

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL.

BY REV. WM. LOMSDEN, M.A.

Once on a time, in Spring's gay prime,
When boys and girls go courting,
A preacher came of wondrous fame
For shouting and converting.

Now at the news shook in their shoes
The publicans and sinners,
All those who in the ways of sin
Had gone or were beginners.

He then did call our leaders all
Each other for to rival,
To find a place for works of grace,
"A genuine old revival."

A grove was not, a favorite spot
With all our youths and wenches;
They set a stand on every hand,
Surrounding it with benches.

The old housewives as for their lives
Agreed 'twas no use speaking,
But turned them all, both great and small,
To boiling and to baking.

Along the roads in waggon loads
Roll crowds in expectation,
Some come to stand on every hand,
And some for speculation.

The sun's bright beams illumine the streams,
Converging to the meeting;
There come all in haste they sit,
Or bow a silent greeting.

The preaching band then mount the stand,
Each quaking at the other,
Prepared to groan or cry "O hoso!"
To help the speaking brother.

He read his text, book upside down,
All wondering at his knowledge;
Well knew the most the Holy Ghost
He'd called a man from College.

He thumped the desk and slapped his hands,
And set his nose a twanging,
And warned them all, both great and small,
With screeching and with banging.

They formed a pen for maids and men,
And with wise assertion,
From God, three score, and not one more,
Required for quick conversion.

Enquirers came in trembling frame,
A crowd but somewhat mutely;
A call for prayers brought round the stairs
The brethren ringer hotly.

Some one did say, "Come let us pray;"
Uprose the congregation,
Then down they went with one consent,
All roaring for salvation.

"Get up, get up," the preacher cried,
"Who'er's got the true riches,"
Mike Farley jumped up four foot high,
And so he burst his breeches.

Hurt at the view, his mother flew—
A very gifted female—
And to the ground she brought him down
By pulling at his coat-tail.

Then uprose moans and shouts and groans,
Some falling and some kneeling,
And grunts and heins and loud anons,
To help the general feeling.

While they were down in kneeling rows,
All waiting for the down-pour,
Young Ida Brown sees Sally Shaw
A winking at Bill Seymour.

Provoked to see Bill wink at Sally,
That loved her ever almost,
She pulled a pin from out her sleeve,
And stuck it in his sternpost.

He gave a start, he gave a yell,
All thought he was convicted;
Some shod'd delight, in some afright
Or terror was depicted.

At this the work broke out with power,
And many were converted;
Who can forget that awful hour
For all the wicked hearted?

Then one upstands and claps her hands,
"She screams and pious upturns
Her white eyes unto the skies,
And flops down on her posterns.

"Now stop, arise," the preacher cries,
"We'll use the sword of Gideon;
Come let us sing a lively hymn
Who'er's got the true religion."

"A negro climbed a tree behind,
"Where, sitting on his haunches,
"Perch'd up on a high fork of the sky
"He hid among the branches.

At once a roar from several score
Of those who had perfection,
A rousing shout, a hoarse yell,
That mark'd the true election.

Just as the lay had died away
The black sermons "Halleluia,"
"Who'll stand aside?" the preacher cried;
"God sends that voice to prove you."

Then did arise most awful cries
Till time to go to dinner,
That common sense allows at length
To every saint and sinner.

In the highway an ass did bray,
And all the crowd in the night;
They scatter'd quick in groups and knots,
Whor'er their friends had brought it.

Now Plenty spreads her bounteous cheer,
And all were asked and feasted
With welcome sweet to rustic meet,
By health and pleasure tasted.

So evening came with all her stars
To end the evening's work,
As under that rude eloquence
Their simple souls were awaking.

Then, with a warning voice, the dames
Go gather round the light;
Least underneath the shades of night
They go and "play the dickens."

But spite of all they say and do,
She courts with Tommy Dawson,
And almost in their very view
Bob kisses Kitty Lawson.

They're fled, they're gone, those dear old times
Of roving, rough salvation;
Now in a far more dandy way
The preachers save the nation.

Farwell, farwell, ye sheepskin hats
And lowly go cleanly shaven,
Life living-bells and water rats,
That plunged the folks to heaven.

Farwell the sober Quaker shawl,
And holy shawl bonnet
With simple shawl "noah pretty chin,
But then no bow upon it.

Farwell that honest roaring zeal
That battled with the devil,
And in a plain, sledge-hammer style
Attacked the powers of evil.

