

cerned. The face was small, oval and regular; the brow full, the mouth pretty, and the nose slightly aquiline. The cheeks were not at all prominent, and the chin was well-defined. The neck was swan-like and delicate; and the slender, supple form was well moulded and full of grace. She was a child of nature, and as Leon felt her warm pulse-beats throbbing against his own, he wondered who she could be, and how she happened to be there. But as he gazed, a slight tremour ran through her frame, a soft rosy flush crept into her cheeks, her eyelids trembled, then opened to reveal a pair of large bright eyes that looked into his and instantly dilated with alarm. The next moment she sprang to her feet, but, staggering towards an adjacent tree, caught a low-hanging limb, and leaned her head upon her arm. Presently she looked at Leon with a smile.

"Monsieur has saved Matawanda's life," she said.

"But I fear you are hurt," he answered, somewhat surprised at her good French. "You fell heavily upon that stone there, and your arm is bleeding."

He drew forth his handkerchief and bound it about her arm to stop the hemorrhage. For a moment she appeared dazed; then drawing one hand slowly across her brow, and stealing a furtive glance at his face, she asked if he did not live at the fort. He assured her he did. Whereupon she explained that she had come a long distance to warn the garrison of danger. The Iroquois were on the war-path and were directing their course toward Rouillé. They would probably reach their destination by night-fall, and, if the garrison hoped to escape, something must be done immediately.

That she had taken such interest in the welfare of the garrison as to expose herself to the fatigue of a long journey, not to mention the dangers of the forest, struck Leon as being something remarkable. He was satisfied she was not an Indian. He questioned her as to her identity, but she was taciturn and he learned nothing more than that she lived among the Hurons and was called Matawanda.

He had been so absorbed that her warning, for the time being, was forgotten. But just as the last rays of the sun faded out, she started up excitedly:—

"Monsieur must hasten," she cried, "The day has gone, and night is fast approaching. There is barely time. Adieu!"

And like a frightened doe that hears her pursuers in the distance, she sprang from his side and disappeared among the shadows of the forest.

For a moment Leon gazed absently at the heavy pall which hung from the firs and hemlocks like a curtain, to cover the retreat of the maiden, then with a sudden impulse, as if the thought of danger had just occurred, he started for the garrison.

There was much excitement after he reached the fort and related what he had heard. The guard was strengthened, the gates closed, and with breathless anxiety the garrison awaited further developments. Night wore on, however, but not a sound of the enemy was heard. The morning came, and all was quietude and peace.

Inquisitive eyes were now turned upon Leon, and some of his brother officers ventured to ask if he had not been mistaken. Then they began to twit him about the Indian girl, and one bold cavalier made a wager of his sword that he had seen an apparition, or had fallen asleep somewhere in the woods and had been deluded by a dream, all of which tended to increase his chagrin and drive him to desperation, until finally he declared that if anyone would follow him he would proceed at once to intercept the Iroquois. They dared him to make the attempt. It was incentive enough to have stirred even a less daring soul than his, and, gaining permission from the commanding officer, he formed a company of picked men, and set out in search of the enemy.

They scouted nearly the whole forenoon, but discovered nothing. Finally Leon was about to turn back in disgust when, upon entering a little gully about which the underbrush and the timber grew thickly, a shower of spears and arrows and a rattle of musketry, followed by the hideous yells of the Iroquois, convinced them that their search had not only proven fruitful, but much too soon had brought them into a most uncomfortable juxtaposition with the foe. For an hour or more the fight waxed warm; bullets and arrows whistled about in a sickening manner. The woods resounded again and again with the rattle of musketry and the yells of the Iroquois. The little band of Frenchmen were in a most critical predicament. They could not see their enemies, and therefore could only fire at random, and the prospect of any escaping was dull indeed. Presently, with a terrific yell, the Indians left their cover and surrounded the handful of Frenchmen who were still fighting desperately for their lives. Leon was soon overpowered and carried into the neighbouring bushes, where his captors were joined by a number of their comrades whose belts were made hideous with reeking scalps.

