

of the girl to distrust her in every way. His thoughts became more and more painful as he dwelt on the effect such a disaster, even in anticipation, would have on his mother, and what the effect of William's defection from the ranks of loyal and patriotic citizenship would be on public opinion, now in a ferment that forbade deliberation and just conclusions. The memory of his father and his grandfather on both sides, true to the Crown, and ready to sacrifice all they held dear for their King and country rose before his mental vision in proud array, forcing from his eyes the burning drops of anticipated and unmerited disgrace, for if his fears proved well-founded where would be the glory whose halo had hitherto glowed round the family name. Proud to be a Hewit he had ever been, and knew he had good reason to be, but if

The sound of horses at a canter broke upon his reverie, and he turned to find himself overtaken by Alice Leslie and her father.

"Good morning, Mr. Hewit," cried the cheery voice of Dr. Leslie, as he reined up. "Were you in the blues that you walked along so heedless of what was either before or behind you, neither hearing our horses nor avoiding the tree you ran into just now?"

"Oh, papa," said Miss Leslie, bowing in return to Henry's salutation, "Mr. Hewit has many things to think of beside what is going on on the high road."

"I think I ought to have minded the tree, nevertheless, Miss Leslie," said Henry, colouring and smiling. "But you are coming to see my mother, are you not?"

"Not now, Harry," replied Dr. Leslie in a grave tone. "Make my excuses to Mrs. Hewit," and, lowering his voice after glancing around, he continued, "do you know where that man Howis is? That he is at the bottom of the rapidly growing disaffection to the government, that is becoming so evident in this district, especially among the farm labourers, I am sure, but I want to get hold of something more tangible than the conclusions of my own judgment. George Samos tells me that he has heard the echoes of some sort of military drill more than once when sleeping with his window open, as he does on a fine night, but his utmost endeavours have led to no discovery. I want you to help in keeping a lookout for similar hints, for there is something going on not far away that must be put a stop to."

"This is serious," cried Henry, as he watched the graceful figure of the horsewoman who had set her beautiful bay at a trot while her father was speaking.

"So serious," replied Dr. Leslie, "that unless we who are loyal are not as energetic as these mischievous fellows, we shall be overtaken by evil before we are aware."

"You can count on me, Dr. Leslie, and it shall go hard if something more be not soon known of these nefarious doings."

"I knew I might, Henry, and therefore I spoke to you. Good-bye, now, my horse is restless"

With bows, and a bright smile from the lady, father and daughter proceeded at a gallop, Harry watching them with beating heart as long as he could see them, for he loved Alice Leslie, and had received no uncertain signal that she favoured his love.

CHAPTER VII.

A DISCOVERY.

The week following Frank Arnley's adventure found him and Henry Hewit again out on a hunt. Frank, who had wholly recovered, was in his usual happy mood. The forenoon had passed without the finding of any game, and the afternoon had nearly gone by, when suddenly a fine buck sprang up before them. Frank, with his usual impetuosity, fired, but without sufficient care. Away bounded the deer unharmed and swift as an arrow, but swifter than an arrow sped a ball from Henry's rifle.

"You've hit him, Hal!" shouted Frank, "see, he staggers! Bad luck to the brute, though, why couldn't he have run straight and had the honour of falling by my ball, for I'll swear the ball went

straight, so it is clearly the deer's fault—shows what bad taste some things have. Pshaw! the deer always show a liking for you, Hal. I'll warrant if I proposed to a certain little deer near a certain little lake, all the answer I should get would be that she preferred Harry Hewit."

"Come, come, Frank, honour bright. If I have told you more than anyone else it was with the intention of stopping your tongue, just as the ministry bring over a troublesome member of the opposition by some potent promise. But you sha'n't have your piece of bride-cake if you peach. Hark! that is Beaver's yell; he has driven the deer to close quarters somewhere."

The two young men now hurried over logs, through underbrush, and across bog until they reached a small and beautiful lake. "The dew had taken the water, but the hound had not followed him, and was running round the bank heading the deer to prevent him from gaining the shore. Henry sent Frank to the other side of the lake or pond, and then sent in the hound, which soon forced the beast to scramble up the bank, where Frank's rifle put an end to him. A short time sufficed to put the deer in a safe place, it being too late to return that night for him; and then the friends resolved to rest themselves in a saw-mill at the foot of the pond before proceeding further.

The mill was in a lonely out-of-the-way spot, being at the back of the owner's farm and nearly a mile from the road.

"An odd situation for a saw-mill," remarked Frank, as they advanced toward it. "Some say it is a meeting place for the agitators."

"I have heard such a rumour," replied Harry, "and should not be surprised if it proved true."

They had now reached the mill, which was not in operation that afternoon, and at first they thought it entirely deserted, but on looking around the premises they came upon a small sleeping-room, where, upon the rude bed they found a man in such a state of intoxication that they could not arouse him. A whiskey bottle nearly empty stood beside him.