What'er they know their hearts were true
To what's Divine and Royal;
Their lowly sleep my muse must weep,
The lovely and the loyal.

Farwell, farwell, ye grand old woods,
Old Nature's solemn splendor,
The murmuring fall, the shadowed woods,
A returning tramp did send her.

Before the steady tramping tread
Of modern innovation,
The old Canadian simple ways
Have suffered destination.

Soon we shall too fleet all from view,
Our airy generation,
As rhyme and time and time and rhyme
Find fitting termination.
OAKVILLE, ONT.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHATEAU RAMSAY.

BY G. S. BARNUM.

CHAPTER I.

"L—, what do you say to a walk this afternoon?"
"By all means, my dear fellow," said my friend.

We had been sitting for half an hour in a hot little office in one of the large newspaper establishments in Montreal, in which both of us ground out our daily bread, and literally by the sweat of our brow in that hot summer weather. But, hot and dusty as this office was, it will always be a bright spot in our memories, though we should reach the three score years and ten allotted to the life of man. We had spent many happy hours there during the summer, in pleasant communion with a little coterie of mutual friends and co-laborers; and many an idle moment had been whiled away in conversation on literature, art, music, politics and heaven knows what—conversation such as none but a Bohemian could enter into. So, when I suggested a walk it was not so much with a view of escaping from the office as to allow the other occupants, less fortunate than we, to go on with their work.

We therefore put down our pipes, donned our hats and sauntered into Great St. James Street, walking at that easy and luxuriously indolent pace which only one who is so happy as to be thoroughly idle dares to assume. We passed through the little square in the Place d'Armes, stopping a moment to watch the water dripping from the ugly old fountain into the basin beneath, and to enjoy the shade which the umbrageous branches of the maples cast around, and then continued our course eastward along gny, busy Notre Dame Street. A short walk brought us to the Government Gardens, where I stopped, and, pointing to an old building on the opposite side of the street, which still showed some signs of ancient grandeur, said, "That, George, is one of the most historical buildings in Montreal. Alas! it is doomed in a very short time to destruction. Once it was the home of the French Governors, and later of the English Governors of the Province. It goes by the name of the Chateau Ramsay."

"It is certainly a romantic old place," I answered, "and must surely have some story connected with it. What a capital haunted house it would make."

"Is it possible, then, that you never heard the story of the nun?"
"I never have. In fact, although a great portion of my life has been spent in Montreal, I must confess to a profound ignorance of her traditions. We are a terribly material people here, and care little to look into the past; the future, with its bright golden prospects, has far more of interest in it for us. But there can be no better time than the present for improving my mind; so, pray let me hear the tale; it will serve as an antidote for the political meeting to-night, and keep me from quite dying of the dry rot."

Our stroll was at once resumed, and L— began:
"The story of the nun, as it is generally known and believed, is somewhat as follows: During the Governorship of the Chevalier de Courcelles, which, as you know, began in the year 1665, a party of ladies departed from a convent in the south of France to plant a branch of their Order in the wilds of New France, as this country was then called. The good ladies had seen the letters sent home by the Jesuit fathers, and, fired with a holy emulation, had set out on a mission, by the side of which any missionary work of the present day pales and looks insignificant. Among them was one young nun, but lately admitted to their number, but whose patient and untiring zeal in good works and religious fervor had already won for her the high distinction, for such it was regarded, of being permitted to share in one of the noblest enterprises which the history of those times affords."

"The ladies arrived in the port of Montreal at about the end of the year 1670, and as there was no other lodging fit to receive them, they were accommodated with a suite of rooms in the Governor's residence. A week had been spent in preparation for their departure to the field of their labours—a mean wooden building at the western end of the town—when a terrible blow came upon the little community; the Sister Charity disappeared. She had gone to bed as usual in a room, which she occupied in common with two other sisters, at an early hour in the evening, after a day of fatiguing labor; but when the two holy women awoke in the morning their companion was gone. Search was made in all directions, but no trace of her was ever discovered, nor was any clue to the manner of her disappearance ever found, if we may believe the story. Many were the theories started, among the most probable of which would seem to have been that, like Elijah of old, she being too holy for this world, had been translated to heaven, were it not that some years later she took to visiting it again, or at least her unquiet spirit did. For in that suite of rooms which was occupied by the good ladies, and which still remains intact, ever as midnight comes, the figure of a nun, habited in the garb of her order, is seen to steal from one room to the other, uttering as she glides along, low moans and prayers, and counting with eager fingers the beads of a ghostly rosary."

