

To the right of Wolfe there is a lot of smoke from the battle, and to the left you can see the clouds which look black. There is a man running. He has his hat in his left hand and a flag in his right. Where the smoke is there looks to be a steeple.

The man with his hat on has a powder horn. The men all have three-cornered hats and gaiters on, but the Indian. There are fourteen men out in front.

There is a lot of grass in front of Wolfe and the men. Behind the men there looks to be a lot of ship masts.

The Indian has a tomahawk. Nearly all of the men have curly hair. The Indian has marks on his legs. The fight was in the summer time. Most all of the men have bags to carry their shot in and horns for the powder.

IRA O. BIRD.

West Leicester, Cum. Co., N. S.

### NUMBER THREE.

The scene of this picture, "The Death of General Wolfe," was the Plains of Abraham. It is one of the saddest and most pathetic scenes connected with the history of Canada. Sad because the death of the brave Wolfe was sacrifice; and yet glorious, because Canada passed finally into the hands of the English.

Wolfe was wounded in the wrist but he wrapped his handkerchief around it, and went on undauntedly. But a moment or two later a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward until another shot lodged deeply within his breast, which caused him to stagger and fall. Two of his brave followers, Lieutenants Brown and Henderson, were at his side in an instant, and raising him gently in their arms, bore him to the rear, and laid him softly on the grass. A crowd has gathered about him. All are eager to see his face and are gazing sorrowfully upon him—sorrowful not only because they have lost their leader but one who has served his country faithfully.

Some of them are in the attitude of prayer with clasped hands and bowed heads. Even the attitude of the Indian near him, is one of deepest sorrow.

In the distance can be seen the retreating French soldiers, and one of the English standard bearers who is rushing to Wolfe's side exclaiming, "They run!" Two or three of his soldiers have already reached his side and are pointing to the retreating enemy. Wolfe hearing them, asked faintly, "Who run?" And when told "The enemy," he closed his eyes and said, "Thank God, I die in peace."

PAIGE PINNEO. (11 years old).

Mill Village, Queens Co., N. S.

"I most earnestly believe that the fault of the present time is, on the whole, distraction, and that one great cause of this distraction is the notion of a general duty to do good as something other than and apart from doing one's work well and intelligently."—*Prof. Bosanquet, "Civilisation of Christendom," page 182.*

"So Johnny is almost in high school?"

"Yes; he's had splendid marks in whittling and beadwork and baking-powder biscuits. If he were only a little more careful in sewing squares I shouldn't be a bit afraid about his passing."

### Queer Little Historians.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,  
All alone,  
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"  
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water  
Down the hill  
Shows where once in merry laughter  
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed dark and hidden  
Ferns (how queer!)  
Left a message plainly saying,  
"We've been here!"

You may see where tiny ripples  
On the sands  
Leave a history written by their  
Unseen hands.

Why the oak trees, by their bending,  
Clearly show  
The direction playful winds blew  
Years ago.

—Sel.

### Rover in Church.

'Twas a Sunday morning in early May,  
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,  
And all the village old and young,  
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.  
The windows were open, and breezes sweet  
Fluttered the hymn books from seat to seat.  
Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch  
Sang as softly as if in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer  
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,  
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,  
As his careful ear the tapping caught.  
*Rap-rap, rap-rap*—a louder sound,  
The boys on the back seat turned around.  
What could it mean? for never before  
Had anyone knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,  
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).  
*Rappety-rap!* This will never do,  
The girls are peeping, and laughing too!  
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,  
Lifted the latch and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,  
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog  
Right up the centre aisle he pattered;  
People might stare, it little mattered.  
Straight he went to a little maid,  
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,  
And there sat down, as if to say,  
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day,  
But better late than never, you know;  
Beside, I waited an hour or so,  
And couldn't get them to open the door  
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.  
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,  
And hear what the minister has to say."