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A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XX.

THE LODESTONE OF LOVE. Ere the end of the week a tragic in cident brought consternation to our little town of Le Detroit, and caused the hearts of the bravest among our small garrison to quail at the thought that the like might be the fale of any

one of them. One afternoon, as I passed through the gate, I was met by Sergeant Jean Joly. His usually jovial countenance wore a troubled air, and his manner was

grave and testy, as though he had a load on his mind.
"What has gone wrong, Jolicour?"

I asked in surprise, so seldom was his good humor ruffled. "In faith, Monsieur Guyon, I have cause enough for despondency," he re plied, "and, since two heads are better than one, perhaps you will give me your counsel. On the one hand, I am loath to bring punishment upon the poor lad ; on the other, I can no longer neg-

lect to report the matter."
"You speak in enigmas," I protested. "Here it is, then," he went on The soldier La Girofle, disappeared this morning. You know, having been unsuccessful in his efforts to win for a wife the pretty waiting maid of Madame Cadillac, he is minded to wed the Indian maiden Mekaia, the Star-flower. Indian maiden Mekala, the Star-Bower. Father Constantin promised to marry them next Sunday. Well, when to-day the reckless fellow was missing, I bethought me he had slipped away to see his sweetheart, and 'twould be only a matter of some hours in the guard-house. He has not returned, and the girl brought berries into the settlement girl brought berries into the settlement to sell, this afternoon. She had hoped to meet the soldier, and had no knowl-edge of his whereabouts. O hers have deserted, but he would scarce be like to

" Many a man has felt like running away on the eve of his marriage, Jolicceur," I hazarded. The bluff sergeant laughed at the

jest, but anon shook his head sadly.
"I fear me the lad has been foully

It with," he muttered.
You have no choice but to make known his disappearance, that search may be made," I said with decision.
"His failure to return may mean that
the savages are planning another attack
upon the fort."

So I think, and I will delay no nger," answered Jolicour. The absence of La Girofle was accord longer,

ingly reported forthwith.

"If the churl turns up safe, as God
grant he may! I will have him in irons
for a month," declared La Mothe. for a month," declared La Mothe.
"Jean Joly, take two men and go in

search of him."

By dusk the party returned, and appeared before the Commandant, who had called together his officers, antici

pating ill tidings.
"Well," demanded Monsieur de Cadillac, as Jolicour and his mer saluted.

"Mon Commandant," began sergeant, his honest face working with emotion, "we have found proof that the soldier La Girofle was tortured an burned to death by the savages. About a league from here through the forest we came upon a cleared space where band of red men had evidently but few hours before held one of their terrible ceremonies. On the edge of the circle we found this." Thereupon he drew from the breast of his coat a fragment of a soldier's uniform, and laid it on the table before the Commandant. "In the centre of the ring was a stake; near it were a few charred bones and a heap of ashes among which, here and there, a spark still glowed. That was

Honest Jolicour, rough and stern a Honest Jolicour, rough and stern as he was at times, now drew a hand across his eyes. His voice had grown husky, and towards the last of his recital the words had come brokenly

from his lips. "Oar Indian guides told us this was the act of strangers, Outawas from the North who have been lurking in the neighborhood of late," he added after a

For me, I must acknowledge that my blood ran cold, but it was with horror, not fear. A wild eagerness to overtake these redskins who had done this terrible deed took possession of me; a flerce anxiety to hew them down with as little mercy as they had shown to our poor La Girofle; to torture and maim and slaughter them, as they had tortured and maimed and slaughtered; hurl them into the depths of the Inferno!

I glanced around, and saw similar emotion depicted upon the countenances of the officers about me, while the hand of every one grasped the hilt of his

The frown upon the brow of our Sieur was ominous as a thunder-cloud.

"These red demons have killed soldier of the king," he exclaimed

"verily, the crime shall be well avenged." Scarce had he ceased to speak when

Scarce had he ceased to speak when into the room strode the Miami chief, Wingeezee, the Eagle, a commanding figure, wearing with the air of a prince his blanket of saffron color, in his hair had been saffron color, in his hair had been saffron color, when his feet. his blanket of saffron color, in his hair three eagles' feathers, and upon his feet moccasins bright with porcupine quills. "My Father," he said, addressing the Commandant, for he knew enough

of our language and we of the Miami tongue to make the sense of his words intelligible, with the help no wand then of the interpreter De Lorme—" My Father, the Indians of Le Detroit mourn for their white brother, and would join in avenging his fate. Let my Father but lift his hand as a sign that it is his wish, and we will send into the forest a hundred brayes, to pursue and bring to vengeance the enemies who have put to death the soldier of my Father, the soldier of the Greatest of all Onontios, who lives be-yend the Wide Waters."