"Such is the legend, founded partly on fact, as the sequel will show, but utterly at fault, as you will see, in many instances."
"The facts which I am now about to tell you, I have gathered from manuscripts in the possession of one of our oldest French families. The dates, names, &c., I have altered, in order that you may have no suspicion even of the family to whom I refer."

CHAPTER II.

"In the year 1664 the De Beaumonts occupied, as their families had occupied for centuries before them, a fine rambling chateau in the south of France. These were the good old days, before the revolution, when the nobility were of the purest blood, and when to be noble was the only passport to any office in the State. But the De Beaumonts, unfortunately, had not the wherewithal to support their rank, as their estates, though large, were so heavily encumbered with debt and so ill-managed, that the revenues which they yielded were but trifling, and the old chateau, with the old family, was fast crumbling into ruins. One there was, of four sons, who doubtless, had birth given him the right, would have revived the glories of the ancient house, and literally put the family upon its legs again. It was useless, however, for him

to do or attempt aught, and his attention was, therefore, solely directed to obtaining some honorable employment, by which he might carve out his own fortunes. Henri's efforts had been warmly seconded by those of an uncle, his mother's brother, who had some influence at court, and just as my story opens, their joint endeavor had procured for Henri an office under the Chevalier de Courcelles, who was about to depart to New France, the government of which had been entrusted to his charge on the death of the former Governor.

Years before, it seemed as if it had been but weeks, Henri had fallen deeply in love with Octavie Belfort, niece of the old curé, whom both dearly loved. They had loved at first sight, as little boys and little girls, and as they grew up together, meeting almost daily, their affection grew deeper and stronger. Perhaps neither knew of this; they were both young, he barely twenty, and she not past eighteen. I don't think that they had ever spoken of their attachment; yet each felt the need of the other, and even a day's separation was a grief to them. Of course, there were idle tongues in France, as well as everywhere else, and there were not lacking those to tell the Count everything that passed. Poor man; if there was one good and pure quality in him, it was his love for his younger son, a love and respect which none of the others could share, as none of the others were worthy of it. It made him shrink from causing him the slightest pain; and Henri, on his part, repaid his father by never keeping a secret from him. Therefore, the Count knew quite as much as the gossips, and was content. The Curé, good man, laughed at first at the *amour de veau*, as he named the attachment of the boy and girl, forgot all about it presently, but was awakened suddenly one day by the sharp, pricking tongue of a gossip to find that matters had gone far beyond his repelling, and that the best thing he could do was to let well enough alone.

Such was the condition of affairs when Henri resolved to go abroad and seek his fortunes in that new and terrible country of the west, concerning which a few vague scraps of information had lately found their way into France. Then it was that for the first time he understood the relationship in which he stood towards Octavie, and without one moment's hesitation, as he had never, since their childhood, kept anything from her, he sought her out, told her that he was going away, and then laid bare his heart before her.

She listened as one struck dumb; then threw herself into his arms and said:
"Oh, Henri, you cannot go; I shall die without you."

Little by little the poor fellow succeeded in soothing her, and at last obtained from her a consent to be married as soon as it should be possible. Like good children as they were, they went to the curé and told him that had taken place, desiring him, then and there, to unite them. This the old man could not, of course, consent to, but he allowed them at last solemnly to betroth themselves in his presence. It was some consolation to the lovers to feel that in a manner they belonged to each other, and when they parted it was with the most solemn vows that each would be faithful to the other, and with a great deal of hopefulness for the future. On the following morning Henri went away to join his chief, sailed with him from the port of St. Malo, reached New France in safety, and entered upon his duties. Montreal was then a fortified village, but even then was growing yearly in importance, and already the Governor had thought fit to build a establishment here.

In a few months De Beaumont, who manifested not only ability, but tact, courage and firmness, was put in command of the garrison at Montreal, and was also charged to superintend the work of building the Governor's chateau, in so far as a man of his position might descend to such duties. He took kindly to this latter employment, and not only spent hours in watching the masons at their work, but suggested, as you will see, further on, several important changes in construction.

Leaving Henri busy in working out his fortune in Canada, I will return to Octavie in France, for it is with her that my tale has more particularly to do.

CHAPTER III.

