

carts and springless buck-boards, for long days of enjoyment to the fragrant pine-woods, or more distant salmon river. For that year, at any rate, there would be no more excursions, and no more bountiful harvests of dollars would be reaped from the rich English or the richer American. Their beneficent influence was withdrawn for nine months at any rate, and the people of the village would now settle down to their quiet lives for the winter.

The afternoon was oppressive, and the old dames at their door-steps nodded sleepily over their knitting, scarcely raising their heads as the curé passed by, murmuring a hasty benediction, on his way to administer the last rites of the church to a dying parishioner. The silence was as of midnight, and the very waves of the great river seemed to be lapping in over a velvet shore, so noiseless was their motion. But suddenly, breaking the silence, and making the old women start from their slumbers, there came from the garden of a little cottage back from the road, the sound of a fresh young voice singing the old French Canadian melody

“Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tête, et la tête,
Alouette je te plumerai.”

The voice was a clear high soprano and seemed to