



Earth and Infinity.

There's part o' the sun in an apple;
There's part o' the moon in a rose;
There's part of the flaming Pleiades
In every leaf that grows.
Out of the vast comes nearness;
For the God whose love we sing
Lends a little of His heaven
To every living thing.
—Augustus Wight Bomberger, in the Outlook.

The Passing of the Seasons.

(By Hyacinth.)

The March winds blew with a southing sound, and the leafless trees all stirred, and lifted their heads to catch aright the message they thought they heard; and they listened, and nodded in silent glee when the message was told again, and stretched aloft their naked arms to the kiss of the falling rain.

The brook leaped up from its prison of ice, and gleefully hurried away, babbling of days when the sun's soft beams would call out the fishes to play; and down in the garden a pansy face, with dusky, velvety eyes, peeped out, and smiled at the wooing sun, with a tender, shy surprise.

And I thought, as I watched the snow fade away and the grass grow green again, of the fair young life that had just begun, without thought or shadow of pain; and I wondered how long ere the frosts of grief would mar with their blackening breath, or the drooping petals be folded, quiet, in the snows of the winter of death.

The days went by, and the wind's soft breath grew warmer upon my cheek, as it tossed the curtains to and fro, as if playing hide-and-seek; and the roses blushed a deeper red, when its breath shook their petals down, and the honey-suckle clung, and twined round the arbor's mossy gown.

The busy bee hummed in sweet content as he carried his honey home; and the sweet-voiced birds from morning till night proclaimed that the summer had come; and the brook's loud voice grew gentle and soft as if fearing to break the spell; and the grass grew greener under the kiss of the dew it loved so well.

And I thought of the life that was growing up in youthful beauty and grace, with the promise of spring being all fulfilled in the innocent, laughing face, with the sorrows as light as the summer showers that fell while the sun still shone, leaving rainbow tints of purple and gold, when the flurry of cloud was gone.

The autumn came, with its mellow skies, and the sheaves were gathered in; and the trees were laden with ripened fruit, where in spring the blossom had been; and the leaves, all tinted with red and gold, were cast down one by one; and the birds stopped singing, and flew away to a warmer Southern home.

And I thought of the life to full manhood grown, with its yield of ripening grain; of the face, where as well as the light of hope, there were lines of worry and pain. But I knew, that as well as the summer's sun, there was need of the summer's rain, to bring to perfection the golden fruit, ere the frosts of winter came.

I stood at the window and watched the snow as it floated silently down, hiding beneath its mantle of white, the marks

of the black frost's frown, fringing with ermine the dusky rails where in summer the moss used to rest, hushing the fluttering leaves to sleep, as a mother, the babe at her breast.

And I thought of the head where life's snowflakes fell, and would not be brushed away; of the life where the sapphire of summer had changed to the dusk of the winter's gray; and I wondered how often the sunshine of joy had been drowned in the sadness of night, ere the Angel of Peace dropped her mantle of snow, and hid the sorrows from sight.

And, as I was musing, the setting sun broke out from its prison of black, and smiled on the snow till it glistened like pearl, and reflected the radiance back; and I thought of the gates that would soon swing back to let Heaven's Sun shine through, to turn into diamonds each snowflake that lay on the head of the Faithful and True.

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

Canadian History Series.

DE LA BARRE AND DE DENONVILLE.

An appointment as Governor-General of Canada was, in those early days, no sinecure, as M. de la Barre, who succeeded Frontenac in 1682, was speedily to find out. True, the Iroquois were not formidably active against the French at the time of his coming. Frontenac had held them in check, but even during his regime they had been restless, and had given trouble at times by robbing traders of canoe-loads of furs; now they were soon to prove themselves the most difficult problem which the French had so far had to meet. Nor was De la Barre altogether happy even in his dealings with the Indians who were disposed to be friendly with the French. Frontenac had liked the red men, and they had responded to him. "They admired the prompt and fiery soldier who played with their children and gave beads and trinkets to their wives; who read their secret thoughts and never feared them, but smiled on them when their hearts were true, or frowned upon and threatened them when they did amiss."—(Parkman.) De la Barre, on the other hand, always regarded these strange folk of the new world with repugnance, and they met his attitude in kind.

Another misstep was his complete subservience to the trading factions which had been opposed to Frontenac, and were even now more concerned with jealousies of La Salle than with the advancement of the country. Through them he was suspicious of La Salle's fort on the Illinois, which Frontenac would have strengthened as a political necessity. By them also he was induced to seize not only the Illinois fort, but also Fort Frontenac itself.

One of his earliest acts was to call a conference to meet in the new parish church in Montreal, which was as yet unconsecrated. The Indians came, he gave them gifts, and induced them to consent to peace and to refrain from pillaging French traders. But he had not reckoned upon the vagaries of his dusky visitors, their shrewdness where personal gain was concerned, their variability, their readiness to find excuse to break such promises.

The Council was held in 1683. In 1684 the Iroquois fell on the fort on the Illinois and destroyed it, and henceforth their depredations were a matter of any week or moment. Anxious to extend their hunting-grounds, as the beavers, whose skins afforded them so brisk a trade with the English became scarce, they turned covetous eyes on the lands

occupied by the Indian tribes of the West and North, for the most part allies of the French. In the meantime, also, they were being steadily supplied with arms and ammunition by the Dutch and English of New York, to whose interest it was that this desultory warfare be continued, hence there was nowhere in New France rest or security, nor was De la Barre strong enough to meet the situation.

