A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. PREFACE.

Atlantic States, having sailed over the white capped Lake Erie, enters upon the broad, shining expanse of the Detroit River, the Gateway of the North-West, he can scarcely fail to be impressed by the singular atmosphere. To day, as the voyager from of stillness which hangs over the Strait and invests the scene with a charm that has in it a quality of mystery.

Silently the commerce of the world passes through these Gates—a tonnage greater, it is said, than that which leaves our seaboard ports save when in a deep-voiced silently, save when in a deep-voiced call one heavily laden vessel greets or turns aside for another. The dia of the city's marts, of the many industries the strand, dies away at the

Silently, even as Time passes into Eternity, the great pleasure steamer, too, and the light yachting craft glide on; and it may be that the voyager, under the spell of the tranquil hour, queries to himself: "What were the thoughts, the emotions of the first civilized men who navigated this beau-tiful Strait, and found it to be the connecting chain of waters between the Inland Oceans beyond, the Lower Lakes, and the Cataract of the Niagara What manner of men were the hardy French Canadians who colonized these productive shores? What was the personality of their bold and dashing leader? Who were the women, the wives of the settlers, who made the first homes in the old palisaded fort

upon the river bank?'
These questions it is the object of this narrative to answer in part; to go back to the treasure-houses of French Canadian history, Quebec and Mon treal-the former more especially : to sketch from its annals the society of the city of Champlain at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the ighteenth centuries; to picture the brilliant Gascon chevalier, who laid the foundations of our American city of Detroit, with his company of sturdy vouageurs, coureurs de bois, sons o proud seigneurs — and the women who loved them and shared their fortunes.

A story woven from threads of eality, "A Daughter of New France" bllows closely the historical and biographical records of the period and of later writers upon the subject, all writers upon the available data having been carefully studied.

The authorities consulted include La Honton, the Cadillac Papers, the Jesuit Relations, Charlevoix, Margry, Le Moyne, Hennepin, the Chronicles of the Ursuline Convent, the Abbe Tan guay, Garneau, the Abbe Casgrain Shea, Sheldon, and Parkman. The author wishes to express her indebtedness also to the invaluable researches and articles upon the early history of Detroit by Mr. Clarence M. Burton the Rev. Christian Denissen, and Mr Richard R. Elliot : Farmer's History Ross and Catlin's Landmarks of Detroit, Caroline Watson Hamlin's charming collection of legends, Bancroft, Lambert, Danman, Campbell, Moore, and

Although the recital keeps to fact in all important points. New France "claims, however, to be only a novel. Therefore the author asks that she be not taken to task by sage historians if in one or two mino instances she has availed herself of the novelist's privilege of romancing.

"The Sparrow's Perch under the Eaves,"
The first day of the Twentieth Cen-

CHAPTER I.

Normand Guyon, a youth of eighteen, student and clerk, was at work in the book room of the old Recollet Monas tery at Quebec. The old monastery, I say, meaning not the fine edifice that looks out from its sanctuary of ancient trees upon the Place d'Armes, opposite to the new Chateau of St. Louis, but the first small home of the brothers of was situated at the foot of the cliff, on the margin of the little River St. Charles.

My task was the copying of some cript notes upon the tongues of the Indian nations, set down by a Recollet missionary, after much pains taking observation and study, during his years of labor among the savages.

Usually I loved well the occupation

having a talent for the acquiring of languages and an ambition for the adventures of a life in the wilds, albeit no great longing to exchange my scalp for the crown of martyrdom, as the author of this aboriginal grammar had For he was most cruelly put to death by the treacherous Iroquois, notwithstanding his message of peace and in the trackless forest, sepultured only by the leaves and mosses and the tangled vines of the wilderness.

Of this I could not help thinking as I conned the elegant characters upon th page before me, recalling the strange ntrasts in the existence of this man. bred at the Court of France, and dying far from the haunts of civilization, victim to savage hate and his own

sublime zeal. There was a fascination even in trying to imitate the lettering as closely as possible, and upon my readiness with quill I prided myself not a little. But the more my thoughts dwelt upon the heroic Recollet, the oftener my gaze strayed through the window near to which I had carried my writing table—to gain a better light, I told myself.

