

On they go through the battery of eyes of triumphant foes, wincing under the jeers, or taking comfort from the low spoken words some compatriot whispers as they pass. Farther yet by the Rue Notre Dame, past the column on which stands the Hero of Trafalgar, his empty right sleeve pinned to his coat, his head turned aside, and his left arm extended as if in commiseration of the sad fate of the unhappy men. Still many weary steps yet till the jail wall is reached; the heavy gates swing open, and the military guard's unpleasant duty is

ended by handing over his charge to the representatives of the civil authorities.

Father Lebeau turned to Evelyn to reassure her with words of comfort, but she had disappeared. The curé shook his head slowly: "Ah well!" he said to himself, "grief sometimes forgets its manners. Poor children, how will it end for them!" and drawing his cloak closer to him to keep out the cold, he moved briskly off on his interrupted errand.



FATHER LEBEAU TURNED TO EVELYN.

(To be continued.)

ON LEAVING THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA.

I stand alone at midnight on the deck,
 And watch with eager eye the sinking shore
 Which I may view, it may be, nevermore;
 For there is tempest, battle, fire, and wreck,
 And Ocean hath her share of each of these,—
 Attest it, thousand rotten argosies,
 Wealth-laden, sunken in the southern seas!
 And who can say that evermore these feet
 Shall tread thy soil, Acadia? Who can say
 That evermore this heart of mine shall greet
 The loved to whom it sighs adieu to-day?
 Our sail is set for countries far away;
 Our sail is set, and now is no retreat,
 Though Ocean should but lure, like beauty, to betray.

—GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.