

the fort inmates could not find place they find that the met- isible in he black are were man been killed by some appeared apprehen- en mass- rayed the e those of e scap- ded was e the ad his lower those bat- als of the slumber fire were consulting vo white who had ster. He and her ks before been raised Her has ne of his babe was he and her and were rators to be. The two gerly con- ubilities of ves in the ng savag- ws which else it is ing each s. Then they s so rapid elve were One old followed by unharmed sleep kept day, when d them in the ser- trophies, the etatic tax Monnerie prepared such signs those men were not there was the fare of the trans- permit their the ung defect ing water surround- ignorant of tentially

One morning about one o'clock the entry on the bastion by the gate called out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something." He went to him to find out what it was, and by the help of the snow she could see through the darkness a number of cattle—the miserable remnant of what the Iroquois had left them, and after taking every precaution she con- sidered to let them in, making her broth- ers stand with their guns cocked in case of surprise.

At last the wished-for daylight came, and with it some of her anxieties seem- ed to disappear. Never permitting her- self to despair, she was ever on the watch; denying herself food or sleep, she went to and fro from fort to block- house, kept up a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged her little com- rade with the hope of speedy succour.

A painful week of constant alarm passed away, the enemy constantly hov- ering about, but at last M. de la Mon- nerie and his forty men were at hand. He was aware as to the fate of the fortress, and he approached as silently as possible. One of the sentries hearing a slight sound called out "Qui vive!" Madel- onne was dosing at this fortunate mom- ent, her head upon a table and her arms lying across her arms, and on be- ing awakened by the soldier, he told her he heard a voice from the river, up- on which she went up to the bastion to see if it was from Frenchmen or In- dians.

Calling out, "Who are you?" one of them replied, "We are French- men. It is La Monnerie who has come to bring you help." Never were mor- tal men in sorer straits, and never were re- fugees more eagerly welcomed. She or- dered the gates to be opened, and a heavy placed and she went down to meet them. As soon as she saw M. de la Monnerie she saluted him, and told him she came to surrender her arms.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he answer- ed gallantly, "they are in good hands." "Better than you think," she replied; "It is time to relieve us, we have been off our bastions for a week." "Brave little soul! She had done her duty nobly, had saved the lives of her brothers and the garrison, and with the noble means at her disposal, had kept a ferocious enemy at bay for days, un- der a well-nigh worn out with ex- haustion and vigilance, the long-looked- for assistance had arrived.

He had the annals of any coun- try exhibited a finer picture of devo- tion to duty carried out under circum- stances that would have tried the pow- er of manhood, and it is gratifying to note that a pension for life somewhat rewarded the courage of the young hero- ine of Vercheres.

T. K. HENDERSON.

Large beds of oysters have been dis- covered in the Pacific waters off Alaska. It had been thought that the water was too cold; but there are places where it is warmed by the Japan current which flows more than the Gulf Stream does off the Atlantic Coast. The Alas- kan oysters are pronounced a very su- perior variety, much better than the small oysters grown near the coast of California.—American Cultivator.

AD LUNAM.

O calm-browed Queen of Night, that, mild and free,
Down the still heavens glidest toward the west;
Thou knowest not that here on earth's dark breast
So many human hearts are turned to thee,—
Some filled with joy, and some all tearfully;
Some that the wealth and light of earth have blest,
And some that sigh for silence and for rest :—
All in this little world thou dost not see.

Ah, we are like to thee! Around our way
How many lives are throbbing in the night,
Within the compass of our thoughtless sight!
And anxious all and watching, sometimes they
May sigh that we are blinded, and may say
As we of thee, O priestess calm and bright!

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Strathroy.

FOSSIL PHILOSOPHY.

