A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE. BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

9

CHAPTER VI. THE BUCCANEER'S SIFGE.

Nor did Quebec trust alone to her strong position, the courage of her soldierly, the hardihood of her people.

cried the venerable De Laval, as he stood in the pulpit of the cathedrai with uplifted hands and eyes, while the " Let us invoke the God of armies, crowd of citizeus, noble and humble, and the habizans who had sought pro-tection with the city sank to their knees on the pavement, the women weeping in foreboding of the horrors of the coming siege, the burghers and habitans renewing their resolution of

resistan Let us pledge ourselves," he continned, with the patriotism of his race, "vowing that if God will assist us to drive away the enemy at our gates, we will render to Him our thanks and the honor thereof forever.'

honor thereof forever." "Amen," responded the Comte de Frontenze, from his elevated chair in the chancel, and his rich voice re sounded through the nave like a grand

worked the second secon

mation. Amen," I cried with those around

me, drawing my sword and flashing it aloft, as did every officer present, while the women clasped their hands or beat their breasts, and a chorus of petition rose and swelled through the vast edifice like a wave of the sea or a long, deep roll of thunder. The vow was duly registered, and the

ceremony concluded with the usual nediction.

As the people streamed out of church, some excited and ardent, others grave and earnest, among a little knot of women worshippers, dames and demoi selles of quality, I caught a glimpse of my sister Therese again with little Barbe under her wing. Making my way through the crowd,

Quebec.

glad triumph.

menced.

position

when the invaders were driven back.

dull roar of reverberation from

I joined them as they came down the steps into the Market Place. Although Madame Cadillac appeared

pale, she was outwardly as calm as though she were setting forth to attend a social function at the Chateau, rather than going home to await in our care shadowed house the trials that the day

might bring. "Ah, Therese, you are the worthy wife of a soldier," I cried, impressed by her composure, now that the danger

"I hope so, Normand," she answered with the brave, sweet smile that had so often cheered me amid our perils in Acadia. "Yet, alas! a woman's heart is ever torn by conflicting emotions of One moment I grieve, love and fear. and the next I am selfishly glad that mu the next 1 an sensing graa that my husband is not here, but speeding hither on the King's ship now due from France. What think you, Normand, will this frigate from the old country be cut off from us by these southern marauders, who know I doubt not, that it is on its way? Will there be a fight ? Gudilise would ask no better fortune ; but, Norwand, shall I ever see him again? He was the lover of my girlish dreams, and he will ever be the hero of my heart's devotion."

"You, you are the worthy wife of a soldier, my sister," I repeated, knowing that such words would best sustain her courage. "And you will find you will find her ocurage. "And you will find small leisure even to fear, presently. But hope and pray as you will, for the prayers of a good wife are a soldier's

"Wherefore then have you not pro the burden whereof would rest less upon your shoulders than upon the heart of another, Cousin Normand ?" vided yourself with such a coat of chimed in little Barbe, with roguish naivete.

Chut, Mam'selle Malapert, be-

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

ne off

the impending danger: and sufferings, simply because her gentle mind could form no conception of miseries of a siege or the carnage of war. And I grew sick at heart as I thought of the collightement the much the second to the

would never let me go again, but little Barbe demanded pertiy how it was that I had not been wounded. "'Twould please you, mam'selle, and accord with your romancing with-out a doubt, had I been brought home like a Spartan soldier on his shield," I answered curtly. "But soldiers have thrown away their shields long since. And as for my having escaped un-scathed, was it not you buckled on my armor, so to speak? Were your pray-ers so idle that you felt they would enlightenment that must come to her when the guns should begin their terrible play. Having seen madame and the dainty demoiselle safely within doors, I re-turned to the ramparts. Despite the armor, so to speak ? Were your pray-ers so idle that you felt they would valor of the garrison and people ard the imperious stout-heartedness of the