And yet there was need of no excuse to draw one to the contemplation of the scene that outstretched before me in

At the base of the gray rock of Quebec, and bordering the silver river, lay the blooming enclosure of the monastery was at work, the pleasing

them extended wide meadows, and still farther to the west rose the dark forests, mysterious and impressive in their rimeval repose.

On this May afternoon, now waxing late, the view seemed to me as a glimpse of paradise; for over all the landscape was the beauty of spring, and the rays of the setting sun shot golden arrows into the sombre woods, gilded the rude houses of the villages of Lorette and Charlesbourg across the river, and touched as with the blessing of a holy

and Tsoumonthuan.
My father, Danys Guyon, a wealthy bourgeois, much respected in the town had early married Edzabeth Boucher, bright eyed and thrifty Canadienne ohis own rank in life. Being blesset with many sons and daughters, they, after the manner of the provident parents of New France in that day, laid out the future of these children according to their own best judgmen with but slight reference to the de signs of Providence or the wishes of those most concerned, it appeared to me afterwards, although until a few months of this memorable day I had not ventured, even in thought, to dispute their choice for myself.

Me they had from my childh od destined for the Church, not only because I early recognized the splendor and dignity of the sacred ritual, the music of the holy office, but because I had ever loved the beauties of Nature.
"Normand will be a priest and a missionary," they said.

Of a restless mind, eager for new ideas to feed upon, I took kindly to study, and dreamed many a dream of floating away down the St a canoe manned by two hardy Algon quins, or of crossing the smiling plain whereon I now looked out, to plange boldly into the forest, bearing the mes sage of the Cross to the red man, who but awaited my coming to receive it with doeility and faith.

In these visions there were pictures of peril, of strange lands and faces, of hardships, hunger and cold; but, alack em all there was no dream of martyrdom!

On the contrary, of late, a doubt had sometimes crossed my mind as to whether there was in my soul a capa bility for so grand a mission as that for which I was designed; but until to day I had always put away the question as a temptation from the Evil One. Although my father had placed me

with the Recollets, I had not yet be formally accepted by them, nor had I entered upon my theological studies nevertheless, despite the occasional disquietude whereof I have spoken, I thought to continue to the end in path my good parents had selected for

My work forgotten, I continued star ing out upon, yet only half seeing, the beautiful panorama lying before me in the sunshine. So absorbed was I in my effections, that I took no notice of the entrance of some one into the shadowy room, until close beside me a rich voice reproving but not unduly stern, said,-

"Dreaming again, Normand?"
I started, and pushing the table from me, rose to my feet, crimsoning at having been thus caught dallying, and by Frere Constantin, who in mild firm ness, virtue and charm of manner ever seemed to me the living, breathing spirit of the blessed Francis of Assisi

himself. On this occasion his smile assared me that my fault was not past condoning, and with his hand upon my shoulder, as a real brother might caress a younger, he drew me to the window once

A love of Nature is, indeed, a char acteristic of the sons of the gentle saint who was wont to hold converse with the birds and fishes, and the crea tures of the field-and in this respect at least, I am glad to think, I was not altogether unfitted to be numbered among his followers.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM FOUND WANTING."

It happened one afternoon in the latter part of May, 1687. I, Denys Normand Guyon, a youth of eighteen, At his words of indulgence my diffi-

dence gave way. I am naturally of reserved temperament, but he was and has ever been one of my heroes furthermore, I was much wrought up over the remembrance of the murdered Recollet, the manuscript of whose cholarly legacy to the still as fresh as when it came from his

Therefore, easting constraint to the winds, I poured out my heart, with all its misgivings and fears to my kind

