

bill and desire to have.' How long, O Lord, how long will men thus seek to destroy each other? Surely the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. But God permits this evil, I fear, for the hardness of men's hearts."

Scarcely had the wailing music of the Dead March, which had followed the slain men to the grave, ceased, when the shrill scream of the pipe and rapid throb of the drum invited the townsmen to enrol for an attack on the enemy, who were besieging Forts St. John and Chambly.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Major Featherstone, who had succeeded to the rank and title of his slain superior officer, to Paul Heck, "why don't you take service for the King? With your education and steady habits you're sure to be a corporal or a sergeant before the campaign is over."

"I have taken service under the best of kings," said Paul, devoutly, "and I desire no better. And as for King George, God bless him, I am willing to suffer in body and estate for his cause; but fight I cannot. I would ever hear the voice of the Master whom I serve, saying, 'Pat up thy sword in its sheath.'"

"You're an impracticable fellow, Heck. How ever would the world wag if everybody was of your way of thinking?"

"I doubt not the widows and orphans of His Majesty's slain soldiers think it would wag on better than it does with so much fighting. And if we believe the Bible, we must believe the day is coming when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the major; and tapping his sword by his side, he added, "But not in my time will this good blade's occupation be gone."

"I fear not, more's the pity," said Paul, with a sigh.

"But the Methodists are not all like you," the major continued. "When I was an ensign in the 'King's Own,' in Flanders, there was a lot of Methodists in the army. In my own company there was a fellow named Haime, a tremendous fellow to preach and pray. In barrack he was as meek as a lamb, let the fellows shy their belts and boots at him, and persecute him to no end. But when he was before the enemy, he was the bravest man in the army. Another fellow named Clements, in the Heavy Dragoons, had his left arm shattered at Fontenoy. But he wouldn't go to the rear. 'No,' he said, 'I've got my sword arm yet,' and he rode with his troop like a hero, against the French cuirassiers."

Paul's eyes had kindled while listening to the tale, but he merely said, "I judge them not. A man must follow his own lights. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. But they died well, as well as lived well, the Methodists in the army, I'm sure."

"That they did. I never saw the like," continued the major, with genuine admiration. "There was a Welshman named Evans—John Evans—an artilleryman, a great hand to preach, too, had both his legs taken off by a chain-shot at Maestricht. They laid him on a gun-carriage, and he did nothing but praise God and exhort the men around him as long as he could speak. I'll never forget his last words. His captain asked him if he suffered much. 'Bless you, captain,' he gasped, 'I'm as happy as I can be out of heaven,' and

fell back dead. I never jeered at the Methodists since, as, I'm sorry to say, I used to do before."

I felt, and I'm not ashamed to own it, that there was something in religion that they understood, and that I didn't."

"Dear major, you may understand it and know all about it. The dear Lord will teach you, if you only will ask Him."

"Thank you, my good fellow. But I see I can't make a recruit of you for active service. I'll have to make you hospital sergeant."

"I would fain make a recruit of you, sir, for the best of masters, in the best of service. As for the hospital, fain and glad I'll be to do all that I can for both the bodies and the souls of my fellow-men, especially for them that need it most. But I'll do it for love, not for money. I can't take the King's shilling."

John Lawrence, however, did not share the scruples of his friend, Paul Heck, and eagerly volunteered for the relief of Fort St. John, on the Richelieu. Colonel Richard Montgomery, a brave and generous Irish gentleman, whose tragic fate has cast a halo around his memory, had succeeded Schuyler in the command of the American invading expedition. He vigorously urged the siege of Forts St. John and Chambly. The latter ingloriously surrendered to two hundred Americans, after a siege of a day and a half. The capture of seventeen cannon, and six tons of powder, was of immense advantage to Montgomery, enabling him to press with greater vigour the siege of Fort St. John.

Meanwhile, General Carleton, by great efforts, got together about eight hundred Canadians, regulars, and Indians, for the relief of the garrison of Fort St. John. On the 31st of October, he attempted, in thirty-four boats, to cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal, in order to effect a junction with Colonel Maclean at Sorel. A great crowd of the townspeople—the mothers, wives, and children of the volunteers, and other non-combatants, gathered on the shore or watched from the walls the departure of the little flotilla. From the windows of their own dwelling, Paul and Barbara Heck and Mary Embury followed with their prayers the expedition in which they were the more interested that it bore their friend and companion in exile, John Lawrence. Gallantly the batteaux rode the waves, and under the impulse of strong arms resisted the downward sweep of the current. The red coats gleamed and the bayonets flashed in the morning sun, as, with ringing cheer on cheer, boat after boat pushed off, and the music of life and drum grew fainter and fainter as they receded from the shore. They had almost reached the opposite bank, where the village of Longueuil now stands, when, from out the bushes that lined the shore, where lay an ambush of 300 men, there flashed a deadly volley of musketry, and the deep roar of two pieces of artillery boomed through the air. Instantly everything was in the direst confusion. Many men were wounded. Some of the boats were shattered and began to sink. After a brief resistance, General Carleton gave the word to retreat, and the discomfited expedition slowly made its way back to Montreal.