At this her tenper changed, like the tessing bit of April weather that it was, and laying a light clasp on my arm, she said, her eyes filling with tears that yet sparkled as diamonds in the sun shine of her smile : "Ay, I did pray for you, cousin, many times in words, and ever in my heart during these last days, and—Why, Governor, the very atmosphere that hung over the city seemed laden with a grave anxiety, for the fate of New avail me nothing ?' France depended on the issue of this conflict of the next few days. Mcreover, the best cause needs help,

and yet we had no news of the expected troops from Montreal. Thus amid clouds of apprehension the afternoon rew to a close. At sunset, like the welcome breeze you are wounded; see the blood upon your hand !"

your hand!" At these words the silly maid went pale, and trembled so that if I had not caught her she would have fallen. "Tat, tnt !" I cried, breaking into a laugh. "Tis nothing! A scratch I got at the gun in some way; I had not noticed it before." that springs up of a summer's evening, care word from the look-out at the highest point of the citadel that a dark

moving mass, as a shadow on the land scape, was to be seen approaching across the country from the west. hour later the shadow resolved not noticed it before."

But, despite my protest, she must itself into a body of marching men. Then dusk fell, shutting the n out from needs bind it up, which I finally suffered her to do, in publishment of About 8 o'clock a great shout arose her former hard-heartedness, the while I inquired how she had stood her from the western gate, and a roll of drums with the music of fifes proclaimed baptism of fire. "In truth, Normand, when the guns through the town that our friends from

Ville Marie had come to our assistance, began to roar, I hid away in a corner of the house, half dead with fright," having eluded the besiegers under cover of the darkness.

she acknowledged, after beating about Never shall I forget the joy of their the bush, and making as though she had been used to sieges all her life. entrance into the city-how our soldiers should and threw their caps into ' It was like a great storm of thunder the air, yet the breach of discipline passed unreproved; how the burghers and lightning, when no place is secure against the death-dealing bolts from the locked into the thoroughfares and yelle sky. On, it is a wonder my hair did not tarn white! Truly, cousin, do you not see some silver threads here ?" hemselves hoarse with enthusiasm ; and the women stood at the doors way

And catching at a long lock of her light hair, she held it up before me with kerchiefs, ran out of the houses to greet the newcomers with blessings, or fell on their knees in the streets, thanka pretty coquetry, whereat I wound the soft curl around a finger of my un-bound hand, and then, bethinking me Providence for the aid sent to How all hailed Callieres, the gallant that this was foolishness, shook Governor of Montreal, as he passed at the head of his eight hundred men !

quickly off again. "Ts ta ! For all her fears, little se were followed by a large com Barbe acquitted herself well," main-tained my aunt Guyon, stoutly. "And These were followed by a large com-pany of coureurs de bois voyageurs, young sons from the seigneuries along the river, with their censitaires. In truth, a goodly band, they came marchafter the first hour or two, she lent her aid in the household tasks, like the rest of us, even though to-day, when the ng down the street of St. Louis, sing fring was heaviest, some twenty balls fell into the garden, and two at least struck the house. But, happily, their ing, at the full strength of their lungs, "La Clair Fontaine," and cheering in force was spent and they did no damage I need not repeat in detail the story save to shatter pieces of the rock. When the bombardment ceased for a the next three days, during which Sir Phipps, after several attempts, effected a landing at Beauport; yet I was in the fight under Samte Helene, spell, we gathered up the balls and sent them to the gunners nearest to us, who duly returned them to their owners through the cannon's mouth—as our clever Governor Frontenac said to the On the third day, while we were still engaged at the outposts, the air was rent as by a thunderbolt, followed by a envoy-ha, ha, ha !" "Ah, Normand, we can make merry

