

niscences he pictures to my fancy. But you, father, seem surprised at my words " that is because you know nothing about my youth. My youth ! With what distressing recollections it fills my memory ! " And he began to sob as one over laden with sorrow and about to die under the burden. I trembled with fear lest the patient might choke without uttering anything further. Nevertheless, after a few cheering words which dropped into his soul like a refreshing balm, he recovered his calmness, seemed to take fresh courage, and begged my permission to reveal the cause of what he called his well-grounded terror. The following is what he related and gave me permission to relate in my turn for the edification of youth, and to inspire a boundless confidence in the power of St. Anne.

"When I was young, I felt a violent inclination for adventurous voyages. My father having granted me a few dollars, I thought I was rich enough to travel round the world. I was determined to try, and, after having embraced my old mother and my good sisters, I hastened away from my parents' roof to hide the tears that fell in spite of myself and to deafen my ears to the sorrowful sighs of those who were dear to me. I first directed my steps towards Montreal, of which I had heard such wondrous accounts. It was there I fell in with three young men of my own age and inclination. A few hours sufficed to establish between us a close intimacy, and we built up together the most gigantic schemes. A man of experience who could have overheard us would have immediately taken us for four maniacs ; but we were so thoroughly convinced of our own wisdom that we were determined to reject all advice. Our first plan was to travel westward, as far as we could go. We started with rifles, fishing implements and some provisions. What a mad project when I come