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who was visibly delighted with the attentions of her handsome gallant.

At this moment a burst of instruments from the musicians, who occupied a gallery at the end of the hall, announced a vocal response to the toast of the King's health, proposed by the Bourgeois. "Prepare yourself for the chorus, Chevalier," exclaimed Hortense. "Father de Bery is going to lead the royal anthem!"

"Vive le Roi!" replied La Corne. "No finer voice ever sang Mass, or chanted 'God Save the King!' I like to hear the royal anthem from the lips of a churchman, rolling it out ore rotundo, like one of the Psalms of David. Our first duty is to love God—our next to honor the King! and New France will never fail in either!" Loyalty was ingrained in every fibre of La Corne St. Luc.

"Never, Chevalier. Law and Gospel rule together, or fall together. But we must rise," replied Hortense, springing up.

The whole company rose simultaneously. The rich, mellow voice of the Rev. Father de Bery, round and full as the organ of Ste. Marie, commenced the royal anthem, composed by Lulli, in honor of Louis Quatorze, upon an occasion of his visit to the famous Convent of St. Cyr, in company with Madame de Maintenon.

The song composed by Madame Brinon was afterwards translated into English, and words and music became, by a singular transposition, the national hymn of the English nation.

"God Save the King!" is no longer heard in France. It was buried with the people's loyalty.

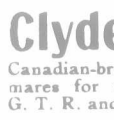
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**I HAVE STILL LEFT THREE CLYDESDALE STALLIONS**  
two of them 3 years old, the other a 4-year-old; big flashy fellows, full of quality and character, and right royally bred. I will sell them cheap and on terms to suit, as I want the room for a new importation. **T. D. ELLIOTT, BOLTON, ONT.**



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fathoms deep under the ruins of the monarchy. But it flourishes still with pristine vigor in New France, that olive branch grafted on the stately tree of the British Empire. The broad chest and flexible lips of Father de Bery rang out the grand old song in tones that filled the stately old hall.

"Grand Dieu! Sauvez le Roi!"  
"Grand Dieu! Sauvez le Roi!"  
Sauvez le Roi!"  
Que toujours glorieux,  
Louis Victorieux,  
Voye ses ennemis  
Toujours soumis!"

The company all joined in the chorus, the gentlemen raising their cups, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and male and female blending in a storm of applause that made the old walls ring with joy. Songs and speeches followed in quick succession, cutting as with a golden blade the hours of the dessert into quinzaines of varied pleasures.

The custom of the times had reduced speechmaking after dinner to a minimum. The ladies, as Father de Bery wittily remarked, preferred private confession to public preaching; and long speeches, without inlets for reply, were the eighth mortal sin which no lady would forgive.

The Bourgeois, however, felt it incumbent upon himself to express his deep thanks for the honor done his house on this auspicious occasion. And he remarked that the doors of Belmont, so long closed by reason of the absence of Pierre, would hereafter be ever open to welcome all his friends. He had that day made a gift of Belmont, with all its belongings, to Pierre, and he hoped—the Bourgeois smiled as he said this, but he would not look in a quarter where his words struck home—he hoped that some one of Quebec's fair daughters would assist Pierre in the menage of his home, and enable him to do honor to his housekeeping.

Immense was the applause that followed the short, pithy speech of the Bourgeois. The ladies blushed and praised, the gentlemen cheered and enjoyed in anticipation the renewal of the old hospitalities of Belmont.

"The skies are raining plum cakes!" exclaimed the Chevalier La Corne to his lively companion. "Joy's golden drops are only distilled in the alembic of woman's heart! What think you, Hortense? Which of Quebec's fair daughters will be willing to share Belmont with Pierre?"

"Oh, any of them would!" replied she. "But why did the Bourgeois restrict his choice to the ladies of Quebec, when he knew I came from the Three Rivers?"

"Oh, he was afraid of you, Hortense; you would make Belmont too good for this world! What say you, Father de Bery? Do you ever walk on the cape?"

The friar, in a merry mood, had been edging close to Hortense. "I love, of all things, to air my gray gown on the cape of a breezy afternoon," replied the jovial Recollet, "when the fashionables are all out, and every lady is putting her best foot foremost. It is then I feel sure that Horace is the next best thing to the Homilies."

"Teretisque suras laudo, et integer ego!"

The Chevalier La Corne pinched the shrugging shoulder of Hortense as he remarked, "Don't confess to Father de Bery that you promenaded on the cape! But I hope Pierre Philibert will soon make his choice! We are impatient to visit him, and give old Provencal the butler a run every day through those dark crypts of his, where he entombed the choicest vintages of sunny France."

The Chevalier said this waggishly, for the benefit of old Provencal, who stood behind his chair, looking half alarmed at the threatened raid upon the well-filled cellars.

"But if Pierre should not commit himself," replied Hortense, "what