Intent most of all in reaping a rich harvest for themselves, he and his conferees let affairs drift into a sorry muddle, and even when he did make an attempt to bring order his motives were questioned. In 1684 he determined upon an expedition against the Iroquois. "I will finish this letter, Monseigneur," wrote the intendant, De Meulles, to Seignelay, "by telling you that he set out yesterday, July 10, with a detachment of 200 men. All Quebec was filled with grief to see him embark on an expedition of war tete-a-tete with the man named La Chesnaye. Everybody says that the war is a sham; that these two will arrange everything between them, and, in a word, do whatever will help their trade. The whole country is in despair to see how matters are managed."

The prognostications of De Meulles were justified. The great flotilla of canoes and flat-boats making way up the St. Lawrence, dawdled away precious time at Montreal and Fort Frontenac, food supplies ran short, malarial fever broke out among the men so that scores died, and finally De la Barre condescended to meet the Indians on their own side of the river, at La Famine. Here he tried to deceive the dusky envoys, who saw through his ruse, and the council concluded by an arrangement that the councils should be held henceforth at La Famine instead of at Fort Frontenac, and that the peace then and there concluded should not include the Illinois. "There is scarcely an event in Canadian history more discreditable than this expedition," exclaims Kingsford, nor, it may be added, was ever a peace more uncalled for or more ominous. Even as the troops were returning, shivering with ague, to Montreal, a fleet of canoes, "numerous as a flock of blackbirds in autumn," was making its way down the great lakes. It was the contingent of *coureurs de bois* and Indians from Michillimackinac, which, under Perrot and La Durantaye, were hastening to the rendezvous, a ready band of hardy fighters, with the French, for the most part, painted and feathered like Indians.

Down Lake Erie the canoes sped, then a white sail appeared on the blue water, approaching. It delivered the news that peace had been concluded, and the contingent turned back "in disgust and scorn of the Governor of the French." In the meantime the Iroquois, too, were returning to their country, but in high glee. They had discovered the weakness of the French.

The result was that La Barre was recalled by the King and De Denonville sent out to take his place. With him embarked 500 soldiers, of whom 150 died of fever and scurvy on the long trip over the Atlantic.

De Denonville was a good man, but quite incompetent to deal with the difficult situation that confronted him,—the Senecas (most warlike of the Iroquois) still attacking the Illinois, the English of New York still in angry mood and intriguing with the Iroquois, the Hurons of Michillimackinac anxious to ally with the English, from whom they got cheaper goods, and the fur trade drifting more and more through the channels opened by New York. The liquor problem, too,

was causing trouble. "The *coureurs de bois*," wrote De Denonville, "have carried a hundred barrels of brandy to Michillimackinac in a single year."

Denonville tried hard to cope with the situation, and after much bickering with the English, under their Governor, Dongan, and much treating with the Indians, resolved also on an expedition against the Iroquois.

Once more a host of flat-boats and canoes made way up the St. Lawrence to Fort Frontenac, but this time an astounding sight met the eyes of the troops as they landed. No fewer than fifty-one Iroquois were ranged in a line, tied to posts, tormented by mosquitoes and singing their death songs. Their death, however, had not been decreed. They had been invited by the new intendant, Champigny, to a feast, seized, to prevent them from reporting on Denonville's movements, and were to be sent to France, in reply to a request from the king, to serve as galley-slaves. . . . Later, this perfidious action was to be remembered by the Iroquois.

After a halt here, De Denonville learned that La Durantaye and Tonti, with a large party, were at Niagara, and had succeeded in capturing two parties of encroaching English, one under one Roseboom in the very vicinity of Michillimackinac, and the other under McGregory, on Lake Erie. He sent word to them, to meet him at Irondequoit Bay, on the south shore of Lake Ontario. On reaching there the two parties met, and soon afterwards a party of Ottawas who had refused to follow La Durantaye, also arrived. They had changed their minds, paddled across the Georgian Bay, portaged to Toronto (its site), and thence crossed to Niagara.

Denonville now had in all about 8,000 men, for the vacillating Indians, impressed once more, were now solidly with him, so a speedy march into the heart of the country of the Iroquois was in order.

A PICTURESQUE ADVANCE.

A strange medley was the little army now collected on the southern shore of Lake Ontario. There were the regulars from France, still trim and gay in their uniforms; there were the officers; there were the wild *coureurs de bois* from Michillimackinac, and last of all a swarm of Indians of every nation. "Most of them," says Saint-Vallier, "wore nothing but horns on their heads and the tails of beasts behind their backs. Their faces were painted red or green, with black or white spots; their ears and noses were hung with ornaments of iron; and their naked bodies were daubed with figures of various sorts of animals."

The day was intensely hot, and the air of the forest through which the army made way, close and wearying. La Durantaye, with Tonti and Du Lhut (the famous leader of *coureurs de bois*), led the advance. "On the right were the pagan Indians from the West. The woods were full of these painted spectres, grotesquely horrible in horns and tail; and among them flitted the black robe of Father Engelran, the Jesuit of Michillimackinac" (Parkman). These were under Perrot and Callieres, Governor of Montreal. Next came De Denonville, with the regulars, the Governor-General himself marching in his shirt-sleeves, with the Chevalier de Vaudreuil. Last of all came the rear guard of rangers and Indians.

The advance of the French deceived the Indians. The van guard, hurrying forward, presently ran into an ambush, and the Indians closed in upon all sides. They had not reckoned upon the second division, which now arrived with much beating of drums, so that the Indians,