

her courage anew by her ministrations to those stricken with the plague.

The brave captain and his good wife lived many years in the old Labadie homestead on the "côte-du-nord." When they too became old, often, on St. Andrew's night, or the "Jour de l'An," their children's children gathered about them before the fire in the great chimney, pleading for stories of their youth.

At these times they spoke of the threatening Arm of Tecumseh, of Tippecanoe, and Perry. Then also they told of the sweet days before the war, when they learned to love each other with a love that grew stronger through perils, and trials, and joys, until —

The twilight glow of their autumn path
And the golden sheen of Life's aftermath,
Were bright as the spring-time's budding flowers
The balmy airs, and the sunlit showers
Of the long years ago.

THE END