"Well," cried Frank, "this looks refreshing; shall we try a 'horn.'"

"No," replied Harry, "I never touch spirits."

"I won't then," said Frank, and set down the bottle, but as he did so his toe caught in one of the loose boards of the floor and threw him forward upon his knees. "I am not drunk, most noble Harry, though thou mightest well think so to see me thus make a fool of myself," cried Frank, but suddenly changing his tone he exclaimed: "By Jupiter! Look here, Harry, look here! a whole storehouse of arms, muskets, rifle, shot-guns and pikes. Here's a find."

"Traitors! Proof enough. Rumour told no lies this time," said Harry, as he knelt to look beneath the boards.

"What's to be done with them? not leave them here."

"No; let us raise them and drop them in the pond."

"That's good, Harry, but can we, just we two?"

As he spoke Frank let himself down into the place, which seemed to have been made on purpose for the secretion of property. It was not more than four feet deep, by about twelve long, and the arms were placed in a rude chest formed of rough boards and without a cover.

"I think we can lift the whole affair," said Frank.

"Wait a moment; there's some one near; the dog acts like it."

Harry was not mistaken; Davis, the owner of the place, was nearly upon them. To spring on the floor and re-adjust the board was the work of a moment, and Frank joined Harry outside. Davis eyed them sharply as he came up, but Harry soon dispelled any suspicions he might have entertained by entering into an animated account of the chase they had just had after the deer.

"Where is my man, I wonder?" said Davis after civilly replying, "I left one here when I went to the house."

"Had there been one here he would have shown himself, I should think," said Frank, "however, we only just came in; he may be about somewhere."

Davis looked sharply round, then entering the mill, proceeded to the room where Hewit and Arnley had found the arms. The door latched on the inside, and when Frank came out he had pulled it to, so that the latch had caught and could not be opened from the outside.

"The fellow is drunk, I'll wager, and I'll not be able to awake him," cried Davis in a tone of dudgeon. He climbed up so as to be able to look over the top, when he found his expectations realised; he could not wake his man and had to leave him to sleep off his stupor.

Hewit and Arnley now took their leave, determined to return again that night and see what they could do for their country. They called at a small wayside inn about two miles from the mill, and while Frank remained, Henry proceeded to a farmhouse at no great distance, whence he soon returned with an accession to their party of three brothers, friends of his, George, John and Richard Samos, all men of great size and strength and each a host in himself in a fight.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARING ADVENTURE.

The young men sat down to a supper such as was to be seen in the country at that date. No kickshaws and hashes, but a smoking joint of beef, steaming potatoes, home-made bread, buckwheat cakes and maple sugar. And seldom had an equal number done more ample justice to the good old-fashioned fare than was done by the five friends, all on patriotic works intent.

Night had drawn her sable veil over the face of nature before our party left their comfortable quarters to face the north-west wind and the biting frost, for the night was intensely cold. As they proceeded various plans were proposed for the disposal of the arms, but as they could not employ a team to remove them to responsible quarters, they concluded it would be best to slide them, case and all, from the east side of the mill into a deep swamp hole close by; for, as Harry said, it would be late before they could get through if they attempted to carry them off, and attended with too much risk, while by getting the chest on to the rollers used for moving lumber, they could roll it by means of slabs into the hole, where it would sink out of sight by its own weight, and by daylight a couple of inches of ice would be over it.

The moon had arisen before they got through the woods, and by the time they got within sight of the mill it was light enough to see for some distance. It was agreed that they should separate and reconnoitre carefully as they advanced. There was a piece of ground of some extent around the mill, that had been cleared off and the moon shining down into it revealed objects much smaller than a man. Harry and Frank kept together, and their companions took different courses. It was agreed that if either of the party saw anyone around the mill they should hoot in imitation of the owl.

Harry and Frank had not proceeded far when Frank grasped Harry's arm whispering:

"Make an owl of yourself quick, Harry, look there."

"I see," was the whispered reply.

As he spoke the cry of an owl rang at a distance in another direction. Harry answered the signal and told Frank to remain where he was while he went on to observe more closely.

To be continued.

SONNET.

ZENITH.

There are who say that in life's tale of years
One hour there is, one moment, when the height
Of joy is reached, the onward sweep of light
Bursts into full and perfect blaze; heart-fears
And keen desire melt, and Heaven appears,
And then the tide rolls back, and never sight
Of such dear bliss may charm again the night;
Joys may appear, but mingled aye with tears.

I will not have it so! For us, O Heart,
The ebb shall never come! Ah God! if this
Dear joy we know be now full flood-tide, let
Our souls grow numb, the dreaded death-dews wet
These bodies, that our spirits may depart
Even 'mid the thrilling rapture of our kiss.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.