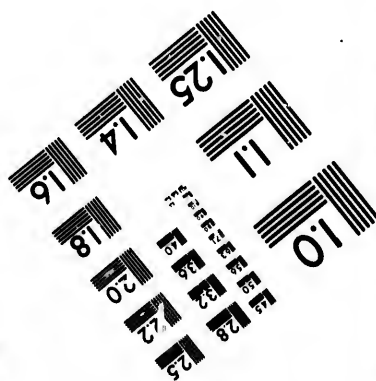
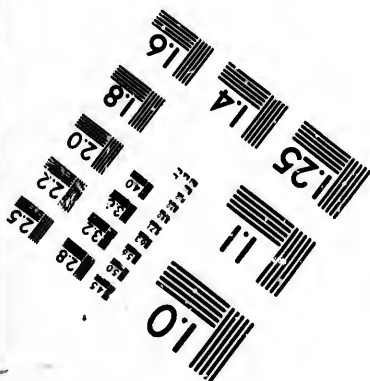
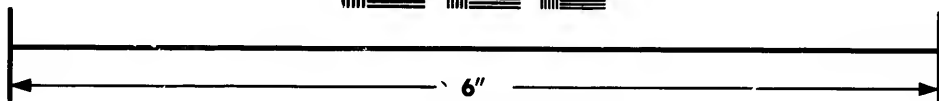
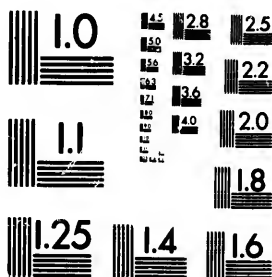


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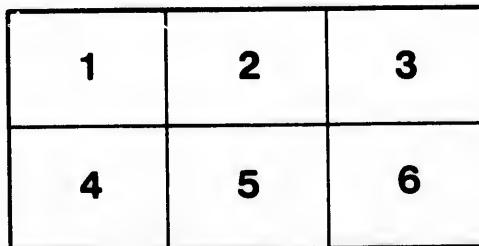
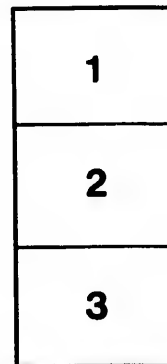
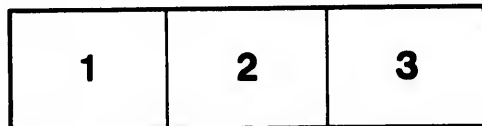
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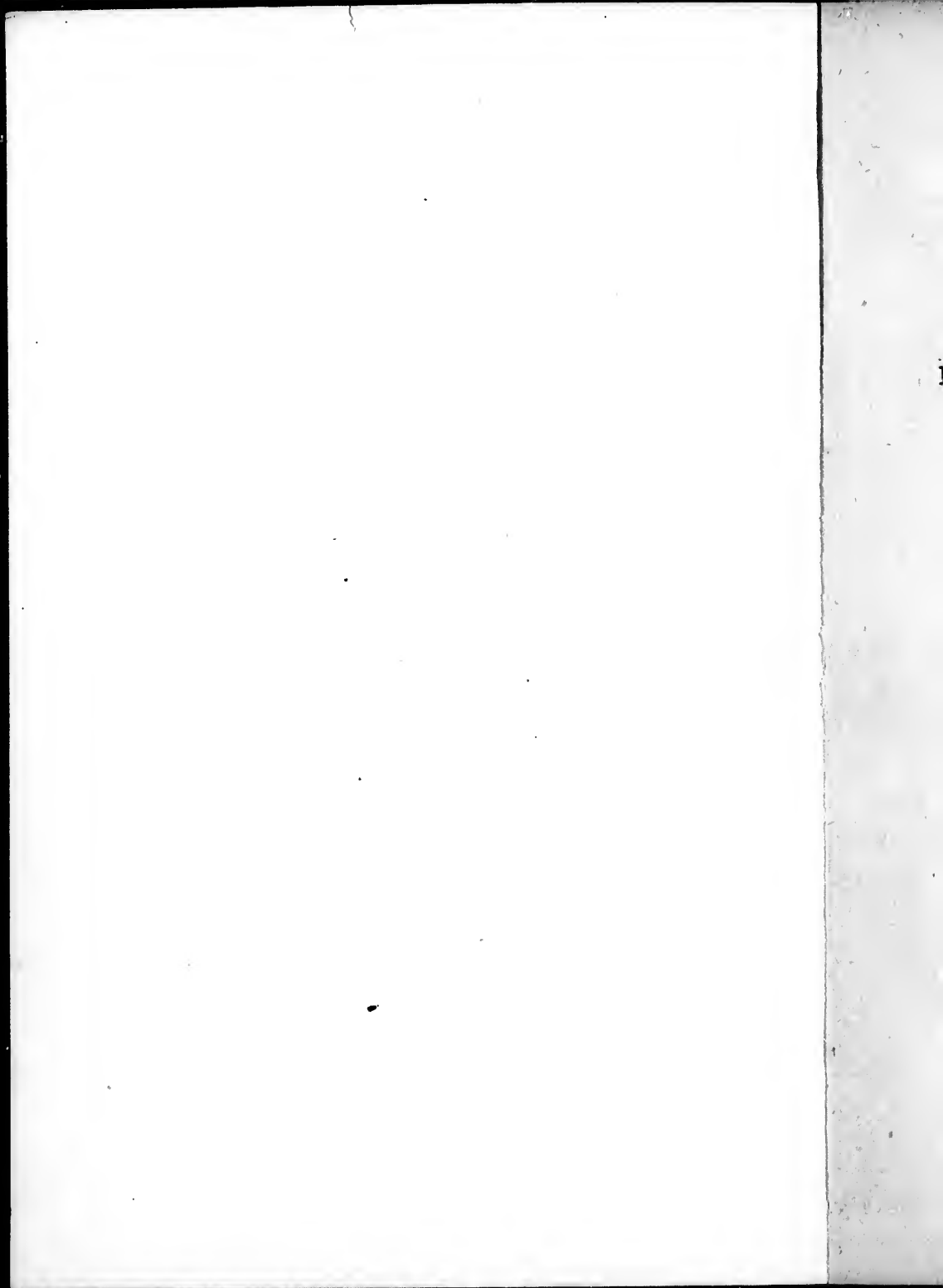
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THEY TWO;

OR,

PHASES OF LIFE IN EASTERN CANADA,

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN IN 1875, BY AN EX-JOURNALIST.

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL & SON.

1888.

FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTORES.

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To
John Lovell,
One of our earliest, most constant,
and
liberal patrons of
Canadian Literature,
this trifle is respectfully inscribed,

BY THE AUTHOR.

EXPLANATORY.

As the author of this book, who wrote it fourteen years ago, had not the fortune to publish it, a few prefatory remarks may be permitted.

It is no commendation of a novel now-a-days to assure the reader that the incidents are all actualities; for the more absurdly false they are, so long as they are sensational, the more popular are such stories with a certain class of readers. What influence the perusal of such "Munchausenisms" will have on the literary taste of the age, and on the morality of the rising generation, the future alone will solve.

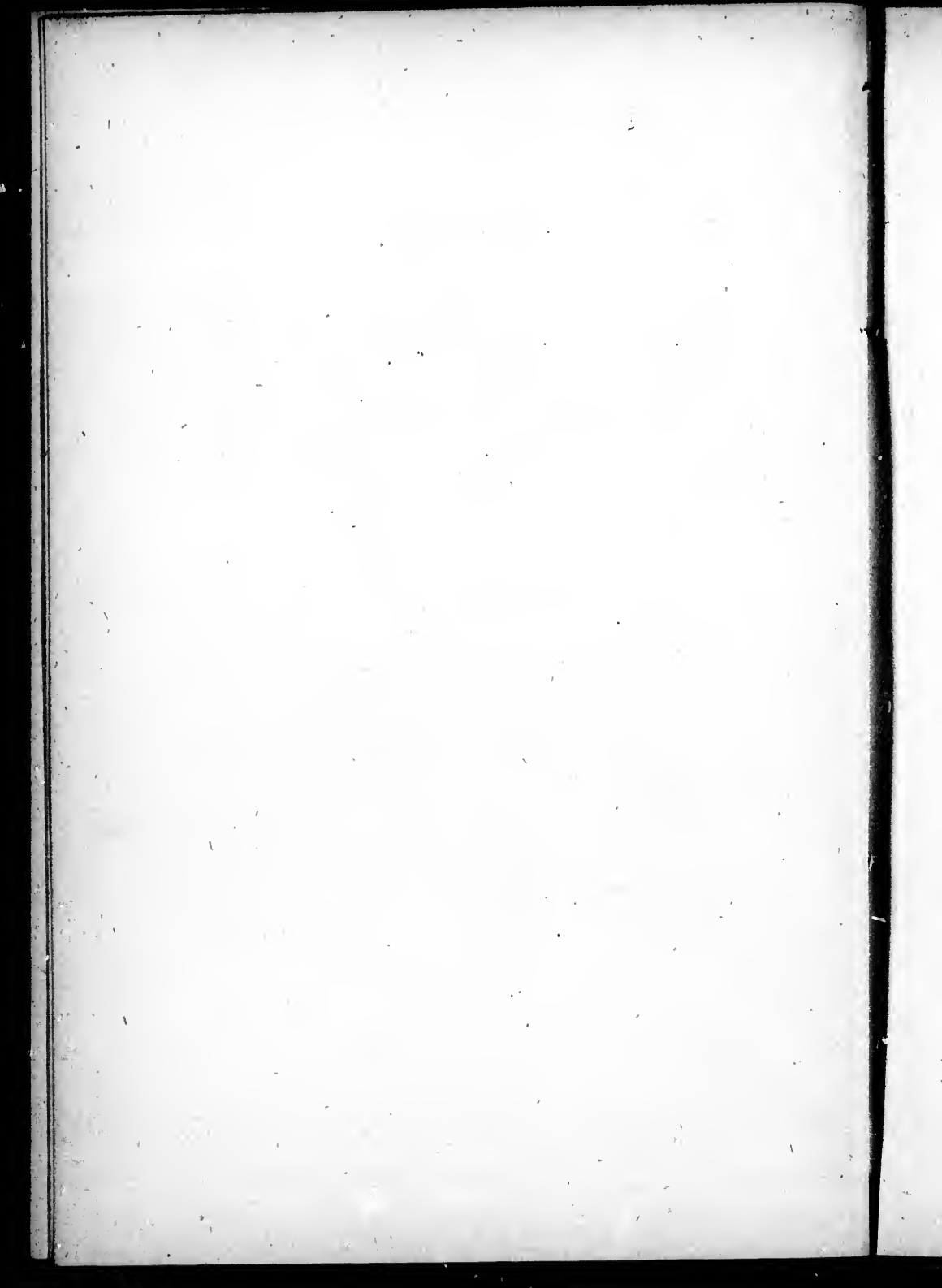
This book has neither falsehood nor sensation to recommend it.

It was written by a parent for the amusement of children, but the adult will find in it something of interest.

To those who read between the lines, another object will become evident, and they will perceive that the writer intended to crystallize some phases of Canadian life into our literature.

Had the author been the publisher, some needful corrections might have been made; as it is, the public will have to receive the work as men accept their friends, with their faults and imperfections.

THE EDITOR.



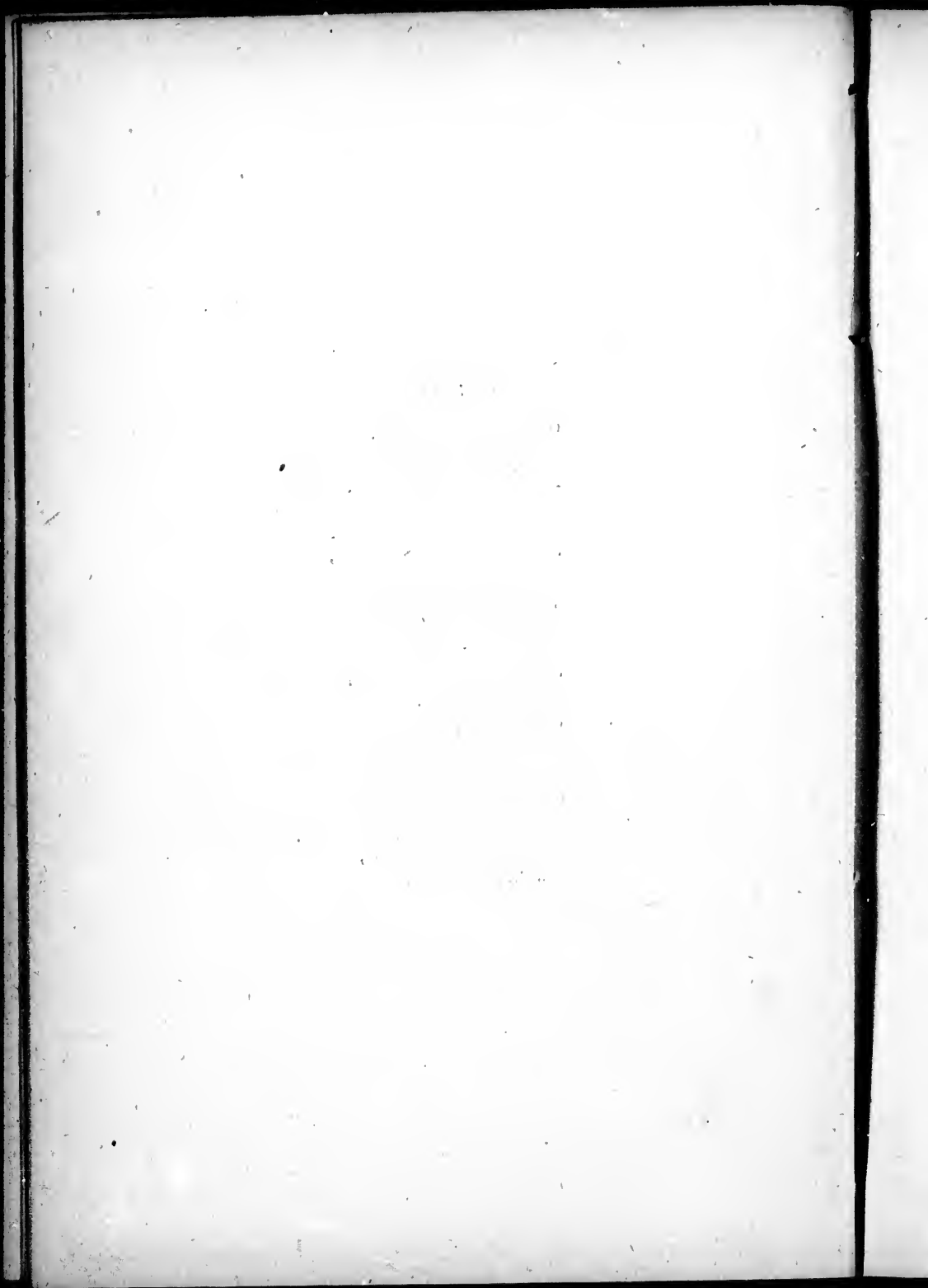
CANADA.

Our country, first of all,
Free, fresh, and fair ;
No serf,—no human thrall,
Has breath'd our air.

Fresh from her Maker's hand,
As rose new blown ;
There is no other land
Fair as our own.

Fair as the morning's smile,
On dewy height ;
Or fairy, sea-girt isle
Bath'd in moonlight.

