child said to papa, "Lift me up higher, higher, higher." And as he lifted her up the soul took its flight. Mr. Moody says, "So am I saying, Higher, higher, higher, Lord."

Rev. Mr. Punshon, the famous Wesleyan preacher, lecturer and author, though seriously ill for some time, had no expectation of dying so soon, until he enquired of his physician, a few hours before his death, "Am I going?" and he answered, "Yes." He said, "Thank God! Jesus is to me a bright reality."—*Interior.*

USELESS EXPENDITURE.

While every girl and woman should justly take a pride in her own adornment and that of the home, she should use her own judgment and not buy just because a thing is cheap.

Get what you need, and before buying think whether you really need the article. It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture; but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table, that you can as well do without. Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate the dealer says to you:

"It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is!"

But before you purchase stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but ruinous in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor.

The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.—*Christian at Work.*

THREE THINGS should be thought of by the Christian every morning—his daily cross, his duty, and his daily privilege; how he shall bear the one, perform the other and enjoy the third.

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Ada B. encouraged twenty-year-old Christian find opportunity all to and her limit its room and the v she woul

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