

comfortable quarters. Beside his governmental business he was much engrossed with a history of his journeys and explorations and the maps he was making. All the furnishings were plain, as became a hardy soldier who often slept out in the open. But the keeping room already showed some traces of a woman's love for adornment. He looked rather grim over it, but made no comment.

"I will come again to-morrow." Madame Giffard pressed a kiss upon the white forehead. The child grasped her hand with convulsive warmth.

An hour had changed the aspect of everything. Instead of the quiet, deserted, winding ways, you could hardly call them streets, everything seemed alive with a motley, moving throng. A long line of boats, and what one might call a caravan, seemed to have risen from the very earth, or been evolved from the wilderness. There were shouting and singing, white men turned to brown by exposure, Indians, half-breeds of varying shades, and attire that was really indescribable.

"Is it an attack?" and Madame Giffard clung to her guide in affright.

He laughed reassuringly.

"It is only the awakening of Quebec after its long hibernation. They have been expected some days. Ah, now you will see the true business side and really believe the town flourishing, be able to carry a good report back to France."

They looked over the land side from the eminence of