

reader to a Protestant invalid. Still, the Bible was like his childhood itself always with him in memory, and Old Testament history was as wine to his blood. The lofty tales sang in his veins : of primitive man, adventure, mysterious and exalted romance. For nearly an hour, with absorbing interest, he had read aloud from these ancient chronicles to Fawdor, who held this post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the outer wilderness.

Pierre had arrived at the Post three days before, to find a half-breed trapper and an Indian helpless before the sickness which was hurrying to close on John Fawdor's heart and clamp it in the vice of death. He had come just in time. He was now ready to learn, by what ways the future should show, why this man, of such unusual force and power, should have lived at a desolate post in Labrador for twenty-five years.

"This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us—" Fawdor repeated the words slowly, and then said : "It is good to be out of the restless world. Do you know the secret of life, Pierre ?"

Pierre's fingers unconsciously dropped on the Bible at his side, drumming the leaves. His eyes wandered over Fawdor's face, and presently