"The Lord have mercy upon them," exclaimed Barbara Heck, as from her window she saw the flash and heard

the sound of the first fire. But she was even more startled by the sudden gasp of Mary Embury, beside her, and looking round, she beheld her turn ashen pale and fall fainting to the floor. The usual restoratives of the period—cold water and burnt feathers—were speedily applied, and the swoon passed gradually away.

"Dear heart," said Barbara, gently caressing her pale cheek, "they are all in the Lord's hands. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

"What has happened?" asked Mary Embury, in a weak, bewildered voice; and then, "Oh, I remember. It is not the Lord's doings. It is those wicked men. Can they not let us bide in peace? Why do they follow us even here? Is it John hurt?" she asked, blushing with eagerness.

"No, Molly dear, thank God," exclaimed Lawrence, bursting into the room. "Though we had a desperate time of it, and many a gallant fellow has got his death blow, I fear. They want you Barbara, in the hospital. Paul is there already. They are bringing in the wounded."

"I can't leave Mary, you see," said Barbara, administering a cordial.

"Oh, yes you can," exclaimed the fair young matron becoming rapidly convalescent. The safe return of John Lawrence seemed to have a more restorative effect than even the burnt feathers. There was a rather awkward self-consciousness on the part of each of having betrayed feelings of which they had hardly, till that moment, been fully aware. It sometimes happens that chemical solutions may become super-saturated with some salt, which, upon a sudden jar of the vessel, will shoot instantly into solid crystals. So also it may happen that certain feelings may be in unconscious solution, as it were, in our souls, which suddenly, under the agitating impulse of some great crisis, may crystallize into conscious reality. So was it with these two honest and loving hearts. For years they had known each other well, and with growing esteem. But since their common exile, they had drawn more together. The bereaved young widow had leaned for sympathy upon the warm heart of Barbara Heck; but she had unconsciously come to lean also for protection on the strong arm of John Lawrence. The peril through which he had just passed was the shock that revealed her feelings to herself. But the present, with its awful shadow of disaster and death, was no time for the indulgence of tender emotions. So Mary Embury busied herself, with Lawrence's help, in tearing up sheets for bandages, and scraping lint for the wounded, who were being borne beneath the window on bloody litters, to the barrack hospital.

An Important Incident.

IN an obscure corner of an humble chapel there sat, one Sunday morning, a young man burdened with a sense of sin. His heart was longing for rest and peace. The preacher rose in the pulpit. He was a feeble old man, a Methodist, I believe. He was not learned, not eloquent, not famous.

With a trembling voice he announced his text: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." He exalted Christ as the sinner's only refuge. As Moses lifted up the serpent so he displayed Christ. The congregation was small. The eyes of the preacher

seemed to rest upon the young man. Raising his voice he shouted: "Young man, look, look now!"

It was the birth-moment of the new life. The young man looked and lived. With the look of faith came life. The burden fell from his heart. Joy filled his soul. He left the house justified. The humble preacher knew not, but God did, what glorious work was done that morning. That young man is known throughout the entire world as one of the greatest preachers since Paul's translation. His name need I say it?—is Charles H. Spurgeon.—*Dr. MacArthur.*

The Rose of Waterloo.

How fragile art thou, little flow'r!
And yet how very fair;
The fragrance of thy one brief hour
Still lingers on the air.
Thy home is where the god of war
Trode down the brave and true,
And where went out the empire's star,
O rose from Waterloo!

The soil that nourished thee was red
With blood one summer day;
It groaned beneath its weight of dead
Where nations fought for away.
The royal Timor of his age
Was conquered where ye grew,
To die within his ocean cage,
Fair rose from Waterloo!

The Belgian lion guards the plain,
And Mar's baptismal font;
The spectres of the gallant slain
Stand guard at Hugomont.
Thy sisters in the soft starlight
Receive the spotless dew,
And wonder where thou art to-night,
O rose from Waterloo!

The cannon ruts, those scars of hate,
Have vanished with the years;
The cricket calls his timid mate
Where died the grenadiers.
The soaring lark her means sings
Amid the balmy blue;
With happy note my birth-place rings,
Sweet flower of Waterloo.

The lambskins sport where battle's wave
Beat high their fateful day,
And where the bravest of the brave
Went down, the children play.
The language that thy petals speak
They whisper 'neath the yew,
Till blushes crown the lassie's cheek,
O rose from Waterloo!

Now, as I look thee o'er and o'er,
And touch my lips to thine,
I hear the tide of war once more
Roll down the dotted line!
Lut ah! the flag that floated then
Wave o'er a pennoned few,
And silent is thy native glen,
Loose rose from Waterloo!

What a Blue Ribbon Cost.

YEARS ago, in London, Mr. Frederic Carrington, son of a very wealthy brewer, was converted. His father had lavished on him every indulgence, and had given him a share in the business, which was a fortune. After his conversion the young man engaged in Christian work among the neglected of the East End of London. But it was gradually forced on him that the most potent and fruitful sources of evil among the poor and wretched were the gin shops and beer houses. One night, as he passed to his work, heavy in heart by reason of the sights and sounds of vice and wickedness, his eye was drawn to a floating beer shop, over the door of which was a sign, "Carrington & Co.'s Entire." From that moment he determined on his course. He went to his father, and told him that he could not longer be in the firm. At a later day some one casually asked him "what his blue ribbon cost him." He replied, "Fourteen thousand pounds a year," or \$70,000.