THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXII.

TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE.

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To be shot at sunrise. It was a fate tragic enough, although, the Bostonnais had welcomed it so gladly as a concession from the hanggladiy as a concession from the hadg-man's noose. One so brave, and but little over thirty years of age, was to be shot as a spy in the wilderness! Yes, it was a hard fate for an honorable man who had only done his duty as he knew it The consequences might knew it. The consequences migh indeed have been disastrous to us had faile he succeeded, yet, since he had failed -well, he had gained but the fortune of such service. Of this I thought as I at alone in my room at the tin, an hour after th Frere Constan

naise ?'

guay !"

still overflowed

this Bostonnais.

me before,'

von do ?'

him i

see in the moonlight.

and trample them under my feet." "What! You, the widow of Jhateau

"Oh, Normand, No mand, I am talk-ing wildly, I mean not what I say," she cried, burying her face in her hands.

I bent nearer to her. I gently laid hold of her jewelled fingers and drew

them away from her sweet eyes that

Barbe," I sa d abruptly, " you love

"It must be so," I went on obstinate "It must be so," I went on obstinate ly, "else why this agony? Spies have been shot before in New France, yet this fashion."

"Oh, it was never brought home to

This is not the reason. You love

this Bostonnais," I repeated. "Years ago I feared it was the case; that as a young demoiselle at Quebec your

ands she had suffered to rest in mine

thing rather than see you grieve weep," I admitted

'Oh,'' she gasped in disappointmen+

You would save him ?"

" If I could in honor.'

e by the throat.

is offered him to night.

Already I had made more than

come a party to the escape of a con-demned spy! No, I would not do it. What was this Englishman to me that I

should jeopardize my honor for his sake

A rival who years ago, in a chance half hour, gained the love of a little

to my senses

you have not grieved in this fashion.

she urged.

with tears, as I could

I went on obstinate

I exclaimed hotly.

At this she fell to weeping

But what-what am I to do?'

vo, no," she answered.

breaking up of the court. Much as I pitied the Englishman, it had cut me to the heart to hear Barbe admit so deep an interest in him; while at his open avowal that she had while at his open avowal that she had been since the day of long ago the Lady of his Dreams, were it not for his position, I would fain have challenged him by a look to a duel a l'outrance—a challenge to be followed up in a more formal manner once we were out of the lady's presence. Still, I liked not at all the certainty

of so soon being rid of him, either.

He was a prisoner, sentenced to die t sunrise. Our good Recollet had at sunrise. Our good Recollet had gone to him now, to offer him such spiritual consolation as he would accept, and presently I would go and write down any last instructions he might wish to give; and if he desired com panionship during these final hours, I would remain with him as long as might panio

From these reflections I was aroused by a sound as of some one beating with a stick upon the pickets of the palisade which surrounded the house. Going out, I found at the entrance. Jules, the little Pani slave.

at it found as the default of the said, as I opened the gate; and, thrusting a thin strip of birch bark into my are in a thin strip of birch bark into my and the said are in the said are in the said are into my and the said are intomy and the said are into my an hand, he was off again ere I could ques

maiden's fancy was caught by the splendor of his scarlet coat, the gold Puzzled, I carried the strange little missive into the cabin and read it by the light of the hearth-fire. "Be at the beech tree in the King's (larder as soon as may be " lace of his chapeau, and, perchance, a trifle to) by his frank countenance at a

Garden as soon as may be." This I saw writ in characters once to

me familiar, albeit more elegant than when I knew them. And then I held the note nearer to the blaze and smiled "I understand, "You have sisted morosely. "You have as I deciphered the signature-a little do you seek to hide the truth from m Spanish shoe! "Miladi!" I exclaimed under my

breath, and smiled again at the red lection of a day long, long ago, when my uncle Guyon had brought to little Barbe the dainty footgear affected by the beauties of Spain when they walk abroad-little pattens or sandals velvet set upon plates of gold which raise the feet some inches from the ground.

And the pretty child had sported them upon the beach of Beauport, leav ing the story of her play writ in count fairy-like footprints upon the nd. Thereat we had together strand. Thereat we had together traced in these footprints a likeness to the characters I wrote in my Latin themes; and afterwards sometimes had found upon the margin of my fairest and most serious copies, slyly limned there by a childish hand, a little shoe like to this, with mayhap a few letters added such as these, "Barbe, her mark."