"I am glad you have told me this. ormand," said he, when I had finished, for upon this very subject I am sent o speak to you. Do not fancy that the lack you have noted in yourself has es saped the watchful eyes of those in whose hands your future has been to a certain extent placed. You know that in the selection of recruits for a regi ment the most assiduous care is observed to choose those who are stalwart and strong, brave and amendable to rigid discipline, that the troops of the king may be invincible. Especially is this true of those sent out from the Old World to encounter the rigors of the climate and the perils of savage warfare here in New France. Do you think there is less solicitude bestowed in the selection of the soldiers of the King of Kings? No, my Normand, far fron it. Now, you are a fair student, and you love our revered traditions; but this affection, it has been noted, is rather the romantic love of a poet than the zeal of a votary. Your disposition is too dreamy and inclined to melancholy; and though, thanks to your fondness for the winter sports of our Cana dian youth and the summer pastimes of boating, bathing and fishing, you have the frame suited to a missionary, yet I fear me your strong right hand grasps nore eagerly at the sword than at the Cross. Moreover; grave and quiet as you are, it has been remarked that even during the Sunday services, Normand your glance has been wont to stray somewhat toward the young demoiselles, the pupils of the Ursulines, who by of the recent havoe wrought by reason fire in the Convent Chapel come to our church for the grand Mass; also that of the Intendant's Palace. Beyond of those, among these same bright-eyed,

nerry maidens of New France, who a companions of your sister and cousins are to be met with sometimes in your home, Ah, Normand, Normand, the love of a good woman is a gracious gitt and to many a man it has meant salva-tion," continued Frere Constantin abstractedly: and his thoughts, I sur-mised, flew back to an episode of his own youth whereof I had heard report, and which I will set down later. which I will set down later.

'Yee, a noble gift," he nestly, "and it behooves earnestly, seeks, to guard worthily the treasure when once he has won it. But wha has a missionary to do with the treasures of earth, boy? He must be backled by an home ties to him also. hackled by no human tie—to him along is given to follow as perfectly as men

nan nature can, the life of Christ.
Do not misunderstand me, lad. have no mind to take you to task up he matters I have mentioned-althoug such distractions at the services of Church are most unseemly - but I would point out that the turn of a stra shows from what quarter is the wind, and whither it will carry the chaff as well as the seed. In brief, my dear Normand, I am sent to tell you that for the life to which you have aspired you have no calling."

For a moment I stood as one dazed,

stupidly regarding the commanding figure of the priest—my friend, as I even then felt assured. My heard seemed turned to ice; scarcely could I credit that I had heard aright.

"I thought it but just to inform you of this decision before it is conveyed to onsieur your father and madame your cellent mother," he concluded gravey, as I did not speak.

Then, all at once, the chill in my breast became as fire, and my soul was sweat by a torrent of emotion as tem ous as the current of La Chine How petty now appeared my ignoble shrinking from the life of zeal for which I had been bred, my foolish turning aside from the fair ideal even for an instant! Alas, how true is the saying "Happiness is composed of so many eces that one is always missing!

Now, as the destiny marked out for me by my parents receded from me, I would have been willing to die to ob-

That the decision was irrevocable, I well knew, however, and turning to the spot where lately I had been at work it now seemed to me so happily—I flung myself into the chair, and bending over the table rested my head upon my arms and burst into tears. How often one may do more good by

his sympathy than even by his toil!
"Poor boy!" exclaimed Father Constantin, compassionately laying a gentle hand upon my hair, which little Barbe say was as thick as the fur see. "Poor boy! It is of her pelisse. "Poor boy! It is natural you should grieve to see your life's ambition s vept away with a short warning as comes the springtime flood ou, in no grave matter are you to lame. For the talent God has not given, He will not ask an account. As to your disappointment—the gem cannot be perfected without friction, nor the man without trials; and the ageurs, you know, have a saying, 'Every ne must row with the oars he has.'

Having essayed thus to comfort me, y good friend went away, divining that I would rather be alone to face as best I might the new idea of my future

thus unexpectedly presented to me.

For a time I remained as he had left ne, sunk in despondency. I had been veighed in the balance and had been d wanting !

