

ago, at of it in es he Oh! times yes. lous fted ll as Oh! days, and approached the Sacraments once a month, at least. Jasper Williams and his son went once in a while to the nearest Protestant church, more from opposition to the female members of the family, it was plain to see, than for any other motive. Indeed, neither father nor son professed any special form of religion. Like so many others, their religion consisted in hating Popery, as they called it, with a fierce hatred, but for positive religion they had little or none. Still the sorely tried mother and her daughters kept steadily on in their dolorous path of duty.

So the last autumn days passed. The woods flushed and faded, then grew bare and brown. The great river of Canada and its tributary streams and all the fair land were again covered with the ice and snow of the long dreary winter. Spring came again, the fleeting spring of the Northland, and soon it was summer, all brightness and bloom, with radiant skies and smiling earth.

June with her mantle of roses made all the region glad, and robed even the hoary mountain with richest verdure. In the city near by, the Sacred Heart devotions of the month were carried on with great fervor and with much solemnity evening after evening. Mrs. Williams and her daughters found it no easy matter to be present at these services, but somehow they did manage to do it, although there was much scolding and grumbling, at first, about taking out the horses, taking up the man's time, and so forth. Anyhow, the storm usually passed, and even the low mutterings that succeeded died away in sullen silence.

Before the month was over, Mr. Ransom was one day agreeably surprised to receive a characteristic letter from Jasper Williams, announcing that he and his family were about to pay a visit to Elm Grove before the summer was over. "That is," he jocosely added, "if you'll promise to