

Marred and defaced their comely forms, and
 quelled their giant strength.
 The end draws nigh—they yearn to die—one
 glorious rally more
 For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will
 soon be o'er—
 Sure of the martyr's golden crown, they shrink
 not from the cross,
 Life yielded for the land they love they scorn
 to reckon loss!

The Fort is fired—and through the flame
 with slippery, splashing tread
 The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ram-
 parts of the dead. (11)
 There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac
 the dauntless, stood,
 And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid
 blinding smoke and blood,
 Till, hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth
 with proud, unconquered glance,
 Dead—but immortalized by death—Leonidas
 of France!
 True to their oath, his comrade knights no
 quarter basely craved—
 So died the peerless Twenty-two—so Canada
 was saved! (12)

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- (1) The Indian word Utawas is here used, as being more correct, and at the same time more sonorous than the name Ottawa. So Moore in his "Canadian Boat-song," written on the River St. Lawrence: "Utawas' tide! the trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon."
- (2) "Of illustrious men all earth is the sepulchre."—Theuycides, ii. book, xliii chap.
- (3) "A large cross was made, and solemnly blessed by the priest. The commandant (Maisonneuve), who with all the ceremonies of the Church had been declared First Soldier of the Cross, walked behind the rest, bearing on his shoulder a cross so heavy that it needed his utmost strength to climb the steep and rugged path. They planted it on the highest crest, and all knelt in adoration before it."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 263.
- (4) The Iroquois boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the "white girls," meaning the nuns, "to their villages."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 241. See also the passage from Dollier de Casson, quoted in note (9).
- (5) "Adam Daulac or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the Colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bonded themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 73. See also p. 143 *Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, whom Parkman has closely followed in his narrative of "The Heroes of the Long Saut."
- (6) "Enfin, le cour les fit surmonter ce que leur peu d'expérience ne leur avoit pas acquis, si bien qu'ils arrivèrent au pied du Long Sault, où trouvant un petit fort sauvage nullement flanqué, entouré de méchants pieux qui ne valaient rien, commandé par un coteau voisin, ils se mirent dedans, n'ayant pas mieux."—*Histoire de Montréal* par M. Dollier de Casson, p. 144.
- (7) "The Dutch traders at Fort Orange, now Albany, had supplied the Iroquois with fire-arms."—Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, p. 211.
- (8) "Enfin ces âmes lâches au lieu de se sacrifier en braves soldats de J. C. abandonnèrent nos 17 François, sautant qui d'un côté, qui de l'autre, par-dessus les méchantes palissades."—Dollier de Casson, p. 147.
- (9) "Ils avoient bean enragé; ils ne pouvoient se venger: c'est pourquoi ils députèrent un canot pour aller quérir 500 Guerriers qui étoient aux Isles de Richeieu, et qui les attendoit, afin d'emporter tout d'un coup ce qu'il y avoit de François dans le Canada, et de les aboir ainsi qu'ils en avoient conjuré la ruine."—Dollier de Casson, p. 146.
- (10) "Besides muskets, the French had heavy musketoons of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge."—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 79.
- (11) "Un de ces 40 Hurons nommé Louis arriva ici le 3 Juin tout effaré, et dit que nos 17 François étoient morts, mais qu'ils avoient tant tué de gens que les ennemis se servaient de leurs corps pour monter et passer par-dessus les palissades du Fort ou ils étoient."—Dollier de Casson, p. 150.
- (12) "On peut dire que ce grand combat a sauvé le pays, qui sans cela étoit ralié et perdu suivant la créance commune."—Dollier de Casson, p. 151.
- "To the colony this glorious disaster proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone?"—Parkman's *Old Régime in Canada*, p. 82.
- "The self-devotedness of Daulac and his brave men was equal to a victory in its effects; for the savages, struck by the stout resistance they had met with, gave up all thought of making an attack they had planned on Quebec."—Garneau's *History of Canada*, vol. 1., p. 156, (Bell's Edit.).
- "The Colony, in fact, was saved."—Miles' *History of Canada*, p. 53.



