

the solid timbers, and the verandah that gave its front distinction—for this verandah had been the pride of several generations of landlords, and its heavy carving and bulky graces were worth even more admiration than Pontiac gave to it.

The square which the two roads and the four corners made was, on week-days, the rendezvous of Pontiac, and the whole parish; on Sunday mornings the rendezvous was shifted to the large church on the hill, beside which was the house of the Curé, Monsieur Fabre. Travelling towards the south, out of the silken haze of a midsummer day, you would come in time to the hills of Maine; north, to the city of Quebec and the river St. Lawrence; east, to the ocean; and west, to the Great Lakes and the land of the English. Over this bright province Britain raised her flag, but only Medallion and a few others loved it for its own sake, or saluted it in the English tongue.

In the drab velvety dust of these four corners were gathered, one night of July a generation ago, the children of the village and