

ornament the rude walls, and many a sign of refinement and taste meets the eye.

But though so far removed from his poor neighbors, both as regarded position and education, Adie's father was kind both to the widow and her son, and never did he prevent the children from playing together; often indeed of an evening he would call the boy in, teach him, and speak to him of men and things that made his cheek burn and his eye sparkle. The old man found him an apt pupil, and one who devoured all his stock of knowledge, and waded with ease through the few ponderous tomes that were his own special pride and delight. But sorrow came to the humble homes; the father sickened and died, and left his unprotected blossom alone in the world. Gladly would the widow have taken his daughter to her own home, as indeed she had promised the father to do; but scarce was the old man laid in his grave, when a black-browed priest came, and removing all the contents of the pretty room, carried off the weeping Adie, in spite of her entreaties to be left with her friends. Half mad with rage the boy followed, and almost screamed in his ineffectual agony when he saw the heavy portal of the Tours Convent close behind her whom he loved with all his boyish heart. Well he knew in what language spoke those clanging, iron-studded doors; he knew that they not only shut out from his life its brightest sunshine, its sweetest joy, but shut it out forever; no groans, no cries of his might avail now. Slowly, sadly he returned to his home; yet e'er he reached it better thoughts had come: thoughts of his mother, and how dependent she would be on him as age, which was fast creeping on, undermined her strength and health. He resolved he would work for her, not she for him, and he carried out his resolve, and proud was he the day when his mother sold her stall, and came home, no more to sit in the cold and heat, in storm and sunshine, offering her wares to passers-by. But the rest came too late; a year passed and the mother was taken to a better rest, and another lonely one was cast on the world.

The old home was now insufferable to Claude de la Roche, and learning that in Dieppe he would have a better opening as a watchmaker, which was his trade, he

sold their few household effects (for the small expense of his mother's funeral had consumed his hoarded earnings), and with the coins in his purse he set off. But alas! when he arrived at his destination he found a wandering youth with no friends and no money could find little employment of any kind, much less a place in one of the establishments of the numerous watchmakers before whose windows Claude would stand envying the humblest *employée* who bent at his delicate work.

Despairing at last of getting work, his money all gone, Claude strolled down one day to the busy docks. Sick at heart, sad and desponding, the youth stood carelessly watching the loading of a vessel. Overhearing the conversation among the sailors, he learned it was bound for the Far West—for the New France Claude had heard so much of. A sudden thought struck him—Why might not he go too? He cared little whither he went; he had no one to mourn for him,—he would go.

His listlessness was gone now. Stepping up to one of the sailors he asked which was the captain of the vessel outward bound, and being directed to him, he at once accosted him, asking permission to accompany him. For a few moments the man hesitated, then inquiring if he were a good Catholic and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he yielded to Claude's request, saying as he turned away, "Well, there is plenty of room by my troth in New France, and thou mayest try how thou likest being scalped."

And so Claude de la Roche went to the New World, and joined himself to the band of adventurers who went out with him, and who, having already tried the new life, fired his young heart with the recital of deeds of daring, and hair-breadth escapes from the Iroquois. Eager was the young man to see the wondrous land, even to behold the dreaded red man with his direful tomahawk.

Soon, too soon, Claude stood face to face with the living warrior of whom he had pictured such wild visions, but among the brave little company who encountered him none was braver or more resolute than La Roche. He grew to love the wild life, to glory in the freedom of thought and action;