

while pioneering for us, their favored children, the difficult enterprises that have opened to us such peace and prosperity. We enjoy so much, see and hear so many pleasant things, without finding it necessary to make any exertion, that we are in danger of looking too much to our present ease, loving our own comfort, and becoming selfish and careless. Great spirits were Montcalm, and Wolf, and Amherst, and Allen—men who felt fatigue a pleasure—men whose minds planned, and whose wills performed feats of bravery. How fearfully trying must have been their marches through the wilderness. Few roads then wound through our country—the broad lake or river offered a highway in summer, but their boats were clumsy and moved slowly. The land, especially in that part near the River Sorel, is low and marshy. Imagine an army heavily munitioned, marching from St. Johns towards Montreal—baggage waggons sinking in the mud—engineering parties cutting down trees, and trying to construct a rough road as they advance—men's hearts failing them for fear of the lurking savage—night coming on, camp fires lighted—the distant howling of the wolf—the cry of the catamount, and the hooting of the owl, borne to their ears on the evening breeze—every strange sound, or undefined form of broken tree converted into an approaching enemy—the keen cold of our autumn weather stiffening their limbs—insufficient clothing, and indifferent rations completing their misery; and you have only a faint conception of the severe struggles which the brave armies and heroic settlers of this country endured, long before steamboats furrowed our waters, or bridges spanned our rivers, or railroads introduced our cities to each other.

AN HOUR IN THE ICE.

Sleigh bells! who has not listened for their glad music, when friends or dear ones have been waited for? who has not watched for them, perhaps hopefully, perhaps anxiously, perhaps in that agony of suspense which has made their first tone seem as if struck from the very heart? Surely, if the term "joy bells" can ever be rightly applied, it must be to those blithesome heralds of friends approaching. The very house-dog knows his