There was nothing untoward in her sending for me at this hour of in the evening, yet so extraordinary was it that but for this naive signa ture I might have suspected the ruse of an enemy, and have hesitated to play the feel her colored and the ruse of the fool by going alone to obey the

But the little shoe! No one knew it stood for the name of Barbe but our two selves; she had not made use of it to call me to her side since her early girlhood, yet, had she now by it sum-moned me across the world, I should have gone, understanding that she had my aid. Perhaps, indeed, it would be but another kind message from her I should find in the King's Garden. By the river under the beech tree it

one, the life of an enemy of New France?" "The safety of Fort Pontchartrain, how can it be affected when the man is required to take oath that he will be as one blind to what named before him? My rival: One glance of those eye own had to night kindled blue as her own had to night kindled into a flame the fire that had glowed so required to take oath that he will be as one blind to what passed before him? And will the English be greatly afrighted, think you, by the sacrifice of the life of a free lance? Monsieur ong in her pure heart, unsuspected in great measure even by herself. What was it to me that he had ventured into the region of Le Detroit, and now mus ex olate his gallant rashness? Miladi would dim her pretty eye

of the life of a free fance? Monsieur de Cadiliac may strike terror to the hearts of the Five Nations by his threats, but, ha, ha, ha, ha! he can never hope to make a Bostonnais afraid," she concluded, with a toss of with weeping for him; but it was fancy, after all. What did she know of the man, save that he was brave and gentleman ? And of a verity, not know her pretty head which asgered me, and ing him at all, how could she really love him? It was not I who had condemned a laugh that was most musical withal. "Barbe," I queried, turning upon her almost bru quely, "'tis a strange question, yet I must needs ask it: "What are you now, French or Boston naise?" him to death, it was his own foolhardi-ness. But, once he was out of the way, would not Miladi's heart turn to me at last? last ?

No, it is not my fault that the Eng-She caught her breath with a sob like lishman must meet his fate," I told my-elf. "To save him I have done all I an unhappy child. "Mon Dieu, Normand, in sooth I do could in honor.

mained the ideal of her youthful rever-

could in honor." Howbeit, as I thus assured myself, there thrilled through me, like a sharp pain at my heart, the words Miladi had uttered with such pathetic despair. "What is it that you men call honor?" My position was as if two swords men attacked me from other side and in not know," she falleied, wringing her ban's. "Ever to this hour have I been French; but-but-if the Bostonnais is shot at sunrise, I will go to the English; I will say to them: 'The people whom'I have loved all my life have denied my prayer. I am oi your race; I will make my home am mg you.' Yes, yes, I will pluck the fleurs de lis from my heart,

My position was as if two swords men attacked me from either side and in arrying the thrust of the one I lett myselt defenceless against the blade of the other. Two opposite courses were open to me. If I absted in any way the escape of the prisoner, it would be a based of delive towards my bather a breach of fidelity towards my brother, an abuse of the confidence he reposed in me. But if [failed to keep my promise to Barbe, if I refused my aid to the Bostonnais, would I not be nore culpable still, since it was to my advantage to be rid of this rival who stood between

Miladi and me? In keeping to the letter of the code of honor by refraining from giving to him the message that deliverance was at hand, would I not at the same time every law of chivalry and ac violate the part of a base churl? What if I lett him to his fate and he should be lett swept from my path; what if Barbe came to love me; what if some day 1 should call her wife! With my earth ly happiness thus crowned, yet would not the spirit of this man rise up before not the spirit of this man rise up before me; would it not cry out against me, ' Churl thou hast purchased thy bliss at an ignoble price?' As one drop of gall spoils a measure of honey, so the knowledge that in this hour with hatred in my heart I had held idly back, would emplite all my after life. And than trifle to) by his iteau a soldierly boaring." "Normand, Normand, "she stammered between her sobs, "you do not under stand." "I understand only too well," I per-sisted morosely. "You have given sisted morosely. "Board and the second embitter all my after life. And then, there was my promise to Miladi, given under the spell of her eyes, it is true, but still a promise. My brain was sadly confused, and I could not deter mine which course was right or wrong. At length one thought fixed my re-solve. Miladi, in her feminine rash-ness, had plotted, I krew not what; this attempted rescue might fail but it embitter all my after life. And then when it is so plain?" She checked the womanly denial that this attempted rescue might fail, but i must not fail through me, because now it was not the life of the Bostonnais, again trembled upon her lips, and of a sudden, turning to me with naive definor yet mine that was at stake, it was the life of Barbe. Should aught mis ance, said, as she drew away the soft chance in her scheme, upon her fair "Eh bien, my cousin, if I should acknowledge to you that I have given my heart to the Bostonnais, what would head, upon her generous heart would fall the penalty. I hesitated no more, but praying that the just God would let the right come to pass, I took the way to the captive with my inkhorn, "What would I do, Barbe ?" I echoed portfolio, and quill. The prison wherein the condemned wonderingly. "Ay, if I were to tell you that I love

