

the three score years and ten allotted to man for his work, but he is still hale and hearty, laboring amongst his poor, saying mass daily, and finding a vast amount of pride and pleasure in the new wing he has added to his little church. Old Wilson's hoarded money has been spent at last, and according to his dying wish. Still the old pirate's dwelling stands on the point, bleak and deserted, for none will approach it even in broad daylight. Fishermen coming home from their expeditions late at night, declare that they have seen ghostly forms come out of that door, and have beheld a gaunt old man, dragging after him a great oaken chest, and have heard weird ghostly voices shriek in mad expostulation on a stormy night, "Death! death! death! to him who touches the hidden treasure."

But on the Island at any rate, nothing comes to disturb the harmony, and with her steadfast love and devotion, Julie has guarded and watched over Pierre, who has well-nigh out-lived the horror of his unpremeditated deed and bitter imprisonment. He is a grey haired man, respected and honored throughout the country-side, and now no accusing tongue would dare to reproach him for the past. And the Island is no longer lonely, for the melody of little children's laughter and prattle resounds through its pinewoods and overhanging crags, and their gracious presence has