When the chief had concluded, Cadil-

lac rese to his feet.
"Wingeezee," he began with formality, "I thank you; your people do well to offer me aid at this time. My venge-ance upon those who have killed this

soldier must indeed be swift. The wrath of Onontio at Quebec, of the Great Onontio beyond the Mighty Waters, will be terrible when they hear waters, will be terrible when they hear of this act of our enemies. I accept your offer, knowing that you and the other warriors make it with a good heart. When daylight comes again, go therefore with your braves; pursue these treacherous Outawas, and wipe the good of a visterna.

these treacherous Outawas, and wipe then out of existence."
"it shall be done," replied the Eagle. "But, my Father, give us three or four Frenchmen to go with us, that these northern Outawas may know we are come to avenge the death of the soldier, not to make war for our-

The demand was an unwelcome one Eager to go as was every officer and soldier of the fort, with our ill paid garrison reduced by desertion and expiration of their term of service to the paltry number of fourteen, not a man could be spared.

I started forward.

I started forward.

Let me go," I pleaded.

Mon chevalier waved me back.

No," he said curtly.

He had, however, decided what to do.

The voyageurs and courses de bois The voyageurs and coureurs de bois who as servants of the company en joyed the protection of the fort, had been put through military drill; of

service he would now avail. Therefore, concealing his momentary reluctance from the Indian, he an-

Wingeezee, you ask but what is just. When daylight comes again, and your braves are ready to set out, I will send with you eight good Frenchmen."

Forthwith the chief stalked away, to take back the message to the warriors who awaited him. When he was gone,

De la Mothe turned to the captain.
"Monsieur de Tonty," he directed, Monsieur de Tonty, ne directed, seemble the temporary servants of the company and call for volunteers; of these volunteers select eight good men and give them food and ammunition from the storehouse of the company, as is customary whenever their services are required in the cause of the king. The expedition must start at dawn.

An hour or two later, while our Sieur was dictating to me an account of the sad occurrence to be sent to Quebec, and I was taking it down as fast as night be, Monsieur de Tonty returned

"Monsieur le Commandant," he began, "I have to report that according to your orders, I called for volunteers from among the servants of the ompany. Some twenty men responded nd of these I selected eight."

Cadillac nodded his approval. " And they hold themselves in readi ness to start at daylight," he said. They are willing to set out, Mon-ur le Commandant, but there is

difficulty. Le Mothe shot a keen glance at his

captain. "Monsieur le Noyer maintains that "Monsieur le Noyer maintains that
the people of the company cannot be
drafted, even for the service of the
king, without his permission," con
tinued De Tonty, uneasily. "He forbids them to go a step from the fort
without his leave, and says he is not
decided that he will grant it."

I would have marvelled at my

brother's coolness under such irritation, had I not often observed before that in critical situations his anger was not wont to break forth in a flame, a at other times, but was rather like the

smouldering fire of a furnace.

"And what is your opinion of this position taken by Monsieur le Noyer?"

he inquired.
"I-I-do not see how the men be ordered out against the will of the commissioners," hesitated De Tonty,

commissioners, half heartedly.

"I will show you how it is to be done, then, monsieur," returned Cadil-done, then, monsieur," Have the men lac, with a sneer. "Have the me prepared to go, and tell Le Noyer equire his presence."

To this summons the ex-commissione

responded with an exceeding ill-grace, sauntering in from his dinner, flushed with wine and in disordered dress.

"Monsieur le Noyer," said the Comnandant. "do you assert that I am not empowered to draft the servants of the company for the service of the king

without your permission?' thout your permission?
"Of a surety; I declare that you
"averred the have no such power," averred the arrogant knave, looking toward De

Tonty.

The latter avoided his eye, but the manifest sympathy between not escape our Sieur.

