والمعتقد والمحمد والمح



have supper." The woman rose, lifted the pot off the heek, placed it on the ground, and having thrown a cearse canvas cloth over the steaming water, raised her head awhile, listening to the wind, then looked around, listened again, and shuddered.

shudder,

the fire.

house stood up, and seizing the pethooks, mid :

"It's too wild for you to face the wind, Bridget. I'll take them out and strain them.

Meanwhile the girl had leit her place, and was busy arranging the things on the table. Just as the man turned with the pot held in the p theoks at arm's length before him, a loud knocking sounded at the door. The woman uttered exclamations. Captillon placed the pot on the floor and opened the deor.

For an instant the rush of wind designed all, but it caused the fire to flare up, and shewed a tall, broad, lank young man i tand ing hatless against the dark background of the night. He bewed, and made a gesture requesting leave to enter. The master of the house bowed too, and metioned him to ceme in. He areased the threshold; in an instant the deer ence mere closed, and it became pessible to hear.

"God save all bere," saluted the stranger. "Ged mave yen kindly, man," returned Cantillon, looking suspiciously at the unknown face and the powerful frame. There, was a wild expression on the countenance, and the breath of the intruder came short,

"God keep the house, and all that's in it, from hurt or barm," he continued, gazing around with relief. Now that the wild lick

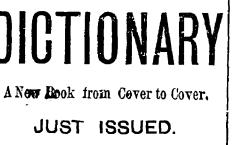
have come a long journey ? '

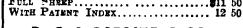
With a heavy sigh the traveller threw him-self on one of the abest in the chimney-corner, and wiped his forebead with a large blue pecket handkershief spetted with siroles

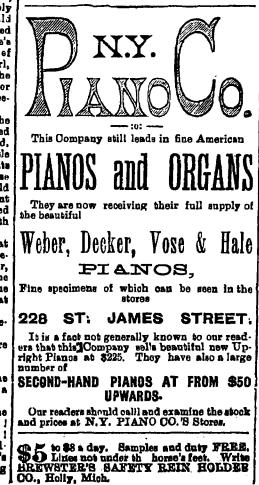
ence more and shuddered. "But, goed man," demanded Cantillon, from whem all uncasiness had departed by this time, "what drove you to ran two miles in the heel of your heavy day ?'

ether.

"Semething yeu maw ! What was it ?" "They told me of it at Dunnager, eight miles south, and that the cliff, were the shortest way, and by them I travelled. It was a bad evening and when night fell meroy laft the elements. The sea was cleud and the cleuds were sea, and the land a mist; and as I came I saw by an island—for there was a young moon struggling for man in the heavens-I saw in the spray and mist ever the waters, by that island, semething that stopped my heart and made me wender if the come was real or beyond the world, I







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