

"He is sleeping," thought Edgar. "I am safe."
 And holding his breath, he went past rapidly but noiselessly, until he was once more in the dark road. Here he stopped a moment to draw a long sigh of relief.
 "Who goes there?" cried out a clear, resonant voice.
 Edgar leaped as if he had been shot. He was far too much startled to answer.
 "Who goes there?" roared the voice again.
 "Friend!" was the low, stammering reply.
 "Let friend advance and give the counter-sign."
 Edgar stood stock still.
 Instead of firing, as he had a right to do—though the orders in that respect were not very stringent for the volunteers—the picket walked up to the stranger and said in a subdued but firm voice.
 "You are my prisoner. Right-about face. March."
 And the two walked rapidly up to the fire-light.
 The sentinel looked into the face of his prisoner with a scrutinizing gaze. At first his countenance betrayed no emotion, but on looking again, his features became rigid with surprise.
 "It is impossible!" he whispered to himself.
 He looked again, and this time his lips gradually relaxed with a smile of recognition.
 "Yes! it is he!"
 Edgar stood amazed. What could this pantomime mean? Was it mockery, or did the sentry really know him?
 But he was not left long in surprise, for the guard making a sign to enjoin caution, lest his sleeping companion should awake, tapped Edgar on the shoulder and led him several yards away.
 "Are you not Edgar Martin?" said the volunteer, in slightly broken French.
 The young man was astounded at being thus recognized. "Alas!"—thought he—"all is lost."
 "I think I am not mistaken. We often met in Montreal, a couple of years ago, when you studied law there, and I met you after you removed to Belœil. Fear not to speak, for, if you are Edgar Martin, I am your friend."
 Hardly knowing whether he was falling into a snare or not, but risking everything, the fugitive boldly replied:
 "You are right; that is my name."
 "Be easy then. You are only seven miles from the frontier. The main road on your left is well beaten. We are the last sentries in this section. You have several hours before you. Go, in God's name."
 Edgar stared as if he had lost his senses.
 "Have you any money?"
 "No."
 "Any arms?"
 "No."
 The sentry placed his gun against a tree and, undoing his tunic, produced from around his waist a chamois belt well charged with coin, which he gave to Edgar.
 "Fasten that around your waist," said he; "it will keep you for a few days, till you find employment."
 Then, drawing a large horse-pistol from his belt, he gave that too, enjoining Martin to hide it in his breast-pocket.
 "Now, God speed you, Edgar Martin. May you soon return to your country and live happy. Go, and only remember that an English volunteer saved your life. Why he did so, you may know hereafter."
 Three hours after, Edgar was beyond the reach of further pursuit, at Rouse's Point. It was only when he was in the tavern on the hill, reposing his weary limbs before a large wood fire, and recalling, one by one, all the strange scenes he had gone through, that he remembered having forgotten to thank his benefactor, or to inquire his name.
 "I did not see his face," said he to himself; "for even at the bivouac fire it was partially hidden in shadow. Did he manage it thus purposely? And not one word of thanks for having saved me. It was so like a dream. Ah! but the good God will reward him."
 Later, when he counted his money, he found that he was in possession of a hundred dollars.

CHAPTER IX.

A ROMAN.

The drama of the rebellion spread poverty and desolation in thousands of Canadian homes. On the Varnys it dealt a heavy blow. Old Mr. Varny rejoiced, indeed, at the triumph of his cause, but he was too sincere a lover of his countrymen not to lament the sufferings and the humiliation that were entailed upon them. He was so affected by the issue that he eventually became fretful and morose. His health was impaired, and he soon shut himself up completely in the solitude of his farm.
 Rosalba bore up with wonderful resignation, but who could tell what she endured in her sweet heart? For a time she was occasionally consoled by a letter from Edgar. She learned that he had crossed from Rouse's Point to Vermont, where he joined a band of his fellow-exiles who attempted to get up another rebellion in 1838. Foiled in this, he resided in Swanton for a while, where, to get his board, he was forced to serve as bar-keeper in Kane's

