

prepared to settle down in common life again, with the second scar on his heart just healed.

Coming home by Boston, he took rail thence to Burlington on Lake Champlain, and near the head of that noble sheet of water crossed the Canadian frontier into French scenery and manners. The line stopped short at the edge of the St. Lawrence, where passengers take boat for La Chine or the island of Montreal—that is, ice permitting. Now, on this occasion the ice did not permit, at least for some time. Sam Holt had hoped that its annual commotion would have been over; but it had only just begun.

A vast sheet of ice, a mile in breadth and perhaps ten in length, was being torn from its holdfasts by the current beneath; was creaking, grinding, shoving along, crunching up against the shore in masses, block over block ten or fifteen feet high, yielding slowly and reluctantly to the pressure of the deep tide below, which sometimes with a tremendous noise forced the hummocks into long ridges. The French Canadians call these 'bourdigneaux.'

The sights, the sounds, were little short of sublime. But when night came down with its added stillness, then the heaving, grating, tearing, wrenching noises were as of some prodigious hidden strength, riving the very foundations of solid earth itself. People along shore could hardly sleep. Mr. Holt, having a taste for strange scenery, spent much of that sharp spring night under 'the glimpses of the moon,' watching the struggle between the long-enchained water and its icy tyrant. Another passenger, like-minded, was companion of his ramble.

'I fear it is but a utopian scheme to dream of