man was to spend this night, decreed to be the last of his existence, was the "Barbe, I believe I would do anyblockhouse over the gate facing the river.

The guard having previously been apprised of my mission, admitted me without question, and mounting the what is it that you men call honor?' Alack, alack! Of what folly is a man stairs, I passed also the guard at the door above, and found myself in the often guilty for the sake of a woman's sweet eyes? In the light of the moon long low room constructed as a place of refoge for the women and children of the fort in case of an attack from the Barbe was more lovely, more spirituelle, than I had ever beheld her; though in savages, with strong walls to keep out sooth every time I saw her I thought her lovelier than before. Her fairness my or to shut one in, as the case might be. The Bostonnais was pacing the floor

was not for me, I knew, yet now veri was not for me, I knew, yet now verly her beauty turned my head. "You will save him," she whispered. "If you love him, Barbe," I an-swered, with a choking sensation the while, as if the demon of jealousy had with measu ed tread, as if telling off the paces between him and eternity. At the sound of my footstep he wheele suddenly, as if on the alert against an assassin. Although his hours were numbered, he would fain die in the rbe me by the throat. If love you, barbey, I have loved you since you were a child, before you knew the meaning of the words 'I love you.' This is indeed a death blow to all my hopes. Still, if numbered, he would tain the in the light of day, with the first rays of the sun shining upon him, and not be des-patched quietly like a dog. The flame of the pine torch I carried your happiness depends upon the saving of the life of this Bostonnais, why, then, Barbe, I will do this, I will do everyflashing into the darkness of the loft bliaded him for the moment, but when he saw that I was his visitor, his face thing you ask, I will cast all conse quences to the winds, if only I can help up with a frank smile and he lighted strode to meet me, saying-"This is kind, Monsieur Guyon, and you, if I can make you happy," I crie right gladly will I avail of your offer of pen, ink, and paper, though, if you will permit me, I will myself write down what I have to say. It is little enough. "No, you must keep as clear of the nation you must keep as clear of the ing about on the instant. "Were there any one else to take the message, A farewell to my mother what grief comes to the mother of a son !- a mes-sage to the gentle lady whose tender I would have kept you in absolute Ignorance of my design. Then, in my folly, I set myself to plead that she would intrust me with the whole affair; I would accomplish neart was moved to compassionate my fate. Both, as must needs be, I shall leave unscaled, that they may be read beave unscaled, that they may be read by whoso will. Otherwise it may be thought I have writ other news be tween the lines, especially in the letter to the south." her wish at all hazards, and thus she would do haught to draw upon herself the wrath of Cadillac. "No, no," she reiterated ; "I will tell you no more than must needs be.' "You love the Bostonnais," I per " It is a necessary precaution, mor sieur," I answered, extending to him my hand, which he grasped warmly. "Oh, save him !" she said again I then gave to him the writing materials. Sitting down upon the bench which ran along the sides of the 'All I ask is that you will tell him to seize upon the chance for life when it blockhouse, he rested the portfolio upon his knee, and at once began to indite a letter, while I thrust the torch into a And having thus answered me, she sped homeward towards the manor. After she had left me, and soberer thoughts succeeded to the pained anger into which her admission of her love

"May I ask how the lady is called ?" he inquired with uplifted pen. "Mad sme de Chateauguay," I replied

"Ah! I knew not that she was married," he sighed, throwing down the quill. "And yet, an arrant dolt I was to suppose otherwise, since one so lovely must of a surety have attracted nany eligible suitors. she is the widow of the noble Henr

le Moyne, who was killed by the Eng-lish or their allies the Iroquois some years since. He sighed again, took up the pen bit at its feather in indecision, and after a few moments of reflection con

At least it is only becoming that

"At least it is only becoming that I should express to her my gratitude for her noble pleading of my cause." "You have already done so, mon-sieur; however, if you wish to send her a message, I will pledge you my word that she shall have it.—"Istopped

"Yes, after all is over," he said, "Yes, after all is over," he said, thinking I was unwilling to refer to what was to take place at the ris-ing of the sun. "When all is over! I pray the gentle lady's slumber may be deep in the early hours of to morrow morning. I would not wish their peace fulness disturbed. Perchance, after all, the first sentence had been best." There was something weird, to my thinking, in the calm manner where with he spoke of his approaching end. with he spoke of his approaching end, his sole anxiety being, seemingly to shut out from the pretty ears of the Lady of Chatesauguay the report of the volley of musketry that would bring him death.

