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leaving him unharmed. For he remained a neutral, in spite of threats and fines, declining to fight against his old comrades-in-arms, though he was conscious that his fellow-colonists had many grievances. When that struggle was ended, Steve made his way up those historic lakes, St. George and Champlain, found the hillock which he and Jim and their comrades had defended, and fought his battles over again. That zig-zag path up the face of the ridge at Quebec attracted his attention, and he clambered to the summit of the Anse du Foulon. His steps took him to that spot where the gallant soul of Wolfe had departed, and once again he saw the triple line of the English, heard the roar of their double-shotted weapons, and watched the charge of those gallant fellows. He was a lad again. The years which had flown past since those momentous times were bridged for the moment, and once again he was Captain Steve Mainwaring, fighting for a noble cause, the friend and leader of a gallant band of trappers and redskins.