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# ROSE AND MINNIE;

OR,

## THE LOYALISTS:

A Tale of Canada in 1837.

LONDON:

JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER,

37, ST. MARK'S.



Minnie found in the Forest. (p. 102.)

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# ROSE AND MINNIE;

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A Tale of Canada in 1837.

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## CHAPTER I.

“IT is a long eight miles, this. What say you, Minnie?”

“I am not tired, papa, thank you,” was the reply which, answering the spirit rather than the letter of the question, came, in the sweetest of girl-voices, out of the centre of a round mass of buffalo-ropes occupying a back seat in a small ox-sleigh which was slowly making its way along the ups and downs of a Canadian back-country road. It was winter time,—the early February of the year 1837,—and the pure unbroken snow covered the ground with a dazzling robe on every side. The sun lay low upon the horizon, glinting aslant with cold beams upon the snow-crystals which tired the eye with their soft but colourless monotony, and throwing long dark shadows from every snow-swathed tree and bit of rising ground, while far, far overhead the clear light blue of the winter sky stretched its wide span unflecked by a single cloud. Very still and very chill was the scene,—the absolute hush of nature

broken only by the rustling of the oxen's feet and the slipping of the sleigh as the travellers made their way over the covered track.

"I wonder, papa, if this is a type of what our life is to be in this new land and new work," said the sweet girl-voice again after a few minutes' silence.

"Wherefore should it be, my superstitious and over-impressionable little daughter?" answered the elder traveller, a world of fatherly kindness mingling with his accent of slight reproof. "If you start to your work in this omen-finding mood, you will lose both hope and faith. I will suggest another association of ideas,—‘He giveth forth His ice like morsels;’ ‘O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.’ And for ever they do it; winter after winter with the freshness of perpetual recurrence, and on mountain-peaks innumerable where the everlasting snow abides with all the majesty of changeless constancy."

A small hand pushed aside the heavy buffalo-robe just enough to let a pair of gravely smiling eyes, and a little bit of softly flushed cheek, make answer that the gentle admonition was understood and heeded. Silence fell again upon the occupants of the small sleigh, for they had been travelling the whole of the day, and weariness and cold are apt to assert their power over the mental faculties in an indirect but very irresistible way.

The short winter day waned and faded soon, and twilight deepening into the absolute shadows of night,

made the lonely scene, wrapped in its thick white shroud, yet more weird and death-like. It was not much wonder that Minnie Holford felt the cold strike through as it were to her spirits, and benumb her hopefulness; these surroundings seemed but an unfriendly welcome to a new home.

But presently a fresh influence came over the landscape. The broad, full moon stole up the sky, which already wore its lesser jewelry with flashing brilliancy. These paled a little when she was well up; but the white-branched trees, and the uneven track, and the wide fields of snow, shone out in the full flood of silver light with a sparkling beauty that was strangely and solemnly gay. Each crystal point, each tiny icicle, multiplied the radiance and sent it on with compound interest, while the sharp, black shadows standing out in clearly-lined contrast to all this glitter of moonlight and snow, made resting-points of pleasant mystery in which the eye might seek relief.

“How gloriously beautiful!” exclaimed Minnie. “As I am on the search for omens,” she added, with a little tone of frank self-accusation, “I may as well take the full benefit of this, so lustrously written on earth and sky, ‘At eventime it shall be light.’”

It was Mr. Holford’s turn to give an answering smile of ready acquiescence.

A little way further their path took them through the heart of the primæval forest. The moonlight splendour lighted up its dim arches, the wind swept



with mournful and majestic cadence through the lofty pines, the stars peered down between the leafless branches, and again Minnie's admiration was aroused, in spite of weariness and fatigue, by the novel and beautiful scenes through which they were travelling.

"You will soon learn to love Canada, I hope," said her father, observing her pleasure in the forest beauty. "If you like it in its winter dress, how much more will you like it in the summer."

"Do you set me the example of loving it, papa?" asked the daughter, a little archly.

"I have not tried it yet under the best aspect, separated as I have been from you and the rest of my darlings. But even as it is, during the year that I have been getting ready for you all, I have grown very fond of our new home. It is a noble country, this Canada,—worthy of being the daughter of our glorious England. There are those who complain, and agitate, and grumble in both provinces, and murmur all kinds of disloyalty against the dear old mother-country, but these are people who would grumble anywhere and everywhere."

"Have they any ground for their murmurings, papa?"

"Oh, there are some things perhaps that need setting to rights, but where in this faulty world are there not? Some day I will put you up to all the abuses of your new country, my daughter, but just now we are nearing our home, and you are too cold and tired to benefit by a political lecture."

They had at length emerged from the belt of forest, and having crossed the top of a steepish hill, were descending into a small piece of cleared land. Halfway down the slope a cheerful light gleamed out from a low, but not unpicturesque log-house, whilst beyond, growing clearer and clearer as they slowly wended towards the farm, might be heard the rush and dash of water foaming and chafing over rocks and stones.

“Guess the young woman’s glad to be to hum,” observed the driver of the sleigh, with more acuteness of observation than purity of English.

Minnie had been sorely puzzled during the whole of the journey whether to be amused or offended at this man’s manner and remarks. Her father had done his best to prepare her for the familiarity of the many Yankees whom she would encounter in Canada, but though prepared for it she was not yet accustomed to it, and it jarred uncomfortably upon her, as it does upon most English ears and notions of propriety. Now, however, in her gladness at the prospect of speedy warmth and rest, she answered him merrily enough after his own fashion,—“Guess I am, Ichabod, and many thanks to you and your oxen for fixing us right off so finely.—There, papa,” she added in a lower voice, “Ichabod will think I was born and bred under the Stars and Stripes. I shall have made a friend of him perhaps for life by that bit of Yankee slang.”

Mr. Holford smiled at his daughter’s girlish vivacity.

Little did either think how strangely in after days their fate would be connected with this American sleigh-driver.

Long before they reached the door of the farmhouse, they could perceive the fire stirred to a brighter glow, and as the tired oxen drew up in front of it, the door was opened by an elderly woman, who received the cramped and wearied Minnie from her father's arms at the threshold, and led her into a little room where blazed and crackled one of these same cheerful fires. She was so numbed in hands and feet, despite her fur cloakings, that she could scarcely move, and her eyes felt almost blinded by the flicker and dance of the wood flames after the cold stillness of the outer light. She sat down in the rocking-chair set ready for her with a little sigh of relief.

"What a nice chair, nurse, and I'm just so tired," she said simply, like a weary child.

"Sure, Miss," said Mary, busying herself the while with unfastening the necessary but rather cumbersome wraps in which the young girl was enveloped, "and that's just the best thanks you could have given me. But you're so late I had nigh covered the fires up and gone to bed, only my Jessie—she's grown a sharp girl since you saw her, Miss—said 'no,' and I mostways does as she says."

It was a face well in keeping with the sweet, low-toned voice, and the quick light motions of the little hand and foot, which was revealed when the protecting mufflings of robe, hood, and cloak were thrown

aside. A face of rare sweetness and refinement rather than of startling beauty. Its charm came, upon the whole, rather from within than from without. It was the great store of simple-hearted and unselfish feeling shining quietly in the calm blue eyes, which made them as beautiful to look at as evening stars, rather than any extraordinary brilliancy that they possessed. It was the air of more than ordinary refinement and graceful intelligence expressed by the harmonious lines of the small head and youthful face, which gave them their charm rather than any absolute statuesque perfection.

“Jessie! so Jessie is here, is she? And where is my foster-sister Rose? Is she well?”

“She is in service in Montreal, Miss Minnie. She is quite well, and so is John. John is grown quite a tall fellow since we left the old country. He is married, Miss, and got the sweetest baby. And Rose, she is to be married soon. I don't know whether I like it quite, for you see, Miss, he is one of them French descended folk who live down the river. But then to be sure, Jessie, she is keeping company with a right down Englishman who lives close by here. And they are both good girls as ever stepped. Ah, I'll soon be left alone now by both of them;—and sure I'm speaking to myself alone even now.”

At this stage of her little family history the good old nurse paused, the last sentence going off hastily into silence, on tiptoe as it were, for she suddenly became aware that, between the length of the day's

journey and the cold of it, contrasted with the present warmth and rest, her pretty foster-child had dropped into a quiet doze.

"Bless her," murmured her quondam nurse, "she is just the same innocent babe in the look of her face and her pretty ways as she was eighteen years ago." And stooping down, the tall and hale old dame lifted the slight girl in her arms almost as easily as she might have done those said "eighteen years ago," and bore her into an adjoining room, where another cheery fire gleamed and flickered upon a small uncurtained bed, homely enough and hard-looking, but withal scrupulously clean and white. And not until the morning sun shone through the uncurtained and unshuttered window full upon her face, did the weary girl awake to the comforts and discomforts—for both are to be found there—of her Bush-home. Naturally of a buoyant and hopeful disposition, except when depressed by fatigue or illness, the former were the most quickly espied by her cheerful eyes when they opened fresh and invigorated by a good night's rest to the novelties of a Bush breakfast and a log-house.

"Your uncle will not arrive with the young ones for some hours yet, Minnie," observed her father, as they concluded their meal of home-made hot cakes and milk.

"Meanwhile I will see that the boxes are unpacked, and things put in order for them," responded Minnie. "And oh, papa, can you spare half-an-hour to take me down to the river. The first thing that I heard

when I woke this morning was its rushing noise, and I can see the beautiful spray from my bedroom window. And, papa," she added, all in one breath, "where is the church? I must see that soon."

Mr. Holford's face clouded. "My dear child, where are your thoughts? Do you think it is possible that every ten or twelve farms cleared out in this remote bush should be so fortunate as to have a church and a pastor attached to them, as in our bonnie, long-established England? No, dear girl, it is the sorest loss of living in the Bush, and one of the 'contra's' that weighed most strongly in my mind when, on the loss of my property, I first began to debate with myself whether I should follow out this emigration plan."

"That was the reason I never got an answer from you, papa, when I enquired about the schools and church. But have we none within reach of our farm?"

"I did not like to run the risk of setting you against the place before you saw it, my child, by telling you of a want which I knew you would feel so greatly. There is a church at Peterborough, and in the better weather we can sometimes make an expedition thither. In time, I hope we may be able to get a church and a clergyman nearer at hand, and thus enjoy the benefit of full Church rites. Meanwhile I shall look to you, dear Minnie, to help me in supplying this terrible want as far as may be to the young ones, though we can do it but partially and

feebly. And now go, put on your snow-shoes and your wraps, and I will shew you the beautiful Otonabee."

Minnie hastened to obey him. But not a little of her eager gladness was gone. In their English home, where Mr. Holford, before the loss of his property, had held an influential position, both he and his eldest daughter had been the rector's right hand in all schemes for the good of the parish. Mr. Holford was an earnest and consistent Churchman, and had carefully imbued his daughter with the same principles, so that a home where she would have to live without enjoying even the weekly, to say nothing of the daily, services of the Church, and would have to be content with perhaps only an Easter Communion, once a-year, seemed to her a very dismal and unhomelike abode indeed. It was with a heavy sigh that she glanced at her cherished little drawing of Weston parish church, which she had bestowed for safety's sake in her dressing-case, and sadly wondered who was filling her place in her own accustomed seat that morning within its hallowed walls, for it was the Feast of the Purification. Her father's voice cut short her musings, and in the exhilarating sensation of walking over the snow, through the fresh, not to say frosty air, her church griefs were for the moment laid aside. Beautiful, even in the ice-bound winter-time, was the rushing Otonabee. No frost could lay its subduing hand upon its leaping waters, no cruel ice-king bind it in deathlike trance. Overhung with

fantastic frostwork and glittering icicles, and surrounded by the beautiful but deathlike snow which lay thick upon its shores and upon every little islet in its course, it still hurried and danced along between the rocky banks, as gay and impetuous as in the blithe summer time.

"It keeps up a brave heart in the midst of difficulties," observed Minnie, quaintly.

"Guess as how it makes more nor half its difficulties for itself," said a peculiar drawling voice close beside her. "I've seen folks as managed that 'ere way too. But I never see'd that it wor the better for them anyway."

"Nay, Ichabod," said Minnie, laughing, "but it is the poor river's bed that makes its difficulties for it, and so it is perhaps very often with the people."

"And who wor it made the bed, if it worn't the river itself. No, no, 'tis the river makes the bed, and then the bed makes the river. And so it be with a sight of folks. And you'll make a sick bed for yourself if you stand gaping at the river in the snow, and then the sick bed will make you—sorry." With which pithy application of his theoretical analogy Ichabod walked back to his oxen.

In due time and in perfect safety the "young ones" arrived, under the careful escort of an uncle who owned a farm not far from his brother-in-law's grant of land, and who had indeed been one of Mr. Holford's chief inducements to settling in Upper Canada. And Minnie's time was so completely taken up with the



care of them, and with assisting and directing old Mary in the management of household matters, that she found no more time for "gaping at" the river, or anything else, for a while.

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## CHAPTER II.

THERE were three of the "younger ones." Denham, a bright manly boy of twelve; Ella, a fair-haired lassie close upon ten; and Harry, just passed his fifth birthday, whose first birthday had been his mother's dying day and had left the four children orphans. Since then the supervision of all things appertaining to the "young ones" had devolved upon the elder sister, at that time herself but a little lass of thirteen, but thoughtful beyond her years. And having the while made good use of the excellent opportunities of learning all needful branches of a lady's education, which her father had afforded her, she was now no mean governess for Ella and Harry, nor even for Denham when aided and supplemented by Mr. Holford.

Full of these now accustomed duties, and of many new and less familiar ones, the time did not lag with Minnie Holford in the little farmhouse by the Otonabee, and winter melted into spring, and spring passed into the hot, full-hued, magnificent Canadian summer, before she was well aware how rapidly the time had flown. And if Minnie had begun to admire her newly

adopted country even in the frozen and bitter month of February, much more did she do so when she saw her arrayed in the gorgeous liveries of June and July; when the rocky banks of the Otónabee were crowned with the waving and full-foliaged branches of the alder and the birch, the cedar and the maple-tree, and decked with the soft hues of the Canadian rose, the harebell, and the lady's slipper; when the glittering clearness of the crystal waves reflected in all its depth of radiant colour the intense blue of the summer sky, and the sombre grandeur of the vast forest gave the needful setting of dark back-ground to relieve and set off all this wealth of brilliant colour.

"Only one thing is wanting, papa," she said as she walked with him by the side of the leaping river, "only one thing to make both this scene and our life here perfect in beauty and enjoyment."

"I think I guess the thing you mean, Minnie. A church spire! Am I not right?"

"Yes indeed, papa. How increasingly one misses that, and all which its presence would imply. And yet I sometimes fear that one will in time get used to doing without it, and cease to feel desirous for it. Look at our good old Mary, now; how little she seems to care."

"There is a reason for that over and above her long residence in the Bush. When she left your dear mother's service to marry that thriftless Irishman, she half adopted his creed. Half only,—there was partly the mischief of it, for so she grew indifferent

to both sides. The youngest girl, your foster-sister, who, I hear, takes after the father in person and character, Mary allowed to be brought up in the father's faith, and Rose is as staunch a Roman Catholic as Jessie is a Protestant. As for the mother, she is a faithful old soul, as she ever was, and right glad am I that I chanced to find her in this locality when I came out here, and so had the opportunity of securing her services, but I fear she has halted between two opinions so long, that she has no particular religious faith of her own left."

