

der our glorious chief, Wellington. We come to cross swords not for conquest but to repel those invaders, who seek to bolster the falling cause of the tyrant of Europe by endeavoring to create a diversion in his favor on this western continent. We shall drive the boasters back, or else leave our bones to be bleached by Canadian snows. Shall we not do more? Shall we not vindicate the independence of this vast country against the ingrates who smite, in the hour of her trial, the mother that reared them, and so preserve Canada to be the home of untold millions who will perpetuate on the banks of her great rivers and lakes the institutions that have made the name of Britain renowned. Comrades, let us quit ourselves in this novel field of conflict as befits our colors, and I propose, as our parting toast, Success to the defenders of Canada and confusion to the King's enemies."

With clank of sword and sabre each officer sprang to his feet and the toast was drunk with shout and outstretched arm. Amid the outburst of enthusiasm, a broad-shouldered captain started the chorus:

"Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy boys?"
"Why, soldiers, why, whose business 'tis to die?"

It was taken up with vigor until the roar was deafening, and then the colonel gave the signal to dismiss. From the heated room, Morton stepped out and drew his breath at the spectacle presented. The moon, full orbed, hung over the woods of Laprarie and poured a flood of light upon the rapids, transforming them where shallow into long lanes of glittering network, and where the huge billows tossed in endless tumult, sable and silver alternated. Westward, the waters of lake St. Louis slumbered in the soft light, unconscious of the ordeal towards which