

THE
KEEPER OF BIC LIGHT HOUSE,

A CANADIAN STORY OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

“ In creeping curves of yellow foam,
Up shallow sands the waters slide,
And warmly blow what whispers roam,
From isle to isle the lulled tide ”

Up creek and horn the smooth wave swells,
And falls asleep; or inland flowing,
Twinkles among the silver shells,
From sluice to sluice of shallow wells.

Lord Lytton.

It was a sultry afternoon towards the end of September, a haze hung o'er the blue Laurentian hills and half enveloped the little village of Bic, which to day seemed all asleep and deserted. Yesterday the last contingent of summer visitors had departed to their homes in Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, or the United States, as the case might be, and no longer shouts of merry laughter resounded through the one quaint old-fashioned street; no longer gay parties drove in rambling boy-