tavern. Thence he moved further south, whence he was seldom heard from. His last letters betrayed extreme despondency, for his health was rapidly failing.
 It was then Rosalba began to fear that all was over, and that she must prepare herself to make the great act of sacrifice. It required time to do this. The human heart needs all the concentration of its energies for a heroism of the kind, and it must have the help of heaven besides, without which all its efforts would be only fruitless spasms.
 Rosalba prayed! Our modern novel writers strangely overlook this power of prayer, in studying the infinite psychological phenomena of the world. We are neither novel writers nor psychologists, but we make bold to affirm that the strongest and sweetest and swiftest of all the unseen influences of life is simple prayer from a humble heart to the Father of our poor humanity.
 Rosalba prayed! Prayed often, prayed constantly, in her waking, in her dreams, walking, sitting, kneeling. At last, suddenly, when she least expected it, the day of harkening came. Her mind was cleared of its darkness, her heart was filled with that peace which the world cannot give, and she felt the strength, the courage that were to support her through her life-long sorrow.
 She put on the widow's mourning weeds, gave up all social amusements, and spent most of her time in Church services and in visiting the poor and infirm.
 Years passed in this way—quiet and not unhappy years. They left no trace on the transcendent beauty of the Canadian girl. Her cheek was paler, her hair was thinner, and her gait a trifle heavier than it used to be, but her features were as sweet as ever, and she lost none of the fulness or roundness of her graceful form. Her blossom had ripened with fruit. That was all. Many a heart yearned towards her, as she glided through the lanes on her errands of mercy, or was seen moving under the apple trees in her father's orchard. Had they dared, scores of suitors would have come to the mansion to solicit her favour. But she was a consecrated thing now, crowned with the diadem of sorrow—a virgin and a widow all in one.
 Walter Phipps knew all the secrets of Rosalba's solitary life, but he respected them. He never intruded upon her privacy, but twice a year he had her own permission to spend a day at the mansion. This was at Christmas and on the memorable 5th of April, the anniversary of his rescue from death.
 Ten long years elapsed, during five of which not a word had been heard of Edgar Martin. He had written once, and once only, to her father, mentioning where he lived in the State of New Jersey, and entreating Celestine to come and meet him. If this could not be, he would embark at once for France, where, from his French education, he hoped to be able to find suitable employment. In the States, his ignorance of the English language was a hopeless obstacle to his advancement.
 Samuel Varny did not judge proper to show the letter to the girl, nor even to tell her of it.
 "I cannot allow my daughter to go in search of him," said the old man to himself, not angrily, but sadly. "Poor Edgar—I pity his case, but he chose his course and must suffer the consequences. Besides, it were cruel to expose my child to new sufferings in a distant country. She is content and resigned now. Let her remain so."
 Was he right? Perhaps not, but he meant well.
 It was not long after this event that the worthy old Canadian farmer died. In his last moments, he mentioned the name of Edgar to his daughter, and directed her, in case she should ever see him or hear from him, to assure him of his goodwill.
 After the death of her father, Celestine removed with her mother to a small cottage, a little north of the mansion, and nearer the river. The paternal residence was left to one of her brothers who was married, and whose family was rapidly increasing. We may mention, also, that Agnes had grown up to be a beautiful girl, and was happily married to a prominent legal gentleman of the city. She is still living, and looks almost as fresh as on the day of her wedding.
 It seems certain that prior to leaving America Edgar wrote to Rosalba, but the contents of the letter were never known, nor was the letter itself ever found among her papers. Mrs. Varny stated that it contained *une complainte*, entitled *Sans Toi*, which Rosalba sang once or twice to a known air, but suddenly ceased repeating. What the words were she could not well remember, but later, when Lemay's romaunt, with the same title, appeared, Agnes was struck with it, and said it singularly reminded her of that which she had once heard her sister sing. There is nothing surprising in this, for are not poets the exponents of universal sympathies? It may not be amiss to the completeness of this study of character to quote the Canadian poet's beautiful song:

SANS TOI.

Doux est le souffle du zéphyre
 Durant un soir silencieux;
 Au fidèle ami qui soupire
 Doux le bosquet mystérieux;

Mais du soir l'haleine embaumée.
 Le bosquet de l'amant réveur.
 Sans toi, ma jeune bien-aimée,
 Pour moi n'ont aucune douceur.
 Agréable est l'onde bruyante
 Qui de roche en roche s'enfuit;
 Avec son étoile brillante
 Agréable est la sombre nuit;
 Mais l'onde, l'herbe parfumée,
 L'étoile perçant la noirceur.
 Sans toi, ma jeune bien-aimée,
 Pour moi n'ont aucune douceur.
 Belle est la fleur qui vient d'éclorre
 Parmi les pleurs d'un frais matin:
 Belle est au lever de l'aurore
 La voix de quelq'oiseau lointain:
 Mais la fleur de pleurs parsemée
 Et la voix d'un oiseau chanteur.
 Sans toi, ma jeune bien-aimée,
 Pour moi n'ont aucune douceur.

