

Shelburne, then, was a military post and a city of about 13,000 people.

"Verily, it seemeth wrong that we should devote the Sabbath to thoughts of possible courage," said the Deacon. "Let us go to our wonted place of meeting, but good neighbor D'Entremont, tarry about for an hour or so, till the darkness comes on, and I may have a word or two with thee." The good Deacon repaired to his meeting and there long and earnestly expounded the Scriptures and prayed for preservation from "battle, murder and sudden death." But, when the meeting was over, he called to him two of his fold and held a whispered consultation. The result was that half an hour later the stalwart Deacon, with something suspiciously like a musket on his shoulder, and accompanied by two able-bodied "class-leaders," similarly equipped, marched to the cottage where D'Entremont and his crew were resting and called out the Acadian captain, the Deacon exhorted him thus:

"Neighbor, it grieves us to think that thou shouldst have been robbed of thy substance within sight of our very doors, and that too by the armed enemies of our King, God bless him. The Lord forbid that we should counsel undue harshness, but, if by silence and stratagem we may encompass our enemy's downfall for the time-being and give him a chance to redeem his mis-spent life, I see no reason why we should not, even in the darkness of the hallowed Seventh Day, seek so to do.

We have done our duty in prayer and exhortation and if it so be that Providence should ordain that we may

aid the wronged and bring the transgressor to see the error he hath fallen into, before daylight comes upon us, why the Lord's will be done." Capt. D'Entremont stared in amazement at the muscular preacher as his meaning dawned upon him. "Do you mean to attack the pirates to night!" he asked.

"Nay we are not for bloodshed. But if it should chance that we may come upon them in the fancied security of their wicked possession, then we might peaceably overcome them. If they have taken for themselves more of that cargo of strong waters than is good for their health, then it might please the Lord to deliver them into our hands. We have provided a few muskets and a hanger or two in case ought should befall us, that it be needful that we defend ourselves from the uplifted hand of the ungodly." Behold, then, a boat load of men, consisting of D'Entremont and his men reinforced by the Deacon and his two friends, all armed to the teeth, put out from the shore. Pieces of sheep skin were used to muffle the oars, and they proceeded in thoughtful silence. After two hours rowing they could hear the privateer's prize crew aboard the stolen schooner singing and making merry. They had evidently been investigating and overhauled the cargo, "sampling" freely. As the boat noiselessly neared the vessel, D'Entremont began to quake for fear his own man might chance to be on deck and be startled into some outcry. It had been decided that if the watch on deck, gave any alarm he must be shot down and a dash made for the deck before the remainder of