It was not a pleasant revelation, and presently I began to ask myself with some perturbation what my father

would say to it all. Denys Guyon was known to be a stern and determined man, quickly moved to anger if his will was thwarted

n the least degree. Would he believe I was not to blame? Rather, would he not visit upon me the displeasure of his disappointment? And my mother-how it chagrined me

to blight her fondest hopes!

Nevertheless, "youth and white aper soon take an impression;" erethe plan of my life afresh and finding an aterest in the doing; for I was again trange and wonderful, a hero in a diff

erent garb and guise.

Lost in this new reverie, I did not otice the lapse of time until the deepning of the shadows in the long ro reminded me that the calm May twilight had come.

I rose with a sig's, gathered up the priceless Recollet manuscript, returned it to its envelope of birch bark, locked it in the cupboard in the wall reserved for similar treasures, and carried the key to the librarian, whom I found in his cell at the end of the corridor. Then, taking my cap, I went out into the dusk, and home.

Our house would not be considered of such pretension nowadays (1735), yet was as important as any of those which at that time clustered about the gardens and palace of the Intendant, the Bishop's residence, or the Convent of the Ursulines : for my father was one of the most prosperous merchants of

Quebec. Because of the fires frequent along the river bank, he had built, on the street of St. Pierre in the Lower Town. a two-story dwelling of stone, rough as taken from the rock. The exterior wall, even at the north, was unplastered, which gave it, many said, an unfluished air. This rugged appearance I preferred, however—an oddity of taste that my good mother and sisters could not understand, as also others I might name. Within doors the first floor was taken up with ware-houses, wherein were piled to the beams the rich furs of the otter, beaver, and silver fox, the pelts of he bear, the wolf, and the buffalo, which had been floated down in canoes from the wilder ness of the North West; here also were sold at intervals the shimmering satins, brocades, and other goods that came in the ships from France or were brought by my uncle Guyon as spoils

from the sea. Above, we lived; and although being so numerous a family we were some-what crowded, still this home was not incommodious, since we had moreover a

large garden wherein grew cherry and ther trees and fragrant shrubs. during the mild weather we spent many hours; for the people of New France love to pass the too brief summer in the open air, whereas in winter is ever "the smaller the cote the

This evening, upon reaching the use, I found the family at the supper-I remember well there erved at the meal the galettes are dainty croquecignoles, to which delici-ous little cakes I also had ever done all justice.

To night I had so light relish for

thom that my mother remarked upon my want of appetite. My father throughout the repast was silent and preoccupied. At first I wondered with alarm if he had already received the sommunication relating to me from Father Constantin; but as he rose to go out, I heard him say to la bonne mere, that he had just bought a rich cargo of goods from his brother at Beauport, the freight of a galleon capured on the Spanish Main.

Thereafter the interest of my mothe

emed for the time engrossed by this rchase. No doubt she was planning ow to induce the prudent man to re serve a fair number of lengths of the silk stuffs for her daughters, with per-chance a gold chain in addition for her-self, notwithstanding the demand there would be when it became known that a new supply of fine fabrics and trinkets of novel style and workmanship were to be obtained in the town.

It was not a favorable hour to broach o unwelcome a topic as my dismissal by the Recollets and the frustration of

all her designs for me. If Therese were only here," muttered under my breath. Yet even so, would not she also have been too dazzled by the glamor of the gay ap arel in prospect, to spare me any but wandering attention, did I attempt to whisper to her my story? Neverthe-ess, it was ever to this sweet sister wo years younger than myself, but the oldest daughter of my parents-that I as wont to come with my confidences ure of a ready sympathy and much good counsel. And 'twas she who knew me better than any one else, uness, perhaps, Frere Constantin.
But Therese (Marie Therese) was

way on a visit to Beauport, at the nome of our uncle Francois Guyon, from whom my father had bought the goods intended by the shippers for the Court

of Spain.
I missed her; I missed the musical laughter of the merry-hearted demoi-selles her companions who were wont to gather about her in our garden under he cherry-trees—a company I was ometines not loath to join, though how ews of this reached the ears of the Recollets I know not.

Seeking distraction for my own
thoughts, I went out into the street.

