

that cliff they are ready to attack. The huntsmen may track the moose, but the moose when brought to bay will charge. Let Waldren beware!" Quick the orders given, quickly obeyed; Castin was never so calm as in a crisis.

A short distance above the falls they hid themselves in ambush, their muskets resting upon their knees. Voices became distinct as the band approached. Suddenly there was a loud report; the rocks echoed again and again until it would seem that a small army was battling amongst the hills. Castin about to give a quick order, was half risen to his feet when, as the last echo was dying, a cry of horror and pain rose from out on the river. Just round a bend in the river was a canoe containing an old man and a maiden fair as the morning and speechless with fear. The arms of the old man were thrown up in terror; the paddle was floating out in the stream. The bullet had struck his wrist and hurled the paddle from his hands. Just below were the falls, and the swift current was quickly drawing them downward. Fast throbbed the heart of Castin; fast came his thoughts. The English just behind; the maiden in front; no time for reflection. "Nocawado quick! the canoe, launch it!" The end of the coil of rope in the bottom he fastened to a stout tree on the shore, into the craft he stepped, and struck out into the stream.

Col. Waldren saw his bravery and ordered not to fire. The old man's hands were clasped in prayer and the maiden stretched out her hands imploringly to Castin. The cruel waters were every moment hurling them on to their doom. Castin made the sign of the cross and muttered "Mary!" Once, twice he faltered; the swift current bore away, then suddenly brought him alongside; he grasped the canoe with that imperial strength with which Nature had endowed him, held it in a deathlike grip. The noble deed was seen from the shore and strong were the hands to draw in the rope.

The old man was dazed at first, then spake, "Dieu est bien," and the voice was tremulous, "who is this valiant, the saviour of me and my dearest blossom?" "I have done nought but that which honor taught me. My name you ask; it is Anselme, son of old Baron de St. Castin." "Aye, embrace me; your father and I were firmest friends. Hast thou heard him speak of Louis d'Amours? This my precious Charlotte." The bright eyes of the maiden met those of Castin and dropped. "Young Anselme is brave

and noble as he is handsome." Brightly flashed the eyes of Castin; he knelt and took her hand, and rising left a kiss upon it. The moment of his greatest peril was the moment of his supreme happiness.

At that crisis the company of soldiers following Louis d'Amours emerged from the clump of trees. "And now," says the old man, turning to Castin, "since you have saved us, I cannot but do equally, good for you. My home is not far down the river; come with us and we will serve you." Col. Waldren and his men became alarmed at this sudden turn of affairs, and decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and retired from the attack. Castin and his followers accepted the hospitality offered, and returned with the French company down the river.

One evening, as the spangles of twilight were slowly fading in the west, a light bark canoe was silently gliding upon the smooth surface of the river. Two were the occupants; a young man noble looking, brave, fearless, loving; a maiden fairest of the fair, her eyes outshining the brightest star above, her every motion full of charm and beauty. With lowered tones he was speaking to her. "A prophet told me truly that from the rushing, dashing waters I should pluck a flower all a blooming and should wear it for a lifetime. I have plucked the flower; how would it please my little demoiselle if I should keep and call the flower my own?" Her face beamed sweetly as she answered, "Some one must keep the flower and who but my handsome Anselme would I wish the keeper be."

Some months later two young members of the French noblesse reached Quebec, Baron Anselme de St. Castin and his bride Charlotte. For many years they lived and made for themselves a great company of friends; he on account of his noble bearing, she for her virtue and womanly charms.

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JUNIOR EXPEDITION.

On the morning of May 24th, when the staunch tug Weatherspoon steamed in to the wharf at Wolfville, the weather was fine and portended pleasant days to follow. Minas Basin's muddy waters glowing with a ruddy hue were made to sparkle by old sol's genial and munificent rays. The Juniors, bearing onerous burdens on their shoulders, were seen rapidly wending their way from the Hall to the wharf.