

you to a coat of tar and feathers, if you attempt to hinder. So let us know where they are. We are in haste, and will free you from an unwelcome service by taking them ourselves."

Bovyer was struck by the evident generosity of the man—who was sincerely in earnest in doing what he conceived to be his duty to his newly-declared nation, and he rejoined, with less harshness than before:

"Take them, then, if it please you."

"I beg of you to come with us, sir, for your sons seem disposed to resist, and the rest of my company are men of scant patience."

To this the old man agreed and the three hurried back to the farmyard, in which were gathered the militiamen and Bovyer's sons.

"Let them take the oxen, my lads," said Stephen, and his boys, well-trained, if not well-pleased, withdrew from the stable door where they had taken up their position.

With hurriedly-muttered thanks the commander of the little party bade his men take out the oxen and then led them away.

"I shall send them back to you, friend Bovyer," said he; and he kept his word, for next day the animals were restored.

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Whether the Continentals succeeded in mounting their cannon or not this story does not tell. When night fell

the British ships still lay moored in the harbour; but in the morning when the Bovyers rose early, she had disappeared.

Thenceforward, events occurred rapidly and after a few years the new order of government was established. But the old loyalist and his family could not reconcile themselves to the new condition of affairs. Notwithstanding the fact that his old neighbours and friends had returned and had settled down around him again, they could not altogether repress their delight over their success, and the vicinity of Boston became distasteful to him. He gathered his goods together, sold his farm, and with his family moved to Rhode Island. But whatever advantages the new home may have possessed over the old were marred by the death of his wife, Dorothea, which occurred in the year 1786. The desire to live again beneath the flag he loved had been growing stronger year by year, and his departure from the United States had been postponed only because of his wife's ill health. Now that she was dead he made up his mind to move to Canada. At that time inducements were being offered to Loyalists to come and settle in Prince Edward Island, (or as it was then called, the Island of St. John), and allured by the promises of the Governor of the Island, Stephen Bovyer, with his family sailed from Rhode Island in the year 1787. On his arri-