continued Barbe, a pitiful look now,' rocky heights of Cape Diamond, La Fourmette, and the Cap Rouge, and a crossing her sweet face. "Yet it was a sorrowful sight to behold the people ainter echo fron the distant hills bandoning the Lower Town, as we too Sir Phipps being on the point of open mu-t have done were not this dwelling Sir Phipps being on the point of open-ing fire upon Quebec, our indomitable Comte Frontenac had begun the battle with this ringing shot of defiance. Enraged, the Admiral answered with built of stone. Many of our neighbors took refuge within the Seminary, others at the Hotel Dieu. The cellars of the Ursuline Convent are filled with women and children who there sought shelter ; every gun he possessed, while the for-tress gave him round for round ; 'twas the wood pile is being used for camp When our company retarned at night from Beauport, the firing had ceased, fires, the beans and cabbages from the convent garden have all been taken to feed the soldiers. To-day one of the nuos had a corner of her apron shot but the next morning the Governor sent the besiegers a hot shot by way of away as she passed through the school breakfast and the cannonading recom Still, notwithstanding this state roam. Still, notwithneamding this states of things, the good nuns have worked without ceasing for the comfort of those who fled to them and those to whom they could send aid. Monseig I was sent to a battery of the Lower Town, commanded by Marincourt, who worked with a boyish glee as if at tar-get practice, and by his cherry and dauntless spirit made us forget the withering fire directed against our neur de Lwal, and Monseigneur de St Vallier, the new bishop, have been tireless, going about helping the people It is well to aim well," he said. taking as a mark the flag-staff of the Admiral's ship. Swift and sure the ball sped, for presently we saw the staff suap in twain, and the ensign of St.

nd encouraging them by their own fearlessness. After a dinner at home, the first good meal I had had for sime days, and hav-ing taken a short sleep, I returned to the battery whereat I was stationed. Next day, our forces, under Frontenach himself, sttacked the invaders, who

At this spectacle our people

CHAPTER VII.

OUR ENGLISH DEMOISELLE.

addition to their wordly possessions to be treasured and cherished. to be exchanged for a band of French prisoners taken in former campaigns. I went at once, therefore, and made my adieux to Mr. Davis, a brave Bostonnais who, having been given his And as gold put out at interest grows and increases, so during all these years had their generosity to Barbe been enriched by her love and filial de-Bostonnais who, having been giparole at the beginning of his captiv.

votion. Ever too she bore their name, and it was understood as a matter of ity, had lived at the Chateau as the ity, had lived at the Chatcau as guest of the Governor, and was re-garded by all as a "bon homme." When at length I reached our house, little Barbe had much to tell me. "Welcome, Normand !" ahe cried and it was understood as a matter of course, that she was to share alike with the others in the inheritance my uncle Guyon would leave to his children. Thus it was that we had long ceased to "Welcome, Normand !" she cried blithely, and for a wonder did not beat think of the fair haired, violet-eyed lass save as belonging to this swarthy when I essayed to touch with my brood ; for is there not sometimes see

lips her smooth cheek, now no longer pale as when I had seen her during the a paler and a darker rose growing upon one stem? But Barbe was English siege, but glowing with its wonted color. When, however, I would have stolen a kiss from her rosy mouth as and it was the realization of the fact, now to us so momentous, that raised so strange a tumult within my breast,well, she pushed me away, saying with a grand air that was truly laughable, "Have a care, sir," and drew herself up to her full height, whereat she did one moment a fiame which would break forth ; the next, like ice in my veins. I had never experienced the like be-fore, nor did I again for many a day,— not until—But that comes later in my ook taller by a good inch. But her childish anger was short.

lived, since if she kept up the quarre When she paused for breath, I said, with me she must forego the retailing striving to speak quietly, yet in the saying feeling a strange tightness at " A truce to this nonsense, cousin,"

