

AU REVOIR, OLD LABRADOR!

adieux. When the great headland had shut Wabistan and its people from their vision, a group of three watched the receding shore. The hills of the foreground were green with the uniform of the firs, — valiant soldiers, who had fought for every inch of foothold, and who scaled the rocky battlements from base to summit. The distant heights were clad in sapphire, — treasure from the vaults of heaven for the mountains of a wilderness land.

“Old Labrador, you are beautiful, beautiful!” sighed Ulrica. “Have any other mountains in all the world such colors as yours?”

The eyes of Jacques were on the vanishing glory, but his thoughts were with the good old mother, whom he could not see. Would she miss him sadly? Had he always been tender and dutiful to her, as he should have been? His companions understood and turned aside.

“Jacques, we will come back some day,” said Ivan, after a long silence; “some day we will come back with father, you and Rica and I.”

“Not to live always, but to visit,” said