

they are within shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest alarm will betray them. If they show that they are aware of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other, till each fills her bucket in succession.

The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet: their movements soon become more agitated, and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, at once proclaimed the safety of the women and the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians renewed the attack again and again, but they were foiled every time and at last withdrew their forces.

QUESTIONS.—Where was the fort here spoken of? Who attacked it? By whom led? Who defended it? Why was the garrison under arms at the time of the attack? What plan did the Indians adopt when they failed to surprise the garrison? Where did they place their real force?

What did the women of the fort resolve to do? What if armed men had done this? On which side of the fort was the attack returned? What did the women do at the same time?

What did they wish the Indians to suppose? How did they therefore advance? How did they return? Where was the only water spilt? What proclaimed their safety? What did the Indians then begin? With what result?

Recitation

NOËL

A little while and we shall know,
Where all our vanish'd children go,

And e'en, perchance, may recognise,
Their old-remember'd, astral eyes!

(O Noël, Noël! comest thou,
From them to us with kiss and vow?)

A little while and we shall hear,
The Child's soft footfall drawing near,

The Child who our dead children takes,
In his safe keeping for our sakes,

And they, those children we loved most,
Will watch for him and think him lost,

And yearn for his return with eyes,
That search the deeps of Paradise,

(O Noël, Noël! in thy rest,
May all our vanish'd ones be blest!)

G. H. R. DABBS.

LE CABINET DE L'INSTITUTEUR

Le chant à la petite école

Il est tout naturel que pour le mois de décembre, nous présentions un chant de Noël. Celui que nous avons choisi est un "vieux Noël" languedocien dont la poésie et la mélodie ont un caractère rustique bien accentué. Nous l'avons emprunté à la "Bonne chanson", revue mensuelle publiée sous la direction de Th. Botrel, dont les chansons si délicieuses sont connues dans tout le Canada.

On s'appliquera d'abord à étudier le texte pour le bien comprendre; il n'y a pas de grosses difficultés, les phrases sont simples et il n'y a pas de termes difficiles à comprendre. On pourra attirer l'attention sur le sens des expressions *elle dévoile*, elle fait voir, elle montre; *la pauvre Humanité*, les pauvres hommes; *cloches antiques*, anciennes. On dira aux élèves ce que c'est que le Languedoc, province du sud de la France (montrer sur la Carte). La mélodie est coupée en quatre