"Your Frere Constantin has been here," he said in digression ; "I am of a harsher creed than yours. But when a narsher creed than yours. But when these present matters are completed, and I am again alone, I will do as he counselled me, and turn my thoughts from the things of earth. Recalling the lessons my conscientions Parita the lessons my conscientious Paritan mother taught me in my early boyhood, I will prepare to meet my God.

"Madame de Chateauguay," he con-tinued, going back to his writinginued, going back to his writing-what a gracious act it was, thus t make the cause of an unknown soldier her own ! This letter will disclose to her the name and lineage of the officer whom she strove to save from an in-glorious fate. Yet destiny, or provi-dence if you will, has decreed other

wise." "Do not abandon all hope," I broke in abruptly. "The lady has not abated her interest; she is still minded to save you.'

"What say you?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Oh, beg her to desist! In her impetuosity in my behalf she will incur some fatal risk to herself. Say to her that I will not accept the aid which would compromise and perchance imperil her life Tell her it is an imputation upon my honor, since it seems she would assume that I fear death. Tell her a soldier would rather die when his heart beats high, his frame is stalwart, his grasp still strong, than live on to be may set aside as too old to lead a comma be mayhar to see the sword he loves so well drop rom his palsied hand," "Monsieur, I shall not see her again

"Monsieur, I shall not see ner again to night," I said, "nor am I a party to her plan, save only that I pledged my-self to deliver to you this message. That her attempt may fail is very like; therefore let not my words send back with too great a gladness the life blood through your veins. A brave man fears not death, yet the love of life is strong to the last in the nature of the most to the last in the nature of the most valiant. This only I will say, if the chance to escape is offered you and you let it pass, you are sure to bring great peril to the lady."

peril to the lady." He hesitated, now for the first time undecided. "I will remember your counsel," he said at last. "Come what may, I will now write her my farewell ;- it is also, I may almost say, my

greeting. Forthwith he sat down again and penned a few lines which he handed me together with the letter to his mother, h occusion a

in her gentle heart ! You risk discredit in the eyes of your Commandant to hold out a hope of rescue to me, a

to hold out a hope of reacue to me, a rival !" he exclaimed. " Monsieur," I replied with dignity, " if it happens that you regain your liberty, if ia time of peace you return to New France to seek the favor of this lady, it may be I shall have occasion to challenge you to a duel to the death. At present, it is because you are my rival that I feel your claim upon my honor is above every other." upon my honor is above every other." For a moment he stared at me in ilence. " Monsieur Guyon, you are a noble

gentleman," he said at length. "It is like enough you will not find me in your " It is path after sunrise to morrow. But if I am to live, I pray that I may not am to live, I pray that I may not be outdone in generosity. It is, after all, the lady herself who will choose her husband, if she be inclined to take one. And if we must needs be rivals, at least there will be fair play between us." "Good night, monsieur," I said; and to my ears the words sounded truly a sad mockery. Yet how important

a sad mockery. Yet how important was it, either for an escape into the wilderness or a journey to the next world, that the hours should deal well with him ! "Good night ! It was in world, that the hours should deal well with him! "Good night! It was in my mind to stay with you if so you would have me, but now perchance it would serve you better for me to go." "Good night," he responded; "re-member, to your hand I commit the letters. You will see by the super-scription how that to my mother is to be sent. Farewell or—I like your fine French word -adieu! A Dieu! It was now not far from 12 of the

The town was asleep, but as clock. The town was asleep, but as I approached the eastern gate I saw a light still in the house of Frere Con-stantin. Ah, well I knew the meaning of that light! It told me that the good Recollet was keeping one of his austere vigils; that he would spend the night in prayer for the stranger who had de-clined his ministrations, the gallant Bostonnais who was to die at sunrise.

