Suddenly there was a wild yell ahead, and at the same moment a black object dashed across the heads of our leaders. Then we caught sight of a vehicle underneath the lamps; and there was a shout of laughter as it flew onward after that narrow escape. The sharp turn in the road had very nearly produced another massacre of pale-faces in the neighborhood of Fort William Henry.

'Do you remember that night at Keswick?' our Uhlan said, with a laugh. 'That was near, too; was it not, madame? And now this great coach—we should have run clean over that wagonette, as you described the big steamers running over a small schooner; and the driver, did you see how smart he was in taking his leaders off the planks? It was very well done—very well done; he is a smart fellow, and I will give him another cigar, if it does not annoy you, Lady Sylvia.'

'It is very pleasant in the night air,' said our courteous guest. 'And indeed I am accustomed at home to the smell of pipes —which is a great deal worse.'

And so the Lilacs was still her home? She betrayed no embarrassment in speaking of the nest she had forsaken; but then she was sheltered by the darkness of the night.

Then at last the long, delightful drive was done; and there was a great blaze of lamps over a broad flight of stairs and a spacious hall. We turned before we entered. Down there in the dusk, and hemmed around by shadowy hills, lay the silent waters of Lake George.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horicon, as they preferred to call it—on this colourless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky, and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forest, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking —these two—as they watched the mournful

gravs of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds, that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away forever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters. they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun; for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking-of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time, as the vacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons, with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drewnear the shore? One of the two spoke.

'I think,' said she, slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—'I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer.'

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said, 'Why?'

'You will see,' she continued, 'that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—'

'Have you telegraphed to him?' demands the other, sternly'; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

' No.'

'Nor written to him?'

' No.'

'Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate, are at once to be reconciled be-

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