Our country, first of all,
Fair, fresh, and free ;
Until death's shadows fall,
We'll live for thee.



THEY TWO;

OR

PHASES OF LIFE IN EASTERN CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT wordy story-tellers these old men were," said Lucy to herself, as she laid down a volume of "Les Relations des Jésuites" she had been reading. "How minute they are, too! the slightest detail of every incident is recorded. I should like to be as able as they were to set clearly before my readers what I write. And yet I should not choose them for my model; they are too trivial. I should like to be purely Canadian, which these *Relations* are not, and after all what is there in Canada to write about? We are too young; and what is more, we are what the French term, 'sec.' Our climate lies in that direction. Summer bakes our juices, and winter freezes them. Our life tends to materialism. We are all straining in the race for wealth, and even those who have obtained the prize enjoy but little of what is known in Europe as 'elegant leisure.' 'The world is too much with us,' and as a consequence we have little romance and less poetry."

Lucy had got this far in her thinking when the silvery tinkle of sleigh bells fell upon her ear. The sound ceased opposite to her door, and looking out she saw her cousin Huntly alight from his cutter and come up the steps. She was glad to see him. He had only got back from Quebec a few days before, and after the holidays he was going up to the pine woods; and it was now only a week till Christmas. Huntly had come to ask her out for a drive, and she gladly accepted his kind offer. She was soon ready, and in a few minutes was gliding over the crisp snow. The air was keen, but not disagreeably cold to one nestled close in furs. The stars sparkled in the blue above, and the moon shed floods of splendor on the snow beneath. The

tinkling of the bells, the prancing of the horses, the smooth and rapid motion, and the bracing air, more intoxicating to young blood than champagne, made driving delightful. But they had not gone far when a huge dog from an adjacent farm house attacked them. Huntly, who could cut with his whip within an inch of where he wanted, struck him across the nose; which so infuriated the brute that he jumped at the horses, and as the whip came down upon him the second time he got among their feet and frightened them. They reared, and plunged, and taking the bits between their teeth started at a mad gallop. Huntly had a cool head, a strong wrist, and a steady hand, and could he only keep the cutter from upsetting all would be right. Though carrying a whip he never used it upon his horses, and bearing steadily upon the reins, he let the animals take their head. There were but few sharp curves in the road, and few travellers out at that hour of the evening, so the chances of an upset or a collision were diminished. Sometimes the vehicle would glide only on one runner for quite a distance, and then glance back upon the other as quick as thought, but the driver's body swayed as quickly and preserved the balance. After a five miles' run he had the satisfaction of seeing the horses slacken their speed, and pay attention to his voice, and though his wrists ached from the extreme tension of the muscles, he had no difficulty in getting his horses in hand and turning their heads for home. Lucy had not uttered a word, or made the slightest movement all this time. She simply watched and prayed that their heads might not be broken when the cutter upset, for she dreaded that event every succeeding second. The danger was now passed, and her pulses beat again in unison with freer breathing. The drive home was very pleasant, as the enjoyment was not marred by any sense of danger. The horses were quiet enough, and chat flowed on freely; and as they reached Lucy's house she inwardly regretted that the drive was so soon over. There was heightened color in her cheeks, intenser light within her eyes, and with gladdened pulses she pressed Huntly's hand, thanking him for the drive, and bidding him good-night. Before retiring, she wrote in her

journal :—"It was not exactly right to conclude that we had no romance or poetry in Canada ; it is only so comparatively. In old countries like England and France, time, wealth, and study have fostered and developed poetry, as they have also the arts and sciences ; and the romance of these countries is that of olden time. In Canada we just begin to live our romance. Ours are the days of discovery and adventure. Much of our country is unexplored. Our virgin forests still sleep beneath the spell of secrecy. Our boundless prairies weave their tall grasses to winds as lone and mysterious as those that wander over homeless seas. As we grow older the beauties and the mysteries of nature will mirror themselves in our poetry ; our love and woe, the joys and sorrows which make the sum of human life, will become crystallized in a pure and wholesome literature. The old world is a matron, wrinkled with thought and clouded by care, while Canada is fresh as Eve, with the daybreak of creation on her face. What a dear, kind friend Huntly is, I wish I could ask him to help me with my book ! But that is still a secret."

Whether the young lady was more correct in this entry in her journal than she had been in her musings a few hours before, I leave the reader to determine.

CHAPTER II.

LUCY DELISLE was the only daughter of a Canadian lumber merchant. Her father was now dead some years. She lived with her mother in a pretty village on the Lower Ottawa. She had an only brother, Edmond, who was a land surveyor, and who was absent from home on duty, and would not return before the holidays. Lucy's mother was Irish, and her father French Canadian. Lucy had received a liberal education, and had embraced the faith of her mother, who was a Protestant. Her brother Edmond was a Roman Catholic. She had spent two or three seasons in Europe with her father, where she enjoyed the hospitality of some old English families, and joined one winter in the gaieties of Paris. She returned to Canada unspoiled,—the same dutiful and loving daughter as when leaving home; and after the loss of her father, which brought loss of property as well, she was even more dutiful than before. No murmur was heard from the lips of any of the little family, when forced to abandon the old home in Quebec, and journey up the Ottawa to take possession of a cottage and grounds which remained to them after settling up the estate. They had early learned the lesson of contentment, and under such circumstances there are few situations in life in which we may not enjoy a degree of happiness. It is the old secret of the Apostle to the Gentiles, "Having food and raiment let us be therewith content."

There was much to interest Lucy in her new home. The cottage was comfortable and finely situated, with an outlook on the river, and a beautiful garden well stocked with fruits and flowers. Here were exercise, health and pleasure combined. During the summer months the garden afforded plenty of occupation and keen enjoyment to both mother and daughter. Edmond found a pleasure boat upon the premises and Lucy soon learned to manage it. Her flowers however were an unfailing source of

joy. They seemed to her gems with which old earth decked herself, or rather, the smiles she returned to the sun for his warm kisses :

“ The sun’s a bridegroom, earth a bride,
They kiss from morn till eventide;
The earth shall pass but love abide.”

The Great Teacher points us to the flowers, that we may feel safe in the fatherhood of God. A modern poet exclaims :—

“ Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines ! ”

The adjacent woods, too, proved new sources of pleasure. What delightful rambles in the sweet September weather ; and when the early October frosts flushed the forest with gold and crimson, how glorious to drink in the splendor, and to gather rich harvests of autumnal leaves and bright berries for winter decorations. Then grand old winter with its sports driving, snow-shoe tramping, sliding, and skating ; while for indoors, there were books, composition, fancy work, drawing, and music. Altogether life on the beautiful banks of the Ottawa did not entail much self-denial or furnish food for bitter regrets.

Huntly Marston was a native of Quebec as well as Lucy, and few were prouder than he of the Fortress City. Her “grand battery” to the East, her northern Esplanade, and the Citadel, which crowns her western heights, had been to his boyish fancy the most glorious places on which the sun had shone, and maturer views had but little altered his opinion ; while from Durham Terrace, from the Cape, or from the Ramparts, the eye takes in a scene of beauty and magnificence difficult to surpass. History, too, had embalmed her name. Men, in imagination, still hear the echo of her guns, the trumpet blast, the clash of arms, and the cheers of victory. The names of Wolfe and of Montcalm stir men’s blood till this very hour. No wonder Huntly felt proud of dear old Stadacona. He was an only son, and had a good

deal of his own way, except when pressed into the service of his sisters, of whom he had three, and all charming girls. His father had been a general merchant who made advances to lumber men, and had grown wealthy. When he had made what he thought a competency for his family he prudently retired, and after a time removed to Montreal. His wife and Mrs. Delisle were second cousins, and during Mr. Delisle's lifetime he often received advances from Mr. Marston, to whom he consigned most of his timber rafts. Towards the close of Mr. Delisle's life, however, there came a depression in the timber trade, and requiring heavier advances than usual he transferred the licenses of his timber limits to Mr. Marston as security. Mr. Delisle's death was sudden, and occurred before any final settlement had been made with Mr. Marston. The widow was not on intimate terms with her husband's relatives, and left the winding up of his affairs to the creditor. The latter, though fond of money, was strictly honorable, and dealt fairly by the widow, who, after all claims were settled, would still own the limits and the cottage and grounds on the Ottawa. So Huntly was anxious to commence business, his father proposed making him the necessary advances if he could arrange with the widow about the limits. Huntly, with all the generosity of youth, proposed working them jointly, as well for the benefit of the Delisles as for his own, especially as Lucy's brother Edmond could be taken in as a partner. Mr. Marston thought it best that Huntly should buy the limits; and the Delisles agreeing to sell, he invested the money for them, and charged the amount to Huntly. He had already lumbered on these limits for three years at the time our story opens, and had removed to the village where the Delisles resided, in order to be near his winter operations, and probably for some unconfessed reason. These details and explanations will enable the reader to understand the relations existing between the two families.

CHAPTER III.

THE Legislature at Quebec had just adjourned for the holidays. There had been the usual number of crude measures introduced, most of which would be hurried through near the close of the session. It has been too much the custom in Canada to allow undigested measures to appear on the Statute books, and then go on year after year amending or repealing them. The consequence is we have volume after volume of enactments one half the penalties of which are never inflicted upon offenders. Better far never to have enacted such statutes, because men lose respect for law when its provisions are not enforced, and to offend with impunity is always demoralizing. This year before the members left the House on the night of adjournment, there had been the usual noise and disorder. Firing of paper pellets, inkstands, and ponderous tomes, heavy enough to floor our grave and worthy Legislators. These demonstrations were accompanied with cat calls, and other classic noises, so elevating in their tendencies. But then we must unbend sometimes, or the severe mental strain would hurt our worthy representatives.

During the recess the Commissioner of Crown Lands, who loved a quiet smoke and a little gossip, used to stroll down of an evening to spend an hour or two in his private office at the Department. There was always a confidential clerk or two in attendance on such occasions, and it was a well understood thing with those behind the scenes that these were fitting opportunities for transacting a little business. It was Christmas eve when Mr. Gervais, the great contractor, came sauntering into the office of the Commissioner. After the usual greetings, and some chat on things in general and nothing in particular, he asked the Commissioner if he would allow him to see the last list of applications for grants of timber limits. "Certainly," replied the Commissioner, for the contractor was a liberal subscriber to the election fund, and boasted of holding at least half a dozen con-

stituencies in his vest pocket. After glancing over the list which had been handed in by a clerk from an outer office, Mr. Gervais ticked off some five or six of the applications, and turning with his blandest smile to the Commissioner, informed him that he desired the apportionment of these. The Commissioner did not even trouble himself to examine the checked off numbers, and without any show of interest informed the man with the large vest pocket "that it would be all right." Mr. Gervais said "good-bye," and expressed his gratitude. He had no sooner left the office than the Commissioner seized the list, and to his dismay found that most of the marked applications had been made by friends of the Government. One of them had been made by our friend Huntly Marston. It was for this purpose that he had visited Quebec some time before. His reasons for doing so were these: he found on working the limits bought from Mr. Delisle, that they had been pretty well cut over, and the timber in a few years would be exhausted, and he thought himself a lucky fellow when Edmond Delisle gave him a hint of a well timbered vacant limit neighboring his own. Edmond had found out the valuable nature of this limit when running some lines in that vicinity, and lost no time in telling Huntly; for Edmond expected one day to be a partner, and follow the business of his late father. Huntly was quite sure of getting this limit. He had agreed with the Commissioner as to the amount of bonus per mile, had lodged the money in the bank to the credit of the Department, and was daily expecting to receive his license. What was his surprise, however, on receiving instead the following letter from the Commissioner:

QUEBEC, 26th Dec., 18

H. MARSTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that a misunderstanding has arisen respecting the timber limit for which you applied some time since. It has been promised to another party; but you are at liberty to choose a limit elsewhere, and I will see that in this instance you shall not be disappointed.

Yours, etc., etc.,

COMMISSIONER CROWN LANDS.

This was bad news for Huntly. He had spent some money in getting the limit explored, and being well wooded and close to his other works, was to him really valuable. What was he to do? Take the suggestion of the Commissioner, or fight it out with him? He did not know who the "other party" was to whom the limit was promised. Was it not promised to him, was not his application first on the list, and was not his money deposited? Yes, he would fight it out with the Commissioner. The same mail brought a letter from his father, hoping that he would spend the New Year with them in Montreal, now that provisions and teams must all have been despatched to the woods. They had felt lonely for him at Christmas, and as he was to be absent in the woods all winter, the least he could do was to pay them a New Year's visit. Though he had intended starting for his shanties the day after New Year he now decided to accept his father's invitation, which just came in the nick of time, and after obtaining his advice he would proceed to Quebec and beard the Commissioner. He would get ready at once, but before doing so he must see Lucy and her mother, and explain to them the reason why he could not spend New Year's Day with them, as had been arranged. He flattered himself that Lucy would feel disappointed, yet felt sorry that she would be deprived of the sleigh drives he had intended giving her. When he reached the cottage he found her and her mother discussing a point he had not anticipated. Lucy had received a letter from his sister Mary, asking her to come down with Huntly and spend some time in Montreal. She urged many reasons why she should come. Some pleasant sleighing parties had been planned; various entertainments were in a state of progress, and above all the skating rink was to be opened with a grand carnival shortly after the New Year. This was Mary's crowning inducement, for she knew Lucy to be passionately fond of skating. Still there was a fly in the pot of ointment. Mary regretted that Mrs. Delisle should be left alone, for such a journey in winter was out of the question for her. Lucy had decided to remain at home with her mother, nor did she intend accepting Mary's invitation

until after seeing the cloud on Huntly's brow when he first heard her decision. So it was arranged that they two young people should start on the morrow. Mrs. Delisle hoped that Edmond might be home for New Year, and that in any case she had the old servant man and the maid Sally, and that they would get along charmingly for a week or two. Huntly was smarting under the bad news about the limit, but he said nothing of it to the Delisles. He dearly loved sympathy, but would say nothing to excite it. He felt grateful to Mary, his favorite sister, for thinking about Lucy; and in the anticipation of such pleasant companionship on his journey home, he nearly forgot the annoyance caused by the letter of the Commissioner.

The home he was about visiting was a very pleasant one. The house and grounds were near the head of Bleury Street, and every arrangement had been made with a view to comfort and convenience. Mr. Marston was a careful and wise man, his wife a model housekeeper and kind mother, but when occasion required, the black eyes would snap, owing probably to the fire of her Milesian blood. Mary was the eldest daughter, two years the junior of Huntly, and like him had her mother's dark hair and eyes, and bright complexion. She was like Huntly, too, in decisiveness of character, thoughtfulness for others, tender and unchanging in her friendships. In her, the elements seemed "kindlier mixed" than in her sisters Florence and Edith. Florence was a pretty blonde with blue eyes, a little vain, and somewhat sentimental. Edith was a saucy brunette, and what the French call *piquante*. Mary loved her brother, Florence felt proud of him, and Edith, while she admired still felt like ruling him. They had been carefully educated and were not only amiable but clever girls. Mrs. Marston did not consider herself too old to be the companion of her daughters, the youngest of whom was now sixteen. She made it a rule to go out with them when household duties permitted. Mr. Marston was generally busy with real estate speculations and local politics, and when meetings for charitable or religious purposes did not interfere, he always spent his evenings at home.