Temperance Department.

THE CHARMED BALL.

A PARABLE BY JOSEPH COOK.

Upon different portions of the brain the action of alcohol can be distinctly traced by medical science, and even by common observation. The brain, it will be remembered, is divided into three parts. The upper, which comprises the larger part, and which is supposed to be the seat of the intellectual and moral faculties, is called the *cerebrum*. Below that, in the back part of the organ, is another mass, called the *cerebellum*, parts of which are believed to control the contractions of the muscles in portions of the body. Still lower is the *medulla oblongata*, which presides over the nerves of respiration. Now, the action of alcohol can be distinctly marked upon the different parts of the brain. The moral and intellectual faculties are first jarred out of order in the progress of intoxication. The tipsy laughs and sings, is talkative and jocose, coarse or eloquent to almost any degree, according to his temperament. The *cerebrum* is first affected. His judgment becomes weak. He is incapable of making a good bargain or of defending his own rights intelligibly; but he does not yet stagger. He is as yet only a moderate drinker. The effect of moderate drinking, however, is to weaken the judgment and to destroy the best powers of the will and intellect. But he takes another glass, and the *cerebellum*, which governs several of the motions of the body, is affected; and now he begins to stagger. He loses all control of his muscles and plunges headlong against post and pavement. One more glass, and the *medulla oblongata* is poisoned. This organ controls the nerves which order the movements of the lungs, and now occurs that hard breathing and snoring which is seen in dead drunkenness. This stoppage is caused by impure blood so poisoning the *medulla oblongata* that it can no longer perform its duties. The *cerebrum* and *cerebellum* now seem to have their action entirely suspended, and sometimes the respiratory movements stop forever and the man dies by asphyxia, in the same manner as by drowning, strangling, or narcotic poisoning by any other substance.—(See Prof. Ferrier, "The Localization of Cerebral Disease," London, 1878.)

Who shall say where end the consequences of alcoholic injury of the blood and of the substance of the brain? Here within the cranium, in this narrow chamber, so small that a man's hand may span it, and upon this sheet of cerebral matter, which if dilated out would not cover a surface of over six hundred square inches, is the point of union between spirit and matter. Inversions of right judgment and every distortion of moral sense legitimately follow from the intoxicating cup. It is here that we should speak decidedly of the influence of moderate drinking. Men may theorize as they please; but practically there is in average experience no such thing as a moderate dose of alcohol. People drink it to produce an effect. They take enough to "fire up," as they say; and unless that effect is produced they are not satisfied. They will have enough to raise their spirits or dissipate gloom. And this is enough to impair judgment, and in the course of years perhaps to run fortune, body, and soul. The compass is out of line in life's dangerous sea, and a few storms may bring the ship upon breakers.

It is to be remembered that by the law of local affinity the dose of alcohol is not diffused throughout the system; but is concentrated in its chief effects upon a single organ. When a man drinks moderately, though the effects might be minute if dispersed through the whole body, yet they may be powerful when most of them are gathered upon the brain. They may be dangerous when turned upon the intellect, and even fatal when concentrated upon the primal guiding powers of mind—reason and moral sense. It is not to the whole body that a moderate glass goes. It is chiefly to the most important part—the brain; and not to the whole brain, but to its most important part—the seat of the higher mental and moral powers; and not to these powers at large, but to their helmsman and captain—Reason and Conscience.

"Ship ahoy! All aboard! Let your one shot come," shouts the sailor to the pirate craft. Now one shot will not shiver a big ship's timbers much; but suppose that this one ball were to strike the captain through the heart and the helmsman through the skull, and that there are none to fill their posts, it would be a terrible shot indeed. Moderate drinking is a charmed ball from a pirate craft. It does not lodge in the beams' ends. It cuts no masts. It shivers no plank between wind and water.