"Does the farm pay well, papa?" asked Minnie a little abruptly after a few minutes' pause."

"Very fairly now that I am getting it into working order, and am following your uncle's directions and advice in my plans of farming. What are you thinking of, little daughter? some scheme is floating through your busy brain. Let me hear it."

Minnie laughed at her father's quick reading of her countenance, and coloured a little. "I was only thinking how nice it would be to set aside a portion of the income each year for the building of a church. But I am afraid you will laugh at my thought as a silly one."

"Far from that, my child. I think it is a very right and good thought. We have been blessed with more success than often falls to the lot of new settlers, and it will be most ungrateful and undutiful if we do not return at least a tithe for the direct service of the great Giver of our success."

"Oh papa, will you really do it?" exclaimed Minnie joyfully.

"Most certainly I will. A tenth of my income I used always to set aside for such purposes, and there is nothing in my present position, humbler and poorer though it be than was my former one, to prevent my doing the same now. I am glad you have suggested so good and definite an object as the erection of a church here. Only I hope, dear child, you do not anticipate that our sole efforts will be able to accomplish the work."

"No, I did not think that. But if one settler led the way it is very likely that many others would be induced to join in such a scheme, and their united efforts might raise a pretty church,—like Weston Church." Minnie's eyes sparkled with delight. Her father smiled.

"You must not hope for stained glass and carved woodwork the first year. Curb your enthusiastic thoughts a little, my Minnie. You will have to be content probably with small steps at first. And now that I may have the wherewith to contribute to these small steps, (and the larger ones too in due time,) I must go and superintend boy Jonathan and my two hired 'helps' in the field."

And so when the summer and autumn crops were safely in, and the Fall wheat sown, and winter (although it held off until remarkably late that year) was impending, Minnie was called into her father's councils, and the first sum for the building of their

future parish church was laid by. It was the first Sunday in November, and though the day was frosty and cold, the first great fall of snow had not yet made its appearance, so that they turned out after a while and strolled up and down the river bank, without feeling inconvenienced by the cold.

“We will call our church ‘All Saints,’ papa,” said Minnie; “the day is but just past—last Wednesday; it will remind us of this happy commencement of the undertaking. Beautiful Otonabee, how much more dearly I shall love you when a church bell chimes over your waters!”

“It is in this way that many of the churches have been provided in this country,” said her father. “There is, alas! but too much division here, and an alarming multiplicity of sects, but still here and there are to be found steady and devoted sons of the Church, who gradually leaven the neighbourhood around them. In due time I hope we may have our own bishop for the Upper Province, and increase our scanty supply of clergy, which now, I am told, numbers under the hundred; and for this wide expanse of country, which is becoming every half year more and more thickly settled over, this is a sadly scanty allowance. Our late revered Bishop, Dr. Stewart, felt this keenly, and it was undoubtedly the anxiety he felt about the spiritual needs of his vast and ill-provided diocese which wore him out quite as much as his excessive toils.”

“He was long in the country, was he not, papa, before he became Bishop of Quebec?”

“Ever since the year 1807. And both as priest and bishop he has been one of the most zealous, devout, and successful missionaries that the Canadas have ever been blest with. He devoted the whole of his private income to acts of charity and the needs of the Church. He was especially active in church-building, and he shrank from no labour, privation, or fatigue which was necessary for the due fulfilling of his sacred trust. Think, Minnie, of your own fatigue in travelling here, of those two long successive days spent in the ox-sleigh during the cold spring, and then you can somewhat imagine what missionary priests and bishops must have to go through, who endure such journeys, and harder and more perilous ones still, as the regular habit of their lives, and as a part of their sacred duties. The Bishop was but in his sixty-second year when he was compelled at last, by rapidly failing health, to resign his post and return to England. He never allowed himself to be embroiled in the political agitations and party strife which for some time past have been rife in both provinces, but especially in Lower Canada, and yet all who met him felt that he took the most lively and intelligent interest in the welfare and prospects of his diocese, both secular and ecclesiastical.”

“He must have been a splendid bishop, papa! How many good bishops the colonies have had! It seems as if the hardships and rough life they

underwent made them, both in simplicity of manner and in single-hearted saintliness of purpose, resemble the primitive bishops more closely even than the bishops of the mother-country."

"Each man to his place, Minnie. Perhaps the excellent Bishop Stewart would not have made so good an English prelate."

Their conversation was here interrupted by the approach of the blanket-shrouded and not ungraceful figure of an Indian woman, who with the stealthy step common to all the North American savages had gained upon them unawares. She did not speak, but stood before them in silence, at once dignified and respectful, until they chose to notice her. She was somewhat small of stature, and slightly made. Her dark features were by no means devoid either of beauty or of pleasing expression, and were lighted up by a pair of large, dark eyes, in whose liquid depths you might read all the passing emotions of courage or timidity, love or aversion, which might be passing in the mind of their owner. At the moment when she presented herself before Mr. Holford and his daughter, their expression was one of exceeding sorrow and depression.

"What is it, Anoonk?" said Mr. Holford, who had already made acquaintance with her, and had experienced several little acts of graceful kindness at her hands when hunting in the vicinity of the Indian encampment. "You look sad to-day. Are you in any trouble?"

"Anoonk is sad," answered the young Indian, in a measured and musical tone of voice that was more pathetic than the wildest outburst of lamentations. "For her it is dark night even while the sun shines. And the laughing voice of the gay river does but sadden Anoonk the more. For Sekoskee, the great chief her husband, lies sick. He looks at her but he does not know her, his hands are hot like pine-logs on the hearth, and he would drink all the waters of the lake could Anoonk bring them to him. The medicine-man cannot cure him. Anoonk has listened to the pale-face preacher, and she trusts no more in the medicine-man."

"I am very sorry to hear that Sekoskee is so ill," said Mr. Holford kindly. "He has got a fever upon him, evidently, Anoonk. If it will be any comfort to you I will come and see him directly; but remember I am no medicine-man. And pray, Anoonk, speak what English you can, for my daughter does not understand a word of your pretty language yet, and I myself only understand half of what you say."

Anoonk's graceful and artless way of expressing her gratitude to the "Lofty Pine," as these Indians had called Mr. Holford, on account of his height and somewhat stately bearing, quite won Minnie's heart, who was already much prepossessed by the young squaw's interesting appearance and sweet voice.

"Let me go with you, papa," she pleaded; and after a little hesitation Mr. Holford consented. It was a cold walk, for by the time they started it was



nearing sundown, and the way lay over a bleak plain and through a dark and dismal cedar-swamp for the best part of the journey. But Minnie was so much in love with her new acquaintance that she declared she liked the chillness of the air and the gloom of the swamp, and would on no account turn back under the escort of "boy Jonathan," who chanced to be out that way, having been on the prowl for squirrels and chissmunks in the maple-wood beyond. On reaching the chief's wigwam they found the unfortunate "Rising Sun" in a very bad state. Mr. Holford would not permit Minnie to go inside the wigwam, not being sure of the nature of the Indian's malady, so she was obliged to content herself with expressing to Anoonk many kind words of sympathy for her distress, and promising to prepare a large jug of cooling drink which might help to allay his fever. Anoonk's lustrous eyes glistened with tearful delight as she heard Minnie's kind promise, and thought of the good that might come of it.

"White girl good to poor Indian sick," she said in broken English, mindful of Mr. Holford's information touching Minnie's ignorance of the Indian tongue. "Indian squaw forget never. White girl sick, hungry, Anoonk run help her." And to Minnie's surprise the Indian slipped her pretty dark arm round her neck and kissed the "white girl's" cheek with great warmth. Not less heartily did Minnie return the salute, and a strong friendship sprang up between the two from that day. By her

father's desire she refrained from again visiting the Indian encampment until all risk of fever and infection was gone; but the "Rising Sun" shook off his attack, severe though it had been for a time, and then the light-footed Indian squaw was not more often to be seen about the precincts of the little farm by the Otonabee than was the slender English girl ("White Cloud," as her new acquaintances called her,) to be seen tripping fearlessly through the groups of fierce-looking and somewhat uncouth Chipewa warriors in the Indian encampment, on her way to visit the pretty Anoonk, whose untaught courtesy and wild, but never rough ways, greatly entertained her English visitor. One reason for this growing intimacy was, that Minnie cherished a hope which she at present divulged to no one,—not even to her father,—the hope of winning Anoonk to Christianity: She shrank from saying anything about it, from the fear that her attempting to do so might be presumptuous, young as she was, and not specially called to missionary work. But despite this fear, this hope took fast root beside the church-building hope, and lightened many an hour that might otherwise have been weary and aimless in the backwood farm by the Otonabee.

## CHAPTER III.

It was on the same Sunday evening in November, 1837, when Minnie first made acquaintance with Anoonk, that that foster-sister of hers who has been several times mentioned,—by name Rose Kirkpatrick,—was fitting down a small bye-street of the St. Lawrence suburb in the town of Montreal, with a light and hasty step. She paused halfway down the street, and having glanced through the half-curtained window of one of the houses there, tapped at the door with three little distinct raps. It was quickly opened by the only person within, an old woman with that peculiar combination of very bright black eyes with peculiarly brown, wrinkled, and withered skin, so frequently seen among the elder female peasantry in France. The short petticoats she wore, the bright coloured shawl-kerchief pinned across her red boddice, the high white cap upon her head, together with the image of the Blessed Virgin, painted in blue and gold, which stood over the doorway, and the black crucifix fastened over the chimney-place, bespoke her Norman origin and Norman faith at a glance.

She embraced the young girl, and kissed her on both cheeks.

“Come in, Rose. I knew who it was, by the three little taps. Baptiste comes thundering in,—dear child!—with one great knock, enough to bring the door down. Oh Rose, Rose, my heart is sore

about this boy—this dear boy of mine. Have you any comfort to bring me?”

She had drawn the Irish girl—for Rose was of Irish extraction by the father's side, and took mightily after him,—to a low stool by her side, and was caressing the luxuriant masses of dark hair which were pressed against her knees as Rose rested her forehead there. The troubled expression on both the old and the young woman's face deepened as Rose gave her answer.

“Alas, mother,”—even amidst all her trouble the girl blushed at the epithet which had slipped from her in their oneness of anxiety for the absent Baptiste,—“I have no comfort to bring you; I hoped you might have had some for me.”

“He has not been with you then, this evening?”

“Ah, no! and worse, I know where he is. He is at the house of John Idler, and there are many more of *les Fils de la Liberté* there to-night. They are drilling there again. Oh, where will all this end?”

“The good God only knows. Night and morning have I prayed to the Blessed Virgin for my Baptiste. Listen, here he comes.”

The thundering single rap at the door which his mother had described, was answered on this occasion by a similar one from the interior given by the pretty Irish visitor; who, with the buoyant vivacity of her race, forgetting for the moment all her anxiety, regained her gaiety at the approach of her lover; and

springing from her low seat bestowed both her little clenched fists with mock fury upon the inside of the much-enduring door. Then opening it quickly, she stood with much demureness in the doorway.

“ Well, Monsieur Baptiste, and how do you think that sounds? Ah, well! and where also are your manners, startling two ladies after that fashion?”

“ Dear little one!” was Baptiste’s brief reply, as, encircling her with his strong arm, he took lover-like vengeance upon her for her saucy rebuke by imprinting a kiss on the pouting lips. But, notwithstanding the gentleness of his manner towards Rose, the young man’s clouded brow did not relax, nor did his face soften, except for an instant, from the expression of stern fixedness which it had worn when the door was first opened to him. He crossed over the wooden floor of the little apartment, (the only marked difference between the dwellings of the French Canadian peasantry and those of Normandy, where the floors are usually of stone,) and greeted his mother with even more tenderness than he had bestowed upon Rose, but with equal gravity. Then followed a somewhat awkward pause. The oppression of his pre-occupied and somewhat gloomy mood weighed upon both his companions, though they did not like openly to comment upon it; whilst he soon became instinctively conscious that he was being watched by two pair of affectionate and anxious eyes. Rose endured this restrained interview for but a short time, and bidding her future mother-

in-law adieu, with hearty embraces she took her leave.

"I shall go with you, my pretty Rose," said Baptiste; and side by side the lovers walked back to the town. Neither spoke for awhile, though Baptiste from time to time looked down with a momentary lightening of his sternness at the plump, pretty little figure tripping along beside him.

Rose was the first to break the silence.

"Baptiste," she said, with all that peculiar earnestness which contrasts so strongly and frequently with Irish vivacity, "there has been something more than usual going on at John Idler's to-night. Oh Baptiste, my own dear Baptiste, for your mother's sake and for mine, have nothing to do with those men. Why should you join them? What liberty do you want more than we have? What greater happiness than our peaceful and pleasant life? Except," she added, with a deepening blush, "that we should spend it quite together, with no breaks and no partings, as we shall do soon."

"Dear little one, you know nothing about it," was her companion's answer.

"But, Baptiste," she urged, "let me then know something. Answer my questions. What greater liberty, what greater happiness do you and your companions want?"

"Again I say, my little Rose, that you know nothing, and can know nothing; you women only care for happiness, and if you get-but a little of that,

you are content. We men, on the contrary, care for much more ; we want not only happiness, but our full share of it ; we want freedom, and our rights also as well ; we do not love to pay our money for great pensions to people of high place, or to have land which should be ours kept back to support the Protestant ministers. We will not be kept in slavish subjection to a set of bad rulers chosen for us by the Queen's government, who know nothing of our wants, and only care to get the places, the pay, and the power. Let us choose for ourselves ; let us tax ourselves ; let our taxes be to benefit ourselves ; let us choose our own rulers ; in a word, let us have freedom, for without freedom there can be no happiness. Except," he added, breaking short in his oratorical flow of wisdom, and speaking with the gentleness he always used to his betrothed, "except for the good children, like my Rose, who are easily content."

"But you see I am not content," answered Rose half sadly, half archly. "I do not understand all your fine reasons for being discontented ; and so without reason, and for want of reason, I am sharing the same discontent. O Baptiste, Baptiste ! do not go to these drills. Leave these men altogether. Do not listen to them, do not belong to them, I implore you. Listen rather to what the good father says.— Alas," she added, checking herself and speaking yet more sadly, "but you no longer come to mass ! And you have not heard the beautiful letter, written to us all by the Bishop, telling us to have nothing to

do with these disturbers of the peace! O Baptiste, all this is separating us, will separate us quite some day. My heart misgives me." And the warm-hearted Irish girl burst into a flood of tears.

"My little Rose, you excite yourself too much. Why should this separate us? True, I have been too much occupied to go to church quite regularly," and Baptiste averted his head uneasily, to hide a mantling flush upon his cheek which he could not quite keep down; "but we,—we Sons of Liberty,—have a great work to do. There are some who do not understand us,—as, for instance, that execrable man who has issued a warrant against our glorious leaders, Papineau and the others. Also," he added with a half smile, "the good little Rose does not quite understand us. But when the brave Sons of Liberty have accomplished their work, then she will perceive how great it was, and she will glory in her Baptiste. Will she not?"

