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Pere Champagne.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

"Is it that we stand at the top of the hill and the end of the travel has come, Pierre? Why don't you spake?"

"We stand at the top of the hill, and it is the end."

"And Lonely Valley is at our feet and Whitefaced Mountain beyond?"

"One at our feet, and the other beyond, Shon McGann."

"Its the sight of my eyes I wish I had in the light of the sun this mornin'. Tell me, what is't you see?"

"I see the trees on the foothills, and all the branches shine with frost. There is a part—so wide!—between two groves of pines. On Whitefaced Mountain lies a glacier-field . . . and all is still." . . .

"The voice of you is far-away-like, Pierre—it shivers as a hawk cries. It's the wind, the wind, maybe."

"There's not a breath of life from the hill or valley."