

solitude became painful to him, and he took up his residence in the old capital, where one of the first persons he met was Zulma who had just returned from Paris, after an absence of a couple of years. She was an altered woman, the fire of whose spirits had died out, and who carried the burden of her loneliness as bravely as she could. But her wonderful beauty had not yet decayed. Rather was it expanded into full flower. Like Roderick, she was alone in the world, her father having died within a year after the siege of Quebec. It was only natural that these two should gradually come together, and no one will be surprised to learn that, after a full mutual explanation, and with much deliberation, they united their lives. Neither will it astonish any one to be further told that their union proved happy in the solid fruits of contentment. They deserved it all, and it was literally fulfilled that the blessings of their great sacrifice came to them a hundred-fold.

Sometimes, when he was in a jolly mood, Roderick would say :—

“ You remember, dear, that I once predicted I would catch my beautiful rebel. I have caught her.”

And he would laugh outright. Zulma would only smile faintly, as if the reminiscence had not lost all its bitterness, but she would return her husband's caress with effusion.

We shall not linger to describe the meeting of the four friends—after so many years. Our story is verging to its close, and we have space for only a last incident. One beautiful afternoon, they were all gathered together at the foot of the Montmorenci Falls, around the humble grave of Batoche. It was a little tufted mound with a black cross at the head. In their company appeared the picturesque costume of an Ursuline nun. This was little Blanche, whom Zulma had placed in the convent after the death of her father, and who had decided to consecrate her life to God. By special dispensation from a very severe rule, she was allowed to accompany the