

friends of her childhood to the grave of her old grandfather. Zulma and Pauline planted flowers over it, and Blanche threw herself across it sobbing and praying. All wept, even the two strong men, as they gazed upon a scene which reminded them of so much.

Poor Batoche ! What was there in the music of the waterfall that seemed responsive to this tribute of his friends ?

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During my first visit to Canada a few years ago, I met on the Saguenay boat a young lady whose beauty and distinction impressed me. I inquired who she was. An old gentleman informed me that her name was Hardinge, and on tracing up her genealogy, as old men are fond of doing, he made it clear that her two grandmothers were the heroines, and her two grandfathers, the heroes of this history. A son of Roderick and Zulma had married a daughter of Cary and Pauline, and this was their offspring. Thus, at last, the blood of all the lovers had mingled together in one.

THE END.