

struck with terror, speedily made off. De Denonville did not follow, but in the morning pushed on to the chief town of the Senecas. It was in ashes, the Indians having again saved themselves by retreat. The same tactics had been resorted to in all of the neighboring villages, hence, after spending ten days destroying the growing cornfields, the French withdrew.

The expedition was reported to France as a victory, but, in truth, the Iroquois were more enraged than hurt. Their provisions had been destroyed, but these were made up by the English. "De Denonville had left the wasps alive."

On the way back he put up a stockade on the site of La Salle's fort at Niagara, which had been burned.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Governor Dongan, of New York, was enraged over the expedition, and incited the Iroquois to make persistent war on the French, who were in no position to meet the attacks. The long Iroquois irritation had prevented the sowing and harvesting of crops. Everywhere there were poverty, famine, and sickness. At Niagara, during the winter of 1688, the garrison of 100 men dwindled to twelve, so that at last De Denonville destroyed it. He asked for 4,000 soldiers from France to strike a decisive blow at the Iroquois; only 300 were sent. Meanwhile the Iroquois were demanding that the braves sent to work on the galleys be returned, whereas many of them, succumbing to unnatural conditions, had died.

There were conferences upon conferences, but no peace, and nowhere could the French settlers work or sleep in peace; indeed, the very crops were sown with soldiers on guard. It was impossible for the country to progress under such circumstances.

Then came the terrible massacre at Lachine.

THE MASSACRE AT LACHINE.

The calamity occurred on the 4th and 5th of August, 1689, and began with a hailstorm which covered the advance of the Iroquois, 1,500 in number, who advanced thus, at the very threshold of Montreal, all unnoticed, until their blood-curdling war-whoops warned the unhappy victims of their fate. In the darkness and storm, the people were dragged out of their homes and slaughtered without mercy; many were tied to stakes in their own yards, tortured, and burned, while the houses were burned up to the very gateways of Montreal.

Troops under Subercase were sent out to follow up the marauders, and set off in hot haste. Had they been permitted to do their will, the Iroquois party might have been almost exterminated, for it was found afterwards that the majority

of them lay in the forest drunk, with the liquor taken from Lachine. Their advance, however, was checked by a peremptory order from De Denonville, brought by De Vaudreuil, and so the last opportunity was lost. Next day, 80 men who were attempting to join Subercase were cut to pieces by the now revived Iroquois; and presently the victors were seen paddling off in their canoes. They gave ninety yells as they went, to announce the number of prisoners taken; in reality they had carried off 120 and killed 200. As they passed the forts they shouted, "Onontio you deceived us, and now we have deceived you!"

That night, across the lake could be seen the fires at which the invaders were burning some of their hapless prisoners. Five suffered thus; the rest were distributed among the tribes for further torture or adoption.

A little later in the autumn De Denonville was recalled and Frontenac was again sent out to bring order out of chaos.

(To be continued.)

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Jesus in the Midst.

They crucified Him, and two other with Him, on either side one, and JESUS in the midst.—S. John xix: 18.

Who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.—Rev. ii: 1.

His disciples were within . . . then came JESUS, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst.—S. John xx: 19, 26.

In the midst of the throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain.—Rev. v: 6.

Will you look carefully at these texts? The first shows the Saviour in the midst of sinful, suffering men. The second

shows the King in the midst of His visible kingdom—the Church. The third shows the Master in the midst of His true and loyal disciples. The fourth opens the door of heaven, where—in the midst of God's Throne on high—is One Who liveth and was dead. Wherever we go, on earth or in heaven, we always find "JESUS in the midst." He claims all men as His comrades, yet He alone of all men can take the exalted position spoken of by the prophet Zechariah: "The Man that is My Fellow, saith the LORD of Hosts." He was sold for the price of a slave, yet He sitteth on the right hand of the Father—the place of highest honor in all the universe.

It is not without reason that our Lord was declared to be "Emmanuel—God with

us." We see him hanging between two thieves, criminals who were suffering the just punishment for their crimes. Above His head is His title of "King," written in three languages for all to read. His kingly character is written as plainly in His face and voice—even the callous Roman officer and the hardened thief can recognize His royal beauty of soul. What an added shame and disgrace to force such a shining character into the midst of blackened criminals! Does He shrink away in horror, feeling that their presence is a defilement? Is He thankful to know that death will free Him from such low company?