It strikes no sailor or under officer; but with magic course it seeks the heart of the captain and the arms of the helmsmen, and it always hits. Their leaders dead, and none to take their place, the crew are powerless against the enemy. Thunders another broadside from pirate Alcohol, and what is the effect? Every ball is charmed; and not one of the crew is killed, but every one becomes mad and raises mutiny. Commanders dead, they are free. Thunders another broadside from the pirate, and the charmed balls complete their work. The mutinous crew rage with insanity. Captain Conscience and Steersman Reason are picked up, and, lest their corpses should offend the crazy sailors, pitched overboard. Then rages Jack Lust from one end of the ship to the other. That brave tar Midshipman Courage, who in his right mind was the bravest defender of the ship, now wheels the cannon against his own friends and rakes the deck with red-hot grape until every mast totters with shot-holes. The careful stewards, Seaman Friendship and Parental Love, whose exertions have always heretofore provided the crew seasonably with food and drink, now refuse to cook, furnish no meals, unhead the water-casks, waste the provisions, and break the ship's crockery. The vessel has wheeled into the trough of the sea; a black shadow approaches swiftly over the waters, and the compass and helm are deserted. That speculating mate Love of Money, who, if sober, would see the danger and order every rag down, from jib to mainsail, and make the ship scud under bare poles before the black squall, now, on the contrary, orders up every sail and spreads every thread of canvas. The rising storm whistles in the rigging; but he does not hear it. That black shadow on the water is swiftly nearing. He does not see it. In the trough of the sea the ship rocks like a cockle-shell. He does not feel it. Yonder before the dense rush of the coming blow of air rises a huge wave, foaming and gnawing and groaning on high. He does not hear it. With a shock like the opening of an earthquake it strikes the broadside; with a roar it washes over the deck; three snaps like cannon, and the heavily-rigged masts are gone; a lurch and sucking in of waves, and the hold is full of water, and the sinking ship just survives the first heavy sea. Then comes out Mirthfulness and sits astride the broken bowsprit and ogles a dancing tune. The crew dance! It were possible even yet to so man the pumps and right the helm as to ride over the swells and drive into port; but all action for the right government of the ship is ended. Trumpeter Language mounts the shattered beams of the fore-castle and makes an oration. It is not necessary to work, he tells the crew; but to hear him sputter yarns.

It is fearful now to look upon the raging of the black sea. Every moment the storm increases in fury. As a giant would toss about a straw, so the waves handle the wrecked timbers. Night gathers her blackness into the rifted clouds, and the strong moaning sound of the storm is heard on the dark ocean. By that glare of lightning I saw a sail and a life-boat! Men from another ship are risking their lives to save the insane crew whose masts are gone. They come nearer; but the boat bounds and quivers, and is nearly swamped upon the top of a wave. Jack Courage and Independence see the boat coming. "Ship ahoy!" shout the deliverers. "Life-boat from the ship Temperance. Quit your wreck and be saved." No reply. Independence grinds his teeth and growls to Jack Courage that the offer of help is an insult. "I will tell you how to answer," says Jack, stern and bloody. There is one cannon left with a dry charge. They wheel that upon the approaching boat, and Independence holds the linstock over the fuse-hole. "Life-boat for sailors on the wreck," shouts Philanthropy from the approaching boat. "What answer, ship Immortal?" Then shoots from the ringing gun a tongue of flame, and ten pounds of iron are on their way. The Temperance boat rocks lower from the wave-top, and the deadly reply just grazes the heads of the astounded philanthropists and buries itself heavily in their own ship beyond. It was an accident, they think, and keep on board the ship and stand upon its deck. Then flash from their scabbards a dozen swords; then click the locks of a dozen muskets; then double the palms of a dozen fists; then shake the clubs of a dozen maniac arms; and the unsuspecting deliverers are murdered on the deck they came to save. As the lightning glares, I see them thrown into the sea, while thunders are the dirge of the dead and the damnation of the murderers.