"Oh, ho, monsieur, had you a hun-dred allies here, your temerity should not go unrebuked," he said sarcasti cally. "I will teach you to mend your conduct, my little commissioner! You the seditious, and have attempted to alienate others from their obedience. For this insolence and insubordination you will consider yourself under arrest nd will pass the next three hours in the sergeant's room. You may retire; Jean Joly, look to the execution of the

At daybreak the expedition set out; the wandering Outawas were overtaken, and the fate of poor La Girofle was avenged so promptly that the antici-

pated attack upon the fort was averted The sullen Le Noyer, however, in stead of thanking Heaven that by the determined course of our Sieur we were saved from an imminent danger and perhaps thus his own precious had been spared, must needs consider

himself more deeply wronged. I have before set down that some times, when vexed with care, it was the wont of La Mothe to walk by the river, when all but the watches of the fort were asleep, save only myself also, who frequently bore him company. One night, when we thus paced the bank at the edge of the King's Garden, there was wafted to us on the breeze from the sands below, the murmur o voices, although the speakers seemed

to avoid a loud tone.
"What is this?" exclaimed my brother, stopping short.

"Two or more settlers, who having gone a fishing with a wine-jug, find themselves belated outside the palis-

memserves betated outside the pairade," I rejoined.
"No, those are not the accents of wine-bibbers," answered Cadillac; "there is plotting abroad."
Through the darkness we followed

the sout ds, and thus came suddenly upon some six or more of the company's voyageurs, who were manifestly making preparations to leave the fort.

The commissioner's cance was already The commissioner's cance was already in the water and well stocked with pro-

visions.
"What, he variets!" cried Cadil "What, he variets!" cried Cadil lac, lustily. "Do you want to be shot as rebels, or hanged as breakers of the law; to have your heads placed upon pikes at the gates of the palisade?" Emerging as he did out of the blackness of the night, our Sieur must, indeed, have seemed to the men an apartite sent to style them down in

deed, have seemed to the head of parition sent to strike them down in their wrongdoing, and they were scarce less appalled, I thought, than had it been so, when they found them selves confronted with the Commandant

in the flesh.

"Pardon, monseigneur!" implored
the captain of the crew, falling upon his knees in abject terror, his example being quickly followed by his mates. "Grace and parden! We were only carrying out the order of our masters the commissioners. Grace and pardon We are between two fires; as servan of the company, we are sworn to obey its officers under penalty of punishment by the civil law of Montreal. We mean no disrepect to the authority of Monsieur le Commandant; but what

"The poor knaves are in truth hard

oressed," I muttered aside to La Mothe; "I pray you be merciful." "If you do not wish to be instantly logged," said Cadillac, keeping the flogged man on his knees, "make a clean breast of this matter without delay. By whose order has this boat been provisioned and manned?"
"By the command of Monsieur le

Noyer and the other commissioners, gracious Sieur," replied the fellow, libly enough. was to meet us here, and em

bark with us by 2 of the clock," inter posed another as eager for elemency.
The villians could have overpowered
and murdered us; yet, despite the fact
that many nearer to Cadillac's own rank in life conspired against him, such wa the awe he inspired that never did hi

the awe he inspired that never did his own men or others, such as these, raise a hand to injure him.

Putting a silver whistle to his lips, he now summoned the guards, and gave the men into their custody.

Before the prisoners were marched away, however, he said to them—

"My men, your base offence merits capital punishment; but since you were not altogether masters of your own acnot altogether masters of your own ac tions, I commute the penalty to fine and imprisonment. See that you do not ffend again.

As for Monsieur le Noyer, when he came down to embark at 2 of the clock he walked into the arms of Jolicour and suffered another imprisonment, to-gether with his fellow commissioners, they having connived at his insubordin-A few weeks later, Cadillac receive

word from the company to send Le Noyer to Montreal, which he did forth-with. Le Detroit was as well rid of the little commissioner as it had been of Arnaud and Nolan.

These three pretty scoundrels, never theless, promptly set their wits to to be revenged upon the Commandan for his discovery of their villany.