"A truce to this nonsense, cousin," she resumed presently. "I am between two minds, not knowing whether to be glad or sad. At the Ursulines I have grown to love well the two young Betonnaise, the Demoiselles Clarke whom our Governor Frontenac ran-somed from the Indians after the battle of Green Bay their fother a lighter " And you, Barbe ?" " And I ?" she rep ingly. "Yes; are you not also of these people ?' Scarce had the words passed my lips Scarce had the words passed my rip-ere I regretted them, for the girl re-coiled as though I had in savage cruelty cealt her a blow. The next moment, however, with crimsoned cheek somed from the indians after the bittle of Casco Bay, their father, a lienten-ant, having then met his end. Much have these sweet damoiselles told me of the horrors of their captivity among the savages, and never did they tire of "Normand, how dare you?" she ried passionately. "What have I extolling the kindness of his Excellency in having freed and placed them at the cried passionately. "What have I done that you should doubt my loyalty? convent. But now they are to be ex-chaoged for French soldiers, and, al-though I rejoice for the sake of our done that you should doubt my loyalty? Why do you reproach me thus and ac-cuse me of siding with our ememies, be-cause, forsooth, I have shown a sym pathy for those poor demoiselles cast, poor fellows, I shall miss my friends most grievously. Then, too, there is the little Sarah Gerish, whom Madame there is de Champigny bought from the red men and sent to live at the Hotel Dicu-a maid, frolicsome as a kitten pretty So fond is she of the hospital Sisters, that when told she must needs leave them and sail away in the ship of the English Admiral, she vowed with a with a orrent of tears that she would not go.

They are indeed loath to part with her, but it is right that she should be sent back to her own recople." Thus our winsome Barbe rattled on

there swept over me a chill, like to that which comes upon a man shot down in battle or one who in a duel suscumbs to a dangerous thrust of his antagon-

Barbe, a tiny child of sparce Barbe, a tiny clinit of source of the springtimes - pretty Birbe, a soft, warm, smiling little creature, her chubby face pink tinted like the sweet arbutus or May blossom of our Canadian woods; her fair curls tossed and the

doubtless it would have been ed to war with releatless cruelty

beaten out against a tree, save to buy with the frisky squirrel like being a cup of maddening fire water of the arears de bois ?

" And for this reason have you come to "hate me, Normand ?" she faltered tremulously; "have the mad fury of the conflict, the anxiety of these days was made, and my aunt sent two Panis, servant men, to conduct the Indian beyond the settlement ere they delivered to him the flagon of liquer, upon the pretence that were he to drink among the dwellings of the pale faces, he would become less brave in battle. I remembered that when the savage set down the child upon the hearthstone, she clung to the skirts of my aunt, and how, when the redskin was gone and la mere Guyon took upon her knees the fairy wight that, like snow flake borne upon the wind, had little waif nestled with winning con fidence against her heart ; and they loved each other as mother and daugh ter from that hour. I remembered too how, rough lad balance for several days longer. But the elements were with us, the storm continued; then, one morning, though I was, I knelt beside my sunt and stroked the child's sunny hair with annt the clouds rolled away, the golden October sunlight shone upon the swift waters of the St. Lawrence, and awkward gentleness, marvelling at its softness, and at the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her eyes that were like two purple violets. And I recall the scene when my uncle Guyon came in from his ship at the wharf and found the fairy still enthronassault, weighed anchor, and dis-appeared with his fleet behind the Isle of Orleans. ed upon Dame Guyon's knees, at the of the hounteons hoard shout head which were gathered his own numerous family, when, having heard the tale, he clopped his thigh and declared his good wife had done well to keep the child, citizens, nobleste, habitans, and soldiery-were wild with joy, and and New France. great Te Deum was sung because of our and a dainty demoiselle she was. And my aunt Guyon said that though the little creature's garments were sadly begrimed and torn, from the flaeness of their texture she must be well born. Thereupon they decided that they would rear her as her own, and she should be to them another daughter. Because I possessed some knowledge of the woods, I was made one of a re tenderness. connoitering party sent out to keep watch of the southern frigates. When we came upon them, some four leagues They questioned her, hoping to glean clue to her history, for they know from her complexion and few lisping words that fell from her lips that she down the river, how merry our young men made as they sighted the doughty Admiral on a conford at the side of his English. But, ready as she 287 with baby prattle, when asked her name she only shock her head and laughed roguishly. Therefore they called her Barbe, after a child of their own who had died ; also because in the old French tongue Barbe means a pearl brought from afar. For not withstanding that they had already many children, these worthy folk, my uncle and aunt Guyon, looked upon this nameless baby stranger, English though she was, as a pearl of great price sent to them by Providence, an

