

a noisy crowd of gesticulating cabbies, porters, baggage drays, and other impedimenta, to their hotel bus, to be drawn up Mountain Hill (surely an appropriate combination of names) to the Chateau Frontenac. On the way they caught glimpses of picturesque corners, oddly alluring, and gazed in wonder at the high French houses and narrow streets of the Lower Town, through whose twistings and up and down the steep hills slide the modern trolley cars, making an extraordinary medley of the characteristics of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries.

At length they came out on an open square (filled with the thrilling echoes of the voiceless past for those who have ears to hear), and alighted at the door of the Frontenac Hotel, a pile in imitation of a mediæval fortress castle, built on Dufferin Terrace, which had seemed almost inaccessible from the level of the river.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came. I know it is all going to be delightful," said Edith Darrell gaily; then while they were wondering how the horses had ever climbed up the hill, and more inexplicable still, how they ever managed to climb down. Mrs. Fortescue advised them to seek their rooms and unpack at once, so as to be prepared to sally forth and explore as soon as possible.

CHAPTER III.

The next afternoon Mrs. Clifford and her son called. The latter equipped with a copy of Kirby's "*Chieu d'Or*," for Miss Darrell, an offering, by the way, whose title seemed not inappropriate, considering his object in making her acquaintance. It proved, indeed, instrumental in gaining the affections of the heiress, but in a way for which he had not arranged.

They found the strangers enjoying the glorious panorama outspread before their eyes from the drawing-room windows in one of the towers. While the elder ladies discussed their mutual friend, Mr. Willing, the young girl was giving her first impression of the town to Fred Clifford. "Every thing is so novel," she was saying brightly. "We took the electric tram yesterday, and went everywhere the track is laid, I believe; and this morning we had a lovely drive in one of those queer shaky old calèches, and in that way gained a general idea of the city; but we have not begun to do any regular sight-seeing yet." Fred expressed the hope that he might be allowed to show her the "lions," and then made a vague attempt to outline the plot of the "*Chieu d'Or*," which cost him rather an effort of memory.

"Oh, it was so kind of you to bring it," she said gratefully. "I am so interested in anything historical, and it is delightful to be on the spot where these things happened. We have already collected guide books of all sizes and colors. I have read "*The Span o' Life*," in Harper's, and I have "*A Chance Acquaintance*," and "*Seats of the Mighty*," so our literature will certainly be appropriate to the occasion."

Meanwhile Fred was bending critical glances on her and thinking. "Pretty enough—a trifle too energetic for me. However, that's not the main thing. Awfully plainly dressed for a girl with lots of cash—evidently not extravagant, thank the Lord."

After further desultory talk, an arrangement was made that they all should drive out

to Montmorenci Falls on the following day, and Mrs. Clifford rose to leave.

Just then a tall dark girl in mourning entered the room, and coming up to Mrs. Fortescue, and said: "Do you know, auntie, I actually fell asleep, and never knew you had left the room?"

"This is the other niece I have been telling you about," said Mrs. Fortescue. "Also a Darrell," she continued, turning to Fred. The latter was quite dumb-founded. "How in thunder are there two of them?" he thought, "and which is the one?"

He did not say much during the next five minutes, but listened attentively. All he gathered, however, was that the girls were cousins, but his eyes could not help straying to the new-comer, whom criticism could not but acknowledge to be a beauty. Though in black, Fred, who knew a good deal about such things, noticed she was richly gowned, and her more languid air and society manner convinced him she had been accustomed to see much more of life, and probably had had the advantages which wealth provides. Her jet black hair, coiled high on her head, added to her height and dignity, and he decided she was some years older than the first Miss Darrell, but there his soundings ceased.

Sorely puzzled, Fred took his leave, dividing his homage this time in case of accidents, and eagerly questioned his mother as to what Mrs. Fortescue had said with regard to her nieces. No light was thrown on the subject, however, for Mrs. Fortescue had just mentioned the second niece, when she came into the room; and as Fred had not considered it necessary to inform his mother that there was an heiress in the question, Mrs. Clifford made no discoveries in that respect.