One day De la Mothe sat at his writing table in the salon of his new manor, scratching away with his quill, wherewith he had such unusual facility as a soldier, and I was engaged in making copies of the letters he ha

making copies of the letters he had already prepared, as was my wont. Because of the pleasantness of the air, the door leading out upon the gallery was lett open, and several times, as I raised my eyes, I noted a long, slanting ray of sunlight that played about his head and fell attwart him as about his head and the statum as though to transfix his stalwart frame. Why was it that the sharp, lance like sunbeam suggested to my mind an Indian tomahawk; that, instead of my brother's dark thick locks (he had laid aside his peruque), I saw in a sickly fancy the ghastly adornments of a savage scalp-

belt ? Impatient at myself, I rose to shut to

the door; but, looking up, he said—
"Nay, nay, leave it ajar. The sunlight is cheerful and not at this hour over warm, and the scent of the flowers Gaspard tends with such care is sweet as it comes to us on the breeze. To think that we have already nearly seen the last of the Moon of the Maize

These balmy days for us are numbered; soon enough shall we be forced to shut out the cold and the snow."

At his protest, I sat me down again, and applied myself anew to my task. But ever the cruel sunbeam, glancing about the head and shoulders of our Sieur, distracted me from my occupa-tion, and though I strove to banish the thought of ill by seeing in its brilliancy an augury of honors and fortune to be showered upon my brother thus in a golden profusion, still the long, sharp ray of light tock on to my mind a form

menace.

For a time we worked in silence. at once darkness entered through the dorway, as if Destiny swiftly crossed the threshold and with an eager hand

weapon of the savage.

Cadillac lifted his head quickly, and

Without, on the gallery, stood a stranger, whose shadow, thus projected into the room, had interrupted us.

The fellow who intruded upon us in

this fashion was a swarthy, keen eyed Canadian, clad in a surtout of blue cloth that reached below the knees, and elk - kin trousers ornamented with fringe; around his waist was fastened a worsted sash of scarlet color amid the folds of which was thrust a broad hunt. ing knife, and crowning his shock of black hair was the jaunty red cap of the

wood ranger.

"Sans Souci, my trusty coureur de bois," exclaimed Cadillac, with the rare, bright smile of welcome that was as cordial of Chatreuse to the hearts of those who served him faithfully, and caused him to forget his sometime

aughtiness.

'Sans Souci, and returned so soon,''
continued La Mothe, as his messenger
came in and strode to the table. 'You must have especial news wherewith you

have hastened back from Montreal, giving yourself only time at the taverns on the way to quaff a cup for refresh-ment and another for good speed. As for trading, my faith, your customers for once must have got good bargains, since you tarried not to haggle. But have a care, have a care, or you will feel the company's bludgeon about your

ears."
A man must live, monseigneur, maugre the company," returned Sans Souci, taking the 200d-humored con descension of our Sieur as it was meant, for, all the world knows, a coureur de bois acknowledges no trading laws but those he makes for himself.

"What would mon Sieur say to it if I

were to swear that upon this last trip I have not traded to the value of a sou, and sea ce have delayed for refresh-

De la Mothe shook a finger at him in ieprecation.
"I should say, I would as soon expect

you to turn monk, Sans Souci, and eschewing all the follies of the world bind yourself to sobriety and obedi-Sans Souci chuckled with merriment at the portrayal of himself in so unlikely

"Ha, ha, ha! the wit of mon Sieur is as keen as the edge of my knife," he cried, drawing the sleeve of his blouse across his eyes to wipe away the tears of laughter that gathered therein. "I will wait till I am sick to do penance in sackcloth and ashes. But what I have teld to mon Sigur is true. Moreover, I told to mon Sieur is true. Mor did not go at all to Ville Marie.

"You did not go to Ville Marie," repeated Monsieur de Cadillac, now grown grave, as he fixed upon the wood ranger a look of stern inquiry.

"What, then, of the packet of letters

I gave into your keeping to be de-livered to certain parties there? Also the documents for the directors of the company, and the mail to be forwarded to Monsieur de Vaudreuil?"

"Monsieur de Vaudreuil?"
Monsieur de Cadillac will be angered, yet I intrusted them to an other," rejoined the coureur de bois, unfinchingly.
"Sacre!" ejaculated La Mothe, push

ing back his chair and glaring at the ranger. "Sans Souci, is it in this manner you repay my confidence? Is it thus you execute the commission for which I paid you double? Are you, the coureurs de bois, become so lawless that there is not one among them wor

thy of trust?"
"Monsieur de la Mothe may upbraid if he will, but I ask that he hear me," protested Sans Souci, folding his arms and tossing his head in an aggrieved fashion.
"Eh bien, what have you to say?'
demanded my brother wearily, leaning
an elbow on the table, and resting:

finger upon his temple, as is a habit with men of a reflective turn of mind.