They had reached Rose's destination as he spoke.

"Adieu, Baptiste. I shall *love* you always," she said, tenderly and evasively. "And may the good God and all the saints guard and instruct you!"

And so sadly and downcast, all her lightheartedness clouded and her gaiety fled, Rose parted from this young "Son of Liberty" who had so glorious a work to do; while he strode home again, ill at ease with her, himself, and all the world. The foretaste he was getting of liberty was not quite so sweet as he had anticipated.



While Baptiste tosses uneasily on his pillow, mingling dreams of his pretty Rose in strange confusion with visions of muskets and flags of liberty,—*alias* rebellion,—of gloomy drillings and exciting “liberty” speeches, it may not be amiss to give a somewhat clearer idea of the Canadian “grievances,” (so called,) than could be gathered from the misguided lad’s own speech to his betrothed.

The chief grievance, according to their own account, given in the celebrated “Grievance Book,” lay in “the unlimited patronage of the Crown, and the abuse of that patronage by the Colonial Ministers.” This branched out into a multitude of heads, each of which soon became an independent grievance of itself. The election of the members of the executive and legislative councils, of the officers of the Lower House and of the Indian department, and other State patronage, all swelled the list of complaints. It was asserted by the agitators, and not altogether without reason, that the “Family Party” as they were called, i. e. the original settlers and their families, held too exclusively all the best and most lucrative official situations, and that the provinces were thus governed by a clique who looked after their own interests rather than the public weal. So greatly did the Revolutionists magnify this abuse, that they were ready in their wisdom to throw off their allegiance to the English government and to precipitate themselves into the arms of the United States, with all the prospect of obtaining for themselves a King Stork

in exchange for—we will not be so disloyal as to say a King Log, but what they considered to be a King Log. Another sore point, which like the former had many offshoots, was the alleged maladministration of the public moneys of the land. The pension-list, the expenses of King's College, (now the University of Toronto,) and the Upper Canada College, as well as the money granted in aid of emigration, were some of the chief branches of the money grievance: while that concerning the land embraced both the disposal of the waste lands of the Crown to emigrants, and also the much-vexed question of the Clergy Reserves, which amounted to a seventh part of the lands surveyed throughout Upper Canada. That many of these things needed reform cannot be denied, but that the mode of obtaining reform pursued by the Radicals was a right, or as regards the leaders of the rebellion an honest-hearted one, admits of still less question. There can be hardly a doubt that these leaders were actuated by a restless and selfish ambition, and only made use of the pretexts summed up in the "Grievance Book" as a cloak for their own self-aggrandising projects. But amongst their followers were men of very various shades of character, impelled by very various motives. Some might be in their measure and degree as selfish, restless, and ambitious as the heads of the movement, but many more were simply ignorant and misled, like Baptiste Lemourier.

With a brow as gloomy as that with which he had

gone to rest, and a heart full of uneasy forebodings, Baptiste rose on the following morning. Rose's words came back to his memory with all the force of a prophecy. "Baptiste, this is separating—will separate us quite some day." He tried to put them away as the mere idle fears of an affectionate and ignorant girl, but again and again they returned upon him, as also did her naïve and simple questions as to what greater liberty or happiness he wanted. Questionings arose in his own mind as to whether they had indeed a fair cause and the blessing of God upon their undertaking. He remembered within himself that he had intentionally stayed away from Mass, because he did not wish to hear what the good father so often and so strongly said on the subject of the growing discontent and the binding together for what the priest roundly termed "unlawful purposes," which this good man had, to his no small grief, observed among some of his flock. For, to their credit be it remembered, the Roman Catholic clergy, with one or two solitary exceptions, were most earnest in the cause of loyalty and order, from the much-revered Bishop Macdonnell to the humblest of the parish priests. All these thoughts working on Baptiste's naturally honest and conscientious mind, brought him to the resolution of withdrawing from his present companions as soon as he could. But he could not back out of the compact in any underhand way. Against such a proceeding some of his best qualities revolted,—his straight-

forwardness, bravery, and honest pride. A meeting of the *Fils de la Liberté* was to be held that very forenoon. Thither he would go, and with all openness and fairness would tell his comrades of his change of intention, and would publicly withdraw from the association. His resolution thus taken, he sealed it by a "Pater noster" and an "Ave," murmured hastily, yet not without a certain touching, child-like wish to do right and fulfil that which appeared to him in the light of a duty, before an uncouth little black-brown image of the Blessed Virgin beside whose pedestal still rested a blue head-garland and a drooping wreath of the same colour, remnants of old Jacqueline Lemourier's May-tide devotion to "Our Lady."

Then with a gayer step and a cheerier face than had belonged to him for many a month past, he went in to his homely but substantial breakfast. His mother's face brightened at the sight of him,—brightened doubly when she saw how bright he was.

"The walk with the pretty Rose was good for thee, my child," she observed gaily, unwitting how much nearer to the truth her words went than she intended.

"Pretty and good," was Baptiste's cheerful answer as he saluted his mother. "It rejoices me to see that my mother, as well as I myself, bears so tender a love for my Rose."

The meal was a quiet but a happy one, Baptiste's

inward satisfaction communicating itself to Jacqueline without her having any distinct reason for this change of mood. As soon as it was concluded, he slipped away, and contrived to get a hurried interview with Rose, to whom he at once told his intention of withdrawing from the association of the Sons of Liberty. If anything could have rewarded him, the glad smiles and approving words of his betrothed must have done so, to say nothing of some other pleasant tokens of affection and renewed confidence.

A few hours later found Baptiste wending his way towards the appointed place of rendezvous,—namely, the yard of Bonacina's tavern in front of the American Presbyterian Church in Great St. James's-street. He was a little behind the appointed time, and when he entered the yard he found the rest of his *confrères*, to the number of two-hundred-and-fifty, already assembled, and listening with deep attention to an inflammatory and vehement speech which was being addressed to them by one Thomas Storrow Brown.

"Patriots of Canada," he was saying as Baptiste joined the throng, "shall we remain any longer passive and inert? Shall we any longer suffer ourselves to be trampled down by the heel of oppression? Shall we tamely endure the ignominy put upon our leaders and upon our noble cause by the proceedings of Lord Gosford? Shame be to us if we do. Already we have remained inactive too long, and have suffered the Lion to trample upon the

Beaver<sup>a</sup>, to our shame and disgrace. Let us rouse ourselves, brave Sons of Liberty, and assert our rights. Let us shew the tyrant that we are not to be despised, nor our just demands refused. Sons of Liberty, let us go forth and carry all before us."

There was much more to the same effect, and ever as he spoke the excitement and restlessness of the crowd grew to a higher and higher pitch, until at length their enthusiasm was so raised that they were ready for any exploit, however foolish or daring. And the word of command being given, they sallied forth full of magnificent courage to "assert their rights" and "liberate their country."

Thrown out of his original plans by this simultaneous movement, Baptiste, though unwillingly, fell into the ranks. He had had no opportunity of announcing his determination of withdrawing from them, and to do so without having announced it was repugnant to his feelings of honour and faith towards his comrades, ill-chosen though these had been. Besides, it would have looked cowardly to slink off just at the moment of action and danger. So that, albeit with renewed feelings of regret and uneasiness, and with all the peculiar bitterness of having seen an error and made resolutions of amendment too late, he marched on with the exulting band of revolutionists.

Great as was the alarm with which the sight of so large a body of armed insurgents inspired the peace-

<sup>a</sup> The emblem of Canada.

able inhabitants of Montreal, their first exploit was neither very noble nor calculated to produce any results but that of arousing the indignation of the loyalists. It consisted in shooting at and slightly wounding an unoffending carpenter of the name of Whitelaw. Though this glorious act, however, in no way advanced the reforming cause, it was sufficient to draw down upon *les Fils de la Liberté* the vengeance of an opposite association called "The Doric Club," in which were enrolled most of the young loyalists of Montreal. These speedily collecting in large numbers, fell upon the rebels; and soon in the midst of the fray a cry of despair rose from their ranks, "General Brown is taken prisoner."

The passions of both parties were now up. The so-called General was rescued from the hands of the Dorics, and the contemptible mob-vengeance of window-breaking was commenced in good earnest by the Sons of Liberty along the whole of St. James-street. In this puerile and base mode of warfare Baptiste took no part. He had been foremost in the rescue of their overpowered leader, but stone-flinging he held to be beneath a Lemourier, for poor and peasants though they were, Baptiste cherished a certain not unwholesome pride of family, which had for generations borne an honest and good name, both in France and Canada; had rendered faithful service to their seigneurs, and had maintained (alas! for the degeneracy of Baptiste) a fair character for loyalty to the government under which

they lived. The success of the rebels, however, was but temporary. The loyalists quickly rallied and drove General Brown's forces before them into the St. Lawrence suburb. Here *les Fils de la Liberté* made a stand in Dorghestèr-street, and turning on their pursuers with redoubled fury, recommenced the fight in good earnest, and in the *melée* foe met foe hand to hand. This was a style of warfare which Baptiste did not at least despise, and though at heart he still disapproved,—his eyes yet further opened, perhaps, by that little episode of window-breaking,—it was hardly possible for a vivacious French Canadian of but three-and-twenty years of age to maintain anything like neutrality when such stirring work was going on on every side. "It will be my last and only fight on this side," he mentally ejaculated; "after this one unfortunate entanglement, Rose, my mother, and loyalty shall be my watchwords." And having made this inward resolve, he let himself drift with the present tide of excitement, and repaid the blows which were showered down upon his party by the Dorics with full and ready interest. Suddenly a little falling off among his comrades left Baptiste Lemourier in the forefront of the fight, and face to face with a tall and slight opponent, a young man whose easy graceful carriage and clear-cut intellectual features bespoke him of higher rank than the mass of those around him. Baptiste recognised him at a glance as the young Baron de Chauvin, the owner of an important



*seigneurie* in the neighbourhood of Vaudreuil, whose father was the immediate descendant of one of the ancient French *noblesse* who had settled in Lower Canada before that province passed into the hands of the English. Baptiste, who knew something of the handsome and irascible young lord, and who, in spite of his new-fangled republican principles, retained somewhat of the old instinctive feudal feeling of the Norman peasant, would have drawn back, but the young noble's hot blood was up quite as much as that of any of his more plebeian *confrères*, and using his weapon with no little skill he advanced furiously upon Baptiste with many a muttered 'Sacre' and 'Diable.' A short passage of arms between the two would probably have resulted in the discomfiture of the peasant, had not the Baron de Chauvin accidentally stumbled over the prostrate body of a 'Son of Liberty,' who, more frightened than hurt, lay groaning on the ground. In the excitement of the moment Baptiste took advantage of his opportunity, and dealt his fallen adversary a severe blow. The next moment he repented him bitterly of the hasty act. A gush of blood dyed the pavement,—a shout of execration burst from the enraged Dorics,—and while some hastily removed the wounded Baron, the rest threw themselves more fiercely than ever upon the now flying rebels. Baptiste hid himself amid the retreating crowd, who, dispersing in all directions, baffled their pursuers' vengeance in great measure by the irregularity of their flight

and the utter break-up which they immediately effected. The natural, though illegal, indignation of the loyalists, however, could not be thus easily checked, and turning their steps to the house of John Idler, they broke it open, sacked it, handed over various offensive weapons found therein to the magistrates, and tore the flag of *les Fils de la Liberté* into a thousand shreds. They next rushed to the house of a Mr. Joshua Bell, who was supposed to have secretly aided and abetted the revolutionists, to the dwelling of Monsieur Papineau, and to the printing-office of Ludger Duvernay, where the types, paper, and everything connected with a radical paper called the "Vindicator," were summarily destroyed.

Meanwhile, the Riot Act had been read, and the soldiery, supported by artillery, appeared upon the scene to enforce peace on the part both of rebels and irregular loyalists. By the fall of evening order was restored in the city, but all felt that the struggle had now commenced, that the Rubicon had been passed, and that overt rebellion must be put down by measures equally overt and decisive.

All that night Baptiste wandered, lonely and thoroughly wretched, about the fields that lie on either side of the road from Montreal to the village of La Chine. Once or twice he sought refuge in the broken ground close by the tanneries, about a couple of miles distant from the town; but in the most retired and secluded hiding-places he wooed sleep in vain. Not only did his fears of pursuit, capture,

and disgraceful punishment keep him on the *qui vive*, but a restless and almost morbid anxiety for the same haunted his perturbed mind. Many a time did he resolutely set forth, and boldly seeking the broad turnpike-road to the city, where the clear moonlight rendered all concealment impossible, turn his steps towards Montreal, with the determination of giving himself up to justice of his own accord. The figure of the young Baron de Chauvin, blood-stained and prostrate at his feet, as he had last seen him, haunted him like an evil nightmare. Could he have seen that young man, faint, it is true, and somewhat exhausted, but yet smiling and talking with almost his usual animation amidst the careful friends to whose house he had been conveyed, part of Baptiste's misery would have been greatly relieved. The fact was that the wound which Lemourier had inflicted, though bleeding profusely for a time and causing temporary faintness, was not at all of a serious nature, and the young Baron only suffered a temporary confinement to his couch, more as a precautionary than an absolutely needful measure. But of this the unhappy dealer of the blow knew nothing, so that on his conscience there rested the double load of certain rebellion and possible manslaughter.

Then his thoughts turned to his mother and his betrothed, but with equal lack of comfort. Rose—how strongly had she urged him to desist from going even to the preliminary meetings of the Sons of Liberty! What now would she say when all the

events of yesterday came to her ears? When she learnt that he had not only again joined their meetings, but taken so active and disastrous a part in this their first demonstration? Was it not but too possible that she might indignantly repudiate her engagement with one who had set at defiance her wishes, and in so doing had broken his allegiance both to his sovereign and to herself? Was it not very probable that she, so gentle and good, might shrink from joining her hand to one stained with a fellow-creature's life-blood?

The longer he dwelt upon these gloomy forebodings the more probable did they become, until at last, in his own harassed and doubt-tossed mind, they deepened into certainties. And it needed but this morbid, self-wrought certainty of being an outcast and uncared for, to bring Baptiste into the worst moral state any man can be in, namely, a state of recklessness. But in all his misery he clung to the thought of his mother. Whoever else deserted him, *she* would not. Hers was an old and long-tried love, and in this hour of miserable need and doubt he clung to it with an instinctive confidence which he did not feel in the newer love, albeit that for that newer love he would have given up all else in Canada, or out of Canada, besides. Truly a mother had need be wondrously unselfish and self-forgetting, if her affection for a grown-up son is not often to be a source of mortification and jealous soreness to her. Led by this confidence, Baptiste, ere the morning

dawned, went quietly back into the town ; and skilfully contriving to avoid the town-guard which had been formed among the loyal inhabitants immediately after the quelling of the afternoon riot, he stole back to his home. A faint light shone through the window, and peeping in he saw his mother sitting quietly, though with a face so full of grief and anxiety that he could hardly bear to look at it, by a low fire, which shone upon the brown and withered countenance of the old woman, revealing all its old wrinkles, as well as many a new one which the sorrow of that long night had printed there. When he tapped softly at the door, it was opened by Jacqueline, with scarce a moment's delay, and almost as calmly as if she had been forewarned of her son's approach. Not a word of reproach, not a word even about her own anxiety, escaped her lips.