Oh, no! Listen to His eager invitation to one of those criminals to be His comrade still, after death. He has no desire to avoid him. Quite the contrary: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," He says.

Christ came to call sinners to repentance, and He was taunted with being the "Friend of publicans and sinners." Has He changed to-day?

This Man can seek the society of sinners, yet remain absolutely unstained. All men agree with the verdict of Pilate: "I find in Him no fault at all." A white daisy was growing near a coal-mine. Trees, grass, and buildings around it were soiled and grimy. An observer said: "What care the owner must take of this little flower to keep it so free from dust and dirt." Another man threw a handful of coal-dust over the daisy, which remained as stainless as before. "It has an enamel," he said, "which prevents dirt from sticking to it." So Christ, in the midst of sinners, remain uncorrupted and incorruptible.

Think of the difference it made to the penitent thief that he was not left to the companionship of a man like himself! He found the way to Paradise because Christ was crucified beside him. We don't know the fate of the other thief. Perhaps his hard heart was touched also.

We are part of sinful and suffering humanity. JESUS is still—though invisibly—in our midst. He is listening to our words—are they harsh and uncharitable in His ears? He knows our thoughts—do they ever hurt His pure soul? He notes all our deeds—does our unkind neglect of His brethren ever cut Him to the heart?

The King walks in the midst of the seven-branched lamp-stand—the Church He has lighted to give light to the world. The other day a man said to me: "I believe in following Christ, but I would never join myself to the Church—it is too corrupt."

Yet it is Christ's visible kingdom on earth. It is His own field—bought with His life-blood. Of course, tares are growing amongst the wheat, as He has

warned us will be the case until the Judgment Day. How can we be subjects of the King if we refuse to belong to His kingdom? He is in the midst of the Church—do we feel ourselves too righteous to belong to that Church? It is a daring and presumptuous thing to stand apart from one of our fellows, saying: "I am holier than thou."

Browning, in "Christmas-Eve," describes a man who found himself one rainy night in a Zion Chapel Meeting. He despised the company, and disliked the sermon, and was thankful to escape into the outer air. While he was congratulating himself on the superior quality of his own chosen way of worshipping God, he looked up and saw Christ.

"He was there."

He himself with his human air, On the narrow pathway, just before. I saw the back of him, no more—He had left the chapel, then, as I. I forgot all about the sky. No face: only the sight Of a sweepy garment, vast and white, With a hem that I could recognize. I felt terror, no surprise . . .

I remember, he did say Doubtless that, to this world's end, Where two or three should meet and pray, He would be in the midst, their friend; Certainly He was there with them!"

Then the man was filled with fear at the thought that Christ was turning away and leaving him, because he had despised His friends. So he held to the hem of His garment and was carried across the world to Rome. There was a great gathering of men under the Mighty Dome, and Christ went in to be in the midst of them, while the man who held His garment was left outside, wondering at his Master's action:

"Left till He return, alone

Save for the garment's extreme fold Abandoned still to bless my hold."

Then Christ entered a lecture-hall where a Professor was urging his hearers to follow the example of the Carpenter of Nazareth—though he called the Gospel a "myth." Again Christ was "in the midst," while His disciple stayed outside, wondering. Was he more particular than his Master?

We are very apt to shrink away from those who do not see God as we see Him. Perhaps He is finding more of His own spirit—the spirit of love and self-sacrifice—in them than in us. To despise others is to be conceited and self-righteous.

Let us look now at our third text. The disciples were gathered together in the Name of their loved Master—then He suddenly revealed Himself in the midst of them. He had been there all the time, but they had not known it. His Presence is our joy and peace, and where two or three are gathered together in love to their Lord, He is always—though invisibly—in their midst. Can we afford to lose this blessing of being near Him? Are we already so strong and brave that we can do without His fellowship? If we neglect the invitations of our King to meet Him in His own House—the invitation of a king is always a command to one of his subjects—how can we expect Him to meet us when we desire Him to be our Guest?