"I did not go to Ville Marie," pro ceeded the coureur de bois, meeting the steady scrutiny to which he was subjected, "because at Fort Frontenac because at Fort Frontenac learned something which I felt should be known to the Commandant of L

Detroit.' "Ah!" The exclamation broke fro Cadillac like a sigh. "You must have remained some time at Fort Frontenac,"

remained some time at Fort Frontenac,"
he said inquiringly.
"Only so long as to make sure, to
acquire all possible information," an
swered Sans Souci. "Here is my news
for mon Sieur. The Iroquois are planning a descent upon the Indians of Le
Detroit; the Commandant at Fort Frontenac says he is powerless to prevent
it, but to my mind it looks as if, since
the company cannot have their way at Fort Pontchartrain must needs be abandoned. Their messergers may come to warn you, but I have come first."

fortitude of the stoutest heart! But Cadillac was a man of indomitable will; in his youth he had set out

to corquer fortune, and never, until his last breath, did he acknowledge himself varquished.
"Sans Souci," he said at length slowly to the man, who stood motionless at his side, regarding him with serious attention,—"Sans Souci, forget my hasty words of blame. You have ren-

dered a great service to me, to Fort Pontchartrain, to the king. I will see that it is well rewarded.' "It was for mon Sieur alone I did it," replied Sans Souci, stretching out is hands with the ardent demonstra-

his hands with the ardent demonstra-tion natural to the people of New France, as to their forefathers of Nor-mandy and La Bretagne. "Chut! Thou art a good fellow," returned Cadillac, much moved. "Come, now thou shalt tell me all thou hast learned of this matter, and how it came to thy knowledge. Meantime—''
He rang a little silver bell that stood

n the table close at his hand, and on the table close at his hand, and Gaspard appeared.

"Gaspard," said he, "have ready meat and wine for Sans Souci presently, the best that the larder and cellar afford."

When Sans Souci had told his story

and was gone with the major domo to partake of the cheer of the manor, my brother sighed once more. He was, in truth, as near to losing courage as I had ever seen him.
"Normand," he said, pushing his

chair out of the sunlight, as if its long bright lances were indeed levelled against him—" Normand, shut to the d or."
I did so, and resumed my place.
"I meant that Fort Pontchartrain should be to the Iroquois as a mailed hand holding fast closed against them

the Gates of the Northwest," he continued. "But now, when there is war again between England and France, and with our Outawas disaffected since they accepted the invitation of the English

ly over these matters.
Some minutes passed thus; then of a sudden, our Sieur sprang to his feet and began pacing the room with rapid strides. His despondent mood had passed, and he was once more full of

would fight it still!" he burst out.
"Good courage breaks ill luck; soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer; small as is our garrison, 't is as well that their arms should not gather rust. I will conciliate our savagas by presents, but I will also savages by presents, but I will overawe them by my authority. company has persecuted me, deprived me of my prerogative of trading with the Indians, and sought to wrest from me all my rights and privleges.

Nevertheless, I shall vanquish them in the and and a lights. Nevertheless, I shall varquish them in the end. And if the Ircquois come, we shall be ready for them."

He threw back his head and drew forth his sword, as if impatient to be at his foes without delay. But,

at his foes without delay.
there being no ene save
self in the peaceful salon, self in the peaceful salon, and no sign of an enemy without, either on the green or upon the sunlit expanse of the strait as far as the eye could see, with an impetuous ejaculation he dropped the blade back into its sheath and continued his reging of the floor. and continued his pacing of the floor.

A few moments later, Sans Souci re

turned. As he came, drawing the sleeve of his blue blouse across his lips, after a last generous draught from the wine cup, he stammered effusively—
"Pardon! I forgot to tell Morsieur de Cadillac another morsel of news that I gathered in my absence. At Fort Frontenac I learned that Madame de

Cadillac and her children, with some lady or maid, I know not who, are on their way back to Le Detroit."

