

were employed to put up a couple of huts, one for us ladies and a larger one for the sailors.

It is surprising how soon one becomes used to any position. Before a week was passed we had settled down to life on Anticosti as quietly as if we had been accustomed to pass a portion of every year upon a desert island. Look-outs were regularly kept, and huge bonfires burned by night to attract the attention of passing ships. Our larder was kept well supplied, there being abundance of small game on the island, and several of the sailors were skilled in wood craft, having been Voyageurs or Coureur de bois in their day. And it was made a point of honour that each one should try and bring in something to the common stock each day.

It was long before *ma tante* recovered from the fright and exposure of the wreck, but *Madame* speedily became the ruling spirit of the camp. Accustomed to the management of a large estate and country house where means were few and emergencies many, her fertile brain and endless resource were invaluable allies to the quick-handed sailors, while her culinary skill raised her at once to popularity. All day long the sailors busied themselves enlarging and repairing the boats and huts and in the evening all gathered around the fires and song and story passed from one to the other. Gascony and Brittany legends of the dread "Loup Garoux" succeeded tales of the wily "Glooskap" and chants extolling the beauty of bygone ships and maidens shouldered quaint French carols older than history.

Thus one day succeeded the other till we had been almost two months on Anticosti, when one morning the lookout rushed into the camp in tremendous excitement with the news that a ship was approaching the island, having seen and recognized our signals of distress. Our boats were immediately launched and the captain went out to meet the steamer, explain our sad plight and make arrangements, if possible, to be taken to Quebec. He returned with the news that the boat was from France, and though not accustomed to carry passengers, would take us to Quebec, and also that their one passenger, "a most polite gentleman," said the captain, telling the story, on hearing that there were ladies in the party had immediately offered his cabin for their use.

The transfer of the few goods and chattels which remained to the party was immediately begun and by evening all was accomplished and we were speeding away up the Gulf with a fair wind and tide. The summer evening was drawing in when at last I came on deck from the cabin, which had been so politely loaned us, for all *ma tante's* terror of the sea had returned with the first motion of the vessel, and it was with difficulty I had coaxed her into an uneasy doze. *Madame* was nowhere to be seen and after a hurried glance around the deck in search of her, I settled myself in a sheltered corner near one of the boats to wait for her and also to take my last look at the land, now fading from sight, where, in spite of our fright and discomforts, I had been not at all unhappy.

The afterglow of the setting sun still lingered on the horizon in a broad band of scarlet, which turned to living gold and delicate yellow and lightened the fugitive masses of cloud before it lost itself in the transparent blue of the summer night. Against this most royal background, Anticosti lay dark and low

like some great king, wearied with state and pageantry, who slips away and tries to hide himself behind the glories of his retinue. I had stayed in my corner till the sunset had almost faded, and my eyes were almost wearied with gazing at it, when I heard voices and sprang to my feet. It was *Madame* speaking, though I hardly recognized her voice, so changed and broken was it.

"Rene!" she said, passionately, "Rene! why cannot we go back and be as in the old days. I see now how wrong I have been, and we can live so happily together, on the old place, your home, where I have wrought so many years."

"Ah, little one," sadly answered a man's voice, "what you say cannot be—would to God it could. It is fourteen years too late. Our lives have parted much too widely now ever to flow together again, and each must 'dree his own weird' now and think as gently of the other as they can."

There was a pause, and again my mother broke in—

"But not so far, Rene! You need not be so far away across that cruel sea!"

"No, Lucille, I shall live in Quebec now; we may see each other sometimes, and the child—where is the child, Lucille?"

