

eyes lighted up once more as he eagerly cried out, "Go, one of you, my lads, to
 Death of Wolfe Colonel Burton and tell him to march
 down to the Charles River Bridge and cut off
 their retreat;" then, turning upon his side, he
 murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die
 in peace."

For Montcalm, too, the final summons had
 come, and he was no more to see the beautiful
 Provençal home for which he had so wearily
 yearned. As he was approaching one of the
 gates of the city, mounted on his black horse,
 a bullet was lodged in his chest, which in the
 intensity of excitement he seemed hardly to
 feel. As he passed through the gate a party
 of women, seeing the blood stream-
 Death of Montcalm ing down his waistcoat, burst into
 loud lamentations: "He is killed! The Mar-
 quis is killed!" "Do not weep for me, my
 children," said he; "it's nothing." But, as he
 said the words, he fell from his horse and was
 caught in the arms of his officers. When the
 surgeon informed him that the wound was mor-
 tal, his reply was, "So much the better. I shall
 not live to see Quebec surrendered."

Thus came to a close one of the greatest
 scenes in the history of mankind, the final act
 in the drama which gave the North American
 continent into the keeping of the English race
 instead of the French; and perhaps there has