

there came the man whose voice she had trusted, and his hands were tied behind his back. He was nothing but a prisoner, a decoy. As she looked at him, she recognised him.

"You!" Regardless of the Indians, she sprang up and pointed through the doorway to the dead body of her husband. "This is your work. It was *your* voice I heard!"

"Madam, madam!" he stammered, his face convulsed.

"Ay! madam, madam," she repeated. "Call not on my name, but on God's, that He forgive you. I cannot!"

She turned from him, better to look on the Indians than on him. But her strength was gone. Like a dream she heard her servant's voice in the outcry of death; heard the Indians mocking that shriek; saw them dancing round her; not till the night air struck chill on her face, did she realise that she was being taken from the burning house and carried down to a canoe, she and the children—prisoners!

Dark against the brilliant flames which shot high now, she saw the Indians stooping over something which struggled. Presently they came down the hill leaping and whooping, waving a fresh scalp; she thrilled to the sight with a fierce joy, even while it sickened her. Mother and children clung to each other where they were huddled in the largest canoe, which slipped noiselessly through the waters, out to the open sea. Where were they going?

The elder yell of the dying traitor rung in the women's ears as she sat tearless in her cramped place. She watched the Indians paddling tirelessly, grim and bronze against the white dawn, their paddles bloody from their reeking fingers. Over the peaceful sea, over the young woods of the islands they were skirting, rose the sun which had shone yesterday no fairer than to-day; the children slept around her knees. It was high noon when they landed, and were hurried through the woods, walking all day. When the children could walk no more their captors carried them; the mother, running, stumbling, kept up to them by the strength of despair. They were hers, she would not let them out of her sight; if they died she would die with them; if she could save them, for them.

They stopped at last on the shore of a river she had never seen. She lay down on the bank and drank like a thirsty dog, like a dog snatched at an unclean crust an Indian threw her. Trembling with fatigue, she soaked and fed it to the youngest child; there was no more given

her, she ate the crumbs the child had dropped. She would neither be starved out nor tired out; she would watch over her children through all.

By moonrise they were in the canoes again, dropping down the river through an unbroken wilderness. In spite of herself the woman dozed, and while she slept, the canoes swept out into a broader stream, whose red clay banks towered high. The Indians paddled noiselessly, close in shore. Yet suddenly with a sick start, Mrs. Payzant was broad awake. Where were they? She gazed about her wildly,—she knew this place!

On the bank above her she heard a measured tramp: a voice—an English voice—rang out in the quiet air. Dear God! It was a sentry's challenge to the officer turning out the guard. This was Windsor town, and they were passing right under the fort!

She leapt on her feet in the unsteady canoe; her lips opened to shriek. Her parched throat could not make a sound! Silently, and more quickly than she could draw her breath again, the nearest Indian had laid his knife within a hair's-breadth of her little girl's throat. The mother dropped speechless to her place, and watched the blessed fort slip by, the soldiers, the village where their mothers and children slept warm in their beds.

For days she sat dumb, not till they landed again somewhere on the New Brunswick shore, did she so much as lift her sick head. And then their awful march began again. Fevered, footsore, Mrs. Payzant fed herself on berries and roots, scraps thrown aside by the Indians; her bones were nearly through her skin, her face was fiercer than theirs with famine, when they camped one night in a strange country, by a great river with French poulars like land-marks on its banks.

Deathly tired, she dropped asleep on the damp ground, for once forgetful of her charge; and awoke with day-light; to gaze wildly about her, to run panic-stricken to and fro calling her children. But for two Indians, she was alone; the others had gone away in the dark, the children with them. It was the only night she had slept, clutching them to her, and they were gone.

That afternoon the two Indians took into St. Anne's, a dumb skeleton of a woman whose feet hardly bore her. They received their price for her, for the French government paid for English prisoners and scalps, and went quietly away, leaving her behind them senseless. She was just in time to be sent that very day on to Quebec, to join the roll of British prisoners waiting there for ransom

or exchange. In Quebec she lay for months, with bye-and-bye a new-born infant beside her; and the sight of the child it's father had never seen, roused her like a call from heaven to find the children he had known and loved. The longing made her leave her bed; she went out, weak and staggering, and sought everywhere among incoming trappers and scouts, Indians and prisoners, for a man who had heard of her children. And at last found him. The Indians were camped near Fredericton, the children with them, adopted into their tribe; beasts of burden to their masters.

Outside the house of the Archbishop of Quebec, there knelt a woman; night or day he came not in nor out, but she plucked at his habit. "Monseigneur, the Indians at Fredericton have stolen my children. Give them back to me! Did the priest confess them not, neither absolve them till I have mine own again, Monseigneur?" Even after he had stopped and spoken kindly to her, she scarcely left her post, a haggard, silent figure pleading for remembrance. One day in Autumn a priest came out and called her.

"Your children are here!" he said. "Come with me."

Faint and trembling, she followed him to the citadel, where beside a lounging, chattering guard were huddled a motley crew; a detachment of English prisoners, come under escort from St. Anne.

"Find your own, madame, and make haste!" a sergeant bade the wolf-eyed mother; who staggered but half alive up to the ragged mob; and shrieked, and clasped her own, and shrieked again.

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[FOR CANADA.]

CANADA.

CANADA! my country,
Protector of my birth,
Offspring of the noblest realm
That rules upon this earth,
Where shall thy sons and daughters
Future more bright command
Than within thy fair dominion,
Stretching from strand to strand?

The grandeur of thy scenery
The poet fails to pen;
The richness of thy fertile plains
Scientists "dinna ken."
Thy giant march of intellect
Has stirred the mother-land;
The shrewdness of thy men of state
The *laid* who seeks thy hand.