Bostonnais who was to due at sumrise. Of a sudden my resolve was taken. I would not go outside the fort again ere dawn. I would watch near the manor, and when Barbe came forth upon her errand of succor, I would persuade her to give it all into my charge or, this failing, I would follow to protect and defend her if need should be

But how poor a match is a man's dull brain against a 'woman's wit Within the shadow of the house Within the shadow of the holds' waited. An hour passed; another slipped away, and still another. My heart reproached me in that I had aroused a delirious, vain hope of life in the breast of the prisoner, only to torture him the more in his last last noments. The first light of dawn be gan to appear in the sky in the direc

tion over against which lay Michili-maskinac. Either the plot or Miladi's courage had failed. Escape for the Englishman was now impossible.

Assuming an air as if fresh awakened for the day, I made my way to the blockhouse, hoping for a word with the prisoner when he should be brought Everything there was silent. The

ors were secured ; the guards on duty. Half an hour later a posse of soldiers

was come; he was to be led away and presently shot.

The doors were opened and they called to him to step forth.

He did not come. Pardieu! What a commotion and confusion there was, then, what a brouhaha and excitement, while I stood brouhaha and excitement, while I sector by as astounded as the rest. For the prison was empty. The Bostonnais had disappeared, and not for many a day did we hear tale or tidings of him. hi

wherewith to disguise himself, and brought him through the water gate to

the strand of the river. Either the

guards at the shore had been stupefied

required the wood ranger to swear by all he held sacred that he would be

waved him an adieu while the boat shot

saw me depart from the manor, when

she re-entered the house by a window which she had left unbarred.

Such is my theory. I will not attempt to depict the rage

of the Commandant when he discovered that the Bostonnais was gone. truth, I think the guards would

paid for their inebriety with their lives had not Barbe boldly declared that she

alone was responsible for the escape of

the English officer. Had she been in any degree less

beautiful, or had she not been the guest of his wife, I believe my brother

In

have

How Miladi Barbe compassed escape; whether he went through the woods or by the great waters, east or west, she has never told me even this time of my writing (1735). And if I had then my own thoughts upon subject, I kept them to myself. A this lapse of years, however, without peril to her safety I may freely set down that in my opinion the Lady of

returned to the St. Lawrence. The guards suffered a term of im-prisonment, but later, Madame de Chateauguay, by presents to their wives and children, recompensed them, I judge, for whatever ill fortune she brought upon them that night.

brought upon them that hight. So, after avoiding me most pointedly during the winter, Barbe, at the break-ing up of the ice, returned to Quebec. And, albeit my brother was still angered against her, she did him good rvice there at this critical time in fortunes, by reporting much of his sagacious management of the fort, and laughing to scorn the pretensions of the company's commissioners, while she en-lightened many as to the manner in lightened many as to the manner in which the three rogues had borne them-selves during their stay at Le Detroit — a revelation not wholly to the taste of the company, since "he sins as much who holds the bag as he who puts into it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHEERING OF FATHER LEIGH.

Father Leigh threw himself into an armchair for a moment's rest before starting forth again on the work of his

vercrowded mission in Stepney. An August sun was blazing over the An August sun was blazing over the dusty streets and ugly houses, reveal-ing every detail of squalor with its un-compromising glare, and beating down fiercely on the heads of the luckless in the noonday heat.

toilers in the noonday heat. Father Leigh was looking and feel-ing thoroughly discouraged and disheartened.

It was a rare occurrence with him, It was a rare occurrence with him, despite his hard life. He was an op-timistic man, on the whole, with a healthy belief in human nature, which had suffered nothing so far from daily contact with evil, and all manner of sad experiences with the stunted souls of his mission. of his mission.

Now, however, he had been seized with a fit of great depression, for all this week had been spent in apparently fruitless endeavor.