When Henri came no more to see her, Octavie fell as if the better part of her life were gone from her; and her only consolation now lay in the long talks with her uncle, and the bright pictures, which they made of the time to come when Henri should return to claim his bride. Then there was the first letter, long, loving, full of hope; then other letters, and more long talks; until at last though Octavie missed her knight full sorely, yet much of the bitterness of her sorrow was passed, and she could live on the hopes of the future and the bright recollections of the past. Thus she had regained much of her cheerfulness, and much of the color which for a time had faded out of her cheeks, had returned, when one day there came news from across the water, which inflicted so terrible a blow that she was crushed by it, her spirit broken and for long months her life and reason despaired of. Henri, had been taken prisoner, and burnt at the stake by the Indians. There was no doubt of it. The Governor, had sent a kind letter to the poor old Count, but gave him no room to hope that even a chance existed that his son might still be alive. No! his death had been witnessed by another captive, who through the kindly offices of one of the Indian women had made his escape before his turn for torture came.

Who can wonder at the effect which this intelligence had upon Octavie; she sank under it at first like a hot-house plant nipped by the frost, courage, reason, almost forsook her. But her's was too strong and devout a nature to be utterly overcome by even the most horrible calamity; and soon she was called back to life by the necessity of attending to her uncle, who though a hale man was old; and he had been so sorely afflicted by the death of his dear son, as he always called Henri, and by the loss of his niece, that his constitution broke, he became weak and infirm and in a few months died.

Sorrow often makes us brave and so it was with Octavie. To the first cruel blow she gave way; but at the second, her courage returned; and though she met the storm with bowed head, yet she met it. So soon as the last officer had been done for her uncle, and Octavie had time to think, she found the life which she then found intolerable, and resolved to seek as a nun for a life of good works, in which that love with which her heart overflowed, and on which she now had nothing to expend it might be bestowed upon her poor and suffering fellow-creatures. The ladies of a convent, near at hand were very glad indeed to receive among them so sweet a novice; and soon she became known through all the country round, as the good Sister Charity. Her novitiate had scarcely expired, when a letter received by the Lady Superior, from her brother a Jesuit missionary in Canada, awoke among these holy women, a noble desire to emulate, these glorious fathers; and now was the action to engage in such an enterprise, that the quiet and gentle Sister Charity. Soon a little company had been formed, the proper communications made to His Holiness the Pope, his consent to the undertaking obtained, along with

letters patent for the establishment of a convent in Canada, from the French King, and in short everything that was necessary for the commencement of the good work. The ladies finally set sail from the port of St. Malo on the 12th of June 1670, and reached Montreal four months later, just as the forests with which, both banks of the St. Lawrence were covered, had put on their bright autumnal garb.

The Governor had by this time removed to Montreal, and occupied the residence, built for him under the superintendence of young De Beaumont.

As the good ship dropped her anchor in the harbor, she fired a gun which was answered by a hundred others from the walls of the fortress; and in a moment, the whole population of the town streamed out from the gates and ranged themselves on the shore, to greet the ladies on their landing. As there was no suitable residence for them in the town, the sisters were conducted to the Governor's chateau where a suite of rooms had been prepared for their reception. On the following morning they attended a thanksgiving service in the church of Notre Dame, which in those early days of the settlement bore no similitude to the grand edifice which now bears that name.

As they returned along the streets, the Sister Charity saw that which changed the whole course of her existence, and which had she not seen my story would never have been told. Departing from the church, their route lay along the side of the Notre-Dame Street of to-day. Most of the ground had even then been built upon, but several large trunks still remained vacant and were either occupied by gardens, or were still free to the public. In one of these latter, a group of Indians and white men, who, but for their long beards, might have been mistaken for Indians, were engaged in pitching a rude encampment. It was not strange that a sight so novel to the eyes of a European, should have involuntarily attracted the attention of the sisters. In the Sister Charity the Indians caused a feeling of loathing and hatred almost; but they yet had a sort of morbid attraction for her, which made her look upon them even while she shuddered. As she looked at the motley group, with a feeling akin to horror, her eyes were arrested by the face of a young man, clad in the costume of a voyageur. He saluted the ladies respectfully, and raised his cap. His eyes met those of the Sister Charity for an instant, but in that short glance there was mutual recognition; the sister was Octavie Belfort, the voyageur was Henri de Beaumont. The Sister Charity cried out in agony, and sank fainting upon the pavement. Her companions gathered quickly around her, and she was conveyed into a house near by, where restoratives were administered.

When she had recovered sufficiently she was taken home in a carriage sent for her by the Governor himself.

CHAPTER IV.