On the whole, I was glad there was no need to disclose to any one the change in my expectations that night.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE WIDOW ST. ARMAND'S. For a time I strolled idiy, loitered be neath the trees that line the battery at the edge of the river, and then contin-ned across the Market Place and on without object through the narro streets of the Lower Town.

The strong magazines where the mer-chants housed their peltries, stores and casks of brandy, were shrouded in gloom below, but twinkled with lights above when, as was usually the case, the dwelling of the proprietor was under the same roof as the storehouse. There was, besides, plenty of life in the quarter, for the wine shops were all open and, as ever, doing a thriving business. Not all of these cabarats, or public

houses, were low drinking-places how-ever; a number were "cercles," or meeting-rooms of the raconteurs and the day. Here the privateer told of his wondrous adventures on the high seas; the members of the famouregiment of the Carignan Sallières re called their happy life in old France or narrated their exploits in the cam paign against the Forks. Here at times, even an official of the civil government so far unbent his dignity as to taste of a wine of rare vintage, obtained very possibly from the pluader of an enemy's ships; or, if nothing better offered, here he condescerded to pass judgment upon a particularly fine grade of Canadian "eau de vie."

As I passed the Widow St. Armand's shop of this better class, a glimpse of the company within caused me to pause before the door, which was set open be-cause of the mildness of the evening,

and also the more to attract customers A party of officers from the fort were seated at the first of the tables. Be fore each stood one of the brightly burnished goblets in which the wine was served, and they were telling stories. I entered quietly, took a seat in a correr, and for an excuse to remain, ordered a measure of cider.

Among the group whose presence had attracted me were Lieutenant Jacques Sabrevois of Captain Desquenac's com-pany, whom I knew as a suitor for the hand of my sister Therese, and his friend De la Parelle.

They spoke aloud, as not caring who might hear; and their talk and badinage was of so general a character that i did not scruple being an auditor, the less since they could see I was there and might moderate their tone if they

As I lingered thus, unwilling to go home lest the inevitable scene with my father might come that night after all, in the doorway, of a sudden appeared a remarkable figure, at whose entrance I sprang up, and then fell back in my place, my eyes riveted upon the new comer in a species of fascination.

The new guest crossed the room with an impatient stride, and, seating himself at a table apart from the others called for a cup of wine in the imper ious tone of one whose temper has been ruffled and not with impunity by the

Even in those days of strange Indian

richly vested ecclesiastics, even in hose days I had never beheld so pic-

turesque a personality.

The stranger was a man of some twenty six years of age, a trifle above ing an aspect as to appear taller. His well-developed physique was displayed to perfection by his blue uniform, which was that of a lieutenant: instead of a peruke, he wore his own hair loose and unpowdered, and as he east upon the table his cavalier's hat dorned with a long white feather, noted how shapely was the head so

His complexion was swarthy, tokening a Gascon origin, and I should have said at the time that his eyes were black, but I afterwards knew then to be the color and glint of steel, and very keen and piercing. He presented in many points a contrast to the officers at the other table: particularly to Sabrevois, who was a military ex-quisite given to posing before the de-moiselles of the distinguished society of the town, until of late he had fixed upon my sister Therese as the object of

his amorous devotion.

Being, as I le rned later, slightly acuainted with the solitary guest, and no own importance, Sabrevois accosted him.

friend, Quebec is new to you," "My friend, Quebec is new to you," he called loftily from the end of the room near the door. "Come with us and we will show you the sights of the

The invitation was fair enough, but the accents were those of a too familiar raillery; moreover, the speech was greeted by an untimely laugh from his companions, who had begun to wax jound from the effects of the wine they ad drunk.

