

spun off and caught up a Red Riding-Hood, whirling her away, seemingly quite contented, in his wolf-like clutches. Leaving a scene of which they could not approve, our friends soon reached a small *cabane*, near the junction of the River St. Charles, at the door of which they knocked, and were admitted by a boy of about sixteen, who courteously bade them welcome. The interior of the *cabane* was of the rudest temporary construction. A fire was burning upon some stones in a corner, the smoke partly finding its way through a stove-pipe in the roof above it, and partly dispersing itself about the hut. A few common cooking utensils, a buffalo robe, and a couple of blankets, with two three-legged stools, formed the sole furniture of the place. In the middle of the rude flooring a large space was left, and a hole cut through the deep ice underneath, into which two young men, the lad before spoken of, and another, older, were alternately dropping lines, and hauling up the small fish called tommy-cods, a heap of which lay piled on either side of them. The new comers were much interested in this primitive sort of fishing, and not less so in the young fishermen themselves. The bright, intelligent way they answered all Jessie's questions about their work and what they did with their tommy-cods, led her by a few kindly remarks to draw them on to tell their own little history, and why they were so employed. As they spoke in French, we will render their story into our own words for our readers.

Jacques and Louis Binet were two of three sons of a respectable though poor farmer, living on the Island of Orleans. Their eldest brother had, about eight months before, gone to Levis to sell some farm-produce; been enticed by two Yankees to take a drink, and was drugged and carried off by them over the lines. When he came to himself, he found he was in a strange place, and an enlisted soldier of the United States army. Poor fellow, he tried to represent his case, but it was useless, and he had to go off with his regiment down South, where he was still lying. A comrade

wrote, at his request, to the Curé of his parish, to inform his old father of his whereabouts. Time had gone on, and no more heard of him, till about two weeks before our story begins, when the surgeon of his regiment wrote to the Curé again, stating that Jean Baptiste Binet was lying wounded in hospital, and giving directions where he might be found if anybody wished to come on and nurse him. This the poor old father was anxious some one should do, and Jacques, the next eldest, was chosen as the most fit for the work and the long and hazardous journey,—but where was the money to come from? After all their scraping, and a kindly help from the pitying Curé, a large deficit yet remained. It was suggested by the younger boy that they should make it up by both going to Quebec and earning money by tommy-cod fishing. Taking leave of their father and sister, and with a plan and directions for the road from their pastor, the boys set off; and had already been working over two weeks, alternately buoyed up by hope, and cast down with disappointment,—as their trade prospered or failed,—when our friends found them. The most vigorous self-denial had been practised. Black bread, brought from home, and cut into the plain soup made by themselves, had sufficed for their wants, yet still five or six dollars ought to be got ere the journey was attempted, and it seemed an almost impossible sum for them to earn before the close of Lent, now not far off, when tommy-cods would no longer be in demand. It was beautiful to see the love and hope which lighted up their frank, honest faces as they modestly told their story, and their hearers were much touched by it. After giving them a large order for to-morrow's breakfast, they took their leave, and turned homewards with very thoughtful and subdued steps, as if they had just shouldered a load of care. Before reaching the brow of the hill, Jessie suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Willie, I have thought of a plan to help those poor boys. Why could you not take the younger as office-servant,—you know you are looking