“ Ah, my son, come in then ; the night is so cold. I waited for thee, and kept the fire alight to warm thee. I knew thou wouldst come soon to thy mother who watched for thee. Come.”

She led him to the fireside, and sitting down, chafed his half-frozen hands softly in her own, giving a furtive eye the while to a mysterious little pot which she had swiftly popped upon the fire the instant Baptiste's tap had sounded at the door. She had not sat idle all those weary hours, absorbed in her own feelings. Her boy's wants and comforts, in case of his possible return, had had place in her mind before mere unpractical wailing and lamen-

tations. The son's quick eye took in all the bearings of that little home-interior at once, and divined, with a rush of gratitude almost overwhelming, all the tender devotion that it bespoke.

"Ah, my mother, my mother, and you waited for me, then! You had that confidence in me yet! In me that have grieved you so!"

And with a sudden childlike yearning, the grown man knelt down and hid his face in the familiar lap where of yore he had been used to carry all his childish griefs and repentances. And old Jacqueline bent over him, and stroked his thick, dark hair, and cooed out little sentences and words of mother-love, full of the sweet *tu* and *toi*, expressive of tender familiarity. In those few minutes she got her reward for her night's weary watching. The good soul would have waited and watched twenty more nights for so much reward as that. And who shall blame her if at that moment,—and but for a moment,—she was glad that Rose was not there; glad to have her boy so altogether her own again, and no one else's, just for a time. The times when she could feel this had become very rare of late.

She did not, however, let him remain thus long. However good it might be for her, it was not, to her thinking, so good for him as supper would be.

"Get up now, Baptiste, my little heart," she said cheerfully, after a few minutes of this murmuring quiet. "Get up, or my *potage* will simmer too much. If it should begin to boil! Holy Virgin!

thy supper would be spoiled, and thou dying of hunger."

Quickly and daintily the *potage* was served, although in homely fashion. But though it was gratefully partaken of by the half-frozen and famished Baptiste, and though his mother's reception of him melted a portion of the dark cloud of despair which had gathered over him, that terrible recklessness of mood was not dispelled.

Jacqueline's observant eye saw that something was still weighing heavily on his mind, and when, after having eaten slightly of her long-kept supper, he rose, and said gloomily, "I must away again, mother," she was not surprised, although she received the announcement with a sigh from out of the very depths of her already sorely tried heart. She did not oppose his going. She knew—rumour has such swift broad wings—all about the afternoon's events, including the hand-to-hand skirmish between her son and the Baron de Chauvin. She only said, "So soon, my child! And what can thy mother do for thee?"

"She can pray for her lost son," said Baptiste, with a faltering voice; "she can believe him less wicked and reprobate than others will call him; she can cherish him in her heart in spite of all his faults."

"She does all this," responded Jacqueline, tenderly. Then added with ready tact, "And she will do her best that the pretty Rose shall do it also as well."

Baptiste shook his head, while a spasm as of acute

pain passed over his fine features. He bent down and kissed her fervently. "The good God bless thee, my mother, for thy love," he murmured, and left the cottage precipitately.

She had touched inadvertently upon the sorest chord of all, and pained when she would fain have consoled. If Rose could but have spoken such words herself, all might have been well, but in the absence of that certainty which this alone could give, her lover's doubting, and perhaps not unnatural, thoughts concerning her, were the goad that spurred him desperately on in his mistaken course. The next day found him on the opposite bank of the river in company with a little band of armed peasantry, some of them fugitives from Montreal, like himself, who having once broken bounds and brought themselves under the stigma of rebellion, were ready for any further violence; and more than ever eager for success, in the hope that if it did not justify their cause to themselves and all the world, it would at least save them from punishment, and by the triumph of their party earn for them some kind of reward. And ere the week so inauspiciously commenced at Montreal was out, in L'Acadie, and all along the banks of the Richelieu, the insurgents appeared in arms, committing numerous acts of depredation and plunder in the name of liberty; while the regular military, as well as the volunteers, were called out to maintain the cause of law and order.



## CHAPTER IV.

WITH the break of day on Tuesday morning, Rose also was up and stirring, and as soon as the duties of domestic service allowed her so to do, she hurried down to the cottage of her future mother-in-law.

It was a painful meeting to both herself and Jacqueline. Each had some additional piece of ill news to give and receive, and old Jacqueline's fortitude, unsustained by her son's presence or the necessity of doing anything for him, often broke down in a burst of mournful lamentations. The most heart-breaking thing to both was a short letter which had been delivered into Rose's hand just as she was setting out to go to Jacqueline. It was from Baptiste, not in his own handwriting, but written at his dictation by a more accomplished friend. In it were briefly expressed all the miserable suppositions over which he had been brooding during the previous night. It concluded with saying, "that as Rose had cast him off," (thus at once converting his own mistrustful supposition into a certainty,) "he was resolved never again to return to Montreal. And that as he considered himself now irretrievably embarked in the reforming cause, he had joined a band of his companions who were on their way to the Custom-house at St. John's, and should prove himself active in the only course that was left him."

Long and bitterly the women wept over this mis-

sive. "Ah, why did he have so little confidence in me? I pleaded with him earnestly on Sunday night; but I said nothing harsh,—believe me, dear Jacqueline, I said nothing harsh." She seemed to recollect herself with a start. "Ah me! I remember now. I said something about his being a *fiis de la Liberté* separating us! Is it possible that he could so utterly have misunderstood me as to think that I desired such a separation? Alas, mother! if so, I have sent your son away from you by my thoughtlessness. Oh, mother, mother! do not reproach me, do not hate me. For I have sent him away from myself too; and I, too, am desolate,—oh, so desolate!"

She need not have feared; reproaches were not in Jacqueline's nature for any one, least of all for her son's betrothed. Besides, she felt sure that even had Rose's words had the effect she feared, those words were guiltless of any such intent. Jacqueline was a woman, and she could read a woman's heart better than her son could; she did not doubt for a moment that Rose's clinging affection would have outlasted many a darker and more aggravated fault than any of which the misled and impetuous Baptiste had yet been guilty.

"Mother," said Rose, after a time, "there is no use in our any longer remaining here, and there may be great danger to you possibly as Baptiste's mother. Madame Lavale has told me that she no longer needs my help, because she saw me on Sunday evening with Baptiste. We will go together up the river, and

make our way to my own mother and my sister Jessie. They will gladly receive us, and advise us what to do for our Baptiste."

After a little discussion this plan was agreed upon. They got together what few things they could put into small compass, and prepared to start up the river at the first opportunity. Jacqueline was acquainted with a man who frequently conducted some of the peculiar flat-bottomed *bateaux* used on that part of the St. Lawrence up to Kingston; and he readily consented to stow her and Rose with their few goods into some boats which he was to take up the river in the course of a few days. These boats are very light, being made of birch-bark, and terminate in a point at each end. They are propelled by oars and sails, and carry also drag-ropes for towing, and long poles for setting them through the strong currents or rapids which they have to encounter on their way. They mostly go in little brigades of from four to fifteen boats together, for the sake of rendering mutual assistance in the rapids, each boat being managed by four or five men.

As Rose's late employer was in a hurry to be quit of her since she had discovered her connection with Baptiste, she at Jacqueline's invitation took up her abode at the old woman's house. It was a sad, unsettled time for all in the perturbed districts, but saddest of all for those who, like Rose and Jacqueline, had near and dear actors engaged in the struggle. Day by day fresh accounts came in of the terrible

encounters between the military and the insurgents, with varying success on either side. One day the tidings were that the armed peasantry had seized the château of a Monsieur Debartzch, residing, and holding lands as seigneur, at St. Charles; that the rebel leader had feasted himself and his men, to the number of 1,400, within the walls of the dismantled château; had cut down the finest trees on the manor, and had forced the seigneur to fly for his life on horseback; and that a liberty-pole surmounted with the cap of Liberty had been set up at the same place, with the laudatory inscription, "à Papineau par ses concitoyens reconnoissans." Another day the very opposite news would be brought, to the effect that the audacious invader of the Château Debartzch, namely General Thomas Storrow Brown, with the prime leader of the movement, Papineau, had fled from their vantage-ground before an inconsiderable number of their opponents; that numerous arrests had been made of the leaders and chief men among the rebels; and that the Government was gaining the day. Thus ebbed and flowed the fierce tide of civil war. Separated from Baptiste, and unable to obtain any news of him, suspected and distrusted by their loyalist neighbours on account of their connection with him, and hardly less distrusted by those whom they knew of the opposite party on account of their known disapproval of Baptiste's present course, Jacqueline and Rose were only too glad when the day arrived for their departure from Montreal. It was an arduous undertak-

ing for two women, poor, ignorant, and unaccustomed to travelling, to go so great a distance by themselves, especially after leaving the *bateau* at Kingston. But in due time and without any signal mishaps they accomplished their journey, and, unexpected visitors though they were, received a hearty and ready welcome at Weston Farm, as Mr. Holford had named his place in memory of his former English home. As there was not room enough for the two new-comers among so many children in Mr. Holford's house, Rose and Jacqueline were passed on to the tenement owned by John Kirkpatrick, Rose's brother, who lived but a stone's throw from Mr. Holford's house, and having but his young wife and baby to accommodate, had plenty of space for his sister and her old friend.

Great was the excitement produced by Rose's account of the insurrection in the Lower Province, among these dwellers in the Bush. For though Mackenzie and others had long been busy in fanning the embers of discontent in Upper Canada, no overt movement had as yet taken place there, and as news travelled but slowly and uncertainly to the remote banks of the Otonabee, the settlers there were not at all aware of the extent or degree to which the revolutionary agitation had been carried in either Province.

They were not destined, however, to remain long in ignorance upon this point, for the refugees from Montreal had been with them but a few days when a proclamation issued by the Lieutenant-Governor ar-

rived, which both announced the celebrated outbreak of the 4th of December at Toronto, and also called upon all loyal subjects, in the Queen's name, to join in forcibly putting down the rebellion.

Minnie's cheek paled visibly. "Must you go, papa, and leave us all by ourselves?"

"My child, we must all do our duty, and summon up our best courage that we may do it cheerfully,— I by going to aid the besieged city, and you by being brave and diligent for a little while alone at home. Alone, though, you will not be, for our good stout-hearted Mary is a host in herself, and 'boy Jonathan,' as we call him, is a strapping youth, and steady withal. Cheer up, little daughter; I shall be back as soon as I can, of that you may be very sure."

Very earnestly did all that little congregation join in the prayer "For the time of War and Tumults," which Mr. Holford read that night in the course of the evening service: for so anxious was this good Churchman that his children should not grow up with that indifference to all fixed forms and sound principles of religion which too often ends in indifference to all principles of religion whatever, and is one of the chief dangers of a Bush life, removed as it usually is from the reach of the Church's ministrations, that he took upon himself the office of deacon, and read Matins and Evensong every day to his family.

The next morning rose cold and lowering, the

weather appearing to sympathize with the children's downcast and despondent feelings at the departure of their father. Minnie and Denham accompanied him through the wood to their uncle's house, who had sent down a messenger on the previous evening to make this arrangement. Here a couple of sleighs were in readiness, each capable of holding six persons, and harnessed to a pair of Mr. Irwin's best horses. For "Uncle Henry" was a loyalist to the backbone, a bachelor, and a prosperous settler of many years standing in that township, so that his time, money, and energies were altogether at his own disposal; and most zealously had he thrown them into the service of the State at this trying moment. Three or four gentlemen who lived yet farther back in the Bush than the Holfords and Mr. Irwin, had already joined the expedition; and as they went along it was arranged that other settlers living in the neighbourhood, towards the south-west, should be picked up by Mr. Irwin's extra sleigh, as they passed in that direction.

Much as Mr. Holford felt the parting from his children, and anxious as he was about their well-being whilst he was away, it was impossible to resist the feeling of exhilaration which soon stole over every member of the little band thus hastily summoned at the distant cry of war,—an exhilaration partly caused by the very difficulties with which they had to contend in this their first outset; for it was no smooth country road over which they were to

travel. The dark pine-forest, whose tall black tops swayed and clashed together with a moaning sound as the bitter wind swept ceaselessly through them, lay before them, and in many places the drifts and waves of snow lay knee-deep and more, while many a treacherous hole, they well knew, yawned on either side, in which a luckless horse might be absolutely buried in the piled-up flakes if he chanced to swerve from the right track. Nevertheless, true Englishmen as they were, the very dangers and toils of the way dispelled the sadness which several of them felt at leaving their homes and families, and roused a spirit of cheerful daring and determination which set at defiance the gloom of the weather and the occasion. Wrapped up in fur caps and rough gloves, mocassins and undressed deer-skin cloaks, they felt but did not fear the freezing wind, and as one and another of the volunteer recruits joined the party, their good spirits rose yet higher, and friendly greetings and pleasant jokes were merrily bandied about. As they got nearer to the scene of action, however, grave and saddening tidings reached them all along their route; tales of violence and depredation already committed by Mackenzie's rebel army,—of waggons, cattle, and other supplies forcibly seized from unwilling loyalists, and lonely farm-houses visited with lawless purposes by these misguided men. The feeling of the country in general was evidently against them, but it was as evident that the machinations of the crafty leaders of the movement had got together a large and powerful



body of malcontents, and that many valiant and loyal lives would most probably be sacrificed ere the rebellion could be crushed and the blessings of peace restored to Upper Canada.

On their arrival at Toronto the little party from the Otonabee found themselves but one of many similar and larger reinforcements which had been, and still were, flocking into the city from all quarters in answer to the proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor. The market-place of the town, a substantial and loopholed building, above which is the town-hall, was converted into the citadel and headquarters of the loyalist army, and well stored with grape-shot, ball-cartridges, bayonets, and other war-like stores, offensive and defensive. Here might be seen the citizens of all classes, judges and councillors, merchants and mechanics, together with the country gentlemen, farmers, and labourers from a distance, motley in dress and even in accoutrements, but uniform in determination and loyal purpose. And among them, thinking it no derogation to his sacred office to take part in such a cause, might often be seen the earnest, dignified, and laborious Archdeacon of Toronto, Dr. Strachan, so soon to become the first Bishop of Toronto. Not that he took active part in the military proceedings, as did the chief laymen of the city; that would have been unbecoming his position; but in every way that was consistent with his office he supported the loyalists and encouraged them by his personal influence, which had

great and deserved weight throughout the entire province.

The events of the next few days at and near Toronto are too well known to need a detailed recital. How the veteran Colonel Moodie was first shot by the rebels while attempting to ride down Yonge-street into the city, and afterwards dragged into Montgomery's Tavern, and cruelly insulted in his dying moments; how Dr. Horne's house, situate near the toll-gates, was burnt by the insurgents, Mackenzie himself personally superintending this proceeding; how on Thursday, the 7th of December, the loyalist forces rode out and succeeded in dislodging the rebels and putting them to ignominious flight, burning their stronghold, namely Montgomery's Tavern, and entirely dispersing their army,—are matters of recent history, and must be fresh in the minds of many. But although this particular attack of the malcontents was defeated, the hydra-headed monster — "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion"—was not crushed; and those who had so readily banded together to maintain the cause of order and loyalty, as readily remained, prepared to meet the next move of their adversaries.