When Sister Charity reached home, she was assailed with so many questions as to the cause of her indisposition that she was compelled for the first time in her life to resort to subterfuge, at least, if not falsehood. She said it was fear and horror occasioned by the presence of the Indians. They all knew her story, were not therefore surprised at what had happened, nor were they lacking in sympathy for her weakness. In this manner she escaped question, and finally after urgent solicitation, was left alone to think and to pray. The first sensation of her heart was joy that Henri was safe; the next, however, was a feeling akin to that of hope for her was dead, she could never see him more, and perhaps it would have been happier for both, had his life not been spared; for she never thought for an instant that his love was less than hers, or that his suffering would not be quite as great. She would settle nothing, and before her there only appeared a life all blank and miserable.

But what of the Beaumont? If, you may be sure suffered not less than his betrothed; but unlike her, he had hope, and determination. His five years of forest life, had made him bold, intrepid and decided. Plans were evolved in his mind with wonderful rapidity and acted upon so soon as decided.

Perhaps here I had better tell you that Henri was not burnt at the stake. How he escaped I never learned; but he appears to have won from the chief, into whose hands he fell, an affection, which although for many months it kept him a captive, still saved him from death and from greater hardship, than was endured by the other members of the tribe. His captors were a roving band, and did not belong to any of the Indian nations of the North, who for the most part lived in towns. They had no settled abiding place; but at one time of the year trapped beavers on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and at another, hunted the bison on the prairies. They were a sort of Ishmaelites, every man's law for himself, and their lives were equally against every man. They had their scalps from almost every quarter of the continent, and few indeed were the hunting grounds which the bones of their slain comrades were not bleaching. With these men Henri had journeyed from a little outpost on the Ottawa, near which he had been captured, to the great grass covered plains of the South West. Journeying still southward, down the Mississippi river he had been, had he known it, in reach of the French settlement in Louisiana, in fact almost the whole of the Eastern part of the continent had been traversed ere he again set foot in New France and made his escape from captivity. At a place near the site of the present town of Alexandria he had joined a party of Indians and together they had journeyed on their way to dispose of their furs, and without revealing himself reached the town on the morning of the day succeeding that on which the Ladies of the Congregation had arrived in port; and it was while assisting his companions to prepare a shelter, that he saw and recognized Octavie in the Sister Charity.

As I have already hinted, De Beaumont made a determination to become possessed of his bride, and to make this easier, he resolved to preserve his *incognito*. Five years before, had he been told that a thought even of inducing a nun to break the sacred vows which bound her to her holy order would have entered his mind, he would have donned it a hundred times over. At that time his heart was young and fresh, and would have kept him from asking far less wicked; but those terrible five years, away from all religious influences, and during which he had been surrounded with everything calculated to debase the mind, had had their effect; and while they had brought with them great decision of character and boldness, they had also blotted out much that was good. There still remained a noble nature, which, but for the temptation to which he was so soon subjected, would, no doubt, have saved him from so grave an error.

His first care was to communicate with Octavie, and this he succeeded in doing through the agency of one of the Governor's servants, who, during the time that he was in command of the garrison, had attended upon him. The first wrote a long and passionate letter, in which he reminded his betrothed of the solemn vows which she had made to him, vows which were as sacred and binding as any which she could

have made to the Church, and which, having the priority, must be broken before she could renounce him. He then told her of his suffering, reminded her of how she must suffer, and counselled and entreated her to fly with him.

When Octavie received this letter her misery was increased fourfold. Doubts now existed in her mind as to which was the right course. In either case a vow must be broken and wrong done; by following one course she could only injure herself; by the other she condemned another to a life of misery. Could she either, with that love in her heart, a love which must be guilty while she remained a nun, give God the service which she had promised? Must not her whole future life be an hypocrisy?

While she thus hesitated, another letter arrived from Henri, again urging her to fly, setting forth many specially than before all the arguments of his first letter, and in many cases answering, as it seemed to her, the questions with which she had been tormented. Had she but sought the counsel of her Superior, no doubt the clear mind of that lady would have enabled her to point out to the erring one which was the right course, while her kindly sympathy and gentle manner would, perhaps, have soothed the bitterness of the hour. But Octavie feared to ask for advice on such a subject; and when at last another letter came, telling her that everything was prepared for flight, and giving her directions how to act, she yielded, and sent back by the messenger the answer which Henri so much desired.

