



THROUGH DARKNESS LIGHT.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

Nestling in the shadow of a lofty hill, one of the grand Laurentian chain, sheltered from the Northern breeze by a grove of tall pines, stands a plain substantial dwelling, originally a farm-house, but recently converted into a somewhat handsome villa. It was pointed out to a small party of tourists one breezy day in mid-autumn some three years ago, as the home of Jasper Williams, a successful lawyer in the neighboring city. The name was not unknown to the travellers, who belonged to one of the sister provinces away westward.

"You remember, Hubert," said an elderly lady, the mother of the two young people, a son and daughter, who, with their father, a bluff, good-natured Englishman, made up the party. "You remember, this Jasper Williams married a daughter of old Baptiste Leduc, of L——. They say he has turned out a fearful bigot."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," put in the city carter, whose attentive ear had caught the words. "Bigot is no name for him. Sure, he persecutes his poor wife, ay! and his daughters too, on account of religion, and makes their lives miserable. And a real lady Mrs. Williams is, and very good to the poor about here, everybody says. The young ladies are just like herself; but the father—you'll excuse me for sayin' it, ma'am, but he's the Old