For answer the foreign officer vouchafed the coxcomb merely a scowl, and curning away his gaze, looked into his goblet, indifferent to the presence of goblet. gootes, indifferent the presence of any one in the room; yes, indifferent even to the admiring glances the hand-some Widow St Armand, the charming "marchande de vins," who, albeit a most exemplary woman, was wont to enhance the boquet of her wines by smiles the most bewitching and coquetry the most beguiling, yet solely in a general way and with a cool eye to the prosperity of her business.
"So ho! monsieur lieutenant!"

cried Sabrevois, angry that his offer should be thus ignored. "Manifestly it is not from the Court of France you come with such manners; and the same are additional evidence that you are an alien in Quebec. Here it may be a kindness to inform you, we are some what more formal and gracious of ad

Every word of this satirical outburs was intended to cut like a sword

While thus giving expression to hi resentment, the speaker had risen and now stoo ifacing the still silent stranger with the scornful air of a gamecock as he flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his costly coat with his lace bordered handkerchief, and waved his hat plume downward in an elaborately ironical bow, as though preparatory to

departure.

The chevalier whom this display of elegance and haughtiness was meant to disconcert, had shifted his position and was now surveying the petulant Sabre-

was now surveying the petniant Saore-vois with an amused smile.

"Thanks monsieur, for your disin terested counsel, and, withal, your courteous invitation, he condescended to say at last, with mocking politeness; but I would not venture to stroll with you through the town in the moonlight, lest I might thereby be put at too great disadvantage. Were I Captain Desquenae—if my memory fails ne not, you were presented to me as belonging to his command—were I Cap-tain Desquenze, I should feel compelled to confine you to your quarters

at the fort."
"And wherefore, pray may I ask?" demanded Sabrevois, thrown off his guard by the other's nonchalance. "Waerefore?" repeated the officer,

who was unknown to me. "Because would not think it safe to have so gallant a coxeomb strutting about among the ladies. You are much too dangerous a rival for the favor of the fair sex to be permitted to go at large, my brave lieutenant."

"Sacre! If you had a lady love, monsiour, I should of a surety outrival ou," broke out Sabrevois, with new fury. "That he would," interjected the

young Marquis de Parelle, and you would never have the wit to perceive it until given your dismissal by the fair one.

"Wit? Pardon, that is your inher wit? Pardon, that is your inheritance, I presume, my good marquis," retorted their adversary forthwith, also starting up; and to Sabrevois he added with a sneer: "As for you, my friend, hero as I understand you are am demoiselles and petted by the Intend-ant, and although I am alone and you are supported by your companions, I am tempted to give you the thorough thrashing whereof you are so sadly in need. But alack, even thus enforced, I fear you are too weak for my pro-

wess."
"This to me, the best athlete in the Carignan regiment!" stormed Sabrevols. "A thrashing from you or any one! In faith, you will find me wor. thy of my name; you shall not only see but feel my salure;" and he snatch-ed it forth with a flourish. At the same instant the blade of the

stranger flashed in his hand The Widow St. Armand Widow St. Armand screamed and sped to the door.

"Hold, hold, Monsieur de la Mothe," cried De la Parelle, rushing between the two excited men, while his com-rades tried to pull Sabrevois away. "Hold, or we shall all be court-mar-He who had been called De la Mothe

let his sword fall back in its scabbard. finding that he was to have no chance Protected by the others, Sabrevois, however, continued to hurl invectives and insulting epithets at him.

Change because he could not get at him.

apparitions from the forest, of half-savage coureurs de bois, and gayly garbed habitans, of gorgeously apparelled civil and military functionaries and

candlestick in which lights were burncandistick in water ngus were ourn-ing. Beside himself with rage, and on the impulse of the moment, he caught up the massive piece of metal and hurled it at the head of the foppish lieutenant.
Sabrevois fell to the floor with a

roan, and the room was left in dark

As the lights went out, I had seen the Marquis spring toward De la Mothe, but the latter must have cluded him. There was an authoritative call for candles, and the confu-sion was enchanced by the means of the conded man.

From their voices I knew that the party were still between and door, gathered about their fallen comade. In another moment a light would be struck, or the widow, baving raised an alarm in the neighborhood, would lead the watch hither with their anterns.
To me no one had paid any heed

from the beginning. My opportunity was now come, however. Near me I heard a sound as of some breathing.