And here I may remark in passing, that this strife in Canada was yet another instance of the truth and wisdom with which our Liturgy has been framed, in connecting so closely "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion" with "false doctrine, heresy, and schism." For the Church, including both its lay and ecclesiastical members, was from first to last

most markedly on the loyal side; and it was remarked by thoughtful observers who were in Canada at the time, that the majority of those who joined the movement (at least in Upper Canada) were young men who had been brought up without any fixed religious notions at all, as in those days of extensive settling and limited Church action either in the way of schools, pastors, or places of worship, was the case with but too large a proportion of the then rising generation. The Church left her children to stray in that beautiful and fertile wilderness as sheep without a shepherd, until those who had left the mother-country as good and orderly Church people became careless and indifferent for lack of the means of grace and the pastoral labours that might have kept them careful. Church people as conscientious, devout, and well-educated as Mr. Holford do not form the majority of those who yearly emigrate to our western colony, though happily for themselves and the new country, there are an increasing number of this type. But the larger part are the poor and the half-educated, well-disposed it is true in many instances to be led right, but not capable of keeping either themselves or their children steadily in the truth without some aid, and very liable—that aid wanting—to be led into any schism or heresy, however extravagant. And accordingly we find camp-meetings, Millerism, Methodism, Davidism, and a hundred other strange sects, with their false and often blasphemous excitements, seducing those who would in all probability

have remained true children of the Church if they had been provided with more of her care.

But to return to our story.

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## CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the days spent so busily and actively by the absent father at Toronto, passed slowly and sadly, albeit busily too, with the children at Weston farm.

“Minnie,” Denham had said as they walked back through the frosty woods on the morning of the 5th of December, “you must let me do all I can to help you manage things while papa is away. I know I am not old enough nor big enough to do so much as I should like, and you will, after all, have most of the burden to bear, but you must let me help you all I can. Will you, Min?”

There were tears, as much of suddenly roused fondness and affectionate pride as of sadness, in Minnie’s eyes as she looked down at her young brother’s bright, earnest face, so like Mr. Holford’s, with its broad forehead and large blue eyes. The boy was possessed by an enthusiastic admiration of, and a chivalrous devotion to, his pretty and graceful elder sister,—feelings which she returned with a love and a pride in his noble looks and still nobler qualities, which were almost motherly.

“You are always a help and comfort to me, Denham,” she replied, putting her hand into his, “and

never more so than now." They were too down-hearted and too anxious about their father as well as themselves to say much more just then. And so they walked home hand in hand, gaining courage and confidence from that tacit compact of mutual help and support. How well that compact was kept the sequel will shew.

The weeks rolled on and Christmas Day arrived, and yet they had no tidings of their absent father, for the only letter which he had been able to send to them had been intercepted on its road by the rebels. It was but a cheerless Christmas Day, though Minnie did her best to make it bright for the younger ones. Nor was she the only anxious elder in the party, —old Mary's face wore a look of trouble which had a more immediately personal source than the anxiety of the family whom she served ; and Minnie, always thoughtful for others, was not long in discerning the cause.

"You are anxious about Rose, Mary," she observed sympathizingly, following the direction of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's eyes, which kept glancing aside from the savoury dinner which she was dishing to the little woodhouse across the yard, where her youngest daughter was busy gathering up a few light dry chips in her apron wherewith to replenish the fire.

"She frets about Baptiste Lemourier," said Mary, with a heavy sigh. "She says nothing and she does not cry, but she weeps inwardly, and it's killing her, Miss Minnie. Look at her face.—Hush! here she

comes." And Mary turned all her attention and looks upon her gravy and vegetables, as Rose re-entered the kitchen. It was true enough that the poor girl's face shewed signs of suffering, which were but too plainly visible even to less anxiously observant eyes than her mother's. The plump outline of the laughing cheek was thinned, and much of its bloom was gone; the merry lips which used to be always parting with some laughing sally or gleeful smile were now closed with an expression of mournful patience and determination to endure which was very sorrowful to see. She was a special favourite with Minnie. There was a certain naïve and childlike simplicity about her which won upon Minnie more, upon the whole, than did Jessie's sedateness and slightly self-conscious wisdom. Her sad looks pained this good little woman, and took away her appetite for her Christmas dinner. "She must not brood all by herself over her troubles," thought she to herself during the said dinner, "that must be bad for any one. To be sure, she has Jacqueline to talk to, but then one never gets too much of sympathy. I fancy it's an article of which the demand usually exceeds the supply." And Minnie began to blame herself severely for having been so busy with her brothers and sister as to have omitted talking to Rose before about her lover and his possible whereabouts. Dinner over, she drew the Irish girl aside, and soon had gently won her way into her confidence. For Rose was not reserved. The pride which has a large share in pro-

ducing that quality was quite foreign to her open and affectionate nature. She took gratefully all the relief from her pain which she could get, and was too simply wise to make her burden any heavier by refusing, for dignity's sake, to let any one bear a little of it with her. Except the expression of her sympathy, it was little enough that Minnie could do for her; but sympathy goes a great way with many people, and, as Minnie rightly guessed, the demand here exceeded the supply.

"I cannot add to dear Jacqueline's troubles by telling her all mine," said Rose, plaintively, "and so I have to tell them to myself, and to the Blessed Virgin, until my heart is sore for a word—a spoken word—of comfort. Oh, I could bear it if I had given him up to a good cause. But to think of what has parted us, to think of the companions he is with, of the deeds they have done,—there is the pain. That my Baptiste, of whom I was so proud, should have joined with such as these!"

"Ah, Rose, you may be sure his heart is not with them, however he may have got ensnared by them for a time. Dear old Jacqueline's son and your betrothed, sweet Rose, cannot be at heart one of these black rebels."

"You think not, Miss Minnie? Ah, that is a comfort. But then, another thing which makes my heart fit to break when I think of it is, that I fear some hasty words of mine drove him into it further than he would otherwise have gone." And then she

told Minnie all about their conversation on the Sunday evening just preceding the first outbreak of *les Fils de la Liberté*.

“Be comforted, Rose. You did and said all for the best. And doubt not Baptiste’s heart is not estranged from you; it yearns after you, you may be sure, wherever he is. Perhaps in the end his love for you will be just the leading star to guide him back to his duty and loyalty.”

So they talked on by the Christmas fire until Rose’s brightened face shewed how much her grief was lightened by the sympathy of the gentle little lady, whose ready tact made her understand the sore points of other folk’s troubles, even though she might have never felt the like.

Among the many little works of Christian charity which Minnie had laid by for the festival week, was a visit to Anoonk, whom she was teaching to read, with great patience and no small success. “Rose,” she said, “will you come with me to the Indian encampment. I am going to see my friend Anoonk, and I think the walk will do you good. Besides, you have never seen her, and you will be amused at her pretty, odd little ways.” And so the two foster-sisters set out on their way one bright afternoon towards the close of the Christmas week to go to the Indian camp. Jacqueline watched them from the door with a pensive smile on her benevolent, wrinkled old face. “The English lady is as good as she is sweet-looking. Already she has done good to my



Baptiste's Rose; this is two or three times that she has had Rose out to walk with her. Ah, that one also is a good girl. She deserves to have my Baptiste, for she loves him truly."

They had not gone more than half way towards their journey's end when they saw a light and graceful little figure coming along the track in front of them.

"Anoonk!" exclaimed Minnie, in surprise. "How strange! Why I was just coming to see you."

"And Anoonk came to see the 'White Cloud,'" said the young Indian, in her low musical voice. Then, tendering a letter, she added, "Anoonk brings a letter for the old white squaw,"—meaning by this, Mary Kirkpatrick.

Minnie took the missive with some surprise. "How ever did you come by a letter for Mary, dear Anoonk?—But you are mistaken," she added, as she looked more closely at the superscription, "this is not for the old squaw, but for the young one here. Here, take it, Rose. The direction is quite clear, 'Rose Kirkpatrick.' Anoonk knew not of you, while she is aware that Mary's name is Kirkpatrick, and therefore concluded that any one of that name must be your mother." Rose's pale cheek glowed brilliantly as she took the letter into her hand and opened it, but the next moment it paled again as swiftly, and she would have fallen had it not been for Minnie's prompt support. Anoonk looked on gravely and wonderingly.

"What is it, dear Rose?" whispered Minnie. "Is it any ill tidings, think you?"

"No, no," answered Rose in a voice half stifled with agitation. "It is from Baptiste. Oh, I am so glad—so sorry. Holy Virgin, I do not know what I am saying!"

"First tell me what makes you glad," said Minnie, adroitly, "and do not stand still in the snow, it is bad for you. Anoonk, come with us."

"Oh, I am glad," said Rose, "because he writes to me; because he says—yes, see, here it is—he is no longer a 'Son of Liberty.' He wants me to say that I forgive him; he wants to see me:—but oh, he is ill, very ill. That is sad news. But take the letter. See, read it; it is very short."

It was indeed short; in fact, it contained little more than what Rose had already briefly told Minnie. It concluded by saying that the bearers of the note would tell Rose all the rest.

"Who are they who have brought it, Anoonk?" enquired Minnie of the Indian, "and why did they bring it to you?"

"Two red men brought it. They did not know the white man's house. They knew the river; they knew Sekoskee's dwelling; they brought it that Anoonk might give it to the squaw."

"I understand," said Minnie, who by this time had become quite *au fait* of Anoonk's abrupt and broken English, and had not only taught the Indian to speak that language more correctly, but had even

learned some of the Indian words. "I understand. Anoonk means, Rose, that these Indians who brought your letter were directed to this part of the country to find us, but not knowing the exact spot, and being well acquainted with the locality of the Indian village, they went there to gain more precise information as to our whereabouts, and finding that Anoonk knew us, they entrusted the letter to her."

"The stranger red men live in Sekoskee's wigwam while they stay. To-morrow they go to their houses," said Anoonk.

The three girls pursued their way to the said wigwam, where they found the two "stranger red men,"—tall and handsome men, Mohawks from the Bay of Quinté. In personal appearance they had decidedly the advantage over the Missasaguas, to which tribe Sekoskee and Anoonk belonged; they were Christians moreover, and spoke very tolerable English. Their story was short and plain. Baptiste Lemourier had been found by one of their tribe in the Indian woods in the township of Tyendinaga, badly wounded and unable to move. They had taken him under their care, had nursed and tended him, and finally at his earnest request had undertaken this lengthy journey in order to bring his letter to Rose. Having fulfilled their mission, they intended returning to their homes on the morrow, as Anoonk had said.

"I must go with them," said Rose to Minnie, in a tone of determination that presupposed opposition and set it at defiance before it was expressed. She

was mistaken, however, for Minnie was too wise to make any. She did not feel quite certain of the wisdom of the scheme, it is true, without a further reflection, but if opposition was to be made, she left it to Rose's own mother and Baptiste's mother to make it. With them Rose's persuasions soon carried the day. The Mohawks, though strangers and somewhat fierce-looking men, were evidently thoroughly friendly, or they would not have taken the trouble to nurse Baptiste and convey his letter so long a distance for him. And the difficulty of the escort being got over, the rest of the plan was suitable and natural enough. The Tyendinaga Indians had with them a horse and sleigh, and on the morrow, under Anoonk's guidance, they arrived at John Kirkpatrick's house, and found Rose all ready prepared to take Anoonk's place in the sleigh, and go with them to the Bay of Quinté. Good old Jacqueline saw her depart without any jealous regrets. "His old mother tried to keep him in the right way," she said, simply, "and could not do it; if Rose can, it will be the happier for us both. At least she can try, and God's blessing go with her."

Rose's journey was swift and prosperous. No polished Europeans could have been more careful nor more thoughtfully courteous to their pretty young charge than were these two dark-skinned and fierce-looking Mohawks. And when they at length arrived under the shadow of the Indian woods, the simple but stately welcome to their land, which they expressed with the measured dignity of language com-

mon to all the North American Indians, moved the susceptible Irish girl even to tears.

Emerging from the broad belt of forest-land through which they had been travelling, they now came upon a wide, cleared slope, bounded at its lower extreme by the clear, glittering waters of the Bay of Quinté, and dotted over with neat farm-houses and patches of cultivated ground. Hither, towards the close of the last century, had the loyal Mohawks emigrated, choosing rather to leave their native valleys by the fertile banks of the Mohawk river, than to relinquish their allegiance to the British sovereign when that land became a part of the United States. They were members of the Church of England, and brought with them the altar-cloth and communion-plate of their church. Nor was it long before they erected a pretty Gothic edifice, about a mile from the Bay, where their sacred treasures were deposited, including three large marble tablets engraved with the Ten Commandments, which had been presented to the tribe by Queen Anne. Nor was this picturesque stone church the result of other people's care on their behalf; for the greater portion of the funds necessary for its erection were contributed by the Indians themselves. They prized their holy faith to a degree which might put to shame many of our white Canadian settlers, and did not rest satisfied until both church, school, and parsonage-house graced their new land.

The two Indians who had Rose in charge took her to one of the most comfortable-looking of the houses

in the village, and there consigned her to the care of an old squaw, whose kindly dark eyes, though not absolutely like, somehow reminded the young stranger pleasantly of her dear old friend Jacqueline. Her guides explained to this old woman who Rose was, and what was her errand; then with a few words of graceful farewell they turned their horse's steps to their own dwelling.

This old Indian spoke no English, or next to none, and it was only by signs, therefore, that she and Rose could communicate. Under these circumstances she wisely thought the best thing she could do was to take her young guest at once to the sick man, and let the two pale-faces explain things themselves to each other. She beckoned Rose to follow her accordingly, and led her into a little apartment, plain enough certainly, unpainted, and wanting in many of the little finishings and elegancies of a white settler's farmhouse, but by no means uncomfortable nor destitute of attractiveness. The window looked down over a well-cultivated piece of the broad slope on which the settlement is situated, into the bright and dancing bay, across which one might see the beautiful, well-wooded shore on the further side of the lake. Some sacred prints adorned the walls, and the floor was garnished with Indian mats of bright colour and choice weaving. But on none of these things did Rose's eye rest. The room contained but one thing for her, and that one thing was the thin, pale, dark-eyed being, more like the ghost of Baptiste than like Baptiste

himself, lying upon the carefully piled-up buffalo robes on the opposite side of the room. How she flew to him, and caressed him like a sick child—as he was! How she soothed him and calmed his agitation, controlling her own the while, that she might not hurt him! How she murmured of nothing but joy at meeting him again, taking scrupulous heed to make no allusion which might pain or distress him! He was very weak yet, for his wounds had been severe,—just in that state of weakness when even the strongest and hardest man does not object to being treated with more of petting and tenderness than they usually care to have. He leaned his head against her shoulder, and listened gladly to the kind words which his betrothed lavished upon him, unmingled with the slightest syllable or tone of reproach. A stream of confidence and great contentment flowed back into his troubled mind; and then it broke upon him how grievously he had mistrusted, as men often do mistrust, a good woman's plighted love. How in Rose's, as in many another warm and tender nature, that love included many varying shades of affection, and contained within its rainbow-like circle a tinge of many other hues of the crowning grace of charity;—how with strange and rapid play of feeling she could look up with all the reliance of the submissive future wife, and look down with all the gentle indulgence and unexacting tenderness of the fond unselfish mother. He was supremely happy at that moment, and if he was getting rather better

treatment than he deserved, why, it is what we most of us get many times in our own lives from One who is wiser than any fellow-creature can be, however pure and good. Rose would not let him talk much at first, and very soon the good old Indian came in to feed her patient, and to insist, by signs sufficiently imperative, and little guttural words that had a most ominously determined sound, that Rose also should eat and drink.