house-a shadow that even the sunlight of this perfect day of the Indian summer could not banish. Therefore I

answered with emotion : "God be thanked, you are, I believe, little one, as true a daughter of New France as any demoiselle in the land." And then I went on, choosing my lan-guage so as not to affright her too greatly. "Nevertheless, among the Bostonnais prisoners to be exchanged there are those who know your story, and mayhap the English may demand

JANUARY 13, 1906.

that you be given up." At this she uttered a shriek of dis-may, and, unheeding my efforts to calm her, broke away from me and rushed from the little parlor where I had found her dusting with a brush of rabbit's fur the wood of the new chairs and tables my father had got over in the last ship from France. In the living room be-yond, my aunt Guyon, with my mother and Madame Cadillac, were engaged with their needlework.

To them Barbe ran, and in a passion of weeping threw herself upon the neck of my aunt, and sobbed out what I had told her, begging piteously to be hidden away until the southerners should be gone. Her intelligence created consternation among the women. Scarce had they recovered from their first alarm and begun more quietly to devise feminine plans against the contingency, when, sure enough, t came an imperative " rat ta tat enough, there the house door. Anticipating what the knock might forebode, I went down the stairs and opened the door. It was as I feared. Without, waited a posse of the Governor's bodyguard and with them the English officer to whose charge had been committed the exchange of prisoners and the business of effecting the return of the demoiselles to their

she repeated wonder-

native province. It was the same young Bostonnais who had come with the message to which we had returned so effective an as by the sea, upon an alien shore ; be cause I am glad, now when the tide answer ; verily Sir Phipps had been bids fair to waft them home again i more courteous toward him had he in For shame! Where is your generosity! trusted this affair of the exchange to You are upjust ; you who have me hate another ; but the doughty Admiral had no such delicacy, and to Monsieur de every living thing South of the French border; but-but-I can not forget Frontenae it mattered not. The officer was indeed of good appearance, with the manners and bearing of a gentle-man. Moreover, his scarlet coat and cap with its band of gold became him that God rules over the southern land as well as over New France, that in those distant provinces are living wives, mothers, daughters, who watch and weep and pray for their soldier heroes, even as we do daily here at

Noting that I wore the uniform of the King's troops, he gave me a milit

ary salute. "Sir," he said, "I am come to de-mand of one Francois Guyon that he deliver up for sale convoy to her kin-dred the young maiden called Barbara Guyon, but known to be of English parentage. I have here a command from Comte Frontenac that she shall be permitted to receive from m message.

At this, one of the guards stepped forward and showed to me a paper daly signed by the Governor's hand.

wings and

How angered I was ; how I cursed the Bostonrais for his audacity ! Yet soberer thought reminded me he was but engaged in the performance of his duty. Accordingly, with an effort to restrain my choler, I replied : "Sir, and you wish to find Francois

Guyon, you must seek him in his home, or on his wharves at Beauport. As fo the demoiselle of whom you speak, she is indeed in this dwelling. If you will enter, and wait in this room for a brief space, I will carry to her your message she appeared so comely. So I said gravely, and with as much gentleness of manner as I could com and bring you her answer to it with but short delay." Therewith I ushered him up the

stairs and into the little parlor, the

you, be more sparing of your upbraid ing, lest you may regret it later. I had no thought to question your de-votion to our cause; I only gave utter-ance to the truth, which, alboit un welcome, was brought forcibly to my soldiers remaining outside. "Pardon, sir," he said, as I was about to leave him, "I can accept no communication by proxy; I must needs see the maiden and have speech with I would have liked to run him through mind by your chatter of the demoiselles your schoolmates. You too are a Boswith my sword for his impudence. Nevertheless, with as good an imitation of the polished complaisance of our