Which song may thus be literally Englished:

WITHOUT THEE.

Sweet is the breath of the zephyr
 In the silent evening hour:
 To the faithful friend who sigheth
 Sweet is the mystic bower;
 But the balmy breath of the evening,
 And the bower on the glimmering lea,
 Without thee, O my beloved,
 Have lost all charms for me.

Pleasant the sound of the waters
 When they leap o'er their rocky led:
 Pleasant the shadows of midnight
 When the white stars gleam overhead;
 But the wave and the fragrant grasses,
 And the stars on the gloomy sea,
 Without thee, O my beloved,
 Have lost all charms for me.

Fair is the flower which blossoms
 Mid the dews of the breezy morn;
 Fair is the note of the song-bird
 At dawn in the distant corn:
 But the flower spangled with dew-drops
 And the song-bird's note of glee,
 Without thee, O my beloved,
 Have lost all charms for me.

The song is simple enough, but it is the language of extreme loneliness, such as lovers only feel, such as poor Edgar must have felt in his exile. Sung to the serenade of the first act of *Geneviève de Brabant*—which it suits exactly—its effect is very pathetic. If any of our maestri were to set it to appropriate music, it would be certain to take among the numerous and ever-present class of young Werthers. The composition should be dedicated to Leon Pamphile Lemay.

To be continued.

A matrimonial advertisement in a Paris paper reads:—"A single gentleman, Protestant, and possessed of rentes, wishes to marry a Protestant lady, very distinguished, and possessed of more rentes."



J. YOUNG.

[L. S.]

CANADA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.
 To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may in any wise concern.—GREETING:

A PROCLAMATION.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, WHEREAS, in and by a certain Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the Thirty-first year of our Reign, chapter Number Forty-five, intitled "An Act respecting Currency," it is amongst other things in effect enacted that our Governor may at any time after the passing of that Act declare by proclamation that all or any of the Silver coins of the United States of America, or of any other foreign nation or State, coined before the passing of the said Act, shall when of weights and dates to be assigned in such proclamation pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency to be assigned to them respectively in such Proclamation, to such amount in any one payment as may be therein declared.

NOW KNOW YE, and We do hereby declare and proclaim that on, from and after the FIFTEENTH day of APRIL now next hereafter, the Silver coins namely: half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes and half-dimes, of the United States of America, coined before the passing of the hereinbefore in part recited Act of the Parliament of Canada, that is to say subsequent to the First day of July, which was in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and prior to the Twenty-second day of May, which was in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and which are hereinafter mentioned, shall, when of the weights and dates hereinafter assigned in this our Royal Proclamation, pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency hereinafter assigned to them respectively, in this our Royal Proclamation, to the amount of Ten Dollars in any one payment. And we do hereby further declare and proclaim that the Silver coins of the United States of America aforesaid shall be of the weights and dates hereby assigned, and pass current, and be a legal tender as aforesaid, at the rates in currency hereby assigned to them respectively by this, our Royal Proclamation, that is to say: half-dollars of the weight of one hundred and ninety-two grains at Forty cents—quarter-dollars of the weight of ninety-six grains at Twenty cents—dimes of the weight of thirty-eight grains and four-tenths of a grain at Eight cents—half-dimes of the weight of nineteen grains and two-tenths of a grain at Four cents.

Of all which our loving subjects and all others whom these presents may concern, are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed: Witness Our Trusty and Well Beloved, The Right Honourable Sir JOHN YOUNG, Baronet, one of our Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor-General of Canada. At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, the FOURTH day of FEBRUARY, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, and in the thirty-third year of Our Reign.

By command,
 J. C. AIKINS,
 Secretary of State.

LOVELL'S

Dominion and Provincial Directories.

To be published in October, 1870.