I told you in the early part of this history that De Beaumont had made important changes in the construction of the Chateau. With what end I cannot say, he had caused a sliding panel to be made in one of the walls. This communicated with a secret staircase so ingeniously constructed that its existence was known only to the men who had been employed in the work, and who had all gone back to France. Nothing externally denoted its presence, which, therefore, remained a secret known only to Henri. Now it so happened that Octavie, with two other sisters, occupied the room with the sliding panel. De Beaumont's plans were thus very much facilitated. His directions to Octavie were that at midnight, or as soon after as possible, she should rise from her bed, open the wall, and descend the staircase; at the bottom of the stair she would find a little room, where a lamp and the costume of a young habitant woman would be left for her. The dress she was to assume instead of the habit of her order. A tap at a door opposite to the one by which she had entered would inform De Beaumont that her preparations were all made, and they would then, without further difficulty, effect their escape.

On the evening of the following day the Sister Charity and her companions retired to bed at their usual early hour. The little community were very busy making arrangements for departing to the convent building, which was now nearly ready to receive them, and when at night they retired to rest they were so tired that sleep came to them almost as soon as their heads had touched the pillow, nor were their slumbers often disturbed until the matin bell called them to morning worship. Not so with Octavie on this night. Sleep had deserted her pillow. Her head was racked with a maze of confused and tormenting thoughts, through which shone clearly only the desire and determination to flee from a life which had in a few hours become intolerable to her; and yet, when she looked back upon it and thought of the future, it seemed to her that she would readily barter any pleasure, past or future, for the power to enjoy it again as she once and done. In thoughts like this she was still buried when the great clock in the hall, striking twelve, roused her from her reverie. She rose from her bed with utmost care, donned her nun's apparel for the last time, and stole noiselessly to that part of the wall indicated in Henri's letter. To a gentle pressure one of the panels yielded; two more pushes and it opened wide, leaving sufficient space to permit of the passage of her body. She stepped into a little recess, and closing the panel behind her, began to descend a narrow winding staircase. After going down a very long way it seemed to her, a light was visible, and in another moment she stood in a little vaulted chamber, with walls of a ceiling of rough stone. It was lighted by a lantern, suspended from an iron hook driven into the wall. By the light which it cast around she discovered a bundle, which, on being unrolled, disclosed the complete dress of a habitant woman of nearly her own size. With a shudder she cast aside the habit of her order, and quickly donned the plain but substantial garb of the women of the country. Then, doubting her strength, she ran to the door and tapped gently upon it. It opened outwardly, and in an instant De Beaumont stood before her. One long look they exchanged, and then Octavie threw herself into her lover's outstretched arms. Small time was there, however, for love-making; so De Beaumont, urging his betrothed to the power of trust in him, gently disengaged himself from her arms, and taking up the lantern from the wall, led her out into a passage closing the door behind him. A short walk along this subterranean passage, which gradually ascended, brought them to a wall of solid stone, in which was a small iron door. A sturdy push from De Beaumont flung it open, and, stooping, they crept through the aperture thus made. On the other side Octavie found herself standing on a narrow plank; beneath her the lamp-light showed her a pool of water, and looking upwards she saw a small patch of light, from the midst of which a star seemed to be looking down at her. At the opposite end of the plank was a ladder, up which Octavie mounted, closely followed by De Beaumont. In another moment she had reached the top, and found herself at the mouth of the well of the garden of the Chateau, and in the part of it overlooked by the windows of the apartment she had just left. De Beaumont, with the assistance of the old man, then removed the plank and ladder from the wall, after which all three hurried to the lower end of the garden, where they found the door of a little sallopport open, and, passing through it, came out upon the river bank. For a moment Henri conversed with the sentry, who allowed the party to pass without challenge, and they then walked quickly up the bank for a short distance. Soon they discovered a large canoe, well manned, in which they embarked, and in another moment were sailing swiftly down the St. Lawrence. After a great many perils they arrived safely in New York, which had then but recently come into possession of the English, and, as soon as possible, were married by a Protestant clergyman.

De Beaumont and his bride shortly after returned to Montreal, where the Governor welcomed the former as one risen from the dead. He soon received promotion to a good office, where he was enabled to lay the foundation of a substantial fortune. Representing Octavie as a young Acadian lady, whom he had rescued from the Indians, he was married to her in the Church of Notre Dame so soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Perhaps you may think that, after so many troubles, Octavie should have lived happily after, but I cannot think that she did. There was a heavy sin on her conscience, as well as on that of her husband, which no good deeds