Immediately after this the party moved down the valley. They marched all that afternoon, and by sunset Leon was so faint from exhaustion that he could hardly move. When it grew dark, however, much to his surprise and further uneasiness, he was fastened to a tree and left alone. As his captors disappeared in the woods he concluded that they had changed their minds about taking him with them, and out of pure devilishness had left him there at the mercy of the wolves. But his apprehension was soon dispelled. A bright light gleamed through the forest from the direction in which the Indians had gone, and their hideous yells told plainer than words that they

had set fire to some lonely settler's cabin and were enjoying their fiendish work. They would soon return, and he wondered what was in store for him. It was intensely dark. He could distinguish nothing except the few trees which stood between him and the light of the fire. He heard the wolves howling in the distance, but their cries were not half so bloodcurdling as the yells of the savages.

While listening to these unearthly sounds and entertaining unutterable apprehensions, strange as it may seem, he heard a footstep beside him, and was conscious of some one loosening his bonds. Once at liberty, he turned to discover his liberator, when lo! an Indian girl stood before him with uplifted hand that signalled caution. Nevertheless he cried: "Who are you?"

"Matawanda," said she; then added, "Hush, make little noise. Follow quickly."

"What would you do?" he exclaimed doubtfully.

"Save Monsieur's life as he did Matawanda's. Come, follow. Time is precious."

"May all the saints in Heaven shower their benedictions upon you, Matawanda, my fair preserver."

"Hush, Monsieur must be cautious. Follow softly, quickly, in Matawanda's footsteps. She alone can save Monsieur now."

Starting off in a direction at right angles with that in which his captors had brought him, Leon and the maiden left the place together. After proceeding a short distance, she bade him pause, and, to his further surprise, uttered a low bird call, which was immediately answered by some one near at hand. Presently he heard footsteps, and, looking in the direction whence the sounds came, observed a strange looking object emerge from the bushes and move towards them. Dark as it was, he could see the form was that of an old man bowed down with age.

"Who is it?" Leon asked of the girl.

"The father of Matawanda," she replied.

"Fear not, Monsieur," said the old man, "I come to your assistance. You are as safe with us as you would be at the fort."

"And what do you know of the fort, my friend," said Leon, a little incredulous. "One might think you had lived all your life among these rocks, and had never gone beyond their limits. Who are you?"

"Has Monsieur never heard of Father Le Blanc?"

It was a startling revelation. Leon took one searching look at the old man's features, then staggered back as if he had been struck a blow. The next moment he sprang forward like one in a frenzy.

"Monster!" he cried, "What—what—"

He reeled, gasped heavily for breath, made a desperate lunge at the old man, staggered again, then, clutching frantically at his neckerchief, fell forward in a swoon.

(To be continued.)

FULFILMENT.

Twice hath the winter sallied from his lair
In seeming triumph, and as quick retired
Into the north again. So things desired,
And loved, still linger in St. Martin's bare.
The flowers have vanished, and the woods are care;
But, all around, stray forms, by autumn fired,
Still glow like flowers; and many a thought, inspired
By summer, yet is fit for later wear.
Fit and unfit—since nought consists with Time!
For 'twixt this being and what is to be
(Brief space where even pleasure holds his breath)
All's incomplete. Life's but a faulty rhyme
Conned half-contentedly o'er land and sea,
Till cometh the divine creator—Death!

Prince Albert, N.-W.T.

C. MAIR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN CANADA.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In commenting, in your last issue, upon the frightful slaughter on American railways, you intimate a wish to have the corresponding figures for Canada. These are forthcoming every year in the Report on Railway Statistics published over the signature of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways. During the year ended June 30, 1889, the deaths on the Canadian railways were 210. The American railways killed 5,823 persons during the year 1889, or more than twice as many per mile of road than the Canadian railways. Of the 210 killed on our roads, 90 were walking or otherwise being on the track, 18 jumped on or off trains in motion, and 30, of whom 24 were employes, fell from cars or engines. More than half the deaths, therefore, were owing to practises forbidden in well-disciplined countries. Only 8 were killed in coupling cars, but 337 were hurt, mostly in the hands. Of the balance of the 875 persons injured, 120 were hurt while trespassing on the track, and 67 in boarding or alighting from moving trains. The proportion of persons injured is still more favourable to Canada than that of those killed, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ in the States to 1 with us.

Ottawa, Nov. 11, 1890.

THERE is no deep love which has not in it an element of solemnity.—Beecher.

THE RAMBLER.

Next was November; he full gross and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,
For he had been a-fattening hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam;
And yet the season was full sharp and breen;
In planting eke he took no small delight.

