

steed's stown.' They'll open their eyes a wee, by and by, when they fin' they've lost this gran' province, just by no takin' tent in time !"

"Davie Watson," returned the yeoman, indignantly, "don't you ever say such a word again. Lose this province, indeed,—while there's many a brave yeoman in it will give his heart's blood sooner than see the Stars and Stripes waving over it ! Yes, sir," he continued, turning to Percival, "its not idle brag with me. I left as fine a farm and homestead as a man would want to see, behind me in the valley of the Connecticut, and came here, nigh thirty years ago now, to fell the trees with my own hands to build a log cabin to bring my wife into, sooner than to part company with the Union Jack ! That was about as hard a thing to do as I'm like to have to do again ; but I'm ready, and my sons are ready, too, sir, to turn out to-morrow and shoulder a musket for the old flag still. And there's hundreds, aye, and thousands, 'll do the same throughout the province ! But, all the same, they might back us up better at home."

Percival's somewhat cold blue eye had lighted up a little at the enthusiasm of the old farmer, and he replied soothingly :—

"So they would, I'm sure, if they realized the danger. You know they have a good deal to think about just now ; but England might well be proud to know what brave, loyal subjects she has over here. I've not a doubt but