La Mothe stopped short and stared at the coureur de bois in blank amaze-

adillac and her children, with some

ment.
"A likely tale," he said scornfully. "Madame Cadillac and her party are not to come until the spring." "Ay, so it was to be, no doubt," insisted Sans Souci. "But Madame

la Seigneuress became alarmed; she encountered some hostility toward Monsieur le Commandant at Quebec, she heard that the disgraced commis sioners were plotting against him, she

sioners were plotting against him, she was not centent to remain away any longer. A brave lady is madame, and she believes, I trow, that when a man is pushed by his enemies, his wife should be at his side."

"My noble hearted Therese," mur mured Cadillac to me under his breath; "nothing short of bolts and bars could keep her from setting out to join me, if she thought I was in trouble. Heaven reward her for her loyal love! And yet, womaulike, she must needs And yet, womaulike, she must needs add to my predicament by rushing into the midst of the danger! My God, Normand, if she should fall into the hands of the Iroquois, if my children should become the victims of these merciless red hounds!"

Overcome with emotion, he sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his

For me, my heart was torn with rage;
I felt a sickening anxiety for Therese
and her children. Barbe also was to
have returned with them. Was it not
she of whom the coureur de bois had spoken as being the companion of my sister? There surged through my soul a wild longing to be off down the lakes and through the forest; to search the wilderness that lies between Le troit and Montreal, to rescue woman who was to me more than all the world besides, from the danger that menaced her; to protect and fight for her single handed against all the Iroquois of the land, and bring her to Le Detroit in safety. At the same time a horrible dread came upon me lest even now I should be too late, while as I now I should be too late, while as in glanced about the room, as one who seeks a weapon for his foe, the sunlight streaming in at the window, took to my disordered fancy, the aspect of a bright lock of golden hair. Was the ruthless hand of a savage to be laid upon the

shining hair I loved so well?
"Barbe, Barbe!" I excla I exclaimed in a frenzy, snatching at my r pier.

And then my anger turned against the coureur de bois. I leaped upon but La Mothe the next mon wrested him from me and shook the poor wretch until I have since marvel

led there was any breath left in the at length, having flung the fellow from him with such force that the sturiy left these helples women, my wife and her friend, my beloved children, to make their way into the very ambushes

of the terrible Iroquois?"

The hand of Sans Souci sought his knife, but fell to his side again empty,

knife, but fell to his side again empty, as he scrambled to his feet.

"Monsier de Cadillac wrongs me," he stated sullenly. "I thought it best to come on; but I have already told him that I sent him a messenger down to Montreal. There is in the woods no better man than he. I bade him travel sight and day and arrived at Ville night and day and, arrived at Ville Marie, to seek out Madame Cadillac at once, or if she had departed, to follow her, to advise her return to Quebec; but if she would not, to attach himself to her escort, and lead them through the forest by a way known only to the coureur de bois."

" Sans Souci, forgive me," said Cad illac, with impetuous chivalry, laying a hand upon the woodsman's shoulder: "I was beside myself with anxiety.
You shall lead a party, headed by Monsieur Guyon, through the woods or by
the waters to meet the travellers who are so dear to me, and if they reach Le Detroit in safety, I will bestow upon you the best farm in my gift, should you be minded to relinquish your roving life and cultivate the soil like a Christian."

"Monsieur le Commandant has my thanks," answered Sans Souci. "If another had used me thus, he should our Outawas disaffected since they accepted the invitation of the English and went to Orange, this news threatens serious consequences."

He lapsed into a melancholy cogitation, no doubt planning what to do; and I fell silent as well, thinking bitterly over these matters.

Some minutes passed thus; then of a state of the state o rior hangs her beautiful crow black hair I know the fury that possesses the heart of a man at the dread of such a fate for passed, and he was once more full of the woman dear to him. As for the land—when I have found that fiend of an Iroquois, when I have hewn him

down as one hews wood for the burning, then will I remind Monsieur de Cad-illac of his promise. But, until then, Sans Souci cannot keep away from the forest and the lakes; his own heart bids him avenge the fate of his Indian wife, but ever across the waters and from the glades and thickets he hears from the glades and threstes he hears her sweet voice calling to him. The soft breezes seem like her spirit passing near him: the plash of the woodland springs is like the music of her laugh; at evening the light of the stars shinat evening the light of the stars shining through the trees minds him of the
brightness of her eyes; the fallen
leaves rustled by the wind bring back
to him her footfalls. And ever she
bids him for her sake to save any
woman, of high or low degree, who
may be in danger from the Iroquois,
Is it to be supposed, then, that I would
abandon so noble a lady as Madame
Cadillac to the mercy of these savage Cacillac to the mercy of these savage

As he thus defended his conduct, the rude woodsman seemed transformed by the emotions that stirred his rugged nature, while his rude eloquence astonished us.

