

cunningly concealed among those hills. This is the most strongly fortified town in Canada, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied, with an inward malediction on her fervor of patriotism. "On that island is a battery, a military camp, and a rifle range."

The girl surveyed with a passionate glance the wooded points of an island they were passing. On a narrow spit of land running out from it was a Martello tower lighthouse.

"It is quite as round and quite as much like a plum pudding as when I left it," she said merrily; "and it fixes on me its glittering eye in the same manner that it did when I, a little child, went down this harbor to countries that I knew nothing about, and the fog bell seemed to cry, 'Adieu, adieu, another gone from the pleasant land.'"

"But you have returned," said the man, biting his lip to hide a smile.

"I have; many have not. You have read of the 'Cajiens of Louisiana and other places. They went but did not return; their sore hearts are buried among strangers."

"And you," he said curiously, "are you going to remain in Canada?"

"Yes," said the girl softly; "I shall never leave it again."

"But your guardians; suppose they——" he stopped abruptly.