

of Fundy Bay. All these things revolved before her, in that bubble of an instant, before her own voice broke it, saying, —

“Is this you, Le Rossignol?”

“Shubenacadie and I,” responded the dwarf, lilting up sweetly.

“Where do you come from?” inquired Antonia, feeling the weirdness of her visitor as she had never felt it in the hall at Fort St. John.

“Port Royal. I have come from Port Royal on purpose to speak with you.”

“With me?”

“With you, Madame Antonia.”

“You must then go directly to the house and eat some supper,” said Antonia, speaking her first thought but reserving her second: “Our people will take to the fields when they see the poor little creature by daylight, and as for the swan, it is worse than a drove of Mynheer’s Indians.”

“I am not eating to-night, I am riding,” answered Le Rossignol, bold in mystery while the moon made half uncertain the