

"Open!" Chrysler responded.

Pierre entered, the picture of woe, and broke down: "O monseigneur Monseigneur Chamilly is dead."

They had found his boat and his body, washed ashore.

The windows of the Parish Church were darkened with thick black curtains, the altar was heavily draped, the strains of the mournful Mass of the Dead swayed to the responses of a sorrowing people. In the midst, raised upon a lofty catafalque whose sable drapery was surrounded with a starry maze of candle-lights, lay the silent remains of Chamilly Haviland, who loved Canada. Pure and earnest in life, he receives his reward in the world of her he loved, who went before him.

A tablet among those of his fathers, facing the Seigniorial pew, recorded, for a little, the name of the last d'Argentenaye; but now the proud Curé at length has had his will, and instead of its venerable house of God, Dormillière wears in its centre a pretentious nondescript structure of cut-stone.

Chrysler has done what he could to repair the country's loss, by raising his voice with rejuvenated energy in support of good will and progress, in the Legislative halls.

"L'ideé Canadienne too," Quinet asserts with hope and fire, in his seer-like editorials, "is not lost; it is founded on the deepest basis of existence: on the simplicity of common sense; on the true affections, the true aspirations of the people, on righteousness, on love of God, on DESTINY!"