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## CHAPTER VI.

SOON, however, Rose was at Baptiste's side again, and as he grew calmer and more accustomed to her being there, she let him talk as much as he would, and pour out his griefs to her, for indeed she was as eager to hear all that he could tell her as he was to impart his story. It was a pitiful tale of skirmishes, hardships, ill-planned schemes, and unworthy leaders, who, as ambitious democrats too often will do, thought more of their glory in success, and their own personal safety in defeat, than of their cause or of their misguided followers. Papineau, the chief mover of the insurrection, and Brown, who was the first of the rebel leaders who openly broke the peace, fled at the first taste of defeat, with several other kindred spirits; whilst one,—Girod, a Swiss by birth, who had been foremost at Grand Brulé,—stung by remorse or unable to bear the disgrace of failure, put an end to



his own life rather than fall into the hands of those against whose authority he had risen.

“Oh, Rose, I was ashamed of my cause,” said poor Baptiste, bitterly. “I had never heartily loved it. I know not how it was that I got entangled in it. I was blinded by my own conceit and pride, I think. But when we commenced our work, then my eyes were opened. They put me often into the working parties who were set to destroy the bridges over the river Richelieu. Such miserable warfare it seemed to me, to destroy all that useful work: how could we benefit our country, which General Brown had always been talking about, by destroying all these and killing our countrymen and fellow-townpeople? But it was late to begin thinking thus, then. For, as for one’s freedom in the army of the Liberators—ah, bah!—it was no more there. If I had tried to run away they would have put a ball through me. If I had gone away quietly with the intention of letting no one know it, they would soon have brought me back, as they did one of my comrades who fled; and him they stuck with their pikes while he was on his knees crying for mercy.”

“Poor Baptiste! poor child!” said Rose, soothingly, “it was hard for you. Having gone forward too quickly, you could not go back.”

“Ah, Rose, you are too good to me. There was the error of it. Why did I go on with them so long?”

“You meant to turn back. You told me so that

Monday morning when all the misery began, but, as you have told me, you did not get the opportunity."

"I had many opportunities before then, Rose. Why was it that I left off going to Mass? Why did I come less often to see you? Solely because the good father and you also spoke against the Sons of Liberty. And I thought it a fine thing to be drilled, to be a patriot, to have 'a glorious work to do,' as they said, and I would not hear anything against them. O Rose, I did truly think that I had a glorious work before me. I was so blind and stupid as that."

"Do not think more of that, my Baptiste," urged Rose; "tell me how you were wounded."

"It was just after that terrible night which we spent—some of us that is—by the Richelieu, keeping guard and destroying the bridges, as I said. Ah, that night! I shall never forget it. The rain fell in torrents, —it was half rain, half hail. The roads were up to our knees in mud, which also was half-frozen. As one walked, first a mocassin stuck in this mud, then one's boot, then one's whole foot. Several times the troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes and Colonel Gore came up with us and drove us away. Still we kept on. When the morning came I could not feel my hands or my feet, I feared they were frost-bitten; and both I and my comrades who were working with me were so stiff we could hardly move. We hoped we should have been then allowed a little rest; but at half-past ten o'clock, a messenger came

down from St. Denis : reinforcements were needed there, and we were marched up and across the river. Firing was going on fiercely on the north side of the village, and all the houses were fortified by our party. We did not get there till nearly all the fighting was over, but we misunderstood our orders,—at least our leader, Monsieur Desrivieres, did, and we met Cornet Sweeny and the Montreal Dragoons in full retreat,—we having taken the wrong road. They rode through us, cutting us down on every side. I know little about what happened, for I was left by my companions for dead by the roadside, and I suppose the enemy rode on, leaving me for dead also.”

Rose gave a little shudder. “Oh, Baptiste, had I only been there ! I tremble to think of you lying there wounded and cold, even though I have you safe now. Who found you ? I will love him for ever for his goodness to you.”

“Not too fast, my little Rose,” said the sick man, smiling, and looking more like himself again than Rose had yet seen him look all that day. “You must not give away what is mine without asking me first for my permission. But I will give it this time,—if you do not love him too much, that is ; for the man who picked me up was none other than the brother of my mother’s old friend—Jean Varelle, the same who took her and you up to Kingston in his *bateau* ; and for love of my mother he took me to his own house. But there I could not feel secure ; I was afraid of every one ; of my own party and the loyalists

both. I was impatient and unreasonable; wounded as I was, I begged him, in a short time, to take me also up the river. For a long time he would not hear of this, and said it was as bad as putting his hand to murder me; but after awhile he saw that he made me but more ill by refusing, and his brother having by that time returned to Montreal, he consented to my wish."

"You were a very foolish, headstrong child, Baptiste," interposed Rose gravely, "you might have killed yourself by this attempt to travel. However," she added, archly, "continue, and let us hear how the foolish child conducted himself afterwards."

"I know I was foolish, dear Rose; but I was dying with a great hunger and thirst to see you, and I could not be quiet. But truly, Jean Varelle thought that it had killed me more than once, as we struggled up the rapids. Ah, my Rose, I thought of nothing but you. If I could only get near you and get your forgiveness, I felt I should die in peace; and I thought only of dying."

"You must think of it no more, Baptiste. Your mother has not seen you yet. For many years she and I will need you to be our consolation and joy."

Baptiste could only answer by returning her caresses in kind.

"When I arrived as far as this," he added, concluding his little tale, "my strength altogether failed me, and I should have died in the Indian woods had it not been for these good Christians; for they are

Christians, and most kind, though, alas! they are heretics—Protestants of the English Church. But they are as kind to me as if they were Catholics.”

Aye, and as loyal too, Baptiste might have added, as any Christians to be found among the white population of Canada.

“The rest you know,” said Baptiste, a little languidly, as he laid his head back and looked contentedly up into the dark earnest eyes of his betrothed. He had talked some time for a sick man, and he felt weary, and looked so.

“Talk no more all this evening,” said Rose, gently and gaily. “I will sing you to sleep. I have not sung since the sad day we parted,—but to-night I could sing like a bird on a tree. For have I now got my Baptiste again?”

And in her sweet rich voice she commenced singing some of those lovely Irish airs which are so wildly plaintive, and tender, and gay, all in a breath. The old squaw, their hostess, stole in to listen, and nodded her head with many a grunt of approval, while her dark eyes filled with tears at the touching falls of those simple songs, even though she understood nothing of the words.

Very sweetly and peacefully the next three weeks glided on in that Indian house by the Bay of Quinté. Full of growing and daily increasing health and strength of body and mind for Baptiste; full of a gentle repentance, and an increasing admiration of his future wife, which called into play all the nobler

elements of his honest and manly character, which had been only dimmed for awhile, not quenched, by the headstrong tide of his youthful petulance and pride; full of peace and great happiness for both the lovers, and through them to their hospitable and warm-hearted hosts. It was a refreshing lull amid the whirlwind of civil contention and the fierce rush of war and havoc.

So much stronger was Baptiste, indeed, in a short time after Rose's arrival, that he was beginning to think that it was time to burden the hospitality of his Indian friends no longer, and had concerted with Rose some small presents to be offered to them as tokens of their gratitude, when one morning a great stir was perceived by him in the settlement. Oxen and horses were being got ready on all sides, and harnessed to waggons and carts; men, women and children were all astir, and everything betokened some general movement on the part of the Mohawks. It was yet but early morning, and Baptiste had but just risen. Dressing himself quickly, therefore, he went out to enquire the cause of this unusual bustle. As he came out of the house the Indians were all flocking into church. Whatever their enterprise, it was clear that it was a good and just one, upon which they could beseech the blessing of God without irreverence, and clear also that to their devout minds the asking of that blessing was the fitting preliminary to any undertaking.

“What is the matter?” enquired Baptiste of the

first Indian whom he encountered as they returned from the church when the service was concluded. "Whither are you all bound?"

"We go to Kingston," answered the man, quietly, "to fight for our Mother across the great Lake. Her enemies have armed themselves against her rule. They march against Kingston to-morrow. We go to meet them. They will not return upon their war-path."

He pointed to a time-honoured Union Jack which one of the tribe had just unfurled, with a grave lighting up of his stern but not unhandsome features which was very singular and impressive. What if their banner had a few rents in it, and was somewhat the worse also in brilliancy of colour for stress of time and weather, it was none the less the honoured sign of their allegiance to the great Mother in the distant land from whom they received their beloved pastor, from whose ancestors theirs had received the one faith. Her God had become their God; her people had become their people; her cause had become their cause; and like Ruth, they were ready to follow their Naomi even to the death.

Baptiste's pale face flushed, half with shame, half with eager and sudden resolve. How much more noble and manly was this prompt devotion of the red men to their white Queen, than his hasty and fitful adherence to those rebel leaders who had caused so much misery to the land! One thought possessed him, one burning desire,—to blot out the stain of

his disloyalty by giving himself without delay, by sacrificing himself, if need be, to the better and truer cause.

“But Baptiste, your health!” said the anxious Rose, to whom he instantly communicated his wish. “Are you fit yet to engage in any more fighting? Consider how short a time it is since you were too weak to get up out of your bed. You are indeed much better, but is not this trying your strength too soon?”

“But, Rose,” responded Baptiste, sadly and earnestly, “my honour,—for even a peasant ought to have his honour, Rose. I will answer you word for word. Is my honour clear enough that I should not engage in any more fighting? Consider how short a time it is since I was foolishly and madly fighting on the wrong side. Would it not be cowardly to remain quiet, and not atone for my error now that I have a chance? Oh, Rose, say thou wilt be glad to have me go,—send me to fight for the right as once thou didst warn me back from the wrong.”

“Go then, Baptiste, go,” exclaimed Rose, catching his enthusiasm; “fight manfully for the Queen, and the blessing of the good God and the saints go with thee.”

For a moment he caught her in his arms, then ran into the house to make the few needful preparations. But though she had given her consent, Rose’s heart somewhat misgave her, as she looked her last on the spare figure, and wan though now smiling face of her



betrothed. "Ah, if I have done wrong to let him go! How shall I answer it to Jacqueline? Blessed Virgin, how miserable is all this fighting!"

The services of the Mohawks were most gladly accepted by the authorities at Kingston. They were put into barracks, and patrol duties were assigned to them by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard Bonnycastle. The town of Kingston was threatened by an attack on the 22nd of February from a large force of insurgents, who somewhat grandiloquently styled themselves the "Army of Liberation," under General Rensselaer Van Rensselaer and William Lyon Mackenzie. But so prompt and energetic were the measures taken for the protection of that town, that the insurgents were deterred from venturing farther than Hickory Island; and finally, by the combined efforts of the Belleville riflemen and the Indian warriors under Major Fitzgerald, they were ignominiously driven away, leaving behind them their stores and ammunition. When, the danger being over and the enemy fled, the Mohawks were about to return to the woods of Tyendinaga, they were urged to accept the usual pay of militia. But this they with characteristic dignity declined:—"We came to do battle for our Mother across the Great Waters, not to be paid. If she is pleased with her red children, we are rewarded." And so they returned empty-handed, but satisfied in heart, to their homesteads by the shores of the Bay of Quinté.

As for Baptiste, he would have been glad of a little

more hard fighting. In the enthusiasm of his repentance he longed to do a great deal to testify his sorrow and sincerity. But he had done all that lay in his power, and was obliged for the present to be content. Rose, at least, was thoroughly content to have him back again. "Now, dear Baptiste," she urged, "let us have no more fighting. Let us go up to the little farm by the Otonabee, and let Jacqueline see you. How will they all rejoice with us at the sight of you!"

Little did Rose guess what was going on that very night by the side of the brawling river.

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## CHAPTER VII.

It was a dark, stormy night. The wind whistled and howled around the little farm-house by the Otonabee as if it would raze it from its foundations and cast it into the foaming rapids of the river, then whirled away through the pine-forest shrieking as it went, and tearing the tops of the trees with remorseless hand.

Denham had just piled up the wood-fire to a cheerful blaze, and drawn Minnie's chair close between that and the table on which stood her large housewifely basket, overflowing with little socks and stockings, torn pinafores to be carefully patched for the hundredth time, and shirts of Denham's with the buttons off. It had been a moot point between this

young gentleman and his sister whether she should be allowed to add his faulty linen to her weekly task of mending, Denham contending that it was quite enough that she should have to work for the children, and that he ought to be on her hands no longer, but rather, in Bush fashion, should learn to turn his hand to anything, and make and mend for himself. But Minnie would not hear of it, and her objections carried the day. "It was all very well for him to do such a little job just once or twice for practice," she said ; "she did not like boys to be utterly helpless in such matters, but Denham would not always live in the Bush, and if he wanted a little change in the evening time from his Latin and mathematics, drawing or cabinet-making was a much more useful and fitting recreation for him. And besides, she should lose just the portion of her needlework she liked the best if she had not his things to do." And so the point was settled, and Denham's thoughtful anxiety to save his sister's toil could only find vent by making him take a scrupulous care about the unnecessary rending of his garments which no other motive could have induced him to do. She had not yet come down from the little upper room, (for their house boasted a second story, albeit that it was more after the fashion of a loft than a sleeping-chamber,) where she was putting little Harry to bed, when a somewhat imperative rap at the door made Denham hasten to open it. On such a night as this it was excusable in any one, be he who he might, to be somewhat hasty

in demanding admittance. A tall man entered, the moment the door was opened, letting in with him a gust of snow and wind which made Denham involuntarily shiver. The stranger was very tall,—it might be six feet or more. He had a long, melancholy-looking face, a sallow complexion, and very thick, black eyebrows, which gave a lowering look to his heavy eyes; eyes that rested in a slow, fixed manner upon any one whom he chanced to look at, in a way that was peculiarly unpleasant.

“It is a mighty cold night,” he said, slowly, as he walked towards the fire, eyeing Denham in the meantime in the fixed manner we have described.

Denham set a chair for the stranger with an air of innate courtesy which gave a grace to all that the boy did.

“You must be almost frozen if you have travelled far through such a storm as this,” he observed.

“I have not come far,” said the slow-speaking stranger, “but a little distance in this wind is enough to chill the blood.”

There was a little pause. Denham did not like to make more enquiries for fear of seeming impertinently curious, and there was something in his guest’s gloomy and sinister aspect which checked the ready flow of ordinary chit-chat. Denham was not sorry when Minnie’s entrance relieved him from the weight of the stranger’s leaden eyes, which now turned slowly upon her with the same intent gaze.

“You are the children of William Holford, I be-

lieve?" he observed, interrogatively, after Minnie had offered refreshments which were apparently very acceptable to the traveller.

