

Mrs. White was aroused from her faint by natural reaction, hastened by hearing the shouts which told her help had arrived. She staggered from where she had fallen to the front door, and, looking out at one of the windows, saw her husband coming up to the house, so she opened the door to meet him.

Thus ended this bloody tragedy, one of many such which occurred in the English settlements both before and after this period. Sometimes entire families were murdered, all moveable valuables carried off, and the house and other buildings burnt.

Many families, harassed and kept in a state of constant alarm by armed predatory bands from the French frontiers, removed farther South. Constant efforts were made by French agents to detach the Iroquois from the English, because their territory lay between the two colonies and served the purpose of a barrier, besides giving the Iroquois occasional opportunities for violating their professed neutrality.

Some months after this tragedy at White's, Mrs. White gave birth to a boy, a fine, healthy, active child, but as he grew up, remarkable for his paleness, especially when excited, and at all times for an inveterate antipathy to the French and their Indian allies. We have in a previous chapter mentioned him as a skilful seaman on board of a "man-of-war," and then as a lieutenant on board Captain Arondale's ship in the naval service of England, and we shall have occasion to mention him again.

(To be Continued.)

OCTOBER MUSINGS.

BY MISS EMMA J. M. R.

The sunset season of the year is come,
October's Autumn's changing hand is seen
Touching the leaves with varied tints of chrome,
But sparing here and there a touch of green.

But few of Summer's flowers are lonely left,
Good bye, bright Summer with thy birds and flowers,
Although we of thy glories are bereft,
Thy richer fruits and bounteous stores are ours.

Season of mists and balmy, bracing air,
Of joyous, full ripe, mellow fruitfulness,
Thy type of beauty is serenely fair,
A glad sobriety with loveliness.

Ye balmy breezes still delay your flight,
Still linger, and with care the leaves caress,
Soon will your mildness change to stormy might
And strip the trees of their resplendent dress.

Toronto, September, 1871.