

at farm-houses, whose inmates were rather gruff at the rude awakening. About daylight we reached Chaffley's, the first house in Berkshire, Vermont, about one hundred rods outside of Canada, which I entered with the first feeling of security I had known for some time. I was now free. Hardly was I seated when my host brought a Montreal newspaper, and, pointing to a proclamation offering two thousand dollars reward for my apprehension, inquired if I was the man? I told him I was, and that the information might have been valuable, had he found me a few minutes earlier,—a few hundred yards farther north.

The last nine days had been long, but I cannot say they were unpleasant, for there is cheerfulness under any circumstances, if one is buoyed up with hope and determination.

NOTE.—In my last communication I named Mr. "Charland," priest of St. Benoit. It should have been written "Chartier."

Original.

QUESTIONS.

BY NORMAN HRONTE, ESQ.

A perfect winter night! How peacefully
Rests on the rounded bosom of the snow,
The pale and coldly sympathizing moon,
Which, like a fair and loyal waiting slave,
Devotes her beauty to set forth the Queen,
And breaks her splendor into gems to deck
The wealthy veil which wreathes the royal
Earth.

So muse I, wand'ring lone along the road
That runs by Melbourne's clustered cottages,
More lonely here than in the growling wild,
When coming tempests fret the chafing trees,
Whose marshalled infantry awaits the tramp
Of battle; while the feathered, hill-born pines,
On picket duty on the windward brow,
Croon coronachs and snuff the coming war.
For here, 'neath every roof there struggles forth,
Through curtains closely drawn, that cheery ray
Which says, "This is a home—not thine. Here
dwell

"A love-bound family of thine own sort,
"Who know thee not; here hearts beat time
with thine;
"Here thoughts that rust with thee, find voice
and answer,

"Both meet and kind; here, too, perchance,
abide

"Behind which jealous curtain who can tell?

"Ears unto which thy tuneless voice were
music;

"Eyes that would tune thy joyous thought to
song;

"Lips that would fill thy soul with melody;—

"And yet thou art without and these within."

The curling smoke hath also words for me,
Which, like an airy spirit, bears to heaven
The incense of the love which warms the home.
The eaves of graceful curve, the trellissed bower
I would myself have made, all speak to me
Impassioned words that make my breast to
heave,

Which tingle through my veins with deeper flow,
Than when Craignesh's wild artillery

Breaks and huris back the charge of Ocean's
waves,

And all his scerried ranks of pine howl triumph;
As louder speaks the touch of one we love,

Than words of patriot or man of God;

As louder than His earthquake or His whirl-
wind,

Elijah heard the still small voice of God.

Yea, all these well-disposed trees and shrubs,
With every branch up-pointing to a star,
And downward to the place man chose for them;
And all the harmonies with which the moon
Doth play, and which her wand calls into life,
Tell me these unknown people are my kin,
And bid me love them with a brother's love.

What is it thus shuts out the joy of love?

To-day I called upon a former friend,
Who had a child, that she would have me see.
I had been proud myself to show those cheeks,
Those bright black searching eyes, though
none of mine.

I looked upon the baby in her cot,
And loved her; and she, gazing in my face,
Began to cry. *What made the baby cry?*

And now I sit within the homeward car,
Alone amid a crowd of mine own people,
Whose every face is for the most like mine,
Though each one bears his several mark of sin,
And every mind thinks thoughts like those in
me,

Some wiser in this thing and some in that,
None but hath some rich goods to inter-
change;—

Why speak I nought to them, they nought to me?