There was a very cordial welcome for Lucy and Huntly on their arrival in Montreal. After tea, for Mr. Marston would never alter his one o'clock dinner hour, Huntly retired to the library with his father, and the girls formed themselves into committee in Lucy's bedroom. There was less danger of being disturbed there than in the drawing room, and any way they were not to be "at home" to visitors that evening. They all thought their guest much improved since they had last seen her. "After all," said Mary, "there is nothing like country air and regular hours for health, and health is the great beautifier." Lucy, who was tired and did not feel called upon to be entertaining, remained silent. Florence thought her just bewitching, with her rich Franco-Irish blood tingling in her cheeks, masses of dark hair shading her white forehead, and the clear blue eyes, sometimes found with "raven tresses," lighting up a face peculiarly winning and expressive. Florence was in the gushing mood and could only talk of rural scenery, summer evenings on the Ottawa, musings by lone waterfalls, and walks by moonlight, spiced a little with romance and lovemaking; but if it was her intention to draw out Lucy and learn her secrets, she failed utterly. Lucy had the faculty of being a good listener, and shewed sufficient interest in all that Florence said to clear herself of any charge of inattention or impoliteness. Edith was waiting her chance for a little good-natured raillery, but was too much charmed with Lucy to be in any way sarcastic. Such a girl, she thought, was just fit to set young men crazy; and she suspected that Huntly, poor moth, had singed his wings. Turning her saucy eyes upon her visitor she said:

"Did you not feel as if Huntly were running away with you, while driving down the Ottawa?" Such an unusual question asked so abruptly took Lucy by surprise, but she was immediately on her guard, and answered quite naturally:

"Oh, not at all, I frequently drive with your brother, and he knows so well how to manage horses that I always feel perfectly safe with him."

Edith bit her rosy lip, but returned to the charge saying:

"I am so glad for Maud Maxwell, she loves driving, and Papa intends that Huntly must call upon her."

Mary's quiet eyes had not been idle, and catching a shade of distress passing over the face of their visitor, she rebuked Edith for her gossip, and proposed that Lucy should retire early to rest, as she must be tired after her long journey. Lucy, when alone, did not retire to bed. She sat a long time thinking. She felt sorry that she had accepted the invitation of the Marstons. Of course it was kind of them to ask her, and they had been numbered among her oldest friends. Home was the safest place; yet after all it was not best to drop out of society, people grew somewhat stupid always immured at home. They grew angular or moss-grown. The social mill was the place for getting rounded off and polished. If, as the French tell us, we must suffer to become beautiful, so must we also suffer to grow strong mentally. Lucy decided that she would not shrink within her shell, even for rude touches, but that she would be very guarded, as she always had been, in her intercourse with Huntly Marston. She desired to live in peace and charity, and kneeling, as was her wont, before undressing, she committed herself to the care of her Heavenly Father, and invoked blessings on her widowed mother in her lone home up the Ottawa, on her brother Edmond in the far off woods among rough companions, on the friends at whose house she was stopping, and on

"A nearer one still, and a dearer one,
Yet, than all other."

CHAPTER IV.

THE library to which Mr. Marston and his son retired on the night of the latter's arrival was not a largo room, but the shelves were well filled with useful books in solid bindings. Many new volumes had been added since Huntly had last visited it: among which were the recently issued Statutes of Canada, the Code Civil, and other law books; for Mr. Marston had been appointed a Justice of the Peace within the year, and prided himself upon his judicial capability. He was first to open the conversation, and as usual was full of himself and his doings. He told Huntly that he had netted large sums in his recent real estate transactions, and that since his arrival in Montreal, or in a period of ten years, he had rolled up about one hundred thousand pounds. "This," said he to Huntly, "is better than lumbering." Huntly confessed it was, and at once introduced the matter of the limit he feared losing. It might seem odd that an only son with so rich a father should be anxious about the possession of a timber limit; but he had commenced business for himself, was a little proud, and very desirous to be independent. He did not love money for itself, but he prized many things which in this world are not easily procured without money. In order to increase our wealth, some say we must hold tightly to what we have, grasp firmly that within our reach, either by our own efforts or favoring circumstances. If your foot is upon the first rung of the ladder, and the next step attainable, let there be no halting, take the step quietly but surely. Always "take care of the fragments," for, as the French say, "it is what you save enriches you." And yet, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." It every day

becomes more evident that large fortunes are not always blessings to those who acquire them, much less so to their inheritors.

Mr. Marston, on learning the action of the Crown Lands Commissioner, decided with Huntly that he should go to Quebec and fight it out with him; but before doing so he thought it best to consult Mr. Allen, his legal adviser. They decided to call on the lawyer next morning, as no business could be transacted on the following day. After some casual chat they separated for the night, Mr. Marston making no allusion to the matrimonial speculation he had in view for Huntly. To tell the truth he would like to see some of the girls settled before he broached the subject of matrimony to Huntly, but time, time which waits for none of us, was slipping past. Here was another New Year's day, and this would be the fourth season of Huntly's lumbering operations. He would be twenty-five on his next birthday, and Mary twenty-three on hers. And himself? Well, it was no matter about himself. It was just as well to forget his birthday. The golden decade between forty and fifty had long been past. But what of that, his latter years had all been golden. Had he been laying up treasure where it would not rust? Well, he would try and do so; but he must not defer any longer in broaching his pet scheme to Huntly.

Mr. Marston was very regular in his habits, and expected every member of his family to be in the breakfast room by eight in the morning in winter, and an hour earlier than that in summer. Lucy was a few minutes late next morning, which of course was overlooked. She had enjoyed a good night's rest, for, "with a clear conscience we sleep soundly," and she looked refreshed, and quite as engaging as on the previous evening. She wore a soft, warm-tinted brown French merino; a corn-color zephyr crape tie round her throat, with the least bit of crimson in her dark hair. Mary and her sisters were plainly but tastefully attired. Breakfast over, the family adjourned to the sitting room for family worship, Mr. Marston remarking, as he had often done before, that "prayers and provender hindered no man." He who begrudges ten or fifteen minutes service, evening and morn-

ing to his Creator and Benefactor, is, to say the least, ungrateful. The best, the ablest, and the most successful men of all times are those who have been most frequent at a throne of grace.

"Prayer is a breath that floats beyond this iron world,
And reaches Him who made it." *

After prayer Mr. Marston intimated to Huntly that he was going into the city on a little business, and wished him to bear him company; and as for the ladies, if they desired an outing, Roger would harness the horses and attend on them; as for himself his motto was "use limbs and have them." Unfortunately in Canada our roads, as a rule, do not invite walking, especially for ladies, who in this country indulge too little in this health-giving exercise. The freshness so long retained by English ladies is doubtless owing to their love of walking, rather than to the moist English climate. Before the girls separated for a while to attend to personal matters, Edith decided on drawing another bow at a venture, and proceeded to enlighten Lucy by saying:

"She was sure Papa intended Huntly to pass by Sherbrooke street, and see the beautiful house and grounds of Miss Maxwell."

I fear prayer had not its legitimate influence on Edith that morning. In the meantime Huntly and his father were on their way to Little St. James street, to see the lawyer, who was an early man and generally down to his office by nine in the morning. His law firm had the best practise in the city. Mr. Allen, the head of the firm, was a keen, active man, and probably the best informed lawyer in the Province. He was a politician, as are most of our legal men, and enjoyed the right of placing "Honorable" before his name. He was very affable with his clients and never forgot any one who had rendered him a service. Mr. Marston had sometimes become his banker in connection with election expenses when Mr. Allen was a younger man, and as he refused to accept any interest the lawyer always felt a pleasure in giving him the soundest advice, and had also put several good

* Those who sneer at the reasonableness of prayer should read Sir William Dawson's observations on that subject.

bargains in Mr. Marston's way. After Mr. Allen had heard Huntly's account of the Commissioner's conduct, he gave them some news. He had just learned that a new writ had been issued for the return of a member for the town of Three Rivers, and that the brother of the Commissioner had just decided to be the candidate on the Ministerial or Conservative side. The Government had been pushed pretty close lately. The local candidate was a Liberal, but with Government patronage, and above all the "sinews of war," success might be considered certain. He knew that the Conservative candidate had but little money to spare, the election fund was low, and if Mr. Marston was anxious to save his limit he must give his cheque for a thousand pounds towards securing Three Rivers for the Government. He, Mr. Allen, was going down after the new year to ascertain the position of parties. In the meantime young Mr. Marston should go to Quebec, bring what political interest he possessed to bear on the Commissioner, and call at Three Rivers on his way up, and let him know the result. If he succeeded, the money would be saved, if not, they would have to make the best bargain they could with the Government candidate.

"But," said the elder Mr. Marston, "this is a large sum to give away."

"I know it is," replied the lawyer, and turning to the younger man he inquired of him, "if he would rather lose the money than the limit?"

When he replied: "Certainly, I would not lose the limit for five times the amount," this settled the matter. It was agreed that Huntly should start for Quebec on the second proximo, drive his own horses, and take Mr. Allen as far as Three Rivers. Just as they were about leaving the office, Mr. Marston, as if on the spur of the moment, inquired of the lawyer if he could give him an idea of the value of Miss Maxwell's property? Mr. Allen knew all about it, as he had been old Mr. Maxwell's legal adviser and proceeded to give as far as professional usage would allow a statement of the enormous wealth reverting to the daughter at the death of her old mother, with whom she was now living. Thank-

ing Mr. Allen for his advice and kindness, the father and son said good-bye. The man of law had a twinkle in his grey eye as he closed the door, thinking to himself that there was new speculation on foot, and that this explained the attention paid by the Marston family to Miss Maxwell. He would, however, keep his suspicions to himself, possibly Miss Maxwell would never get a better husband than this young Huntly Marston. Mr. Marston thought to himself Huntly will not fail to take a mental note of my question and the lawyer's answer, and saying that he wished to call at the post office, Huntly continued his way into Notre Dame street, where he wished to purchase a few gifts against the morrow. He selected a pretty silver fruit-basket for his mother, a delicately worked gold bracelet for his sister Mary, a lovely edition of Tennyson, just for the first time offered in Canada, for Florence, a chain and charms for Edith, and a pair of finely finished skates for Lucy. He would like to make her a more valuable present, but it was best not to excite envy; and a gift is not valued at its money worth, but in proportion to the esteem in which we hold the giver. He knew Lucy would not mind, so long as she was not forgotten. Nor did she. They were just what she wanted, a recent invention, easily adjusted, and all that could be desired by a skater.

New Year's morning opened brightly. A little snow had fallen during the night, and clothed with fresh purity the soiled streets, and sparkled in the morning sun on the clumps of evergreens that dotted the Marston property. The air "was as a breathing from a purer world." All outside and within the house of Mr. Marston spoke of "a happy new year." When the family met for breakfast, and exchanged greetings and loving wishes, a hunger came on Huntly for just one kiss from one who was not his sister. He thought that probably under the circumstances she would not have minded, but he judiciously denied himself. There were joyful exclamations over the production of the presents. The father, too, had not been neglectful, and each found beneath their plates a crisp bank bill, which brought four fresh kisses to the elder gentleman who found himself well repaid, and Huntly thought

he would have had the best of the bargain had he received but one kiss from the sweet lips of Lucy. "Kissing," however, does not always go by favor. Huntly must bide his time. All things come to those who know how to wait, verifying the old proverb "that there is luck in leisure, and pleasure in waiting." Edith, who felt pleased with her brother for the chain and charms, was disposed to banter him for being so shy with Lucy. "A queer cousin, indeed. And to think of him giving her a pair of skates, a present for a boy, and as much as to say, 'slide away with you.'" All he could do was to join in the joke, and own them a slippery compliment, especially for one who, like himself, had just come down off the *Coulonge*. In order to turn the conversation and divert attention from himself and Lucy, he recounted a funny story, and the matter dropped.

The chat turned by an easy transition to the custom of treating visitors on New Year's Day to intoxicating liquors. All present had the good sense to condemn the usage; and it was decided that among the refreshments to be placed on the sideboard that day intoxicating drinks should have no part.

Lucy would have preferred seclusion, but the sisters wished her to join them in entertaining their visitors and she consented, Florence had been looking into Tennyson, and found the lines on the death of the old year commencing.

"Full three feet lies the winter snow,"

and read them aloud; she had a good musical voice, and being quite an elocutionist, the poem proved a treat.

They now adjourned for family worship, at which they sang the old hymn:—

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year."

The girls separated to prepare for the day's entertainment, because in those times visitors called at all hours on New Year's Day. Mr. Marston and Huntly visited the stables, and afterwards agreed to make some calls in company, the elder determining that Maud Maxwell should not be forgotten. The girls were desirous

to look their best, as girls always should, and married ladies also, and to-day paid particular attention to their toilets. Mary wore a dress, the lower skirt of which was dark violet velvet, and the upper skirt a pale violet cashmere edged by a flounce with a band of velvet ribbon, the front trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon and gold buttons. Her hair was plain, and the only jewelry worn was the bracelet presented by Huntly. Lucy had no new dress for the occasion, but she had a nice navy blue cashmere, in which she felt at home. It was perfectly plain, and its soft folds shewed to advantage her perfect and graceful figure. She wore no jewelry except a small gold brooch to fasten her white collar, and a gold butterfly in her hair. Florence had on a beautiful grey green silk, trimmed with lace and ruches, and her soft, brown hair hung in heavy masses over her fair neck and shoulders. Edith wore a grey silk, trimmed with crimson velvet, Huntly's chain and charms around her neck, and a crimson tea rose in her hair. There was "spice" in Edith, and if you looked at her once, you were sure to look at her the second time.

We must leave them to the stupid duty of receiving New Year's calls. There would come some young men with fresh hearts and gentle manners, others soiled and dulled by sin, but still claiming, as society then willed and wills to the present hour, the right of meeting and holding fellowship with pure and lovely women. Worst of all, the right of mating with such, and in their daily married lives dragging them down to their own soiled and sordid level. Will the time ever come when the carefully nurtured, the pure and modest maiden will reject with scorn the advances of all young men who are morally defiled? If our young Canadian ladies would only set the example in this matter, there would be a brighter prospect of more of our young men attaining to perfect manhood than do attain, in the present generation, and we should see their declining years turn out a benison and not a curse to their nearest friends.

Miss Maxwell was alone when Mr. Marston and Huntly called. It was the first time he had been in her company.

He had only seen her in the street occasionally. She was dressed with much taste,—“divinely tall, and most divinely fair;” quiet, yet pleasant, and withal dignified. Huntly was favorably impressed. They remained but a short time, and after they had left, the elder gentleman was gratified on hearing his son pronounce Maud Maxwell to be a perfect lady. He kept his own counsel for the present, and relied on the wit of Edith for bringing about further meetings in the course of the coming summer. On her part Miss Maxwell was interested in her young visitor. He was a very different sort of man from her city acquaintances. He wore a thick, black beard, while they were closely shaven. His face and hands were brown by exposure to the weather, while theirs were white and delicate. His appearance altogether gave one the impression of strength, activity, and manliness. Miss Maxwell thought of him several times during the day. The day passed, as do all other days; only there was more liquor drunk than usual, and more platitudes uttered. “A very fine day” was the stock in trade spoken and echoed from east to west of the city. Well, the thing was true, and worse might have been said and doubtless was said, only it hardly bears repeating. The day was a long one to Lucy, though but a blink at this season of the year. It would also have proved pleasant but for one circumstance: Among the visitors calling on the Marstons came one Frank Meredith, a young American, whom Lucy had met in Paris some years ago, and where he had been very attentive. Recognizing him at once, she managed to leave the room just in time to prevent an introduction. She feared he had seen her features and would make enquiries, as he did not fail doing; and asked permission of the Misses Marston to call again and pay his respects to an old acquaintance. When Lucy heard this she grew somewhat alarmed. She had no special liking for Frank Meredith, and feared complications might arise from further intercourse, especially as Edith clapped her hands with delight in prospect of a little romance, as Edith termed it, but which according to Lucy might mean a little mischief. It might naturally be supposed that Lucy had no cause for alarm; nor would

she have felt any fear, had her heart been in her own keeping, and not carried about by one who might wound it unconsciously. Her spirits were further depressed when Edith paid her a visit in her room that night, and in sweet confidence told how much Huntly admired Miss Maxwell, as reported by her father. Lucy once more regretted having accepted the invitation, and would leave for home as soon as propriety admitted, and would not wait the return of Huntly up the Ottawa, as arranged, only she dreaded being misunderstood, and shrank from hurting Huntly's feelings. She could only wait, act judiciously, and leave results to One, "who shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

CHAPTER V.

