

kind of paralysis had seized upon the household, as it fell under the startling interdict of the policeman: "Not a thing on the premises to be touched; not an individual to leave them until he gave permission." This utter standstill was more appalling to the farm-servants than the riotous confusion which had preceded it. The dread of what would come next lay like a nightmare over master and men.

Wilfred scarcely looked at prisoners or policeman; he made his way to his uncle.

"I can finish my prayer this morning, and I will—I will try to do my duty. Tell me what it is?"

"To speak the truth," returned old Caleb solemnly, "without fear or prevarication. No, no! don't tell me beforehand what you are going to say, or that fellow in the scarlet coat will assert I have tutored you."

Gaspé began to speak.

"No, no!" continued Uncle Caleb, "you must not talk it over with your friend. Sit down, my boy; think of all that has happened in the night quietly and calmly, and God help us to bear the result."

Again he rocked himself backwards and forwards, murmuring under his breath, "My poor Miriam! I have two to think of—my poor, poor Miriam!"

Wilfred's own clear commonsense came to his aid; he looked up brightly. The old man's tears were slowly trickling down his furrowed cheeks. "Uncle," he urged, "my friends have not only saved me, they