Sieur Cadillac as I could master upon such short notice and under such stress of circumstance, I went in search of Sarbe, since but to receive him. When I returned to the living room, the women were again weeping, and more readily would I have fought all the fleet of Sir Phipps than face these tearful ladies with m news "No, no! Not a step will I take to greet this officer," declared Mam'selle Barbe, with a determined stamp of her foot. "What? I must see and speak foot. "What? I must see and speak with him, you say, Cousin Normand? Did ever any one hear the like ! How could you, how could even His Excellency the Governor, constrain me to do If my Lord Frontenac should so far put aside his regal courtesy-and the event is scarce possible-but even if he should send his soldiers to drag me into yonder audience room against my will, yet could I not keep my eyes closed fast? Why, the King and all his minsters could not compel me to see ins minsters could not compel me to see this envoy, if I chose otherwise. As for speaking with him, who, pray, could force me 'to say a word, if I wished to remain dumb ?'' Thinking it wiser to fall in with the humor of the lively lass, I said, forcing a laugh : "Dearest Barbe, your inependent spirit is much to be admired, and I commend your taste in not wish-ing to bestow as much as a glance upon this Englishman, albeit some foolish demoiselles might consider him pleas ing of aspect and agreeable in conver-sation. Nevertheless, if you do not yourself tell this envoy you are resolved to remain in New France, he will re-port that my uncle and aunt Guyon have detained you by compulsion. Moreover, if you show not alacrity to Moreover, if you boy the behest of the Governor and receive him, you may as well pack your boxes for Boston forthwith, for His Excellency will not brook the least opposition to his orders, as many a powerful man in the province knows full well." Whether little Barbe understood the folly of resistance and was affrighted at not you resistance and was all gives as my threat of the Governor's displeas-ure, or whether it was that her woman's curiosity was piqued by my description of the foreign officer, I can not say, so incomprehensible are the reasonings of a young maid. Scarce had I ceased my argument, when her mood

JANUARY

changed, although pay such respect t Well, well,

best, I will even s strat ger," she sa vating air of doci Thereupon I co parlor. The office we entered an found bow-he breeding. As for truly astonished swept him did hor manners she ha teachers the Ur was so dignified

that I thought sh to so good advant The Englishma ceived, and in certed, at findin by so stately a de expected to beha was scarce older Demoiselles Cl Guyon and M pinned up her ha honlders a lace by a fairy wan the occasion fro into a charming though she was the tears that st gave to her face "1 crave you tress," said the tress," said the I have come to errand. You quainted with it

She inclined h " Then L will sal of formalitie cordance with tween my Lord Phipps and his Frontenac, I a English maiden war among the to make ready folk in the co Majesty the K tell you that veyed thither one of the exch British fleet ur Lord Admiral.

Having suffe

speech without for her imper now involunt other surprise. demard with expected, sh self possession. averred she w rather than se to me she glan was necessary his soldier luc or twice. He was spoken wi "Sir," she convey to yo Phipps th my my welfare. however, that child of Eng has made a

and a subject King Louis X change my co The Boston be dismissed. ' Fair mist another bow, for which, res have throttle your speech fast nature w ndeed of th Louis might his Majesty o to gain, so lo natural that childhood in and the fir beautiful a l ing, ' Once Englishman,' with the gen baby girl lovely Engl what part of reared. You reared. You rationality, you can help

eyes

and

Where ha

trick of ce

thought, out

King, there

pleased me Mademoisell

sayings with

allegiance," all that I lo

" Ah, jes responded,

pathetic un

will be hap

union with

there will

new counts

ments of th

but percha York. Wil

least it will

hear someth

sank down

into anothe

long, both

the many

south of us.