HUNTLY started for Quebec on the second of January, taking Mr. Allen with him as far as Three Rivers. They travelled by easy stages, stopping the first night at Berthier, and the second at Three Rivers, Huntly proceeding alone from thence to Quebec. He at once had an interview with the Commissioner, who received him very graciously. Our French Canadian gentlemen seldom act otherwise. He took pains to explain to Huntly that it was not until after he had promised the limit to Huntly that he became aware of a circumstance which forced him to act as he had done. He did not wish to do any injustice to Mr. Marston, and he supposed him sufficiently acquainted with Canadian politics to know that late administrations had made use of their power to grant or withhold timber limits in order to secure political support; and other things being equal, Mr. Marston had as good a right to the limit as had the other party, to whom, by the way, the license had not yet been issued. The "other things" were not specified by the Commissioner; his time was precious, the House would soon resume its labors, Huntly had to be satisfied for the present and withdrew. He was determined, however, to fight it out. There were several members of the Legislature whom he knew, members of the Council as well,—Ottawa men, who always had weight with the Government. They had arrived in Quebec, he waited on them and they promised to stand by him, they would wait on the Commissioner and press his claim. They did so promptly, but only received the assurance that he would take the matter into consideration. Huntly had only spent a few days in Quebec when he received a letter from Mr. Allen, urging him, if nothing definite had been settled, to come up to Three Rivers and to bring a letter of credit from the Quebec Bank to the Agent of the City Bank in Three Rivers, for money, and plenty of it would

be required to secure the return of the Government candidate. Huntly made no delay, and arrived in Three Rivers the night before the nomination. Mr. Allen informed him that on his own arrival in Three Rivers he found nothing but coldness and indecision among the ranks of the Government party. The great local electioneering agent, Mr. Labeuf, was hanging back. Could he be secured a great point would be gained. It was well known among the electors that Mr. Labeuf ranged himself on the side of the weightiest money bags. Like Napoleon he believed in heavy battalions. He was never known to be on the losing side. Being a notary he was acquainted with the circumstances of a great many of the voters, and knew where a pound would do the duty of ten, in the hands of an ignorant agent. Though he protested that he always lost by elections, yet it was remarked by his neighbors that usually after such contests some new addition was made to his property. With the inducement of having a few hundred pounds additional to spend, Mr. Allen felt confident of securing the services of Mr. Labeuf. He also found that there was little or no organization among the Conservatives, while the opponents of the Government were holding nightly meetings and were in thorough working order. After learning the result of Huntly's journey to Quebec, Mr. Allen waited on the Government candidate, and obtained a promise that Mr. Marston's application should hold good on certain conditions agreed between them. He had gone to work and divided the town into wards, appointing a committee for each, whose duty it was to see every voter in their assigned limits daily, and report to a central committee every night. A week would elapse from the nomination to polling day, and Mr. Allen hoped that, with the aid of Mr. Labeuf, they would succeed in returning their candidate.

The town was all alive on the morrow. The nomination was to take place on the hay market, where the sheriff, who was the returning officer, appeared with his clerk at the hour of ten a.m. The Government candidate was escorted from Bernard's hotel by a goodly concourse, and arrived first on the ground; while his

opponent with a large crowd reached the spot a few minutes later. The candidates having been proposed and seconded, it was mutually agreed that they only should address the audience. In politeness to the stranger he was allowed the precedence.

He began by ingratiating himself with the townspeople. "True, he was not yet a resident, but was likely to become so. From what he had seen of the place and the people, he liked both. Three Rivers had before it a bright prospect. It was removed sufficiently from the great cities of Montreal and Quebec to become at no distant day an important and independent centre of trade. It was finely situated at the junction of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence. The St. Maurice territory, as had lately been demonstrated by his brother, possessed a vast wealth of pine forests; and the day was coming, when under the judicious control of the Government, part of that wealth would be emptied into their coffers. It was the intention of the Department, of which his brother was the head, to open up that hitherto neglected territory. Large saw mills would soon be erected at the mouths of the St. Maurice. Profitable employment would be within the reach of all. Foreign ships would load at their docks; fine dwellings would be built up in their midst, people would flock in from the neighboring parishes to settle, and money would be as plentiful as blueberries in August. Baptiste would exchange his capote of étoffe for broadcloth, and Josette would doff her mantel of drugget for a silk gown. He would not recommend the change, but only pointed out the ability there would exist to do so. He was one of their own nation and religion, but he belonged to a party, and he did not blush to own it, who helped to save Canada for England. In doing so they saved Canada for Canadians. He was a *true blue*, and no annexationist. Their clergy had stood by the *union jack*, and he would stand by the clergy. He had rather die beside these allies under that old flag, than live beside revolvers beneath the ample folds of the 'Stars and Stripes.' He loved liberty, but he hated license. He did not want roguery or communism in Canada. Look at your 'cap of liberty,' it is dyed in the blood of the noblest of sons of

France! Dear old France, our loved but distant mother; alas! your 'cap of liberty' is only a *tuque rouge*, dabbled in the blood that flowed down the streets of Paris! We do not want that 'cap of liberty' in Canada. Rather give me the honest 'tuque bleu,' the color that I wear, and that is worn by many of you. It defends our liberties, it guarantees to us our laws, language and religion. It stands not in the way of reform, for in Canada, as well as in England, it is to the Conservatives that men are indebted for all those changes in the laws which have proved a lasting benefit. It is needless for me to say, that if I have the honor of representing you in the House of Assembly, I shall support to the best of my ability the party now in power, the party which has the true interests of the country at heart; and that I will strain every nerve to secure such measures as will prove instrumental in opening up your rich back-lying territory, and rejoice with you in your well merited prosperity."

There was great cheering as the speaker bowed on retiring, and several exclamations of "*très bien*." The audience had behaved admirably, but as the opposition candidate came forward, it was evident that he had a large following. He was not a pronounced *Rouge*, but was a decided Liberal, one of the old stock, now almost defunct, *sans peur et sans reproche*. He was a small, thin man, a lawyer in good practice, and a fluent speaker.

The first words he uttered were:—"Gentlemen, where is the guillotine? Where are the aristocrats? Where is the bloody *tuque*? Are we in France, or are we in Canada, and in our own dear Three Rivers? We want no strange customs here, no outsiders to insult us. We do not depend on such to point out our future. We know our own position, and need no roving oculists. We are the inheritors of the gifts of nature, and none can rob us of them. If there has been neglect who is to blame? Not the patriotic party, of whom I am an humble member. Who fought for our rights in the recent struggles for our liberty, not struggles for license; was it the Conservatives, the bureaucrats, the oppressors; those who to-day in Canada wear the silk and broadcloth? No, it was the 'patriots,' the men who encourage home productions,

and who are not ashamed of *drugget* and *stoffe*. Who speaks of saving Canada to England? The 'officials,' who love the loaves and fishes? Who dares lay the charge of disloyalty against Three Rivers? Had Three Rivers been less loyal, her interests would have been consulted sooner. I, too, glory in the flag of England, but I glory also in being a Canadian and a 'patriot.' I submit to union with Upper Canada, but I oppose annexation to the United States; for our own country will one day be as great as theirs. But this is not the question. We want reforms. We want a better system of education, we want the abolition of the feudal tenure. We want fair play for every nationality, and no class favors as such. We do not want to drag the clergy through the mire of politics; their province is to preach peace on earth and good will to men. I am behind no man in my duty as a Roman Catholic, but the office of its ministers is too sacred to be mixed up with the slime of plots and party. I deny that we owe our reforms to the Conservatives. They adopt reforms when they cannot help themselves; they are the purloiners of the popular measures of their opponents. The people, and not the bureaucrats, are the best guardians of their own liberties. Our liberties! I would never trust them to a party, except that party were the people's party. You know my sentiments, and I know your local wants better, I trust, than any stranger. I possess some interests in, and feel some love for, old Triflulia; and if you honor me with your confidence, I do not think you will be disappointed."

I give but a condensed outline of these election speeches, the latter of which was followed by vociferous cheering; and after the show of hands was called for, the Sheriff declared it in favor of the opposition candidate.

Mr. Allen was in no way daunted, well knowing that the battle had to be fought on other grounds than declamation; and that many a man holds up his hand at a nomination, perhaps two hands, who has no vote; and that many a voter did not attend the nomination. Huntly decided to leave for Montreal that afternoon, making the letter of credit payable to the order of Mr

Allen. The latter, who had succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Lebeuf, went heartily to work. A personal visit was paid to each elector by the Government candidate, no matter whether friend or foe, and both Mr. Allen and Mr. Lebeuf accompanied him. The number of voters to be counted on increased night after night. The opposition canvassers were not idle, but finding out so much defection, they quietly hired a band of bullies to intimidate their opponents, and hold the poll on election day. There was a Scotch settlement a few miles up the St. Maurice, where several stout bruisers lived, and these with some French Canadians to the number of about twenty were hired for the occasion. The thing leaked out somehow, and Mr. Allen set to work to checkmate the movement. He communicated with a certain party in Quebec, and the result was that twelve young Irish lads from Diamond Harbor arrived in Three Rivers, the night before the election. The Black River boys,—the St. Maurice is locally known by that name,—had dropped in one by one on the preceding day, and were secreted in a tavern on the market place, and were well armed with long heavy bludgeons. There was but one polling place in the town, and voting commenced quietly enough; it having been agreed that the candidates should poll vote about, while voters presented themselves on either side. About noon voters began to come in more slowly, and an hour later the Government candidate had registered a slight majority. All this time the fighting reserves lay in ambush, voters were being hurried up, the crowd was increasing, and there was an unusual stir among the spectators. People grew excited; the crowd swayed hither and thither, while loud talking and petty contests took the place of the preceding quiet. Presently it was found that the Black River bullies and their allies had found their way through the crowd and taken possession of the poll, ostensibly to preserve the peace; but when voters for the Government candidate arrived, they were hustled about, their clothes torn, and kept away from voting. It was time for action. The Quebec lads, mere boys in fact, were on the scene in a moment. They came with a light, springy step, entering the crowd like a wedge, holding their

short, light sticks by the middle, and led by a lad of seventeen, son of a Quebec hotel-keeper—a lad who, by the way, now figures in London, the companion of Lords and Earls. They gave a ringing cheer, and the masses opened out a way for them. Their pace became a run as they neared the polling booth, and closing with their adversaries, the heavy clubs of the latter could be seen high in the air ready to smash them to the earth. Strange to say, however, the clubs fell harmlessly as if by magic, and then was heard a rain of quick, sharp strokes, followed by the retreat of the disarmed bullies, pursued in every direction by the boys from Quebec. The onset, the victory, and the chase were all over in five minutes. A Methodist minister passing at the moment, and a sympathiser with the local candidate, fairly roared with laughter when recounting the battle to some friends, and said it was more neatly done than anything he had ever seen, even in old Ireland. The Black River men had seized their sticks by the extreme end, so as to give a more crushing blow, but leaving the forearm unguarded; while the Quebec boys, well used to election rows, just tapped them above the wrists, and their weapons dropped uselessly to the ground. Order was soon restored, but the Government candidate had possession of the poll. He acted fairly, and kept a passage open for all comers; but the supporters of the local candidate were demoralized, and when the poll closed in the evening Mr. Allen's man had registered fifty of a majority, and on the morrow was proclaimed duly elected. There was talk of protest and contestation; but it was of little use to take proceedings against a Government member, when his friends had the naming of the committee which would try the case. Mr. Allen returned to Montreal well satisfied with the result, although he had spent all Huntly's money and some of his own in addition.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING Huntly Marston's absence in Quebec and Three Rivers, Maud Maxwell had been several times to the Marston's, as she was desirous of an introduction to Lucy. Lucy did not much long for the honor, but had to confess to herself that Maud was very nice. Her heart did not warm to her. She thought her too cold, too patronizing. She would hate to see Huntly united to her for life, and she was sure she could not make him happy. Other visitors also had been calling at the Marston's. Frank Meredith came there daily. With him Lieutenant Napier of the —th; also a young commercial blood, Tom McKenzie. There had been one or two delightful tobogganing parties; and another on the evening after Huntly's return which they induced him to join, Maud was also one of the party. The weather still continued fine, the days bright and the nights cloudless. The slope of the mountain was in fine order for sliding, and the toboggans shot down with a swiftness that almost stopped the breath. Edith called it "shooting the moonbeams." Indeed, I think she enjoyed the sport most of all, and laughed a little at the gentlemen being so *pressing*. This play, when indulged in recklessly, is rather dangerous; that perhaps is one of the reasons why it is so enticing. With care and experience there is but little danger; and minor casualties of a sufficiently ridiculous nature often occur, which gives rise to banter and merriment. On coming home the ladies, too, looked so bewitching with brightened eyes, dishevelled locks, and cheeks of rosy red.*

Perfect happiness for all is not the rule in this world. Neither is constant happiness for any one. I mean to worldly happiness. Lucy was not quite happy this night. Through Edith's management Mr. Meredith had monopolized her, while Huntly was obliged to take charge of Miss Maxwell. As for Edith, she said she could

* What we called "tobogganing" in 1875 was simply called "sliding" in 1835.

take care of herself; but Mr. Napier successfully disputed that point. Florence was looked after by Mr. McKenzie, but she much rather preferred the attentions of the Lieutenant, a fact of which Edith was perfectly aware, and which she quite enjoyed. Mary had preferred staying at home with her mother, and had refreshments ready, and when these were discussed there was an interim for music and singing. Lucy had a sweet, clear voice, true as a bird's, and could accompany herself well on the piano. She did not feel like singing, except it might be the lament that, "Her harp was hung on the willow tree." But she always liked to be agreeable, and readily acceded to a request made so unanimously. Frank Meredith wished for that pretty French *bijou*,—"Fleur de l'Alsace," but Lucy preferred Moore's Canadian boat song, for she and Huntly had often joined their voices in the refrain, "Row, brothers row," when skimming over the dusky waters of the Ottawa. While she sang the words to the plaintive air to which the poet has written them, Huntly was gradually drawn from Miss Maxwell's side to the piano, and the musician was rewarded with a grateful smile as she concluded the line, "The rapids are near and the daylight passed." Little did either of them then think how prophetic were the words. Maud followed Lucy. She had a cultivated voice and splendid execution. She sang her favorite song from her highest prized poet, Byron:—

" There be none of Beauties' daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters,
Is thy sweet voice to me."