I THINK it a matter for serious consideration whether or no our Canadian climate be radically changing. Truly it would appear so. I do not seem to recollect any autumn of late years so dilatory in snows, so reticent in storms as this one. The foliage, it is true, has gone, but quietly, imperceptibly. The great yellow fans of the chestnut have been sailing steadily groundwards for a month, until these noble trees are only left attended by a few straggling brownish-green and decrepit representatives, soon also to be scattered to the mire and clay beneath them. The oaks are still attractive enough in rich shades of russet and glowing ones of amber. If you will walk into the Park, about sunset time on a fine day, and stand under such an oak to gaze at the setting sun, you will be dazzled at the revelation of colour an otherwise scraggy and fast-fading tree can present. As for the ash, its brilliant metallic foliage has also quickly disappeared, leaving behind, however, the still more brilliant bunches of scarlet fruit that, I hope, will attract the pretty grosbeaks again this winter. Such an ash I have just outside my window, and I am so grateful to it for growing where it does. Many a time has it proved useful on days like the present; it is, in fact, quite a Property tree—a stock-in-trade possession—which I should surely miss greatly were it removed. For this is the season of bare boughs, when we want all the aids we can summon to comfort us for the loss of that Divine thing—the visible, clothed, material Being of the natural world.

If it be true that the climate of Canada, through cultivation and clearing of the soil and kindred causes, shows signs of relenting in its proverbial winter severity, some good will certainly accrue. We may grow less hardy in some respects, but in others more sensible. We shall not deem it incumbent upon us to maintain such a high degree of artificial heat in houses, offices and churches. We may find it convenient and possible to walk more and drive less. We may bathe and hunt and ride more. Country life will not be relegated and confined to three months in the year, and that period one of often intense heat. Our growing leisure class will build for itself genuine broad and comfortable country houses out of the town, instead of red-brick "institutions" on Jarvis and Bloor Streets. Is there at present anything in the way of a private residence in course of erection amongst us equal in generous size and breadth and largeness of effect to some of the old colonial mansions still to be found in the outskirts of the city? I am assured not. I know of one such mansion, situated in the middle of a rolling bit of parkland, strewn now with rustling leaves, but suggestive, in its noble terraces and well-wooded sweeps, of a spotless turf in summer, that is imposing and impressive from the first step inside its spacious crimson-carpeted hall hung with portraits and engravings all mellowed by time and richness of associations. Here we discern something of the colonial spirit—the spirit fast disappearing. Here we become, even the most Radical among us, acted upon and coerced by the mingling of so many different emotions, a lively interest, more than a tinge of pride, admiration for what is antique as well as for what is simply fair to look upon. Such influences as these must have borne fruit, we think, and fitting fruit, in the persons of fair women and brave men—nay, better still, pure women and honest men. Well, assuredly they have—and yet, and yet, ten to one these influences are evil and the reverse of healthy in the case of most young men, although Ruskin's dictum, that it is always a positive crime to arrange matters so that a patrimony or estate falls to the lot of any one who has not earned it—may not be accepted in its tyrannical entirety. The stately homes of England—well, I have seen a few of them. They cluster thick in every county; they smile from distant wooded hills, from dipping valleys, from level meadow-lands. Some, like Chatsworth, are palatial, a trifle rectangular and stiff, show-places, potential museums. Others have put on the last earthly garb—decay; they are Moated Granges, propped-up ruins, held together by strong girths and belts of ivy. Others are strange combinations of ancient abbey and modern villa, perfect as to equipment and appointment, yet revealing at every other step the secret stairway or sliding panel or groined window, that tells of a defunct feudal and mediæval age. In this relation, I think, as I write, of the hotel near one of the northern abbeys. We entered (this is a few years since), and being shown into the dining-room discovered that it had been originally part of a building known as the "Manor House." A romantic refectory truly—and we eat the orthodox English luncheon of cold beef and salad, accompanied by a glass of draught ale in an awestruck and appreciative mood.

Here is the story. "Sir Thomas Curwen, Knight, in Henry the Eighth's time, an excellent archer at twelve-score marks. And went up with his men to shoote with that reknowned king at the dissolution of the abbeyes: And the king says to him, 'Curwen, why doth thee begg none of thes abbeyes: I would gratifie thee some way.' Quoth the other, 'I thank yow,' and afterwards said he would desire of him the Abbie of Ffurnese (nye unto him) for 20ty one yeares. Sayes the King, 'Take it for ever;'