

the names, as much forgotten as the deeds of those old French regiments which at the end of the world accomplished obscurely such noble services. To this effective force, we may add 2000 soldiers of the marine, the contingents of Canadian militia, and of "Our Savages". With such an army, badly fed, almost without shoes and without pay, having scarcely other munition than those taken from the enemy, he must keep a frontier of several hundred leagues, occupy twenty forts and make head against an invasion, the forces engaged in which rose at last to the official count of 60,000 men.

Extraordinary campaigns, of which no European war gives any idea. For a theatre, lakes, rivers, forests without limit succeeding other lakes, other forests, other rivers. For adversaries, strange-looking troops, the Scotch Highlander and the grenadier of France, with queue and white coat, fight side by side with the Iroquois and Huron, adorned with eagle plumes. Now with hatchet in hand and gun slung over the shoulder, the soldiers of these armies make their way through the woods; now they carry in their arms, past the foaming rapids, the boats in which they re-embark; and in winter with snow-shoes on their feet, a bear-skin on their back, they follow upon the snow campaign sledges drawn by large dogs.

A war full of surprises, of massacres, of hand to hand combats, in which the roar of artillery and the roll of drums respond to the howl of red-skins and the din of cataracts.

The war in Canada has two phases; the first, almost aggressive, from 1756 to 1758; the second, wholly defensive and despairing, from 1758 to 1760. The theatre of operations changed with fortune; the frontier was the first field of battle; afterwards when this line was forced by the invaders, the St. Lawrence in all its length was witness of the struggle.

Montcalm had scarcely more than landed when he struck a master blow.

(To be Continued.)

"IT IS WELL".

II KINGS, IV, 26.

"IT is well", God's ways are always best;
We say the words while moaning in our pain.
"It is well", on this alone we rest;
He wounds, Who knoweth how to heal again.

"It is well", the sorrow clouds that rose,
And darkened all the brightness of our way,
Were sent by Him; 'tis He alone who knows
Why they were sent to cloud our joyous day.

"It is well", our idols shattered fall;
Our hope beside them, buried from our sight.

"It is well", our loved ones hear His call,
And we are left alone to weep thro' sorrow's night.

"It is well," then o'er our darkened way
There falls a light, His smile of tender love.
"It is well", we hear our Saviour say;
"This chastening sore will but a blessing prove".
"It is well". Yes, it is ever well
With those who know the Saviour as their own.
While life shall last we joy His love to tell--
His dying love, which made us His alone.

IDA H. WILSON.

Ottawa, Ont.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE:

Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

"HOW, mother, how?" I cried joyfully.
"Why, Tom, you know I hate borrowing, and, indeed, we have no prospect of repaying anything, if we found a lender; but old Josiah has offered to pay the rent this year, if I do his bit of washing".

"No, mother, no!" I hastily exclaimed, "you work too hard now, and you sha'n't take more. I hate to bring mine home for you to do, but you know I can't help it".

"But, Tom", said my mother, in a broken voice, "I sha'n't have yours to do when you are away, and——"

"To be sure you won't, I never thought of that", I cried out, quite gaily, for I was afraid she would begin to cry in earnest if I didn't pretend not to notice, and then I knew I should break down too, so I went on. "Well, mother, how then?"

"Why, Tom, when you get your wages at Lady Day's, you must bring it home, and I shall have to see Mr. Dale and tell him you are leaving. The six pounds will pay your passage. Old Josiah says he'll give you ten shillings to take care of a box he wants to send to his son, and for clothes, you'll have to do; Granny is knitting you some stockings, I'll make you a couple of new shirts, and Ann says she will give you her trunk; it's very little, I know, but small beginnings sometimes have large endings".

"And when do you think I can start, mother?"

"Old Josiah has written to the agent in London who got his son's ticket, and when he gets an answer we shall know. At any rate you cannot start before the beginning of April; you must work out your year; it would be acting dishonorably to Mr. Dale to do otherwise. Honour bright, Tom", said my mother. "A gentleman is one who keeps his word, as I've heard my old master say many a time, and so you may be a gentleman as well as he was, and a finer old gentleman I never did see".