The lines lost nothing by her singing, for there was a volcano of latent fire beneath the cold and polished exterior, Huntly was ravished, silly fellow that he was.

Moore was a great favorite in the Marston family. Doubtless this may be accounted for by his Celtic blood on the mother's side. All the Marston girls were good singers, and Florence rendered with much spirit, "Go where glory waits thee." A broadside evidently intended for the Lieutenant. Mary declined singing just

then. Edith explaining that she must have had a lecture lately from her pet Methodist parson; and wound up the evening by herself singing that rather masculine song,—“Young Lochinvar,” with an *élan* that even Dame Heron might have envied. There were such dash and sauciness about Edith, that the words came from her cherry lips quite naturally. Edith could afford to be merry, for she was heart whole. And yet some one sings,—

“’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

It was arranged before parting that all would attend the fancy dress Carnival at the Skating rink on the following Saturday; and Miss Maxwell obtained a promise that they should meet at her house on the succeeding Monday evening.

Lucy on retiring to her room sat down to indulge in some self-questionings. She was glad that Huntly had decided on leaving for the Ottawa in a few days. She was more than ever weary of the attentions of Frank Meredith. She thought that he was too much of a trifler. He was idling his time, and spending his patrimony. She disliked all idlers, yet she could not say that she disliked Frank. Perhaps she was too hard on him? He had always been kind to her, and it was ungrateful to judge him harshly. Was she doing him justice? Might he not settle down to useful work once he got married? Was she doing herself justice? Was it wise of her to dream on of a happiness that might never be hers? Huntly had been a dear friend, but there never had been any talk of love between them. Suppose Huntly some day found out that he loved her, as something told her he would, what about Huntly's family? What about his mother? Mothers, are always so jealous of those who supplant them in their son's affections. She could not feel decided about Huntly's mother. Then there was Miss Maxwell, Huntly appeared to like her. Her large fortune, too, was tempting; though she was sure Huntly was in no way mercenary. Then old Mr. Marston, it would seem, according to Edith, that he

had made up his mind that Huntly should marry a rich wife, and that the wife should be Maud Maxwell. She was sorry that she had given her promise to be one of that lady's little party on Monday evening. Yet after all it would afford her an opportunity of observing Huntly's conduct; and if her cherished hope was to suffer shipwreck, better to know so at once. Or if by good guidance she steered the ship through shoals and breakers into the longed-for and quiet haven, she would do so. If she failed, the wreck would be hidden deep down where none should ever discover any of the lost cargo. And now, dismissing all worldly thoughts, she retired to sleep peacefully till the morrow.

The everlasting arms are still outspread,
To bear the burthen of each human life,
And whosoever will may lay his head
Against the heart of God, and cease from strife."

The young people at Mr. Marston's were very busy next day getting ready for the rink. The whole family were going; Mr. Marston having secured tickets for all, which had not proved an easy matter, there being a brisk sale, and the grounds were sure to be crowded. The rink was an open one, with little decoration, and instead of giving a description of the carnival on this particular evening, I will take the liberty of placing before the reader the description of a similar event in Montreal, by a modern newspaper reporter:

"The directors determined to open the entertainment as early as seven P.M., it being Saturday; and the two committees, one of ladies, and the other of gentlemen, had so well attended to the decorations that nothing further could be desired. 'No pleasure dome with caves of ice,' reared in the imagination of a Kubla Khan, could have been finer. The officers of the various regiments in the city vied with each other in furnishing flags, and draping them tastefully among the evergreen spruce and balsams. Round in front of the dressing-rooms were columns and alcoves of the deepest green, enlivened with the bright colors of the different regiments; while aloft hung graceful festoons of Boston pine, blossoming with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash and

woodbine; the whole lit up with a blaze of lights reflected from the polished mirror of the ice floor, transporting the beholders into very 'fairyland.' The ice itself, so soon to grow dull and white under the glistening steel, was to be a scene still more wonderful. All the space allotted to spectators was closely packed; the sea of expectant faces watching the rink in silence. A single bugle-call broke the stillness, and instantly were seen to glide out upon the ice representatives of almost every nation on this babbling earth. A sudden crash of music burst from the brassbands in attendance, and the majority of the skaters darted into swift and graceful motion. An hour was allowed for fancy skating, when each could follow the promptings of his own sweet will. Then there was to be a recess of thirty minutes for promenading, after which an hour was to be spent in dancing. The scene on the ice now became intensely grotesque and interesting. The costumes were so diversified, so foreign to the eye, so picturesque and mingled together, and eddied round with such grace and swiftness, that the onlookers grew almost bewildered. Then some ludicrously matched couples might be seen shooting out to an open space, to do the 'backward roll,' or the 'outside edge;' to cut the figure of eight, or carve the letters of their names. Here it was a tall Highlander with a small Esquimo lass as his companion; there a 'Jumping Jack,' and a squat German peasant girl, whose blue eyes laughed at his antics. Yonder, a solemn 'Turk,' gliding silently after a tittering belle, dressed as 'La Folie,' while near by is a 'Jim Crow' fluting round a stately 'Evening Star.' 'Jack Frost' is pursuing a "Milk Maid," and 'Uncle Sam' is busy with an American Indian 'Princess;' while a 'Danish Viking' keeps close in the wake of the 'Maid of Erin.' Old affinities, I suppose, hold these two together. The hour having elapsed, a bugle call sounds the retreat, and only single couples are seen on the ice for a little season. The thirty minutes, aided by chaff and banter, soon fly past, and the committees make arrangements for dancing. It is not every one who can dance, much less waltz, on skates, consequently a not large portion of the ice was occupied by these, and the

vacant space remained for any who wished to continue skating. The bugle call once more rung out, the dancers took their places, the bands striking up, 'Les Rues de Paris' in fine style, and a smooth and stately 'quadrille' was performed, the dancers moving as if in air. This was succeeded by a 'gallop.' Millard's 'Le Reveil,' the 'Sparkling Gem,' a waltz by Gruenewald, another 'quadrille,' another "gallop," and then another waltz. The entertainment closed by the band playing 'Vive la Canadienne,' and 'God save the Queen.' The whole was over by ten o'clock. No dances in the gay salons of graceful but godless Paris could compare with the airy circles of these Canadian belles over the glittering ice floor; and in long years after grey bearded veterans on the heights of ALMA, and by the watch-tires of Balaklava, reverted pleasantly to these remembrances of fresh young life in Canada."

Here I must say good-bye to my newspaper reporter, and continue my story, true to *time* as well as place. The Marston party were highly delighted with the evening at the rink. Lucy was in raptures over her new skates. She moved upon them like one with wings, and when the skating was over she returned to Huntly with glowing face, once more to thank him for his present. It just then struck Huntly's father that this lovely girl was a dangerous companion for his son on that long journey up the Ottawa, in view of the future which he had been mapping out for him. To tell the truth, had it been the father at Huntly's age, and driving all day close to such a girl, he would have improved his opportunity. But that was not Huntly's style. Had the old man known a little of the future, he might have kept his mind at rest. Lucy was not to be Huntly's companion up the Ottawa. Her pleasure at the rink was somewhat dashed by the attentions paid by Huntly to Maud Maxwell. Another circumstance of the evening furnished food for grave reflection. She was the Indian girl whom "Uncle Sam," or Frank Meredith, pursued so persistently. During the "recess," finding a fitting opportunity, he had asked her to be his wife, and she had refused. She had answered him as kindly as she knew how;

and, with Lucy, that was to be treated very tenderly, but also very firmly, leaving him without any ground for hope. On reaching Mr. Marston's she pleaded fatigue, and on getting to her room broke quite down. It had been a hard battle for the last hour and a half to keep up appearances. She had let slip one proffered anchor, and was now at sea, following an uncertain light to a shadowy shore. Happy for her now that she had another anchor, which was cast "within the veil." The soft whisper, "peace, be still," fell upon her soul, sweeter than the sweetest "carol of a bird." Secure within the "golden links," that "bind the whole world to the feet of God."

The following Sunday afforded grateful relief from the unrest and disquiet of the week. It was a "pearl of days." Lucy went with the Marstons to the Episcopal church in the forenoon, for though they had attended the Methodist chapel in Quebec, they gradually grew estranged from it after coming to Montreal; and mixing a good deal with members of the Church of England, finally decided on joining that communion. Mr. Marston personally preferred the Presbyterian church in Montreal, but was overruled by Florence and Edith, Mary and her mother still occasionally attended the Methodist services. Lucy herself was nominally a Methodist, but was no bigot, for no true Christian is a bigot; and on the morning in question she entered heartily in the spirit of the grand old ritual, of the grand old church, which Emerson calls "An anthology of the piety of ages and of nations." The sermon was short, and as a literary composition perfect. To Lucy there was something wanting. It was too much like an essay. The voice of the minister seemed far away, and Lucy longed to see him put his manuscript under the pulpit cushion, and speak to her some living words. At dinner that day there was a discussion about churches. Mr. Marston thought there was but little difference between those styled "orthodox Protestant." If a man wanted to do right he could obtain help towards the saving of his soul in any of them; and if he did not want to do right, church organization could do little for him. Mary thought that if a church

had not the Spirit of the Master, that is a Missionary Spirit, it would effect but little good. It must do as the Master did, "Preach the gospel to the poor." Something was also wanting in society. The young people should have more innocent amusement in their own homes.

Huntly did not know about the amusements. They were good in their place, but he thought that honest work was the best thing for girls and boys. Youth was possessed of extra vital force, and if expended in work, was not likely to waste itself in wickedness. It was the old story of idle hands and mischief. All God's tasks were blessings; and when man was ordered to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," God saw that honest work was man's great safeguard; even "earth's cares," as Cowper sings, "are comforts, so by Heaven designed." He was not much given to speak of these things, but had a settled belief, as all men should. He accepted the fundamental truths of Christianity as being the most rational and best suited to mankind. He looked out upon this fair creation as his Father's handywork; for "Earth and Heaven are threads of the same loom;"* and God has placed His ear so close to us, that He can hear our faintest whisper. And if the curse of sin were once removed, would not this earth be very heaven? All around us is full of beauty and attraction. Is not the light pleasant to the eyes; and does not the melody of sweet sounds fall kindly on the ear; we have friendships, loves, and happy homes, and even here is heaven if our hearts beat in unison with nature and with God. As to the future what cause is there for disquiet? A change of body does not imply a change of being. Death but separates my soul and spirit from my mortal body. My soul, which is a counterpart of my mortal body, is still my spirit's body; and is the vehicle which bears my identity as I pass the portal "men call death." It will still be my spirit's body until such time as Christ gives me one like unto His own. My act of dying does not change the heart of God towards

* "The position we have been led to take up is not that the spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, but that they are the same laws."
—PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

me. I am His the moment I close my eyes on earth, I am His the next moment that I open them in heaven. And after all Christ has abolished death :—

“ What seems so is transition ;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,
 Whose portal we call death. ”

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CHAPTER VII.

LUCY felt a little nervous on the morrow when she thought of the possibility of meeting Frank Meredith at Miss Maxwell's. She was anxious, also, to look her best that night. She had made use of Mr. Marston's New Year's gift in procuring a pretty evening dress. None of the girls intended wearing ball costumes, though they knew there would be dancing; but they knew also that Miss Maxwell did not approve of large assemblies where dancing was the principal amusement. Indeed she thought it absolutely vulgar that girls should bounce, or be bounced, about for an entire evening. She preferred to vary an entertainment that shrank from a crowd and crush. It was more rational, more enjoyable, to have a few congenial friends,—married as well as single,—who could chat pleasantly together, if occasion offered, varied with music and singing.

Miss Maxwell's invitation included Mr. and Mrs. Marston, and they accepted. Before leaving home in the evening Mr. Marston took his son aside, and requested that he would make himself agreeable to Miss Maxwell. Huntly opened his eyes somewhat, but gave the promise. He would have to draw on his father shortly for some money, and it was not policy to cause him any displeasure. Lucy felt much relieved when she found that Frank Meredith did not put in an appearance at the party. He had written an apology, saying that he had been suddenly called home on business. Lucy who heard his absence casually explained felt more kindly towards him than ever in her life before; and who can say but that she secretly regretted that she had not been more indulgent. Still she had done for the best, and must abide results. Lieutenant Napier did not miss roll call. Thomas McKenzie was in waiting, also a Capt. Boxom, whom Lucy thought was likely to dispute Huntly's claim to Maud. There is no harm in saying that she felt some inward satisfaction in the idea, but before the evening was past she had

reason to change her mind, for Capt. Boxom transferred his attentions to herself, and opened for Huntly a way in the dreaded direction. There were also present two other married parties, apart from Mr. Marston, representing law and physio. They were highly cultivated persons, "quite jolly," as Edith said, and contributed largely to the evening's enjoyment. The doctor had travelled largely through the French-Canadian parishes, and told some good stories of his early experience in the houses of *habitants*. The lawyer was not to be outdone by the doctor, and recounted many of his escapades in his student days in and around Montreal. The laughing hours sped fast, and it was verging upon midnight when Capt. Boxom asked Lucy for a song; just before parting, for it was well understood that Miss Maxwell's entertainment closed at twelve o'clock. Lucy wore a gay exterior all the evening, though sharp pains often pierced her heart. Huntly was beneath his father's eye, and careful to obey his wishes. The fair hostess was evidently well pleased. Huntly, to do him justice, would have preferred his old and friendly style of chat with Lucy, and probably might have risked a little of his father's displeasure to obtain the gratification, only that it seemed to him that whenever he noticed her, she appeared to relish Capt. Boxom's attentions. He therefore avoided her the greater part of the evening. He was pleased, however, to observe that she had on his favorite colors, and wore in her hair a bouquet of his that recalled pleasant memories. Lucy Delisle, her mother and himself had the previous spring taken a stroll through the woods not far from their village home. It was a balmy morning in the early May. That "quaint broideress" had touched the dim earth here and there with glowing tracery; and the bees were already buzzing among the basswood blossoms,—those *tilleul* blossoms, that give name to the color so much affected by modern belles. The iris, or blue pumila, the rosy ipegea, or ground laurel, were peeping through the withered leaves, while blotches of green and scarlet pointed out the vicinity of the *pommelte*, or "winter green." Huntly had found in a quiet nook a beautiful bunch of these; formed differently from what are commonly met

with, the berries being in a cluster, surrounded by a profusion of glossy leaves. He gathered it carefully, and with Lucy's permission adjusted it in her hair. Lucy set great store by this curiosity, or "sport," as our neighbors would call it, and had coated the leaves and berries with a transparent varnish which preserved their color and freshness,—a trick she had learned from a flower maker when in Paris, she owned a brilliant, the last gift of her dear father, and this she got a jeweller to arrange, so that she could fasten the bouquet in her hair, and it was both unique and pretty. When asked by Capt. Boxom to sing, she took a quick glance to ascertain Huntly's locality, and finding him near enough to hear and notice her, she selected a favorite of his, "À la claire fontaine." The words are supposed to be sung by a man, but Lucy did not care just then, Huntly liked them and she would sing them. She felt a shade of melancholy steal over her; a sense of strangeness and of loss, which gave a gentle sadness to her voice, well suited to the minor key in which nearly all our French-Canadian songs are pitched. She sang in French, and as she closed with the lines:—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

She raised a hurried look to Huntly, and was pained to see him still occupied with Miss Maxwell; though, had she only known the truth, Huntly's heart throbbed to every word she sang; and he determined that on his way up the Ottawa, he would explain the reason of his attentions to Maud Maxwell. He thought he owed that much to Lucy.