He had been grossly deceived in two particular instances, and three spec-ially bad "cases" had become worse than bad; and so to day Father Leigh sat down for a minute-which was also unusual-with a trite conviction that all men are liars, and factory hands

all men are hars, and never, hand pre-eminently so. "You may preach forever, and work as long," he soliloquized gloomily, "but where are the fruits." The house bell rang vigorously at this point and gave him no time to answer his own question. "Young woman wants to speak to

you, Father. The priest went down to the guest

The priest went down to be the parlor with a resigned expression. A young girl, evidently a factory hand, pale and tired eyed, with a very sweet expression, rose at his entrance. "What can I do for you?" asked Father Leigh, in his usual courteous

tones. The girl's face was slowly assuming a eholding at rapturous look, as of one beholding at last the living embodiment of a long herished ideal.

cherished ideal. Her words, when she spoke, were not, however, exactly transcendent. "Oh, my 1" she ejaculated, "I've been that longing to see yer this twelvemonth !

velvemonth !" Father Leigh waited-wearily. "After hearin' of you preach, you now so often in S-" she went on in know, so often in S-" she went on in explanation. "I've never heard anyexplanation. "I've never heard any thin' like them sermons—never. And when we come here—mother and I— when we come here mother and I and heard you was on the mission here, I was set on comin' to see you if I could find a minit, for as well as jest the pleasure of hearin' yer again, I

want to get your help for somethin." "I shall be very glad to help you if I possibly can," answered Father Laich Leigh. The girl paused to recollect her

thoughts and then launched into a wordy explanation. There was, it seemed, in her neigh-

After borhood, a branch of a Letter Guild, which had for its object the epistolary AP

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herself who awaited me, however, although, mufiled as she was in her cloak, I did not at first recognize her.

I soon found that her thoughts were not of me, nor was this to be at all

lover's trust. "Normand, Normand, I am so thankgnorance of my design. ful you have come." she whispered anxiously. "Oh, Normand, is not this most terrible? He must not die! W must save him !" '' Save the Bostonnais now! It is '' Cadil-

impossible !'' I exclaimed. 'Cadil-lae is inexorable. Did you not exhaust your powers of pleading in vain ?''

"Ye, yes. I also besought Theres to plead with him; and when he re-turged to the manor I prayed him on my knees to at least delay the execusisted. tion of the sentence. He would not. Nevertheless the Bostonnais must not die. Ah, why have I revealed to you even so much? But you, as a clerk, will, I have learned, be permitted to go to him shortly to take down his wishes. You, and you alone, will see him, All I ask of you then is to tell

him. All I ask of you then is to tell him that his rescue will be attempted ere morning, in order that when the moment comes he may avail of it." "All you ask!" I ejaculated, aghast. "Barbe, what you ask is treason! Do you not know that the Englishman has intermetion which would serve the you not know that the Englishman has information which would serve the eneny well against us?" not treason !" she pro

No, no, not treason i she pio tested his assurance that he will not use give gain t us any information he has ac quired; that he will not fight against us at all in this war. Not even to save

us at all in this war. Not even to save him would I commit treason." "A woman's reasoning," I muttered with a sigh; "but did you not hear Monsieur le Commandant say it be hooved him to make an example of this nutortunate gentleman ? Moreover, the safety of the fort, our possessions on Le Detroit, may lie in the balance. Would you risk a hundred lives to save

socket upon the wall. "It was before Quebec I first saw "It was before Quebee 1 first saw service. 'The a strange fate that after the lapse of half-score years I should find a grave in a land over which floa's the flear-delis," he said presently, looking up from the paper whereon he had been writing with as steady a hand on the paper has more hidding the logad for the Englishman had put me, I came effort to succor the Bostonnais. I had sought my brother and begged his sought my prother and begged his elemency; I had easily prevailed upon Frere Constantin to do the same. But the Commandant remained obdurate. Now what had I promised? To beas though he were bidding his loved

as though he were blading his loved ones to his marriage feast. "Ay, monsieur; war makes strange companions and allotments," I replied absently, for I was casting about in my mind as to how I should fulfil my promind as to how I should full my pro-mise to Barbe without creating in his mind too great a revulsion of feeling. Ere many minutes he had finished the letter. A soldier's missive is apt to be brief. Mercover, these Bostonnais linger not over their adieux, even the up they be for all time. though they be for all time. Before I had decided how to frame

my speech he had taken up another length of the fair white paper I had brought to receive his last testament.

might come in the future, after the missive should be, as he knew, carefully scanned by the Commandant. "Madame to be forward de Chateauguay ! It is true, sir, what de Chateauguay ! It is true, sir, what I avowed so inopportunely some hours since," proceeded the English nan, who was become restless since my communi-cation. "Ever since the day at Quebec when I first beheld this lady, a fair young maiden scarce more than a child, she has seemed my ideal of womaly loveliness, purity, and truth. Could loveliness, purity, and truth. Could I but venture to imagine that her gentle compassion sprang from even a passing interest in myself, did I but dare to interest in myself, un role to the to think that the passionate iove which burns in my heart finds even a transient reflection in hers, I should die happy. Die, I say, for I see not how her plan can succeed." "A young maid's fancy is sometime "A young maid's fancy is sometime

