

place if we did not pay them."

Varin was not so intoxicated but the name of Philibert roused his anger. He set his cup down with a bang upon the table. "I will not taste a drop more till he is gone," said he; "curse Gallissoniere's neck—could he not have selected a more welcome messenger to send to Beaumanoir? But I have got his name in my list of debtors, and he shall pay up one day for his insolence at Louisbourg."

"Tut, tut, shut up your books! you are too mercantile for gentlemen," replied Bigot. "The question is, shall we allow Colonel Philibert to bring his orders into the hall! Par Dieu! we are scarcely presentable!"

But whether presentable or no, the words were scarcely spoken, when, impatient at the delay, Philibert took advantage of the open door and entered the great hall. He stood in utter amazement for a moment at the scene of drunken riot which he beheld. The inflamed faces, the confusion of tongues, the disorder, filth, and stench of the prolonged debauch sickened him, while the sight of so many men of rank and high office revelling at such an hour raised a feeling of indignation which he had difficulty in keeping down while he delivered his message to the Intendant.

Bigot, however, was too shrewd to be wanting in politeness. "Welcome, Colonel Philibert," said he; "you are an unexpected guest, but a welcome one! Come and taste the hospitality of Beaumanoir before you deliver your message. Bustle, valets, bring fresh cups and the fullest carafes for Colonel Philibert."

"Thanks for your politeness, Chevalier! Your Excellency will please excuse me if I deliver my message at once. My time is not my own to-day, so I will not sit down. His Excellency the Governor desires your presence and that of the Royal Commissaries at the council of war this afternoon. Despatches have just arrived by the Fleur-de-Lis from home, and the council must assemble at once."

A red flush rested upon the brow of Philibert as in his mind he measured the important business of the council with the fitness of the men whom he summoned to attend it. He declined the offer of wine, and stepped backward from the table, with a bow to the Intendant and the company, and was about to depart, when a loud voice on the further side of the table cried out.—

"It is he, by all that is sacred! Pierre Philibert! wait!" Le Gardeur de Repentigny rushed like a storm through the hall, upsetting chairs and guests in his advance. He ran towards Colonel Philibert, who not recognizing the flushed face and disordered figure that greeted him, shrank back from his embrace.

"My God! do you not know me, Pierre?" exclaimed Le Gardeur, wounded to the quick by the astonished look of his friend. "I am Le Gardeur de Repentigny! O dear friend, look and recognize me!"

Philibert stood transfixed with surprise and pain, as if an arrow had stricken his eyes. "You! you Le Gardeur de Repentigny? It is impossible! Le Gardeur never looked like you—much less, was ever found among people like these!" The last words were rashly spoken, but fortunately not heard amid the hubbub in the hall, or Philibert's life might have paid the penalty from the excited guests.

"And yet it is true; Pierre, look at me again. I am no other than he whom you drew out of the St. Lawrence, the only brother of Amelie!"

Philibert looked hard in the eyes of Le Gardeur, and doubted no longer. He pressed his old friend to his heart, saying in a voice full of pathos,—

"O Le Gardeur! I recognize you now, but under what change of look and place! Often have I forecast our meeting again, but it was in your pure, virtuous home of Tilly, not in this place. What do you here, Le Gardeur?"

"Forgive me, Pierre, for the shame



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