I will give the reader the benefit of an English version of Lucy's song, as translated by G. S. L. of the *New York World*, made when a mere boy; and to whom, by the way, the readers of that journal are indebted for the *spirituel* rendering of some of the modern French poets:

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Of yonder crystal stream,
 The waters were so fair,
 That as I passed I paused,
 And went and bathed me there ;
 I've loved you long, I love you yet,
 And you I never can forget.

Then by the stream I sat,
 Under the maple boughs ;
 The cool wind stirred my hair ;
 And fanned and dried my brows.

And there among the boughs
 Of that fair maple tree ;
 A nightingale there was,
 Right merrily sang he.

Sing, O nightingale, sing,
 Sing thou whose heart is glad ;
 Thy heart is merry and gay,
 And mine is weary and sad.

My love and I are foes,
 Right bitter foes are we ;
 I would not cull her a rose,
 From yonder briar tree.

I wish with all my heart,
 The rose were on the tree ;
 That rose and briar and all
 Were cast in yonder sea.

Were sunk in yonder sea,
 Were sunk in yonder main ;
 And that my love and I,
 Were friends—were friends again.
 I've loved you long, I love you yet,
 And you I never can forget.

The party now broke up and goodnights were repeated. Huntly felt dissatisfied with himself and was gloomy. Lucy was strangely conscious of some impending misfortune. She could not rest during the night, and in the morning she had a splitting headache. Huntly, who had made his preparations for starting up the Ottawa, deferred it for the day. Noon melted into evening and Lucy was no better. The pain extended to her back, and she grew nervous and alarmed. Mr. Marston called in the doctor. He pronounced it small-pox. Lucy proposed leaving for home at once, but the doctor forbid. She then desired to be sent to the hospital, but the Marstons would not consent; they were not afraid of small-pox, and they would notify their friends at once not to call. Lucy was very sorry as well as very sick; but what more could she do? She had been vaccinated when a child, and anticipated only a slight attack. Knowing the worst she grew more composed, and from the extreme kindness of the Marstons they rapidly increased in her esteem. Huntly waited another day, and then as the doctor was quite decided in his opinion, he reluctantly concluded to leave. He would break the bad news as gently as possible to Mrs. Delisle. He would leave his driving horses at the village, and as Edmond would be sure to be home soon, he could come down for Lucy and bring her home. He had his old nag which he would take to the woods. - There was no opportunity for confidences, and the matter being thus settled, he said his good-byes and started.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is necessary to retrace our steps somewhat, and take up a few threads which weave themselves into our web. In the village of Nicolet, and towards the South, or Eastern Townships side, is a low, white house with a wide verandah in front. To the north and rear of this dwelling are rows of stables, and long, large barns well filled with hay and grain. The whole has a cozy and comfortable aspect. These buildings and the surrounding fertile acres are owned by farmer Louis Leblanc. The horses in his stables are of the genuine Canadian breed, and can travel their ninety miles a day. His cattle bear evident traces of the Alderneys, brought over the sea by his ancestors. This man has a numerous family of sons and daughters. His wife is the sister of the late Mr. Delisle, the father of Lucy. Madame Leblanc is a well preserved and hearty looking woman, considering that she is the mother of fourteen living children. She works herself, and makes them work; although there is a goodly store of old French and Spanish crowns laid past for future need. Madame Leblanc comes of an industrious and frugal race, and abhors idleness. It is a gloomy November evening and some of the boys have just come in from the stables; the first snow has fallen, and there is talk of the navigation soon closing on the St. Lawrence. Everything, however, looks bright and busy in the spacious kitchen. A large double stove, a four-feet St. Maurice casting, diffuses a genial glow, while three or four tallow candles shew light to the workers. Madame Leblanc herself is engaged in spinning wool, and one of the daughters is reeling the yarn of the spindles into hanks. The loom to weave these hanks into *étouffe du pays* stands in a corner of the kitchen. Another daughter is knitting socks and mitts for the men, there being six sons—four of them grown up—while a third is preparing straw for braiding and making into hats. Two others are employed in manufacturing *toile du pays*, and the sixth, Louise, a girl of sixteen, is reading a book, one of

the prizes she had obtained at the last examination of pupils at the Ursuline convent of Three Rivers. The two eldest daughters were married and away from home. Louise was to get another year's schooling at the convent, and then the two sisters younger than she were to have their turn. The education of the other sisters had been finished. I am afraid the boys had been rather neglected. It was the custom to educate the girls, and possibly one or two boys out of a family for the priesthood or the law; the other boys however might shift for themselves. Pierre, the second son of Mr. Leblanc, had been to school for a couple of years, and preferring the life of a *voyageur* had been a shanty clerk for the late Mr. Delisle, and was serving Huntly in the same capacity, but never said anything to Huntly of his relationship to Lucy Delisle, nor did she know of his being in Huntly's employment.

"Pierre," said Madame Leblanc, "do you intend going up the Ottawa for this winter; because if you do, I would like you to take Louise down to Three Rivers to school, and you can board the steamboat there for Montreal instead of at Port St. Francis, and it will save your father a journey?"

Pierre did not answer immediately, and Louise raised her head from her book. She had not felt well after the summer vacation, and was allowed to remain at home a month or two after the beginning of the school term; but Madame Leblanc knew the good sisters would only be too glad to have her back, no matter when she went. The head which Louise raised from her book was finely set on a graceful neck and shoulders, and her short scarlet petticoat—her outside skirt being tucked up—displayed a well turned ankle.

"Mamma," said Louise, "I am quite ready, my new purple uniform fits very nicely, and my lace cap is a perfect beauty."

Louise spoke with that pure French accent for which the Ursuline nuns of Three Rivers are remarkable. Pierre answered his mother that he would be going up the river again, and would take Louise to the convent. The religious establishment to which Louise was returning is one of the oldest on this continent, having

been founded in 1697 by the second Bishop of Quebec, Monseigneur St. Valier. The Ursulines, to whom the buildings and grounds belong, are a cloistered order, and arrived in Quebec from France in 1640, where they established the famous "Hotel Dieu." They were accompanied by the celebrated Madame de la Peltrie—the "Thérèse of France,"—known in Canada under her religious name of "Marie de l'Incarnation." Bancroft says: "The venerable ash tree still iives beneath which Mary of the Incarnation, so famed for Christian piety, genius, and good judgment, toiled though in vain for the culture of Huron children."

Three Rivers itself is the oldest French Canadian town in Canada. Pontgravé associated himself with Champlain in 1603, and shortly after we find him making Three Rivers the headquarters of the young colony. The old chateau where resided the first Governor is still standing, nor was it till 1660 that Quebec and Montreal began to assume importance. Previous to that date all treaties with the Indians were made at Three Rivers, and as late as the year 1672 we find the populations of the most ancient towns of Canada to be as follows: Montreal, 584; Quebec, 555; Three Rivers, 461. At that early date Montreal began to take the lead, and still holds it. In all the early writings of Champlain we find the project of only one establishment, and that is Three Rivers. In all the places where Pontgravé stopped or wrote from,—Tadousac, Quebec, and Montreal,—the idea of an establishment does not seem to have inspired him; but from Three Rivers he writes, "Here, according to my judgment, is a proper place to be inhabited and promptly fortified." From the oldest document in Canada, the original of which is still preserved, we find Champlain sending Mr. LaViolette with a vessel from Quebec containing French artisans and others, and they landed at Three Rivers on the 4th of July, 1634. On the third of September following the Revds. Paul le Jeune and P. Buteau, of the Society of Jesus, celebrated the first mass.

CHAPTER IX.

THE grey of a short day in January is deepening into night, up among the pine woods of the Ottawa. The "soft and soul-like sound" of the pines is broken in upon by the familiar noises of a large timber shanty, built not far from a small lake on one of the branches of the River Coulonge. The camp is a long, low building made of sided logs, and roofed with bark, having openings overhead for the escape of the smoke. The ruddy glare of the fire in the centre brings into relief the weather-beaten features and rugged outlines of the woodmen. Some of the teamsters who have come in from the stables after seeing to their horses are drying their hands on the long towel rollers hanging behind the shanty door. The cook at one end, and his assistant at the other, are filling the tin cups on the tables with coffee made from burned bread, or are placing dishes of steaming pork and loaves of bread at convenient distances. The men have all returned to the camp after their day's work. Some stand with their backs to the fire, others seat themselves at the tables, while a few lounge about their sleeping berths, and eat apart.

"I'll tell you what it is," remarked a wiry French Canadian, who held a thick slice of bread and a cut of cold pork on the top of it in one hand, and a jackknife in the other, "there is nothing like a slice of sweet bread a day old eaten with its own thickness of fat cold pork."

"Not even 'pea soup,'" replied a raw boned Yankee near by, "but as for me I can tell you what is better if you could only get it; take a dish of small white beans, pick them clear as diamonds, steep them in water for an hour or two, and then strain them dry; take your bake pot and put them into it with a few strips of sweet pork and a shake of pepper, dig a hole in the red ashes and cover up the pot so that no steam can get out, and leave them buried all night, keeping the ashes hot all the time;

and when you remove the cover of the pot in the morning you have a mess tasty as almonds and fit for an emperor; and what is better, it will make you as strong as a giant."

"Yes," laughed Baptiste, "and you want the stomach of an ostrich or a Bastonnais to digest them."

"Not so hard to digest as the beaver tail I saw you eating the other day, while the fat ran down your beard," responded Jonathan.

"Good eating 're beaver tails," insisted Baptiste, "not too fat, only a little greasy."

"May be," said an Irishman, who overheard the conversation, "you would like a bit of bear's meat or a polecat, by way of variety; but as for myself, I hold to the decent old ship biscuit, with a taste of fresh trout thrown in. I dip the biscuit in the pot while the pork is boiling for about five minutes, and have my frying-pan ready with some nice lard, I put in the biscuits till they are browned, and cover them close to soften and keep them warm while I fry my trout. I get a spotted beauty fresh from the lake, slice him into pieces half the size of your hand, roll them in flour, pop them into the sizzling lard in the pan until brown, and these eaten with your biscuit are fit for an empress."

Camp fire stories now became the rage for some time, and Pierre Leblanc proceeded to give his hearers the benefit of his experience.

The reader must remember that in these relations I do not pretend to give the exact words used, but the substance of the stories as handed down to me. He said: "Two years ago, one of our rafts was lying in the bay above L'Original, opposite the River Rouge, which coming from the north empties into the Ottawa near the west end of the Township. Mr. Marston wished to hire a pilot to run us over the *Long Sault*. I volunteered to go to Grenville on this errand. There was a strong breeze, so I thought it best to wait till evening when the wind would fall as the sun set. I was somewhat mistaken, for instead of a calm, big flurries of wind came down through the mountain notches on the Grenville side, and great black clouds

skurried over their tops. I decided to cross in a canoe to the Rouge—one of the finest views in Canada is obtained from the west end of the C. P. R. bridge over this river—and hire a horse from the man who kept the Rouge ferry, and proceed to Grenville on horseback. It was dusk when I got across to the Rouge, and before I got the horse saddled and I could start, night was on; it was not very dark, for once in a while the full moon shone out between the breaks in the clouds. I had got about a mile and a quarter below the Rouge, to a place known as "Deadman's Gully," when my horse stopped suddenly. I was on the west side of the gully which had been formed by a small stream from the mountains; and the bed of the stream had been filled up with stones to form a bridge or passage, raising it almost level with the roadway on either side. I did my best to urge the horse over, but he refused to cross. He trembled in all his limbs, and as he swerved to one side I broke a branch from an overhanging tree and thrashed him soundly. The moon now came out clear, and I saw an Indian walk across to the south side of the bridge and disappear. The horse now recovered from his fright, and we crossed without any further trouble. I got down all right to Grenville bay, and hired Orrin Cook to take the raft over the *Sault*, and hastened back to the Rouge. The night was now calm and the moon shining brightly; the clouds had all gone as if by magic. I thought now and then of the bridge which I had to repass, but as the Indians were friendly I did not dread any harm. The road, it is true, was very lonely, for there was not a house from the little Calumet to the Rouge, a distance of two miles. I had got back as far as the gully where I had seen the Indian, when the horse stopped again, and showed more signs of dread than he had done before. I could not get him to advance a step, and looking towards the bridge I saw the head of an Indian right in the centre, and nearly on a level with the road. It seemed as if the head had been thrust up through some opening from below. It did not rise higher than the neck, nor sink any lower, but kept constantly turning from side to side. I felt shivers through my body and the hair stiffen on my head,

while the horse quivered and snorted. There was nothing around to cast a shadow, there was no hole in the bridge, and I determined to cross. As the horse would not go forward, I wheeled him round, and backed him down on the bridge, which was only about twenty feet wide. As I neared the centre I felt impelled to look down for the head, and there, to my horror, it was, peering at me from among the horse's feet. The moment he had passed and saw it, he turned with a bound that nearly threw me off his back, and galloped back to his stable at the Rouge. The horse was in a foam, and I looked so frightened that the people asked me what was the matter. I told them what I had seen. The man looked at his wife and said, 'Jennie, what did I tell you?' and turning to me he continued, 'I saw the same thing a year ago this very night. When I came to live here first the people told me it was all haunted' around about the Rouge, but I would not believe them until I saw the Indian's head; and it is not long ago that old Bevin told me that an Indian had been murdered in the gully, and that his body was buried under the stones.' I did not delay long, and getting out of my canoe I hurried back to the raft."