"A young maid's fancy is sometimes lightly caught, monsieur, and the lady has given you no small proof of her interest," I rejoined savagely. "More-over, her marriage was arranged by her foster mother, Madame Guyon." "She calls me Bostonnais," he went on musingly, "and such indeed I am. Never have I beheld the land beyond the ages. The New World is the world

the seas. The New World is the world I love ; its spirit is my spirit. Ah, to woo and win this fair lady for my wife ; to take her to the Trimountain city where I was born; to sail with her along the rocky coast where her forefethers and mine stepped ashore, after having crossed the ocean to escape from tyranny and injustice. Ah, to do this it would indeed be worth while to snatch again at the life that is so fast

"Monsieur, if a man finds his prison door unlocked, his gaoler negligent, he is a fool if he does not walk out; if ebbing away from me !"

good fortune waits without to lead him on, he is a fool if he does not accept her on, he is a tool if he does not accept her guidance. As for your dream castle, builded upon the verge of a precipice, I will remind you that the Lady of Chateauguay has suitors here in New France with whom you may have to reckon ere you can wed and take her away to your southern home." The bitterness in my voice betrayed

would have shut her up in the blockme. "You love her, too?" he cried, starting up and peering into my face. As it was, she removed from "You love her, yet you do not deny that I may have awakened an interest. In the spring by the first convoy she

correspondence of the Cath Chateauguay was not far from me on that evening when I left the prison, bers one with another in philanthropic grounds. and kept a watch on me so I might not

Many sad and lonely lives were Many sad and lonely lives were brightened by this means of inter-course with sympathetic, though un-known, friends from, perhaps, far away. This girl, Carrie Greene, was a zeal-ous member of this Guild, and despite her uncouth speech, had a certain happy knack of expressing herself in a bright and amusing way on paper. She had got into a very intimate cor-respondence with a girl in London in and kept a watch on me so 1 might hoe discover her; that she sent a generous draught of eau de vie to the guards, a draught with which perchance was mingled a few drops of some harmless drug which yet induces sleep. During the brief time wherein they nodded at their post she herself released the prisener, cave him an Indian blanket prisoner, gave him an Indian blanket

respondence with a girl in London in very bad health and terribly reduced very bad health and terribly reduced circumstances—a lady by birth and education, who had taken a fancy to the quaintness and originality of Carrie's cheery epistles, and hid formed quite a friendship with the factory girl she had never seen, but whom she seemed to know so well through the medium of the Catholic Letter Guild which had brought them terrether by not at least. guards at the shore had been stupefied by liquor too, or else madame, having gold to cast away, had blinded them. Here she found the coureur de bois who had guided the party of Madame Cadil-ba had glided the party of intained bank lac through the forest, and who, smitten by the beauty of Miladi, was become her willing slave. To the guidance of this wanderer Miladi com-mitted the Bostornais officer, having

state of complete prostration resulting from overwork. She was an apprentice in some dressmaking firm, and although The two men steeped into a waiting canoe; the lady cut short the thanks and protestations of devotion which broke from her gallant countryman, and waved him an added while the obst show away down the strait in the direction of the Lake of the Eries. Then enveloped in her camlet cloak, Barbe stole back through the darkness, and crouched among the trees until she

be wrong. Her nearest relative was a brother, who was untiring in his efforts to dis-cover her whereabouts and induce her to live with him again in her own posi-to live with him again in her own posi-

to live with him again in her own posi-tion in life; but so far she had success-fully evaded all his endeavors. A shadow crossed the priest's face as he heard Carrie tell his story. It reminded him rather painfully of a dark episode in his own life when his favorite sister had left her home in a favorite sister had left her home in a act of mad folly, and been lost to those who loved her for five years now, or

Father Leigh had never succeeded in

very ill and at starvation point, was too proud to communicate with her re-lations and let them know her circum-

lations and let them know her dirdum stances, for she had quarreled with then some years previously and the breach had never been healed. She had been to blame, Carrie gathered, and not her family. They had attempted many times to bring about a reconciliation, but she had in wilful pride preferred to sink to her present condition of poverty and loneli-ness rather than acknowledge herself to