"Oh, Rene, forgive me again! The child does not even know if you live or not. I have never spoken to her of you, nor have I permitted Babette to do so. I know that I was wrong and I could not bear to tell her. But it shall be changed now." While speaking, they had come before my hiding place, and *Madame* perceiving me, sprang forward and taking my hand put it in that of the strange gentleman, who forthwith bestowed upon me a most paternal embrace, while *Madame* enlightened my astonished mind by exclaiming—"It is thy father, Lucille!" Walking to a pile of stuff which lay upon the deck she said, "Sit here and I will tell thee, child." She sat herself down and told me the following narrative hurriedly, as one who fears to wait: "Child," said she, "long years ago Babette and I came together from France, to live with a guardian in Quebec. We were orphans and I had always ruled those about me, and when I saw your father and found he loved me, I would listen to no one's advice, but would marry him. For awhile we lived together so happily, and then I found that he also would rule, and I hated him for it, while still I loved him. One day shortly after your birth, I disobeyed his command about some money of my own and Babette's and lost it, and when he found this out, I spoke to him cruelly and bitterly, and said it was for my money he had married me—then he left me. When he had gone I found that he had replaced my money with his own and left his lands and estates in my sole control. But I hated him all the more for his generosity, for in my heart I knew I was wrong. Then I waited and lived at the Seigniorie till I had saved enough to replace the money I had lost, and though I knew he would come back this year, my pride would not let me stay, and I tried to go away. The good God stopped me and on the island, and in the tempest He showed me that I was wrong. I then said that if I ever got to a safe land again I would make amends if I could. When I came upon this ship, here, I found my husband, but now, alas! it is too late, I cannot mend what I have broken."

There was a solemn silence, as we three sat

in the darkness, and even child as I was, I felt her words were but too true, and I grieved at the sad tale she had told.

We had nothing further to fear from the elements. In due time we arrived at Quebec and I think all of us were sorry when the journey was over, for in the short time I knew my father I learned to love him deeply. He remained at Quebec, giving as an excuse his business, and we returned by bateau to Trois Rivières, where our sudden advent struck terror into the unready steward, Jean Baptiste, and quite sobered him for a week at least.

After the winter my father visited the Seigniorie and caused great joy among such of the old servants as remembered him in his boyish days. He carried me back with him to Quebec, to school, at the convent of the Ursulines, and since then I have spent half my time with him, in the winter at Quebec, in the summer at Trois Rivières. He and *Madame* see each other at regular though long intervals, and now the sands of life are beginning to run more quickly with each of them. After each absence I find *Madame* more prone to sit by the fire alone (there is no *tante Babette* now to keep her company). I hope and work still to convince each that the "Weird" has been dreed," and for the little while that remains there may be peace and happiness for both their strong wills together.

Montreal.

W. T. STEVENSON.

RESPICE FINEM.

I see a face ever before me, peering
Into the Infinite; its gaze intense,
With sad, sweet eyes, earnestly set
Toward the Invisible, reiterating
An everlasting question, answerless;
Seeking to solve the inevitable "No";
Seeking to read the untranslatable,
The finis of the tale, the unturned leaves
Of the vague volume of Futurity—
Blank or unwritten page, or filled
With the poetry of an immortal life.

Sweet, sad eyes, in their innermost depth,
Fortitude of feeling, deathlessness of love,
Fidelity of faith: fathomless deeps,
Fill'd from the unfailing fount of a pure
heart,
Mist-veil'd with kindly dews of sympathy,
For all the fortuneless and vile of earth,
But, thro' the mist, subdued, a holy light,
Tranquil, like the beacon's thro' the gloom,
And quenchless, signalling o'er woe and
strife
Eternal message from the rocks of trust.

I see them ever before me questioning,
The sweet, sad face, and sweet, sad eyes.
So may they linger till the curfew sounds
From ev'ry turret in the land of life,
Over the fresh, fair world signal for sleep;
Put up the sickle keen, the waving grass
Shall rest apace from its too envious edge,
Another reaper treads the fields of Time,
And other blossoms fall before his blade;
Cover the fire, shield the too dazzling light,
For dimming eyes of earth, shine out sweet
eyes,
Light but beyond the twilight bourne of
sleep,
To the reveille of another dawn,
The clarion-ringing of another sphere,
That knows no curfew bell, no sadness in sweet
eyes!

A. H. MORRISON.

Moderation is a fear of falling into envy, and into the contempt which those deserve who become intoxicated with their good fortune; it is a vain ostentation of the strength of our mind; in short, the moderation of men in their highest elevation is a desire of appearing greater than their fortune.—Roucheffoucauld.