While Leblanc had been telling his story, the number of listeners had gradually increased, and as he finished, a slight-ancient looking man seated himself on the bench beside him, and thrusting the ends of his tawny beard into his vest pockets, took a steady gaze at the big, hardy men about him. No one knew anything of Caspar, the handy man, who repaired the sleighs, mended the harness, and shod the horses, except that Tom had met with him at James Bay, and brought him up the Ottawa. "He held you with his glittering eye," as did the "Ancient Mariner." Some thought he might be the wandering Jew, who had come down from Behrings Strait, where Sue first met him only that his beard and hair were yellow, and his eyes blue. He had travelled over most of the world, and was superior to the position he then occupied. In his mysterious way he hinted that he knew something of the Rouge, or the river of the Great Spirit, as the Indians called it. "It was sacred to them, and

there lived their Manitou. There were seven falls or *chutes* near its mouth, and at the seventh, there was table rock, where in old times they offered sacrifice. On the east bank, and north of the house built by old Bevin, are the graves of three men, seven feet apart from one another. One was a white man, one an Indian, and one a Negro. About these graves strange lights are seen to dance on certain nights, and sometimes are seen to stand out as pillars of fire against the granite mountains to the north-west. South of the high eastern bank where these graves are, it is thickly grown with white oaks; and below the slope a sandy plain runs down to the Ottawa river, part of which is covered with white and Norway pine. The eastern part of the plain, fronting the Ottawa river, has been the camping grounds of the Indians time out of mind. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the French Fort of St. Anns, at the head of the Island of Montreal, was unprotected for a time; the garrison having gone to quell Indian disturbances on the Richelieu. The Iroquois on the Upper Ottawa hearing this made a descent on the Fort, carrying off arms, spoils, and some of the women; and did not cry halt till they put the portage of the *Long Sault* between them and their enemies the French. They camped at the mouth of the Rouge,—their sacred river, and commenced to feast on the good things they had carried off. Word soon reached Montreal of the sacking of the Fort at St. Anns, and a force was at once despatched in pursuit. It overtook the Indians in the midst of their feasting, and a deadly struggle ensued; with the result that all the Indians were massacred except their chief. When he saw that all was lost he turned and fled for the *seven chutes* on the Rouge, well known to him when a boy. He was as fleet as a deer, and striking through the pines and the oak trees on the higher level on the east side of the Rouge, he gained the "table rock" before his pursuers sighted him. He flung his eagle plumes into the roaring torrent as an offering to the Manitou, and bounding from cliff to cliff like an antelope hurried on his way. There were those on his track as fleet as he. Two 'braves' of the Abenakis, allies of the French, were foremost in the chase, and as they neared the highest of the

seven chutes, the Iroquois was seen to fall, and in a moment after his enemies were upon him. As his foremost pursuer sprang forward to bury his tomahawk in the prostrate man, his weapon came down only on the grey rock; the Iroquois having disappeared into a deep fissure. He was nowhere to be found, and his pursuers returned to the battle ground disappointed. Not long ago I visited the old camping place at the Rouge, where you may find Indian bones to this day; and I have stowed away a quantity of flint arrow heads, stone hatchets, and calumets, picked up there during my stay. The wife of the ferry man Leblanc spoken of told me, when I was on my visit, a strange occurrence. It happened in the winter. Her husband had gone to Grenville on business, and was not to be back before nine o'clock that night. His wife, who was as fearless as a lion, thought nothing of stopping alone with the children. It was drawing up to ten o'clock and he had not returned. A light snow had fallen during the evening, but the night had cleared up, and the stars were out. Thinking that she heard a noise outside the kitchen window, near which she was sitting, she looked up and saw the face of an Indian looking in at her: she opened the door and peered out. She could see no one. After waiting for nearly an hour, and her husband not making his appearance, she retired to the room off the kitchen, and went to bed. She left the door unbarred, to save her getting up when her husband returned. She soon fell asleep, but awoke on hearing sleigh bells nearing the house. She heard the stable door opened, and the trampling of the horses upon the floor. Then the kitchen door was opened and closed, a chair drawn near to the stove, and her husband, as she supposed, sit down to take off his moccasins. As no one spoke she called out 'James, is that you?' Receiving no answer she jumped out of bed and went into the kitchen. There was no one there. Had she been dreaming? No, she had left the chair beside the window, and now it stood close by the stove. She now heard the trampling of horse's feet in the stable, and concluded that her husband was there, and that there was something wrong with the cattle. So wrapping herself up, she went out to the stable, which lay about half an acre north

of the house, and close to a grove of tall red pines. Her husband was not there, and all was quiet. As she turned to go back to the house she was startled to see a tall Indian come running towards her from the old camping ground, a little east of the house. She was a brave woman, but she confessed to me that she felt her knees smite together. He had eagle feathers in his hair, and had on snow-shoes of a circular pattern, different from any she had ever seen. He did not seem to notice her, but as he passed her he fired an arrow from the long bow he carried, and instantly disappeared among the pine trees. He was that close to her when he fired the arrow, that she could hear the bow string whiz in the frosty air. She was now for the first time really alarmed, and making for the house barred the door the moment she entered. A little while after her husband returned from Grenville where he had been detained longer than he expected. She did not fail to tell him all she had heard and seen, but he only laughed at her, supposing she had been dreaming, or perhaps had invented the story to prevent him from leaving her alone again. When morning came she insisted on his coming with her to look for the tracks of the strange snow-shoes; but no tracks could be found. She then determined to visit the pine grove where she saw the Indian disappear; and they had proceeded only a little way when they discovered a milk white fawn lying dead upon the snow, an arrow sticking from behind its shoulder. They went no further, and on coming back to the house the husband took a hand sled, and went to bring home the dead deer, but on reaching the place where it had been lying, he found it gone, nor ever after heard of it."

Appetite now grew from what it fed on, and Caspar was importuned for another story. "Don't you," said one of the men, "know something of the Northwest?" What was it Caspar did not know? He had been all over the Northwest, the "Great Heritage," he called it, of Canadians. Though usually silent, he seemed to-night in the vein for talking.

"I was," continued he, "at Fort Douglas when Lord Selkirk landed, and when he and Provencher and Dumoulin were so.

kind to the half-starved French Canadian voyageurs, half-breeds, and Indians. I had been over a year with Yellow Bear and his tribe, hunting and fishing. I saved Yellow Bear's life when he was drowning in the Saskatchewan. The old fellow felt very grateful. After he had examined my hair and beard, he said, 'come with me, and I will make you richer than the Big Company.' I went with him and his tribe a thousand miles over the plains, towards the setting sun, often up to our waists in tall grasses. There was more game than we wanted to kill or eat. Soon we struck a great river, known to voyageurs as the Athabasca. Here we hunted the buffalo till the Indians grew sick of killing them; and we travelled on till we came to the mouth of Peace River, where we camped for the winter. The buffalo were running round in thousands, scratching up the snow, and feeding on the rich bunch grass. The weather there in January was finer than it is on the Coulonge. In the spring Yellow Bear said he was going to cross over the Rockies to the big sea, taking some of his men with him, and leaving the rest with the women and children in their present encampment; and that if I came with him he would shew me gold, gold, gold. We started up the Peace River, visiting the forts, disposing of furs, and obtaining supplies; and then we turned down south till we struck the head waters of the Athabasca. Our course was now westerly, and after passing Jasper House, we made for what is known as Yellow Head Pass in the Rockies. The Indian said it was named after one of his nation who had yellow hair, and that he had come a long time ago from a sacred river in the south, where the water boiled hissing up two hundred feet into the air; and the steam turned into silver, and the hills, along where the river boiled, were white with it. He said there were places where you went down, down, till the water passed to the other side of the world, and where you could see the stars in day light.* This yellow-headed Indian who came from this sacred river in the south had now been in the Rockies for a hundred years, and was all

* Doubtless Yellow Stone River.

the time gathering gold and hiding it away. Not many miles from the cave or place where the Indian hid his gold, was a 'cache,' where voyageurs going west hid their provisions, and the place was known to them as *Tête Jaune Cache*; but the way to the cave was known only to some Indians who had watched *Tête Jaune*, and found out his secret; they had told him about it, but they were all dead now. No one but a yellow head or Yellow Bear himself dare enter the cave, and then only once in the twenty-four hours, because the spirit of Yellow Head still kept guard over his treasure. He asked me if I was afraid to go with him, as only we two could go? Of course I said, no; and leaving the other men at the 'Cache' we started for the cave. The mists that curled round the tops of the mountains were melting into morning, when we got under way; and shortly after the sun came out, and golden and crimson glories floated and billowed round us as far as our eyes could see. You talk about mountains here, but they are molehills to the mountains yonder. Great rugged and hoary fellows that send up their peaks sixteen and seventeen thousand feet above the level of sea; away up above the clouds, where there is eternal sunshine. We had been going down and up and down again all the morning, and now it was near noon. Yellow Bear stopped suddenly; right ahead of us rose a strange looking mountain, the front of it, like castles here and there, piled up brown and beetling eight thousand feet against the sky. Yellow Bear skirted this mountain for about half a mile, and again stopped. He stood erect and found that he cast no shadow. I could see nothing particular, but taking his way between two huge boulders he came to a small opening in the mountain, wide enough, by tight squeezing, to admit a man. He entered and I followed closely. The light was dim, but by and by we could see pretty plainly. After we had proceeded about fifty paces, the passage opened out into a chamber about the size of this shanty. Over to one side I could see broken rock and glittering metal. I felt my face flush and my hands tremble. I soon reached the place and tried the metal. It was hard, and when struck with the back of my

knife emitted sparks. It was only fool's gold, worthless iron pyrites. Anger took the place of excitement, and I could have struck Yellow Bear to the ground. He only gave a low chuckle, and came close to the wall near where I was standing. He now pressed heavily against a particular spot in the wall, and slowly a huge slab began to revolve. It was in fact an immense stone turnstile, on one side of which was a cavity, large enough to admit us, and an instant after we found ourselves on the inner side, and jumped out. Never shall I forget the splendor that burst upon my sight. Immense white columns, white as drifted snow, rose above us, hundreds of feet in height; while from the top, through domes of alabaster, unearthly rays of light stole round about us. Great heaps of broken slaty quartz, mottled with dull yellow metal, could be seen in many places, and piled up against the pillars. There was no mistaking this time, the blotches of yellow cut like lead. It was strange how cool I felt, and my nerves had grown quite steady. Yellow Bear placed his hand upon my arm, and whispered "the hour is up." He led the way. He pressed the turnstile from the inner side, we entered the cavity as it turned round, and in another second we were well in the outer chamber; nor could I perceive any crack in the wall, so exactly fitted was the turnstile. We made our way to the outlet. I stepped back to note the surroundings and take my bearings, with a view to coming back at some future time, when I saw a yellow headed Indian looking steadily at me over one of the boulders. Next instant I heard like the twang of a bowstring, and I fell flat on my face. In doing so I felt as if a hot iron had grazed the back of my neck. Instantly there was a crack like a cannon shot, and I jumped to my feet. Yellow Bear did so also, and said he felt as I did; but no Indians were in sight. The thunder, however, was leaping from crag to crag, and echoing from mountain unto mountain. The sun was shining round us, and far below the storm hissed and roared, and bellowed. We could see the grey and black clouds meeting, and the forked lightning darting through them, and all the while rolled heaven's artillery. Mount Hooker was answering Mount

Brown, and every time they clapped their hands it was a clap of thunder. Gradually the storm rolled away to eastward, and we made all speed for the "Cache," where we arrived at nightfall weary and footsore.

"And did you not go back?" asked Patrick.

"No," said Caspar, "I never will go back; the man who risks his life for gold is almost sure to lose both."

"Yellow Bear would remain no longer at the *Cache*. We were on the head waters of the Fraser, which take a turn to the north and overlap the Cariboo mountains, on its way down to the Pacific. These mountains are full of gold, gold enough to buy the throne of England. Instead of following the course of the Fraser, we struck due west, and after three days journey we came upon it again, where it is joined by the Quesnel. We kept on down the Fraser fishing and hunting; Yellow Bear said it would take us ten days to reach the coast if we travelled thirty miles a day. But at the rate we went it took us near a month. And let me tell you, boys, that's the place for the big pine trees. Why the pine trees on the Coulonge and the Dumono are only walking sticks compared to them. The spruce and cedars there are bigger than our biggest pines. I saw fir trees fifteen to twenty feet across the stump. About a log's length from the ground they narrow in to five or six feet across, and then up, without a limb for a hundred feet or more. The choppers drive in steps to stand on till they reach the narrow, and then chop them down; the stumps remaining fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. They have no snow there like us, and take the timber out round, never less than thirty feet in length, and sometimes over a hundred. The timber is peeled, and the roads all skidded, and the skid's smealed with dogfish oil; then five, or it may be ten span of oxen are hitched to the great spar, and away it goes over the oiled skids to the river.

"Patrick and Pierre talk about their trout, they would never mention them again if they once saw the salmon in British Columbia. Five different kinds of them come up the rivers. The smallest sort weighs about five pounds, and the biggest seventy or eighty.

They come so thick that the Indian women and children walk into the rivers and pitch them out with their hands upon the tank. The salmon were so thickly wedged in one of the rivers, that I saw a British officer walk his horse over them as if it had been a bridge; and they have other fish there so fat that they burn them for candles."

"Now," said Patrick, "you are only gassing;" and Pierre put in, "you drew 'the long bow' too about the gold."

"It is all true," replied Caspar, "and I can show you the mark of the yellow headed Indian's arrow on my neck that has never healed till this day."

"No doubt," remarked Tom, "it is the mark of the hangman's rope when you escaped the gallows. Enough of this nonsense for to-night; it was that fool Leblanc that started the Indian balderdash. Tom did not relish stories just then about loup-garous and Indians, a fact well known to Pierre, and darting a furious look at Tom he told him, "if he did not take back his words, he would knock his teeth down his throat."

Tom retorted, "that there was not man enough in Leblanc's befskins for the job," and drawing a knife was about making a dart at him, but was anticipated by Leblanc, whose clenched fist took Tom between the eyes, and he fell in a heap upon the shanty floor. He was soon up, but the men interfering, peace was for the time established, and the men rolling themselves in their blankets went to sleep, some to dream of gold, and others of great pine trees. Caspar slept too sound to dream, he had a clear conscience, for he only told the truth.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTLY MARSTON had occasion to go down Notre Dame street on business before leaving Montreal for the Ottawa, and chanced to meet Captain Boscom and Lieut. Napier. They enquired about deer hunting, and the Captain seemed anxious for a trip up the Ottawa in order to have some sport. Huntly invited them to come, and make his camp their head-quarters. So it was agreed that they would come towards the end of February, when the snow would be deep, and probably crusted; Huntly giving them the necessary directions about the road.

He said his "good-byes" to his friends, and to the sick girl; and with a heart not too gay started on his journey. Mrs. Delisle bore the news of her daughter's illness with more fortitude than Huntly had anticipated. She felt grateful for the kindness of the Marstons; and thanked Huntly very warmly for his thoughtfulness in leaving his horses at the village for Edmund to take his sister home. Huntly made no delay at the village. He left instructions at the office that Phil, who had charge of the stables, should see Mr. Delisle's wishes promptly attended to. On the morrow, "Old Charley," his trusty nag, was harnessed to the burline. A piece of new rope was put below the seat, to draw "Old Charley" out, should he get through the ice; and putting in a pair of snowshoes and his blankets, he drew the robes close around him, waved adieu to his servants, and was off. Three days' steady driving would bring him to his camp. He got along nicely the first two days. He often thought of the sick girl at his father's, and much regretted the want of an opportunity to explain to her the reason of his attention to Miss Maxwell, and at the same time make known the nature of his own feelings. He did hope that Lucy was not indifferent towards him, and was at a loss to account for Frank Meredith's marked attentions to her, and his sudden departure from Montreal. He half suspected that Lucy had dismissed him, and in this thought was a grain of

comfort. He would come down to the village by the end of March to see about some driving tools, when she must be home, and then he would learn his fate. But should she not recover? Should the grim tyrant cut her down? Well, what then? A term of loneliness and of sorrow here; it might be only a little while, to be forever with her in a fairer land, in one of her Father's mansions, where the soft hand of our Elder Brother would wipe the tears from off all faces.