in a corner

Madame C

into the ro

make her

they, I kne

At last, thought w

render he

that respe

men must

as though

nais starte

courteous

get that or

wait upon

will you

little com

ence to jo

tion on th

pretty spe

eager to

she had n

enthusias

would Bay

Within

" Excus

Fascinate

' Oh. it is

grace

The unconscious eloquence of the ang maid moved me deeply ; but I reflected, with a touch of bitter was only natural she should feel thus 'twas the stirring of her English blood, the instinct of kindred, stronger than any tie of love, or circumstance, or fortune. She could not help it, dear child. As the birds of the south that have nested in our orchards fly home again presently to a sunnier clime, so the voice of nature was bidding the heart f nature was bidding the heart

of little Barbe to spread its take flight for the land of her birth. Was it for us to reproach or blame ? I could not endure to have her judge me as she had done. For in her flashing eyee, and the indignation wherewith she confronted me, there was nothing of the pretty petulance of old, whereat I had so often fourd musement, but rather a depth of feel ing and a fire which made me under stand that our demoiselle was no longer a child, but was fast growing into a noble woman. And never to me had

draught of French brandy. Had the infant prisoner been a oy, reared to savagery and would per chance have become sachem of a tribe lestin against his pale-faced brothers.

But a squaw pappose-of what avail to rescue it from having its brains Yes, I had chanced to be there in the

living room of my uncle's house at Beauport when the strange bargain

home th naive ardor. While she spoke, I was conscious of a strange thrill at my heart, and then ist's sword. For in a trice there came to me the recollection of that whereof we had taken no heed during the siege, and which indeed had passed out of our thoughts as if it had never been-the remembrance of the day whereon I, a prankish boy, had first beheld pretty

tangled; her di pled hands out-stretched to my aunt Guyon from the detaining arms of the dark visaged Indian chief who had brought the white bary captive from afar through the woods to Beauport, to barter her for a

cause the demoiselles nowadays are more pleased with the strains of a violin than fond of household tasks, less prone to the tambour frame than to the beribaning of their hair and the adornment of their vanity," I answered, half in impationce; half in raillery.

"Phouff," returned the saucy maid, with a gay toss of the head. "Do you want better bread than wheaten? You cannot judge by the label on the bag;" but thereon, as she saw me frown, her mobile face took on a sudden gravity and she added sweetly : " As you have no wife to pray for you eousin, and since I put up a petition for you to day before the altar of Notre well, a web begun is half done, so I must perforce go on with the work and weave you a fine suit of chain armor for your safeguard during the Do so, pretty one," I said ; and, siege

rotain e little hand she had involantarily slipped into mine, I raised it to my lipe with a thrill of emotion, I must confers, albeit 'twas the tender ness with which one caresses the pinktipped fingers of a child. "And what think you

tipped fingers of a child. And what think you of my cour-age?' ste demanded teasingly, while Madame Cadillac walkod beside us with an absent air, absorbed in her own thoughts. 'Oh, you will be the wife of a sol

dier too, some day ; but, no, I would rather see you a veiled nun, behind the grille of the Ursulines," I concluded brusquely, as the recollection of De Resume's foolish encouragement of her natural coquetry obtruded itself upon

me. "Ho, ho ! Belike it will not be for you to have aught to say in the matter," she retorted, snatching away hand, and flusting the color of a peach blossom. "I have heard of worse fates than the peaceful life of the cloister, and have often fancied that mayhap I should like to pass my life

While the little maid ran on thus, While the little main ran on thus, we reached the door of my father's house, and at the threshold I took leave for the nonce of my sister and her young charge, happy that Thereas they love, it is small wonder that so flery an ordeal as the late action should played havoe with the nerves of have the ladies of my family, so that at their weeping and then jesting the next moment I was much perplexed. showed such good nerve, and winsome My mother clung to me as if she

Barbe so bold a spirit, yet reflecting that the poor shild was unappalled by

borne away by the current "Who will capture it ?" cried with great bravery had again effected a handing at Beauport. The victory was ours; but alas! 'twas dearly Marincourt, chafing that he could not go himself, being unable to leave his was ours; but alas I 'twas dearly bought, for in the skirmish we lost the peerlees Sainte-Helene, the most gal-lant officer of the famous regiment of But there were not wanting volum

George fell into the river and was

"By your leave, Sieur Capitaine, I will take with me two others and go out and get it," pleaded the stalwart soldier Jean Joly, eager for the peril Carignan-Sallieres. Once more were the besiegers driven back to their ships. They had suffered from the unusual cold of the season, ous office.