"And your father is away?" he added, on receiving from Minnie an affirmative reply to his first query.

Minnie did not feel called upon to state the nature of the occupation which took Mr. Holford from home, and therefore she again simply answered, "Yes."

"Long away?" said the catechetical stranger.

"Some little time," replied Minnie, shortly, annoyed at the cold stare and persistent questionings of their unprepossessing guest. "Now Ella, dear," she said, turning to her little sister, "get your work. I am going to work also, while Denham reads to us."

Denham immediately took the hint, and drawing his seat to the light, opened his book, and turned the leaves quickly to find his place. Before he could do so the sallow-faced man interposed another question.

"When does your father come home?"

"Perhaps he wants to see him," thought Minnie to herself, taking herself to task at the same moment for the feelings of dislike and irritation that were momentarily gaining ground in her usually charitable and kindly mind towards this man. She answered his question by another, however:—"Do you want to see him, Sir? You can leave any message or note with me that you please."

"Ah! you don't know, then, when he is coming back," observed the man, with an air of quiet satisfaction which made his heavy visage yet more un-

pleasing. Minnie, who was by nature somewhat nervous and timid, could gladly have walked out into the wind and snow to have avoided the pertinacious glare of his great black eyes as he made this last remark. She controlled herself, however, and merely repeating, "I can give him any message you like to leave," signed to her brother to begin his reading, hoping by that act to induce the stranger either to state his errand, if he really had any, or to go away if he had only stepped in for refreshment and a temporary shelter from the storm.

"I shall not trouble you," said the stranger, rising; "nor shall I trouble you longer with my presence."

His long legs carried him almost in a single stride from the fireside to the door; he opened it, and was gone. Minnie would fain have said something courteous as a parting speech, that at least her guest might have a pleasant last reminiscence, but he was gone before she had time to say anything. His last movement was the quickest that he had made during the whole of his visit.

"What an odious man!" exclaimed little Ella, as the door closed upon the obnoxious visitor. "You turned quite white, Minnie, when he stared at you so rudely."

"Did I? Certainly I have seldom before seen any one whom I disliked so much at first sight. I hope I was not rude to him?" she added, appealing to Denham.

"You could not be rude if you tried," answered

her brother. "Even when you answer any one briefly, you do it with a tone of voice and a little gentle lighting up of your dear eyes which turns it into the sweetest courtesy."

"Hush, Denham," said Minnie, laughing and blushing, as she laid her finger on his lips, "what a flatterer you are, you will turn my head; there is no getting an honest opinion out of you. But now let us think no more of this disagreeable man. Read to us, dear Denham, and let us forget him."

How much more Minnie's dislike and timidity might have been aroused had she known that the stranger who had been sitting by her fireside was none other than Samuel Lount, the blacksmith, of Yonge-street, the notorious rebel leader and the sworn ally of Mackenzie, Fletcher, Lloyd, and the other demagogues more especially connected with the affair of Montgomery's Tavern, it is impossible to say; but even as it was, all Denham's reading and all Ella's merry prattle failed entirely to restore her equanimity, or to drive from her mind a shuddering recollection of those heavy, sinister eyes, and that coldly impertinent questioning voice. She did her best, however, to conceal her uncomfortable feelings from her brother and sister, and the evening wore away as usual. The Evensong was duly said, the fires were covered up, the fire-arms were loaded,—for in that lonely place and in these unsettled times it was a matter of mere ordinary precaution to do thus much,—and all retired to bed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It might have been a little past midnight or more when Denham was awoke by a gentle hand laid upon his shoulder, and starting up in bed found his sister standing by his side, her little bare feet and white night-dress but half concealed by a heavy cloak which she had hastily thrown round her shoulders. Her white face and trembling limbs in one moment roused in the lad a spirit and courage far beyond his years. There was clearly some danger at hand, and his gentle sister, woman-like, was terrified at its approach; now was the time for him to support and aid, if possible to protect her.

"What is amiss, dear Minnie?" he asked, with a calmness which helped Minnie to regain a portion of her own. While he was speaking he was quickly slipping on shoes and trowsers, that he might be ready for action in case of any emergency. Confidence and courage are happily almost as infectious as their reverse, and Minnie's cheeks lost a little of their deathly whiteness and her limbs a little of their uncontrollable agitation when she saw Denham's readiness and coolness.

"Come into my room," she said, "I have something to shew you."

"And I've something to shew *you*," he said, with a little oddity of expression, which almost made Minnie smile, despite her terrified excitement, as he pointed to her little white toes, which both looked



and were half frozen. "Whatever may be the matter, it cannot be made better by your catching cold."

That little practical, commonplace observation about so every-day a matter as 'catching cold' wonderfully helped on Minnie's restoration to her usual state of calm and thoughtful self-possession. She drew a long sigh of relief as she consciously felt the strained excitement of her mood relax.

"Oh, Denham, perhaps it is not as bad as I fancied. But to confess the honest truth, I was so scared that I just leaped out of bed and rushed to you without waiting to think at all. It's a wonder how I got hold of this cloak. But I shall soon be brave now I've got hold of you."

If Denham himself had felt courageous before, doubly so did he feel after that little speech of his sister's. While thus speaking they had mounted into the little upper room, where Minnie slept with Ella and little Harry, Mary and Jessie occupying a portion which was boarded off from the rest; while Denham and Mr. Holford slept downstairs. And here the cause of Minnie's alarm became at once apparent. Through the window, which looked westward,—away from the river and in the direction of John Kirkpatrick's farm,—a lurid, smoky glare might be distinctly seen, and from time to time, as the wind, which had only partially abated, swept through the forest, a tongue of flame might be seen for a moment leaping up so that its jagged point could be seen above the intervening pine and cedar-trees.

“What do you think it is, Minnie?” said her brother, after having surveyed the scene for a minute or so. “Is it an accident to Kirkpatrick’s farm? or the forest fired by Indians? or possibly—can it be?—a signal of distress from the Kirkpatricks?”

“None of these, Denham. I know not why, but I feel convinced that this has to do with the visit of that evil-faced man who came here to-night. Denham,” she added, in a frightened whisper, “it’s the rebels!”

By one of those strange presentiments which sometimes seem sent by a merciful Providence as fore-warnings, she had divined the terrible truth. A cold thrill of horror shot through Denham’s heart. There are few people who, finding themselves “in a strait” between the perils of raging and deadly elements and those of wicked and infuriated men, would not with eager earnestness make David’s choice,—“Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, and let us not fall into the hand of man.”

Denham made no reply for a moment. He would not increase his sister’s alarm by adding his convictions and fears to hers. Then he said, “In any case, Minnie, there is some mischief near, and we must be prepared. Get yourself and the children dressed, darling, while I wake Mary and Jessie, and see to the guns and the fastenings.”

Amid all her alarm Minnie could not but feel a fond admiration of the manliness, thoughtfulness, and promptness which the necessities of this try-

ing moment had suddenly called forth in her boy-brother.

"You *are* a stay and support indeed to me, Denham," she said, earnestly. For one moment their lips met in a kiss, heartfelt on both sides, before they unclasped their hands and turned from the window, where they had been standing side by side looking at the fire, to attend to the few little precautionary measures which lay within their power. How often in after years did Denham think with tender remembrance of that hasty but fond kiss, and that tight clasp of loving hands before they parted on that eventful night!

Hardly had they had time to rouse the other sleepers, when a hurried rapping was heard at the house-door, and a moment afterwards a voice, raised high in plaintive entreaty, begged them "for the love of God" to let the speaker in.

"Sure and that is the voice of my John's wife," exclaimed Mary; "do go down, Master Denham, there's a dear boy, and undo the door for her,—or stay, I'll run myself as you're busy with that gun."

For Denham was just in the act of reaching down a double-barrelled gun from the hooks upon which it had been slung up. The next moment they heard the good woman hastily unfastening the door to let in her daughter-in-law. Then they heard a footstep enter the lower room, rather a heavy footstep for young Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who was a light-footed Canadian lass, then a scream from old Mary, and immediately

afterwards a coarse, brutal laugh which rang horribly through the little house.

"Caught in the trap, old gal," exclaimed a voice as loud and coarse as the laugh.

Little Ella joined her screams to those of poor old Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and for a moment Denham felt as if his wits were altogether forsaking him. The heavy footsteps swarmed in one after another,—it was but too clear that that entreating voice had been a cruel and too successful stratagem on the part of a numerous band of assailants, whose very manner of seeking admission betokened that they came with evil purposes. One man advanced to the foot of the little flight of narrow and steep stairs, which almost, after the fashion of a ladder, formed the only mode of access to the loft rooms.

"You there,—you children of the rascally William Holford," said a harsh, slow-speaking voice, which Minnie and Denham immediately recognised as that of their evening visitor, "come down peaceably and directly. We have the old woman tightly pinioned, and if you give us any trouble or offer any resistance, we shall put a knife across her throat in one moment."

A hurried consultation ensued between the brother and sister.

"They have us doubly in their power, Minnie," whispered Denham. "Poor Mary is in their hands, and they will not scruple, upon the least provocation on our part, to carry out their threat of murdering

her; and besides this, the house can be fired in a moment if we anger them."

"Right, Denham. Conciliation is our only chance, and we must use that to the utmost for the sake of the children and the servants. Do you go down, and I will follow as soon as I have got my dress on." For, ever thinking of others before herself, Minnie had been busy in dressing little Harry and helping Ella, to the neglect of herself.

Before Denham could obey her suggestion, a voice from the window-side of the apartment startled them.

"Now then, young lady,"—with a scornful emphasis on the word 'lady,'—"there's not so much as a sparrow to see you in the woods, and its thither you're bound; so you needn't put on more nor you have on already."

The man had mounted upon the ladder, which he had espied leaning against the wood-shed, and was gazing insolently in at the window while speaking. Little Harry, who had not hitherto clearly understood the reason of sister Minnie's waking him up from his comfortable bed and dressing him at that unusual hour, now joined his tears and cries to those of poor Ella; and Denham, uncertain whether under this fresh insult to adhere to their plan of conciliation, grasped his gun in the momentary impulse to fire at this man at least, whatever he might do with the rest. He was not left to his own choice in the matter, however: while their attention had been directed to the window-side of the room, Samuel Lount with a couple of others,

having slipped off their heavy boots, had made their way unperceived up the loft stairs, and three stalwart men were more than a match for a lad of twelve and two girls; for of course poor little Ella and Harry counted for nothing in the struggle. It seemed to the terrified captives the work but of a moment to drag them down-stairs and out into the dark night, to tear them apart from each other, and lead them off by separate paths into the snowy pine-forest. Vainly did Minnie strive to writhe herself free from the rude arm which grasped her waist and urged her unwillingly forward. Vainly did Denham fight and struggle with his powerful captor, who carried the slight boy in his brawny arms as easily as Denham himself might have carried Harry, and strode over the farm-fields in an opposite direction, and from thence still farther into the unenclosed land beyond. Vainly did both beseech and pray, with all the arguments and entreaties they could think of, for mercy and gentle usage. The men were deaf to everything they said, and dragged them over the deep snow farther and farther from each other and from their home, out into the desolate darkness.

“Here, take the young un with yer,” said the ruffian who had hold of Minnie, pausing at last, as he thrust little Harry into her arms, and prepared to make off, leaving her, bewildered and half naked, in the trackless forest; for beyond muffling her head as well as her shoulders in the cloak which she had herself thrown on when first aroused by the fire, the

men had dragged her from her room and out of the house in just the same attire she was in when Denham warned her of the risk of catching cold. Minnie made a last effort at self-preservation by appealing to the man's better feelings—if he had any.

“Have you no children of your own?” she pleaded. “Would it not break your heart to think that they were out, houseless and unprotected, in such a night as this? Especially such a little one as this,” she added, looking at Harry.

The man made no answer but a surly grunt, and began to move off. Minnie had reckoned on what this fellow did not possess, namely, some latent sparks of charity and compassion.

“At least will you not tell me where my other brother and my little sister are?” exclaimed Minnie in despair, calling after him.

“You'll meet them in the wood if you look long enough,” he shouted back, with a mocking laugh. “I'd come with yer,—William Holford's children deserve that we should shew 'em all the attention we can,—but I reckon supper is ready at the farm by now, and I'm hungry. I wish you a pleasant walk.”

His voice was lost in the distance and in the howling-wind, as he ended his mocking speech, and Minnie was alone with her little brother in the pine-wood. Piercingly bitter was the wind that swept steadily down from the north over the frozen snow. There was no escaping from its keen edge even for a moment, it blew with such a steady, untiring malignity.

The snow lay knee-deep upon the rugged ground, and even though the storm was past, continual droppings of frozen snow-flakes fell sharply on Minnie's head from the over-laden boughs of the trees above her. She clasped little Harry closely in her arms,— he would have been buried in the snow had she allowed him to try and walk, as the brave little fellow asked her to do,—and gathering the cloak as tightly as possible around them both, she began to creep forward in the hope—poor child! there was the bitterest misery of it, she had no hope; when she asked herself what was indeed her plan or hope in going onward, she was suddenly brought to a stand by this desperate conviction. To go back was indeed to fall into the hands of the very ruffians who had just cast her forth, but to go forward into the intricacies of the forest was only to plunge yet farther away from all human aid whatever. If she could only find the path to her Uncle Henry's house, she might escape both the rebels and the cold, but in the black gloom of midnight, in a pine-forest and no moon up, the impossibility of this was too apparent to give her so much as a moment's comfort. She raised her voice and shouted her brother Denham's name. Again and again she did this, but the moaning of the wind and the clashing of the branches were the only sounds that made answer. Had she been alone she would have sat down on the ground where she was, and committing herself to God's keeping, made no further effort to escape from her perilous position;



but for the sake of the child in her arms she again began to struggle onwards, that he might have the chance, all faint as that chance was, of reaching some shelter before the cold had seriously affected him. Oh that terrible wind! How it numbed the poor girl's limbs, how it nipped them sharply, and yet more sharply, until the excruciating pain was almost more than she could bear without tears. She waded on through the deep snow nevertheless, now and then raising her voice as before in that hopeless cry,—“Denham! help, Denham!” A verse came somewhat quaintly into her mind,—“Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward;” and albeit that the application was by no means exact, it came upon Minnie, as such sudden thoughts in seasons of great trial often do, with all the stern force of a personal admonition. Yes, heedless of pain, heedless of the toil of the way, and the uncertainty of the end, “Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.” And so she struggled on, staying herself upon that one thought, that He who went before them with the fiery cloud, went before her too, though not so visibly.

“Minnie,” whispered the frightened child in her arms, “will those men come after us any more?”

“No, darling; I think not. Are you cold?”

“No, Minnie, hardly at all. But you are, I know, by the sound of your voice. Let me walk, darling Min, I'm too big for you to carry.”

“Hush, my pet; the snow is too deep for you

to get through: and we must go on, we must not stand still. Harry, darling, do you know that we are in great danger?" she added, in a low, sweet voice, that awed but did not frighten the little fellow. "We are both in great danger of dying, Harry. I am afraid I cannot find the track to Uncle Henry's house, and we shall be lost in the forest, if I cannot find it; and then either the wolves may come upon us, or the snow may freeze us. I want you to lie quite still, and to say your little evening prayers, Harry, for yourself and for me."