Although I heartily disliked Sabre vois, I had no wish to see him murder ed. Nevertheless, he had provoked the altercation and the odds had been against the stranger.

Moreover, so strong was the attrac-

tion which this mysterious De la Mothe had already begun to exert upon me, that I could not let pass the occasion

o serve him.

Again came that deep respiration, as

Again cambay.
of a lion at bay.
'Monsieur, 'I whispered very low,
the spot "Monsieur," I whispered very low, stealing along by the wall to the spot whence the sound came, "there is an exit in the rear; come with me I beg of you.

I stretched out my hand; it touched his sleeve. He drew back, bat I clung to him with silent persistency; and he yielded after a second, yet almost as one humors a child. By groping along the side of the room

I led him swiftly to a door which opened upon a little passage connecting with a narrow street behind that whereon the hop faced; for who knows better than the rambling, climbing lanes as well as the more pretentious thoughfares of the old town of Quebec?

Whether the officers had a knowledge of this exit I cannot say; but if to, in the commotion they must have for-gotten it. We got away without being intercepted. Still in silence I guided the stranger by a circuitous route, until we had put half a mile between us and the scene of the quarrel.

At length, being a few paces in ad-

vance, I waited for him to come up with me, and then turning said—
"Monsieur, will you come home with

me? There is a summer house in our garden where you can lie concealed for brief interval, or while we contrive a way to get you to the house of my uncle Francois Gayon, at Beauport; thence rancois Gayon, at Beauport; you may obtain transportation to some port where you will be in no danger from the friends of the man down

At the mention of my uncle's name, I thought the chevalier started, but when I had finished speaking he broke into a

laugh.
"Ha; ha! You are a staunch youth," he exclaimed. "How it comes that I have unexpectedly found so loyal an adherent I do not know, but your friendly act in disentangling me from friendly act in disentangling me from an unpleasant dilemma I gratefully acknowledge and hope I may have the good fortune to requite some day. Yet do not imagine I have killed the coxcomb: he cried out much too lustily for that. I aimed but to graze his features, and perchance have marred them a bi; for the nonce and spoiled his fine coat, since such as he bleed easily at the nose. As for flight? Nonsense! I will go to my lodgings, where I can be found if I am wanted. Even the unenviable notoriety of a fray in a wine-shop is preferable to sneaking away like a poltroon. Nevertheless, boy, I am as much in your though the matter were graver. Accept my thanks, I will not forget you." He clasped my hand warmly. "So Francois Guyon is your uncle! My compliments to him when you see him again. Good-night."

And with a light laugh he started up the street, waving me an adieu as he went, and troiling a stanza of "La jolie Canadienne" as unconcernedly as though tha; massive candlestick had been but a feather-weight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC LANCASHIRE IN THE PAST.

In former times Lancashire received the proud title of "God's Own Coun-Its struggle for the preservaably there is no part of these islands more prolific of interesting and touching incidents during the penal days. ing incidents during the penal days.
We are glad to note that progress is being made in unfolding the reconthat struggle. Mgr. Gradwell that struggle. Mgr. Gradwell has done much in this domain, affording lights and leading, and placing his co-religionists under a deep debt of obligation. Mr. John O'Dea has taken Manchester and the district in hand, and the pictures he draws of the events of the penal days whilst adhering to fact have the charm of romance. When published in book form, they will, no doubt, attract the attention lics generally. Another valuable work dealing with Lancashire in the past. we gather from the admirable "Hand-book of the Catholic Conference," is about to appear. Father Robert Smith has in the press a "History of Catholicity in the Hundred of Blackburn." Blackburn has had its martyrs and he tells of their sufferings; but he also tells of the success with which spies and informers were evaded. In the mansions of the Catholic owners of the soil, the chapel was a feature and a priest a constant inmate. There the Catholic peasautry heard Mass Sunday after Sunday in spite of threatened pains and penalties.

"It is not by fine speeches, nor by prayers even, that Justice may be made to reign," said Monsignor Langevin of Winnipeg, the other day. "We must pray, but we must also know how to act."

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