"En bien, go !" tersely returned Marincourt, addressing himself again from the storm of wind and rain ; and some of the troops were sickening with the smallpox, as we heard later. to the firing.

Despite the success of our sally, Canada remained with her fate in the Choosing his men, Jean thereupo put out in a canoe and was paddled into the mid stream. The English saw and shot at the little craft, but it escaped and reached the flag lying on the water.

Then Jean Joly, dit Jolicœur, bend ing over from the canoe, caught up from the tide the red banner, and the little bark darted for the shore, which waters of the St. Lawrence, and glinted the towers and belfries of Qaebec; and Sir Phipps, with this dezzling picture before him of the good town which had so sturdily resisted his treached in salety with the glorious rize thus plucked from beneath the very beard of the enemy. It is this banner that was hung up as

votive offering in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires built in commemor Ation of the preservation of Quebec in the Market Place of the Lower Town. At last, one of the ships being dis-

abled and another a wreck, Sir Phipp withdrew all his vessels out of range. I had not been at home for three ays. Now, being relieved from duty lays. for a space, I bent my steps toward my father's house, not knowing but that a tragic tale might meet me at the thres hold or that the fire of the besiege

night have razed the old home and sent into eternity the loved ones gathe about its hearthstone. Thank God ! I ound it intact and the dwellers there in unharmed, although nearly pros trated by the strain. For notwith standing that womenkind can be brave in emergency, can sustain the courage of a man, or impulsively rush into danger to protect a child or rescue one

ship, plying his old trade of ship's car penter in repairing the damage our guns had effected. There seemed to me, however, something of folly in these jests; but in New France an these jests ; officer would rather die than work with his hands, lest he lose dignity or con sideration thereby.

leliveranc

On our return from this expedition On our return from this expedition we learned that Sir Phipps has sent another message, and of a different stamp, to Comte Frontenac, and on that very day all the English in Quebec were

siege, crazed your brain and turned you sgainst even poor little Barbe?" "No! A thousand times, no! But my God, Barbe," I broke out, pressed beyond all patience, "your friends are overjoyed at the opportunity of being taken home; what more natural than that you should wish to go with them?"

"Not so fast, Babette ! And, I pray

"Ha, ha, ha! Is that all ?" cried Barbe, with merry laugh. "So you thought to see the last of me, sir? Never fear, cousin,"—here the tremor in her voice moved me as does the in the voice moved moved he as does one sound of gay music that yet has in it a plaintive note,—" never fear. Mayhap my parents whom I never knew, lived and married in New Eng-land, and I first saw the light in that Cadillac and you too, Normand, have told me of as fair. But it is God Who gives to every one a country and a home. His providence has made me French; my heart was in defence of French; my heart was in defence of Qaebec. Nevertheless, I must own, the miseries of the seige were in creased tenfold in my eyes because it was to me a struggle of brother against brother. But for the rest, your people are my people, Normand, and for all my life I want no other home than

Thereat she stretched out her pretty hands to me with so appealing and art less a grace that I took them in my own and raised them to my lips in cavalier fashion, but with brotherly

A weight was lifted off my spirits : she spoke the frank, ingenuous words which teld me in effect that never, even in her young girl's dreams, had he longed for the land of the south; while at her assurance, "your people are my people," I felt an unwonted happiness, which was not the security of a hope fulfilled, but rather like voice bidding me strive and pray for, and hold aloof from all unworthiness, if one day I would aspire to win per chance a noble and true hearted maider

to cast her fortune with mine in wed ded love with those self same words tha little Barbe had chosen in her child like unconsciousness.

Bat still, in spite of her loyalty to us, a danger, like a shadow fallen athwart the threshold, threatened gloom to the