NOTICE.—Learning that my name has been unwarrantably used in connection with Directories now being canvassed in the Provinces, and entirely distinct from my works, and that in other cases it has been stated that my Directories have been abandoned, I would request those desiring to give a preference to my works to see that persons representing themselves as acting for me are furnished with satisfactory credentials.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
 Montreal, March 16 1870.

LOVELL'S DIRECTORIES.

IT is intended to make these DIRECTORIES the most complete and correct ever issued on this continent. They are not being prepared by correspondence, but by PERSONAL CANVASS, from door to door, of my own Agents, for the requisite information. I have now engaged on the work in the several Provinces Forty men and Twenty horses. These are engaged mainly on the towns and villages off the Railway and teamboat Routes, important places on the lines being held till the completion of the former, to admit of correction to latest date.
 I anticipate issuing, in October next, the CANADIAN DOMINION DIRECTORY, and SIX PROVINCIAL DIRECTORIES, which will prove a correct and full index to the DOMINION OF CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, and PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and a combined Gazetteer, Directory and Hand-Book of the six Provinces.

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Rates of ADVERTISING will be made known on application to

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.
 Montreal, March 16, 1870. 21



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

The Commissioners appointed to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that having annulled the Contracts for Sections Nos. 5, 6 and 7, they are prepared to receive Tenders for re-letting the same.

Section No. 5 is in the Province of Quebec, and extends from the Easterly end of Section No. 2, forty miles east of Rivière du Loup, to the Sixty-sixth mile post, near Rimouski, a distance of about twenty-six miles.

Section No. 6 is in the Province of New Brunswick, and extends from the Easterly end of Section No. 3, opposite Dalhousie, to the West side of the main Post Road, near the forty-eighth mile post. Easterly from Jacquet River, a distance of about twenty-one miles.

Section No. 7 is in the Province of Nova Scotia, and extends from the Southerly end of Section 4, near River Philip, to Station O. (formerly Station Fifty.) at Folly Lake, a distance of about twenty-four miles.

The Contracts for the above Sections to be completely finished and ready for laying the track by the 1st of July, 1871.

The Commissioners also give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for four further sections of the line.

Section No. 17 will be in the Province of Quebec, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 14, down the Matapedia Valley, to Station No. 685, about one mile above the boundary line between the Counties of Rimouski and Bonaventure, a distance of about twenty miles.

Section No. 18 will be in the Province of Quebec, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 17, down the Matapedia Valley, to Station No. 380, near Clark's Brook, a distance of about twenty miles.

Section No. 19 will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 18, in the Province of Quebec, down the Matapedia Valley to its mouth, and thence across the River Restigouche to Station No. 370, at the Westerly end of Section No. 3, in the Province of New Brunswick, a distance of about 91 miles, including the bridge over the River Restigouche.

Section No. 20 will be in the Province of New Brunswick, and will extend from the Easterly end of Section No. 10, in the Town of Newcastle, on the Chaplin Island road, thence crossing the North-West and South-West branches of the River Miramichi, and terminating at Station No. 320, about one mile and three-quarters South of the South-West branch, a distance of about six miles, including the bridges over the branches of the River Miramichi.

The Contracts for Sections Nos. 17, 18, 19, and 20, to be completely finished and ready for laying the track by the first day of July, 1872.

Plans and Profiles, with Specifications and Terms of Contract for Section No. 7, will be exhibited at the Office of the Chief Engineer in Ottawa, and at the Offices of the Commissioners in Toronto, Quebec, Rimouski, Dalhousie, Newcastle, St. John and Halifax, on and after Monday, the 11th day of April next; for Sections Nos. 5 and 6 at the same Offices, on and after Wednesday, the 20th of April next; and for Sections Nos. 17, 18, 19, and 20, at the same Offices, on and after Tuesday, the 10th day of May next.

Sealed tenders for Sections 5, 6, and 7 addressed to the Commissioners of the Intercolonial Railway, and marked "Tenders," will be received at their Office in Ottawa, up to 7 o'clock p. m., on Saturday, the 7th day of May next; and for Sections Nos. 17, 18, 19, and 20, up to 7 o'clock p. m., on Wednesday, the 15th day of May next.

Sureties for the completion of the contract will be required to sign the Tender.

A. WALSH,
 ED. CHANDLER,
 C. J. BRYDGES,
 A. W. McLELAN,
 Commissioners.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE,
 Ottawa, 24th March, 1870.