The drunken ship is fast filling with water. Not a man at the pumps, not an arm at the helm. Having destroyed their friends, the crew fall upon each other. Close under their bow rave the breakers of a rocky shore; but they hear it not. At intervals they seem to realize their condition, and their power even yet to save themselves; but they make no effort. Gloom and storm and foam shut them up against hell with many thunders. In this terrible extremity Independence is heard to refuse help and boasts of his strength. Friendship

and Parental Love rail at thoughts of affection. Language trumpets his easy yarns and grows garrulous as the timbers crack one after another. Rage and Revenge are now the true names of Firmness and Courage. Silly Mirth yet giggles a dance, and I saw him astride the last timber, as the ship went down, tossing foam at the lightning. Then came a sigh of the storm, a groaning of waves, a booming of blackness, and a red, crooked thunderbolt shot wrathfully blue into the suck of the sea where the ship went down.

And I asked the names of those rocks, and was told: God's stern and immutable laws.

And I asked the name of that ship, and they said: Immortal Soul.

And I asked why its crew brought it there, and they said: Their Captain Conscience and Helmsmen Reason were dead.

And I asked how they died, and they said: By one singleshot from the Pirate Alcohol; by one charmed ball of Moderate Drinking!

On this topic, over which we sleep, we shall some day cease to dream.—N. Y. *Independent*.

PROGRESS OF THE ANTI-TOBACCO MOVEMENT.

BY THE REV. A. SIMS.

Societies have just been formed in France for the purpose of putting down as best they can by moral suasion, the "pernicious practice of the use of tobacco." The *Board of Public Instruction in Paris* has issued a circular forbidding the use of tobacco by students in the public schools of that city. In Germany, the police in several States have been instructed to stop all smoking by lads and young men. This action is based on the testimony of the medical faculty, that tobacco-using is so injurious to the health as to impair the fitness of boys and youth for the military service, in which, in Germany, all young men must bear a part. In England, Dr. Drysdale, a distinguished London physician, has—in a letter to *The London Times*—denounced tobacco-smoking as "deleterious to health and vitality," and as the cause of various disorders which he points out.

It may be interesting to the smoking community to learn that the use of tobacco has been prohibited within the precincts of Windsor Castle, by the express command of Her Majesty the Queen. Cards, neatly glazed and framed requesting that gentlemen will not smoke in the Castle, have been hung in the private rooms of the Lords in Waiting and Equeries of the Royal Suite. Servants and workmen are also prohibited from smoking within the Castle, by command of Her Majesty.

At a meeting of farmers in Northampton, Mass., the question "What is the most profitable crop for us to raise this year?" was discussed. Some favored tobacco, but the majority stood up for the beet. Among the latter was Mr. A. T. Lilly, one of the wealthiest in the gathering, who said that he would be one of a hundred men to raise an acre of sugar-beets, and that he would deposit \$100 in the bank to be paid to the man who could show the largest yield on an acre. "Sugar," he declared, "I can eat, but tobacco I cannot. When I come to my death-bed I wish to feel that I have done everything possible to benefit mankind and nothing to harm them; therefore I wish to encourage this industry, in the hope that it may yet largely supersede the culture of tobacco among us."

COLD VICTUALS.—"Why don't you come after cold victuals as usual?" said a lady to a boy who had for a long time been a daily visitor for that species of charity. Father has joined the temperance society, and we have plenty of warm victuals now," was the reply of the lad.

THE NEW MOVEMENT in favor of fermented liquors, as distinguished from distilled spirits, for "a steady drink," which has received aid from some eminent religious authorities, is well illustrated in its higher possibilities in the reported experiences of a New England family. Parents and children settled down on simple cider. What could be more harmless than that? At last accounts they had drunk some thirty barrels within a few months; two of the family were already dead—of course as drunkards; and the others were still living drunkards. This home-made wine and cider business worked about as well in Noah's family as in any household since his day.—*S. S. Times*.

We must all ap-
 pear before the judg-
 ment seat of Christ.

2 COR. 5, 10.