The Professor was out early this morning hunting fossils in a slaty hollow. High above the dark half-circle rose a steep, well-wooded hill with thick patches of ferns and creeping plants growing among the underbrush; sun- ward across a field red with buckwheat stubble, wet and glistening with melted frost, the blue lake lay dim under pale sheets of mist which curled and floated and died out in the sun like soft white flames. In the heart of the hollow the rime was yet thick on the stones like bleach- ed moss, but at one side where the Professor was at work everything was dry, for the over- hanging branches of trees shadowed and pro- tected the spot. The quiet of a calm October morning in the woods reigned here, scarcely a sound was heard. Perhaps the mere chirp of a bird, the chatter of a squirrel, a nut falling, or only the sigh of a dead leaf drifting down against the stony wall. Grace-notes, these, in the eternal song of Nature's wild, throbbing heart. The Professor heard none of them; he was thinking:—"What does it all amount to, this collecting of petrified things, taking them from one place to put them away in another? They are still on the earth, and even though they do help us in the study of periods of change in the earth's prehistoric development, of what value is this compared with all that is yet to be learned of countless 'earths' in other universes: the heavenful of white stars we dream under by night. Supposing we have learned the secret of this earth's heart, what have we gained? Can we ever hope to know aught of probably stranger things in other innumerable worlds? I do not mean at all to discourage the study of fossils, yet one cannot help thinking sometimes. Then, too, there is the cost of it. What an immense amount of energy is expended, very often even by those striving to find the true life, simply in killing time—that's all a vast deal of our work amounts to. In our ignorance we cheat our- selves with fine beliefs which we blindly follow, imagining meanwhile that we have accom- plished something. Why—" but the Professor suddenly stopped thinking. He had just dis- covered in a split layer of slate a curled-up Tri- lobite, a perfect one, the first he had chanced to find, and he was well pleased, buttoning the grey, dead thing away in a pocket of his fossil- bag.

The mists had disappeared and a cool wind was blowing off the water across the red fields. After awhile a drift of golden leaves swept

down and covered over the empty grave in which the Trilobite had rested a million years. The Professor was nowhere to be seen.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

DR. ALPHEUS TODD AND CANADIAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

One of the best tests of an author's merit as well as popularity undoubtedly lies in the demands made from time to time by the public for his published writings. Viewed in this light, and apart from his other and more legitimate claims to distinction, the late Dr. Alpheus Todd may be said to occupy a position among native authors almost entirely his own; for, save Haliburton, Wilson and Dawson we know of no other Canadian author whose works have been in such constant requisition by the special class of persons to whose atten- tion or interest they appeal. Outside of Can- ada no other Canadian author is as widely known and consulted, nor is there one whose opinion carries greater weight and authority. The late Dr. Todd entered the public service in Canada at a tender age, and his first work, a treatise on the practice and privileges of the two Houses of Parliament, was produced when he was still a very young man. He was the first writer to take up the subject, the late Sir Erskine May (Lord Farnborough's) work on the usage of Parliament not having yet ap- peared; and, although, as the youthful author confessed, his book was somewhat crude and imperfect, it was nevertheless received with no little favor by the Canadian Parliament. At the first meeting of the Legislature of United Canada in 1841, the book was formally adopt- ed for the use of the members, and the cost of its production defrayed out of the public funds. It was in the same year, it will be remem- bered, that Responsible Government was first applied to our Colonial constitution. In carry- ing out this new and hitherto untried scheme of colonial government many difficult and com- plex questions arose, especially in regard to the relations which should subsist between the popular chamber and the ministers of the crown. Upon these questions young Todd's known addition to Parliamentary studies to- gether with his official position as one of the assistants in the Library of the Legislature, caused him to be frequently consulted. He became aware that no work previously written on the British Constitution undertook to sup- ply the particular information required to elucidate the working of Responsible or Par- liamentary Government. All preceding writ- ers on the subject had confined themselves to the presentation of an outside view or general outline, of the political system of England; and there was nowhere to be found a practical treatment of the questions involved in the mutual relations between the Crown and Par- liament, or any adequate account of the growth, development and functions of the Cabinet Council. In the words of Lord Macaulay, no writer had yet attempted to trace the progress of the institution, an institution indispen- sable to the harmonious working of our other institutions. The task was left to be under- taken by one far removed from the great seats of learning and government by a colonist—a young Canadian whose only study and experi- ence in the premises, had, strange to say, been derived simply from books and from his local political surroundings. Yet, notwithstanding