

MIRAMICHI.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUBOIS HOUSE.

“WELL, verily, I did n't expect to find anything like this, in such a wild region,” said Mr. Norton, as he settled himself comfortably in a curiously carved, old-fashioned arm-chair, before the fire that blazed cheerily on the broad hearth of the Dubois House. “’Tis not a Yankee family either,” added he, mentally. “Everything agreeable and tidy, but it looks unlike home. It is an Elim in the desert! Goodly palmtrees and abundant water! O! why,” he exclaimed aloud, in an impatient tone, as if chiding himself, “should I ever distrust the goodness of the Lord?”

The firelight, playing over his honest face, revealed eyes moistened with the gratitude welling up in his heart. He sat a few minutes gazing at the glowing logs, and then his eyelids closed in the blessed calm of sleep. Weary traveller! He has well earned repose.

There will not be time, during his brief nap, to tell who and what he was, and why he had come to sojourn far away