

"of her husband who lay on his back, the eyes fixed in death. The child, whom she had dropped from her arm in her excitement, besmeared with the blood of father and grandfather, continued to scream in a heart-rending manner. Just as succor was about to be extended to these afflicted creatures—for war has no time for sympathy—three notes of the bugle were sounded. 'Cease firing!' was the order given. An aide-de-camp rushed forward. 'Spike the guns,' cried he, 'and beat a retreat! Let the dead be buried within a half hour!' News had been received by Mr. de Levis that the last of their ships had been destroyed by the British. Their only hope was thus shattered and gone."

Is this not a vivid word-picture of a glorious and blood-curdling scene? Further on we read: "When all the bodies had been inhumed, the sergeant in charge of the widow wished to lead her away from her husband's grave—that husband whom she still fancied she beheld, although he was now forever lost to her sight. She refused to leave. 'But you cannot remain here, my dear woman,' urged the sergeant; 'the troops have already begun the retreat.' She only shook her head, without moving.

"Where do you live?

"At l'Ange-Gardien, she murmured.

"How are you to get there?

"I know not, she replied. Before they butchered my husband and his father, they burnt our home. I have nothing more to live for.—'But your child?' soothingly spoke the priest.

"True...I had forgotten, exclaimed she, as she hugged the little one to her breast.—'Sergeant, said the chaplain, conduct her to Sainte-Foye; she will find shelter there until chance throws her in the way of her friends.' And thus, leaning on her guide, this heart-broken mother, clasping her infant to her heart, left the scene of her cruellest woe."

The writer who can stir to their depths the emotions of the reader, as is done here, must have a keenly sensitive nature himself and be able to fully enter into the spirit and sentiment of the dramas which he depicts. Certainly, whatever defects of style or composition may be noticed in the creations of our author, he cannot be denied a seductive imagination, a vivid realism, and the intoxication of movement and action.