Now glance at the fourth text. Man with God is on the Throne. One with us in tenderest human sympathy and fellowship, one with God in power. Look at the seventh chapter of Revelation and you will see the white-robed throng gather round the Lamb in the midst of the Throne. This is no company of angels. The robes have been stained, but now are washed and spotless, the troubles of earth have been endured bravely and patiently by these saints, and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

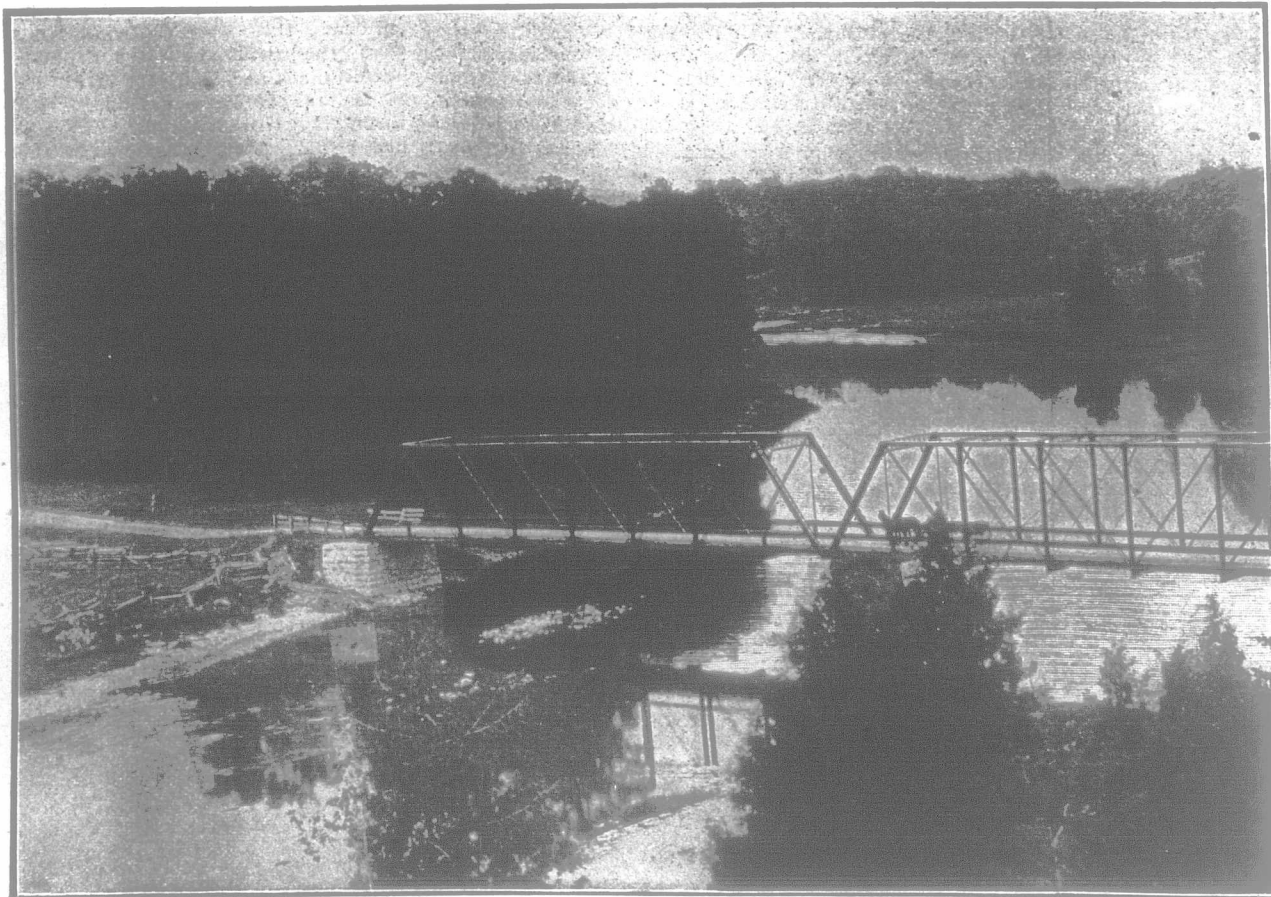
Wherever we go, the Lord is always in the midst of us. He loves us too dearly to stand aloof.

"Hush! for the Master speaketh, Tender and sweet His tone: 'I, even I, am at thy side, Thou art not left alone. Let not your heart be troubled, 'Tis but a little while, Onward and upward and homeward press, Journeying 'neath My smile.'"

DORA FARNCOMB.

From a Friend.

While writing this "Quiet Hour" the postman dropped in my box a gift of \$5



Beauty Spots in Canada—Scene on the Maitland River, 12 Miles East of Goderich.