However his mind was pretty nearly made up. "Everything points to the second one," he mused in solitude that night. "She is probably in mourning for the father, who left the money. She has much more the manner of a rich girl used to be run after, and she thoroughly looks the heiress. Confoundedly handsome, too, by jove! I shall not introduce her to the other fellows. Of course a day or two will show, but I'm sure I'm right. And to think how I racked my brains for an hour to please that other little thing!" finished Fred, annoyed at the mis-directed energy; and then he slept the sleep of the self-satisfied, and dreamed of a private steam-yacht, towards which his ambitions particularly tended, unlimited money for clubs and betting, and entire liberty from anything that savored of work. In all of which visions, with the rather useful exception of providing the wherewithal, the girl had not much share.

CHAPTER IV.

His opinion was confirmed next day, when he discovered the name of the beautiful Miss Darrell was "Edith," and heard Mrs. Fortescue address the younger one as "Aline." He also accidentally overheard Mrs. Fortescue say to Edith. "You know, my dear, if he continues to write to you it must be on your own responsibility," and at once connected this remark with the suitor from whom Mrs. Fortescue was "running away." Henceforth the younger Miss Darrell was a nonentity in his opinion. All his tender glances, his insinuating speeches were reserved for her fair cousin. This, however, did not appear at once, and he managed to make himself so

agreeable that they, especially Mrs. Fortescue, whom he was desirous of conciliating, voted him a charming young man.

The girls thoroughly enjoyed the drive to Montmorency, through the rambling village of Beauport, which straggles out in one long street of seven miles, between the city and the gorge. They paused on the way to see the remains of the old building, once Montcalm's headquarters; and after leaving the carriage at the hotel, walked through a pretty park, and caught their first glimpse of the falls from the very edge of the precipice. Its great height very much impressed them as they stood at the top of the long steep stairway, which is suspended from the almost perpendicular cliff. Aline declared she must go down to the very bottom, and soon stood, enveloped in drifting spray, on a level with the subterranean chasm, through whose unexplored outlet the great volume of water finds its way to the river bed. The less enterprising Edith remained half way up, and Fred with her, for it scarcely seemed necessary to take the trouble to follow a young lady who was not an heiress.

The roar and rush of the falls fascinated them for a long time; then they walked through fields and woods to the natural steps higher up the Montmorency River, a freak of nature which drew forth even more of their admiration than the better known cataract. Something of dreariness mingled too in their idea of the place, for the silence was broken only by the rush of the water. Not a bird twittered—not a leaf stirred in the warm afternoon, and the dark overhanging trees lent an air of sombre mystery to the winding ravine. They almost expected to see the thicket above parted, and the painted and feathered head of an Indian warrior peer out through, to scent out an enemy's camp-fire, or wash away his own trail in the foaming rapids.

On the homeward drive, they turned aside to see the creek where Jacques Cartier's three frail caravels wintered in 1535, and where the remains of one were discovered as late as 1843, and returned to the hotel charmed with their first view of historical scenes.

Fred had entreated to be allowed to accompany them on their first visit to the citadel, and accordingly next morning they started out at ten o'clock, and wended their way up to the fortress through the narrow massive Chain Gate into the outer trenches, and then through Dalhousie Gate, the main entrance to the works.

(To be continued.)

For the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

For Our Best Beloved.

God of our fathers! Be the guide and shield
Of those brave hearts who to the front have gone,
Be with them in the bivouac and field,
Guard them in camp, and when the sword is drawn.

Guide their unwary feet, lest they should stray
From paths of manly rectitude, afar,
Shield them, Thy children, on that awful day
When hot with death shall hiss the breath of war.

Keep them within the hollow of Thy hand,
Closely in fold each one in danger's hour;
Be doubly near if in Life's glass the sand
Has run, and Death bids a brave spirit cower.

Lift up Thy face upon them, shine anew
Into each heart, baptize with courage strong,
Grant strength for duty, loyal, true, and true—
Give life, in life; in death, the victor's song.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

A. J. McDougall.