"Yes, Minnie." And the little boy, lying quite still as she had told him to do, began whispering his prayers to himself. His sister's quiet voice, and the safe feeling of her warm arms round him, prevented him from feeling the fear he otherwise would at the prospect of wolves and frost; and the specially calming occupation which she had set him, kept his little mind peacefully employed, and suggested all the thoughts which could most inspire him with fortitude and courage. As for Minnie herself, she was learning by sharp experience what a terrible capacity the body has for feeling pain, and for transmitting its own sensations of weakness and agony to the mind. With all her resolution and all her bravery, she could not keep back the tears which fell down her cheeks, and froze as they fell. Her limbs felt heavy as lead, so that she could scarcely drag them after her; and the searching pain which she was enduring tortured every part of her with

sharp anguish. "By Thine agony and passion; by Thy precious death and burial, good Lord, deliver us!" The words escaped from her lips almost unawares, wrung from her by the extremity of her suffering, which made her instinctively take refuge in prayer, and fly for aid to Him who was the "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

The next moment she felt almost ashamed to have used such solemn words only because she was in bodily pain,—the more so that the pain was suddenly and considerably abated. She did not know that it was "the bitterness of death" through which she had been passing,—that the struggle was over now, the glory quite secure, the rest already begun. Fainter and fainter grew her steps, heavier and yet more numb her limbs, less and still less the bitter aching. And now the last fatal symptom of death by cold stole over her,—an unconquerable, irresistible desire to sleep, a desire which the most resolute will has no power long to combat, since it is the result of disease, set up in the very organ through which alone the will can act upon the rest of the body. She knew, of course, as every one does, the cause of this sleepiness, and its probable result; and she fought against it as long as she could, ever murmuring to herself her little watchword, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." But it was all of no avail. Dimmer and dimmer grew her consciousness, her feet refused to obey her; and instinctively clasping little Harry yet more tightly in

her arms, she sank down upon the soft snow. One faint thought glimmered through her waning consciousness, a thought of how there had come to the children of Israel, at last, a time of "going forward" which had taken them out of the weary wilderness, and brought them to the land of Canaan, and to their promised rest. It was the last movement of her oppressed brain, and it left a faint, sweet smile upon her pale, sleeping lips.

"Minnie dear, Minnie," said little Harry, moving uneasily in her still arms, "did you hurt yourself when you slipped down? The snow's so soft, I don't think you did. But, Min, darling, do tell me,—do speak to me." There was no answer; only the clasp of the gentle arms relaxed a little, as the boy fidgeted about to get a look at her face.

"She must have gone to sleep," said the child, a little ruefully; "and now, perhaps, the wolves will come and eat us while she is asleep." He would have cried at this really alarming idea, but that he was afraid of "waking poor Minnie, who must be so tired with carrying him so far in the snow." The little lad, fully dressed himself, closely wrapped in the big cloak from the keen wind, and well away from the snow, was comparatively quite warm, and never dreamt—poor innocent child!—that cold, and not fatigue, had caused his sister's sleep, nor yet what kind of sleep it was. Anxious always to obey Minnie to the full extent of his capability, and to please her as much as he could, he said his prayers

again, and then nestling himself up closely upon her quiet bosom, the little fellow also dropped fast asleep. But his was the healthy sleep of a tired and over-excited child.

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## CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE, Denham and Ella had been dragged in an entirely different direction by the two ruffians who conducted them forth into the woods. Jessie Kirkpatrick, whom they soon discovered to be none of the Holford family, but only the daughter of the old servant, being kept, together with her mother, and set to provide supper for the rebels, under threat of being shot if they hesitated in so doing.

"You may help yourselves, you ruffians," the sturdy old woman had said, setting herself resolutely down in a chair, as soon as they released her arms. "The things in the house is none o' mine, and I'll set no supper, save for my master and his bairns. If you shoot me honest, I'd prefer it to being spared dishonest. And oh!" she added, bursting out into a wail of sorrow, "it's thankful I'd have been to have been shot, sooner nor have seen the blessed childer dragged out of their father's house, this gate." And the old nurse threw her apron over her head, and wept bitterly, perfectly regardless of the threats and curses the men showered upon her. Jessie, however, was more timid, possibly also more

self-interested, and therefore more compliant: she was attached to the family in a calm and moderate way, but she had no inclination to risk her life or invite rough usage by such scrupulous fidelity as her mother's. And the men, finding the pretty daughter willing to attend to their wants, contented themselves with her services, and left the old woman to herself.

But to return to Denham and his younger sister. They were left not in the heart of the forest, like poor Minnie, but in the centre of a wide meadow, some hundred acres in extent, which, covered with one unvarying sheet of snow, looked like a white lake in the centre of the black, snow-crowned forest. Not that there was light to see anything distinctly at the time when Denham and Ella found themselves deserted there by their rough conductor, but they knew the spot well, and inasmuch were better off than their sister and little brother.

Denham's first thought was of Minnie, as Minnie's had been of Denham. Both felt that in union of thought and aid would be strength, and both were tenderly anxious for each other. But Denham's lusty shouts of "Minnie! Minnie!" found no more response than hers had done. Then they walked on a little way towards a narrow, rapid creek, that even in this icy time hurried along so rapidly as to escape being frozen.

"Denham, I see something moving," said Ella, after a minute or two's silence, during which time they had been plodding diligently on through the

deep snow. They were both of them tolerably well clothed, for while Minnie had been busy dressing little Harry, Ella, with her sister's occasional assistance, had slipped on a fair supply of warm garments, and they did not consequently suffer much in this night-walk, cold though the beaver-meadow was.

"It's a horse, and something behind it!" joyfully exclaimed Denham, after looking for a moment in the direction in which his sister had pointed. He gave another loud shout, and, to his no small joy, it was answered by a voice so peculiar, that there was no mistaking it even at that distance.

"It's Ichabod Clapshaw, Denham," said little Ella. "I think he'll be good to us, queer though he is."

In a few minutes the horse and sleigh were alongside of the two children. Ichabod gave a whistle of surprise at beholding the two young Holfords in the middle of the beaver-meadow at this time of night, and for a minute or so seemed too much astonished to make any further remark. Then he said, drily enough, and with his own peculiar Yankee drawl, "Guess it's pretty considerable late, Denham, for you and Ella to be out. What's the reason you're not to hum?"

In a few words Denham gave him a hasty account of what had befallen them, while Ichabod employed himself in lifting little Ella into the sleigh, and settling an undressed deer-robe comfortably about her.

"Humph!" grunted the American, when Denham had finished; "and so they've fixed it that way, have

they, the eternal villains, the —— ;” and Ichabod, in his wrathful indignation, continued to pour forth on them a string of strange epithets, not unmixed with oaths and curses as strange, which none but an American would even so much as have thought of.

“Ichabod,” said Denham, with more dignity than one might have expected from one so young, “pray do not speak in that way. You should not use those violent expressions of any one, not even of enemies and bad men. And besides, they are not fit for my sister to hear.”

“Hold yer impudence, young ’un,” said Ichabod, roughly, but good-humouredly, “and come ’long. I mean to drop them ’ere words, I do, for the sake of that gal Minnie. Yes,” he added, as he gathered up the reins, and prepared to drive back again from whence he came with the two children, “I’d do a sight o’ disagreeable things rather nor vex her.”

“But, Ichabod,” said Denham, anxiously, “there is the worst of it. Minnie is in the forest, too, somewhere, for they dragged her out of the house-door just before me; but where she is I do not know. Pray do not take us home to your place till we have found her.”

“Worse nor useless, Denham, to look for her, without lights, in the forest, when it’s as dark as the blind man’s eyes to-night. I come across to help at the fire, which I reckon is over to John Kirkpatrick’s, and I did not calculate to bring lanterns along to see a blazing house by.”



“Cheer up,” he added, seeing Denham cover his face with his hands with a gesture of despair, “we’ll be to hum spry ’nough, and my old woman ’ll take care of Ella here while we go and look for t’other teu.”

Ichabod’s clearing lay a little way to the north side of the beaver-meadow and its belt of forest. And having awoke his wife Priscilla,—commonly called Cilly Clapshaw, a name whose libellous sound was by no means in accordance with the dame’s shrewd character,—he consigned Ella to her care, and started out again with Denham, a long lad of his, called Job, and a farm ‘help,’ to look for the missing ones. They took with them lanterns, and a couple of guns, in consideration of the company they might possibly fall in with on their way, and for hours they searched the woods in all directions in the hope of finding her, but all with no avail.

The morning broke at last,—a black, cold day; the same keen, cutting wind still blew over the frozen snow, and dark grey clouds covered the sky. They had just turned back along one of the forest tracks which they had pursued until it came out by the side of the Otonabee, without finding any trace of steps or any marks of the lost Minnie, when they saw a cutter, drawn by a fine grey horse, trotting briskly along the road before them.

“Uncle Henry’s grey mare!” exclaimed Denham.

“And I guess ’tis Holford himself driving,” added Ichabod.

Poor Denham was almost overcome with the rush of conflicting feelings. It was a terrible meeting this, for he could see by his father's joyous aspect and unclouded brow that he as yet knew nothing of the calamity which had befallen his family.

"Denham, my dear boy," he exclaimed, as he leaped from the cutter and affectionately greeted his son, "why I thought to surprise you all at breakfast. I have spent the night at Uncle Henry's, not liking to knock you all up so late last night, for it was late when we arrived. But you are beforehand with me."

Denham had turned his face hastily from his father to hide his choking tears, and was making a feint at tightening a buckle in the grey mare's harness. How should he break the dreadful news? Ichabod spared him the painful task.

"I'm glad to see yer to hum, Holford," he said gravely; "and to tell yer the truth it's time you were, for matters isn't jist all right up there. We're on a grave bit of a job, Holford, and the sooner you know it the better. It's jist no more nor less than that your gal Minnie's missin', and it's been a considerable snowy night for a delicate young critter like her to be out."

He would not tell him any more of the bad-news just then;—that Harry was also with Minnie, that the insurgents had broken into his house, and, as they had every reason to believe, had burnt John Kirkpatrick's farm, were additional evil tidings which

he would hear but too soon. At first the poor father seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the stroke, but in a short time his manly energy gathered itself together, and he turned back with the melancholy and disheartened searching party, to make yet another effort towards his daughter's recovery. No one spoke much after that; there were lines of stern sorrow already marked on Mr. Holford's face which kept all the rest of the anxious and mournful little band more silent even than before.

In the chilly light of dawn they now perceived tracks which had escaped them by the partial help of their lanterns, and following these they came at last to a spot where one of the footsteps, evidently the resolute, firm steps of a strong man, turned back again and went in the direction of Weston Farm.

"They left her here," whispered Denham to Ichabod, "as they did Ella and me in the beaver-meadow."

Ichabod nodded, and quietly but quickly they pursued the slurred, uncertain tracks left by the smaller and weaker feet which had also travelled this dreary path. They had not gone very far upon this fainter track when Ichabod, who was in the front of the party, suddenly stopped. Denham, who was immediately behind him, guessed with a sudden heavy thrill at his heart what it was that he had found; with a great effort he stepped forward to Ichabod's side, and then he also stood still. Thus, one by one they gathered round in a little circle, utterly

stunned at the scene before their feet. There in the cold grey morning light she lay, her little white-garmented figure hardly discernible from the white couch on which she rested, whose snowy covering had drifted up over her feet, and lightly powdered over the warm cloak which was yet closely wrapped round the sleeping Harry. Yes, there they both lay sleeping still,—but what a different sleep! what a different aspect the two faces wore! The boy's nearly-covered cheek so fresh and glowing; hers, as it lay against the cold snow, so still, and pale, and marble-like. No one could have a moment's doubt that hers was the sleep from which she would never wake here. But oh, that smile upon her lips; that told plainly enough that her waking-place would be where "the pure in heart shall see God."

"If ever any one went to heaven out of this world, she's gone there," said Ichabod, chokingly.

Those were the only words spoken by any of them.

They roused little Harry gently up, and put him in the cutter with Job and the farm 'help;' then sadly and reverently they lifted the white-robed figure of the frozen girl, and placed it in Ichabod's sleigh; Mr. Holford and Denham walking mute beside it, while Ichabod led the horse by the rein.

Thus, solemnly and quietly, they went back to what was left of Weston Farm.

## CHAPTER X.

SOME four years have passed ; the troubles that distracted the fair land of Canada are laid to rest, and by a great number of the inhabitants they are no more thought of. The schemes of good and the plans of progress that had been arrested by that period of general disturbance and bloodshed have flowed again into their old course. Missions that were hindered are now again flourishing and increasing ; farms that were desolated have been restored ; the tide of emigration pours gladly once more into a land of peace and—to the thrifty and industrious—of plenty ; a bishopric has been established at Toronto, and, at Newfoundland, villages have grown into towns ; and villages and towns alike rejoice in newly erected churches, and are gladdened by the chime of festival bells. But no great wrong ever passes away from the earth without leaving its bitter fruit ; no evil blossoms into a bad existence and fades again, and leaves all things as if it had never been. The Otonabee still dances along over its rocky bed beneath the dark shadows of its tall pines and its stately oaks, but the church that should have graced its bank is no more thought of ; the open-hearted, dark-eyed Anoonk, so intelligent and ready to be instructed, and so influential a person, as being the chief's wife, with all the tribe, is still in the dim twilight of her heathenism ; and a whole family still

wear mourning in their hearts, and will do so for many a long year to come, for her who was the light and stay and comfort of them all. And, alas! how many a district,—how many a friend,—how many a family, could tell just such a tale as this in connection with the rebellion of 1837-39, varying of course in detail, but only too similar in general drift.

The farm by the Otonabee has been transferred to Baptiste and Rose, who, with old Jacqueline, now live there, and boast a tiny Jean Baptiste, of whom they are not a little proud. It was too sad a dwelling-place for the Holfords after the terrible occurrences, with their mournful results, of that dark February night. In fact, the whole of that part of the country had become so distasteful to Mr. Holford, that he had moved down soon after into the Western District, and taken some land close by the village of St. Thomas, lying to the north of Lake Erie, where Denham, diligently pursuing his studies in the hope of one day being able to take Holy Orders, has the advantage of the help and occasional tuition of the excellent Rector, a graduate of Oxford. John Kirkpatrick's burnt farm-house is built up again, and Jessie is married and settled at Toronto.

But there is one place which is a centre of attraction and a bond of union to them all, whither the little, warm-hearted foster-sister Rose makes many a pilgrimage, and where she sheds many a tear :

where rough old Ichabod too sometimes goes, and comes away so softened and subdued that Cilly does not hear a rough word or an oath from his lips for many weeks: where Denham also comes when he can, and thinks over all the sweet sisterly counsel and sympathy he once had; and gathers up anew, with fresh earnestness, all the good feelings and high resolutions with which those counsels and that sympathy inspired him. It is a quiet, shady grave in Peterborough churchyard, with a little wooden cross at the head of it, and distinguished by nothing else save by the lovely and fresh-kept flowers which are always blooming there. For those who knew her, need no graven name on stone or marble to help them remember their Minnie. Only round about the pedestal of the cross Denham has written, in letters of bright azure, "The darkness is past and the true Light now shineth."





