

rising as she reached the further end. All that long, hot summer's day, from daybreak to moonlight, on the 23rd of June, she had traversed the haunted depths of an impenetrable swamp, alone, hungry, faint, and, for the most part of the way, ragged and shoeless. Even to-day we can judge how long it would take to destroy every article of attire in a thicket full of thorns and briers, of branches and fallen trees, of water and bog. Wild creatures alarmed her, for the rattlesnake often strikes as he springs his alarm, and the wild-cat drops from the high branch without warning, or pursues his prey perseveringly until he is sure of his aim. Once only she faltered, and it was at the dread cry of wolves; but they passed her by, and she went on trusting more than ever to the Hand that guides the world.

Crossing by means of a fallen tree the Twelve-Mile Creek, then a swollen and considerable stream, for rains had been heavy for days previous, the heroine climbed slowly and painfully the steep sides of "the mountain," and on the ridge encountered a British sentry. O, joyful sight! A friend once more! By him she is directed to Fitzgibbon, still, however, some miles distant. Her heart is lighter, for she is within British lines. But oh, how heavy are her feet! She enters at length upon a little clearing, the trees have been felled, and their twigs and branches strew the ground: they crackle beneath her tread. Suddenly she is surrounded by ambushed Indians, and the chief throws up his tomahawk to strike, regarding the intruder as a spy. Only by her courage in springing to his arm is the woman saved, and an opportunity snatched to assure him of her loyalty. Moved by pity and admiration, the chief gives her a guide, and at length she reaches Fitzgibbon, delivers and verifies her message, *and faints*.

It is a wonderful story. To-day, when we are lost in admiration of the pluck of a Stanley, a Jephson, and a Stairs, with their bands of men diving into the heart of Africa, we may reasonably ask ourselves which was the greater, theirs or Laura Secord's. The distinction is only a difference of climatic conditions; the end was the same, the unity and glory of the British Empire, and the heroism is surely equal.