"Sans Souci," I said, taking from my belt a Spanish dagger cased in silver which had been given me by my uncle Guyon of old—"Sans Souci, I uncle Guyon of old—Sans Sued, I too wronged you in my thoughts. I too fancied you had failed to warn my sister and the fair lady who is perchance her companion, a lady far dearer to me than my life. Accept this, a fit gift for a brave man, as a token that there is no ill will between us."

At my words and act, the surliness of his manner vanished, and he grasped

the coniard with delight.
"My faith, a fine dirk monsieur," he cried. "I will remember nothing save that you gave it to me, and it will, in my hand, be ever at the service of the lady."
And after this gallant speech, having

promised to set out with our expediti in two hours' time, he took himself off.
When he had gone, I set to gathering together cordials and such delisacies as might refresh the ladies upon their journey, my own preparations being scon made. "Will they return to Quebec, or

will they come on that is the ques-ton?" mused La Mothe, al ud.
"If I know my sister Therese, she wiil never turn back, unless it may be for the sake of her children, I replied. "You are right, Normand. Therese

may send the children to Quebec, but she will come at all hazards," he added presently.
"As for Madame de Chateauguay, why should she run so immense a risk? T was a strange whim that prompted Twas a strange with that produced her to choose a home with Therese in the wilderness; but now, 'twere better assuredly, that she should remain either at Beauport or with the family

of De Longueil. Better far," I echoed, honestly hoping for her sake that she had so decided. But, alack, how selfish we are even in the affections we esteem our oblest! While I reasoned thus, my Therese would dare, why might not Barbe?" And then again it cried out in apprehension of the perils of her

hould she be so rash as to underway, should she be so take the voyage.

"At last I see how the wind blows," and the smiling: "and the continued my brother, smiling: "and now I bethink me, Therese would fain have opened my eyes some time since." "My sister ever loved a romance,"

I answered with heat. Our Sieur laughed.

Be that as it may," he responded "I venture not a hazard as to whether the fair Chatelaine inclines to you, since the heart of a good woman is as since the heart of a good woman is as the seclusion of the forest. But this I can tell you, Normand; the love of a sweetheart falls very far short of the devotion of a wife, and I doubt if your lady would come so far to see you slaughtered by the Iroquois."

I think she will not come; why torted testily to his grim jest. "Per-chance the companion said to be with should she in Heaven's name? Therese may be only my sister's waiting maid. Still, I shall on toward Montreal until I meet Therese or obtain some news of herself and Barbe, by which my future course may be determined."

"Yes, yes, I knew I could do no better than to send you," replied my " Had you not, I should have desert-

ed and gone, anyhow," I declared dercely.

Thereat he laughed again.

"Ay, ay, he who has love in his breast has spurs to his heels," he said.

"And I wager you will find Madame de Chateauguay if she be on the way hither, for love is the lodestone

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INVIOLATE WORD. A writer in the Sunday School Times

ays:

"In the light of bible usage, the words are the words of Jesus, and as such they should be allowed to stand just as they are without being garbled so that they may mean anything or nothing to some child of grace whom God is trying to lead up into higher paths of right-cousness."

"The comment is from a correspondent and refers to the beatitude "Blessed are the pure in heart," which the editor of the Times had endeavored to explain in a previous issue. It is good Catholic doctrine to accept the words of Jesus just as they are. Our divine of Jesus just as they are. Our divine Lord said, "This is my body," This is my blood." We go not comprehend the awful mystery, but we take Him at His word, and by many of our non Catholic brethren are called blasphemers therefor. We can not accept or reject as fancy dictates.—Catholic Union and Times.

and Times .

This is Certain. No matter what the exponents of higher criticism may say about the Bible, the loyal Catholic, relying on the authority of the church, will never "waver in his belief that the Sacred Sepiptures are divinely inspired and Scriptures are divinely inspired and have God for their Author."—Sacred Heart Review.