On the morning of the third day his course lay northward. The wind had veered eastward during the night, the horizons wore a bluish tint, and fine grains of snow were falling. The snow increased hourly, and by noon travelling was slow and heavy. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when he reached the stopping place where he intended feeding his horse, and having dinner. He still had twenty miles to travel, part of the way through woods, and part over lakes and rivers. Tom had informed him in the fall that he intended altering the old road for a better, before coming within about ten miles of the camp. Huntly was in doubt about it; and two or three other shanty roads branched off from the one he was now travelling. He made as little delay as possible at the stopping place, and although the good people suggested the wisdom of remaining over night, he decided to push on; for if he lay over till the morrow the roads might be then impassable. The gray of evening was on before he reached the point where he thought the road branched off to his own camp. As the night fell the wind chopped round to the northwest, and the cold drift kept blinding him. Worst of all he was now upon the ice, and every now and then Old Charley would stumble off the road, for the drift was blinding him as well as his master. Huntly now got out, finding his way with his feet, which was weary work, and Old Charley followed like a dog. They had not proceeded far in this way when the horse stopped, and refused to go any farther. Here was a fix. Huntly came back to where he stood, and found another road leading off the ice, and up the bank towards the woods. He could not tell which was the right road, but he would leave it to the instinct of his

trusty horse. He still must walk ahead, and on taking the new road the horse followed him willingly. He regretted he had not taken the advice of the people at the stopping place; and came to the conclusion that it was unwise to drive alone. He might have dropped through an open glade in the ice and be never heard of, and even yet he ran the risk of being lost, and possibly frozen to death. Tramping through the snow had tired him; there was less drift in the woods so he took to his sleigh again. He soon got cold and drowsy, he must rouse himself, or may be sleep the sleep of death. Just then the old horse quickened his pace; he could hear the barking of dogs; there was a light ahead, and shortly he reached an old shanty that was inhabited. The dogs that barked and sniffed about him were Indian dogs. He rapped at the shanty door, and it was opened by a young Indian, who, in French, asked him to come in. Huntly first wished to get some hay or oats for his horse, but as there was none, he threw a buffalo robe over him, and left him munching snow at the door. It appeared to be a family of Indian hunters who had taken possession of the shanty. There was the old squaw, and some papouzes; two men, rather villainous looking; and, besides the young man who admitted him, there was a young woman, in Indian dress, but with the complexion and eyes of a Spaniard. The two elder men and the old woman did not, or would not, speak French, but the younger man and the girl spoke French fluently. The girl seemed to have control of the place and asked Huntly to have some supper; and, though the food was only rabbit stew and some biscuit, he enjoyed it. Hunger is good sauce. Huntly, while partaking of the hospitality, had time to make observations. There was the usual litter of baskets, bark, snowshoes, hides, and deer-skin mitts and moccasins. The children stood around while their elders were eating; the men were silent, but the girl was quite communicative. After supper, and while enquiring the way to this shanty, he took occasion to examine the girl's features more clearly. Although the light was but dim, he could perceive the extreme beauty and delicacy of her features, and the symmetry

and gracefulness of her person. He did not then know that she was the granddaughter of the famous Colonel Vassalli, who spent his life among the Indians,* nor that his life would one day depend upon her intervention.

He was invited to remain overnight, but as there was no provender for his horse, and his own shanty only eight or nine miles distant, he decided to proceed as soon as due politeness admitted; for whether in the Indian hut or city mansion, Huntly observed life's proprieties.

At a word from the girl the young Indian proposed to be Huntly's guide; thanking them for their kindness, and promising to see them again, he proceeded to his camp which was to be his home till near the spring. He often thought of the Indian girl while on his way. What a powerful influence female beauty has on man! Intended, doubtless, to refine and elevate his ruder nature, but by sin turned into the very sorceries of the devil. The old Abbot was wise when he commended that u-cow should be kept on the Island, "for" said he, "where a cow is, there must be a woman, and where a woman is, there will be mischief."

Huntly reached his camp in safety, and though tired, was soon cheered by the hearty welcome of his men. He was a favorite with them, and made it a point to re-engage old hands. When referring to the difficulty of finding his way on the ice, his men told him it was fortunate Old Charley would not follow him, for there was an open in it, within a few perches of where he had turned up the bank on his way to the Indian camp. He prized his old horse all the more now, and, no doubt, was grateful to Him, without whose notice a sparrow doth not fall to the ground. On the morrow he went to the woods to see how the timber-makers were getting on. He found that Tom had everything in good shape, though Tom's sallow face grew still more sallow, on hearing his employer refer to the pretty Indian girl who had given him his supper. It did

* She was a *Mestizo Claro*, among whom are some of the most beautiful women in the world.

Huntly's heart good to see the roads all in fine order, the men had them already clear of snow, and they were as smooth and hard as ice. The horses were in good working order, the harnesses and sleds strong and sound, and the men bright and willing. As Huntly and Tom came up to a gang of timber makers, the latter ran his eye up a fine pine tree. He motioned to the men to "bed" it; that is to lay limbs transversely on the line where it would likely fall, to prevent the trunk from being buried in the deep snow. In a few minutes this giant of the forest was lying prone. Quick as thought Tom indicated the spot towards the top to which it should be *razed*, or the bark smoothed to show the mark of the chalk line. Then two trial notches were cut, and the liner decided how much the tree would square. It was then "lined," and the "scorer" cut big notches along the sides, while the "hewer" followed with his broad axe,—a tool weighing ten or twelve pounds, with a bit twelve or fifteen inches wide—leaving his work almost as smooth as if it had been planed. He kept an inch outside of the line on both sides of the tree, so that when it was turned over and fully squared, the "lined" side was an inch broader than the other. This lined side is always placed uppermost in rafting, and gives the timber a larger and better appearance. This particular tree when squared measured twenty-two by twenty-three inches in diameter; it was sixty feet long, and contained two hundred and ten cubic feet of timber. It was then worth only six pence per cubic foot in Quebec, but still would bring, when delivered there, five pounds five shillings. To-day the same stick, could such be found, would be worth one shilling and three pence per foot, and would realize in Quebec thirteen pounds currency. As soon as the hewer had finished, there was another tree ready for him. The felling, lining, scoring, and hewing were done within the hour. A gang of four men, Huntly calculated, would make about eight pieces of timber per day; many of them much smaller than the one just calculated, but he thought they would make on an average ninety feet per piece. He had eight such gangs of men working, and ten span of horses, and computed that he could get out and bring to Quebec four or

five rfts of one hundred thousand feet each. He hoped the timber would not cost him over three pence per foot delivered in Quebec, and he ought to realize five or six thousand pounds currency, clear profit. This was counting his chickens before they were hatched; but if everything went right, he certainly would realize that amount of profit. There is no more risky industry in Canada than lumbering; none in which higher profits have been realized, and none in which larger fortunes have been lost. It has about it all the fascination of gambling or of dram-drinking, and the losing lumberman, like Solomon's old toper, mutters, "when shall I awake that I may seek it yet again?"

Huntly's presence in the works infused new energy into the men, and the gangs vied with each other as to who should make the most and finest timber per day. Each day's work of men and teamsters was duly noted down, and the record read aloud in the camp every night after supper. A cloud could be seen gathering on Tom's face. Part of February was now past, and since Huntly's arrival Tom had not been down once to the Indian camp. Huntly had been there several times; buying mitts or moccasins for the men, procuring babiche, or getting snowshoes mended. Pierre Leblanc had also been down. The men began to joke Tom slyly about his being cut out. They proposed finding a wolf's tail for him, as he would certainly require that particular hair. His dark blood began to boil, for he had been deeply smitten by the beauty of the Indian girl, Tamaqua pronounced, *Taw-maw-quaw*. This was the name she was known by among her own people; her Christian name was Marguerite. He determined that he would go to see her the following Sunday. She received him very coldly. I do not know whether it was Tom's long absence or Huntly's visits that caused the coolness. Tom however blamed Huntly, and the timber making did not get on as well as heretofore. Just as matters were coming to a crisis, Captain Boscom and Lieut. Napier arrived. They had called at the village on their way up, and Phil had provided them with a driver who knew the road to Huntly's camp. The three Indians were engaged to go on the hunt, and Napier

induced Huntly to go with them. He liked Napier, but distrusted Boscom. Indeed Boscom was not the gentleman which, from his position, might be anticipated. He had spent a goodly fortune in extravagance and dissipation. He had learned that Miss Maxwell was wealthy, and he had made up his mind to marry her. He had been very attentive to her after Huntly left, and not speeding well in his wooing, he attributed it to her partiality for Huntly. After the deer hunters had left camp and gone further up river, Tom found himself free for a different deer hunt down the road. It would appear that he was not very successful, and Miss Tomaqua had grown as haughty as a duchess. I must leave her for the present, and follow the hunters.

The Indians carried the necessary supplies principally on toboggans, while the whole party footed it on snow-shoes. The snow was not very deep, but there was little crust, and the snow-shoeing was somewhat fatiguing. They journeyed north-east, as the moose were likely to be more plentiful towards the head waters of the Gatineau. The scenery was magnificent, though they were not always in the mood to enjoy it. The officers found it difficult to climb abrupt hills on snow-shoes; and on coming down steep pitches there was nothing for it but to slide; while a sudden stop at bottom resulted in a toss, head foremost, in the snow. At times, however, Napier had to stop and admire. On attaining some eminence the prospect would widen almost boundlessly. Along the side of the hill beneath you a sweep of hard wood trees sent up their grey and leafless branches into the thin air; while beyond, arose another stretch of upland, clothed to its summit in the freshest green, deepening into black, where it touched the blue sky line. Or suddenly they would come upon a lake, sleeping beneath a marble calm that no wind could ruffle; the cliffs on its margin sentinelled with pines and spruces that for centuries had kept watch and word. Again, they would be shut in among the brown pillars of a tamarac plain, any one of which would form a mast for some "tall admiral." Nothing to break the eternal stillness; no life save a timid rabbit flitting past. This was indeed the "forest primeval,"—what old Ransard might call, "*les grands bois sourds.*"

They saw no indications of moose the first day or two, but on the third they found the remains of deer which had been chased and torn by wolves. They camped early in the evening, as the officers expressed themselves tired of snowshoe tramping; Huntly and the Indians were just beginning to warm to their work. The tents were soon pitched, branches of young hemlock arranged for beds, dry wood gathered, and fires lit. The camp kettles were filled with water from a neighboring creek, frying pans got into requisition, and supper was soon ready to satisfy sharpened appetites. Capt. Boscom was not pleased with his first experiences. He said it fell far short of moose hunting in Nova Scotia. There you went in the fall and did not suffer from frost and snow. Your guide peeled off some birch bark, and making a horn of it imitated the lowing of the female moose so well, that before long a curious bull would come striding through the bushes, when you could put one or two bullets into him as the case required. Huntly thought it rather mean to lure an animal to his death,—in fact, obtaining your game under false pretences. The Captain gave a dry laugh, saying that "all was fair in love, war, and hunting." A speech, the significance of which was recalled to Huntly's mind some months later.

One of the Indians who had been out looking around communicated something to his fellows, which the younger Indian interpreted. He said there was a beaver dam on the creek a short way down. This turned the conversation to the beaver and his sagacity. Huntly thought that there was no animal so wise as the beaver. He was the primeval engineer and lumberman. He told how the beaver went out to explore for a proper site to found a colony. With what skill he chose the position for his dam, and how he could calculate to within a few inches how far the embankment he intended making would raise the water around the dwelling he was about to build. No axe man could fell a tree so neatly into the required position as could the beaver. When about to construct his house, he chose a gentle slope on the creek above his dam, and built where the water would overflow its doors, but not rise high enough to inundate the back part of his dwelling

or family bedroom. The gentleman did not work alone, but his bride elect vied with him in making their home secure and comfortable. They went to the woods together and cut down young birch and alders for their winter's food. They sawed their lumber into proper lengths for easy driving. They cleared the small streams emptying into their creek, hauled their little logs and rolled them in, and drove them down to their dam, and carried them to the back part of their dwelling for winter use. He thought the beaver was not only a type of industry but also of wisdom and intelligence. After some further chat about the habits of the beaver, mink, and marten, they rolled themselves in their blankets and fell asleep.

Breakfast was ready early next morning; the tents struck, packs strapped up, and a fresh start made. The Indians looked in better humor, and all felt more hopeful. They directed their course by the compass, and as the wind blew from the west they turned partly in that direction, in order to face it; for moose always lie down to leeward of their yard, and easily detect approach from that quarter. It is difficult in creeping moose to be certain of your game, for while you follow in the track where the animal has been feeding, he may have doubled round, got wind of you, and be off. Indians, when they know they are leeward of the yard, quarter their ground, like well trained pointers. Our hunters had not travelled far, when one of the elder Indians who was in advance halted, and raising his hand signified the party to stop. He had come upon a fresh moose track. The yard could not be far distant; for moose, unlike the cariboo, do not travel round in the deep snow, but settle down in some locality where moose-wood and young maples abound. A brief council was held. It was decided that they should all keep together, and proceed cautiously in Indian file, and a little to windward of the track. Huntly determined that he would not fire, even if he got the chance; for he did not approve of killing moose at this season of the year, especially the cows. They had not proceeded far when the foremost Indian stopped again, and motioning silence, pointed in advance, where was a partially open space, and two moose could be seen pulling down the branches

of the young trees with their long upper lips, and feeding, quite unsuspecting of danger. They were within easy range; Boscom and Napier each choosing his victim, fired. The shots evidently told, but the animals started on the run; the officers and the elder Indians in pursuit. Presently one of the moose, a young bull, and one that had not shed his horns in the fall, stopped short, turning round to give battle; and as he did so, three other moose strode past and into the thick timber beyond their yard. No one fired at these; but Boscom and the elder Indians continued their chase after the other wounded moose,—an old bull, and seemingly as big as a horse. Napier was nearest the young bull when he turned and in his effort to dodge him tripped on his snowshoes and fell. Huntly and the young Indian had come to his rescue in the nick of time, and as the brute rose to cut Napier with his front feet, he got Huntly's bullet, which brought him on all fours; he staggered, swayed to one side, and fell dead upon the snow. He proved to be a three year old, and in fine condition. It was decided that the toboggans should be brought up and unloaded, and two of them sent on by the young Indian after Capt. Boscom, who would want them to bring back the hide and best parts of the moose he was following. Huntly and Napier remained behind to erect a tent, and get some dinner ready. Huntly was as apt at this kind of work as any Indian.

It was late in the evening when Boscom and the Indians arrived in camp, tired and hungry, but bringing their spoils with them. The captain had been on his snowshoes all day, and after supper complained of pains in his limbs. He had gotten what *voyageurs* call *mal de raquette*; and a dreadful *mal* it is. He had enough of moose hunting, and intended getting back to Montreal as quickly as possible. There was not much chat in camp that night, though there was little reason to complain of the day's sport. The Indians prevailed on the captain to allow them to string his feet up towards the roof of his tent; the only quick method of curing *mal de raquette*. As the captain would hunt no longer, all started to return to Huntly's timber camp on the morrow; and reached there safely. He wished them to be his

guests for some time, and take a rest, but the captain was for getting home; so on the following morning their carter harnessed up, and leaving the moose hides for the Indians, they took a little meat and the horns with them, and said good-bye. Huntly thought the captain's conduct strange; and a day or two after, when visiting the Indians, he was surprised to see the captain's rifle standing in a corner. The young Indian explained that the captain had made the oldest of the Indians a present of it. On Huntly's leaving, the girl followed him outside the door, and warned him to be careful, as he had enemies. He asked her to say who they were? but she put her finger to her lips and answered that, "She dare not tell." He thought the hand and lips both very pretty, and concluded that it was best for him not to come there often. He thought the enemy was Boscom, but he could see no motive. Possibly it might be the young Indian, for he observed that his eyes followed every movement of the girl, and that he appeared ill at ease whenever he called. He did not think of Tom, for no one had told him of Tom's visits to the Indians. He acquitted himself of giving offence to any one. As to his own visits to the Indians, they were always on business; true, the girl had strange attractions for him, and was always pleased to see him, and her warning was friendly, perhaps timely; but all things considered, it was best not to visit the Indians again. Still the doubt came up; if I cease going altogether I may turn a friend into an enemy; was it a wise course? "Hell knew no fury like a woman scorned." Clouds were gathering over his horizon. He had failed to speak out his mind to his father. His dearest friend on earth lay sick of a dangerous disease, and though she must be better now, and in her own home, or else he would have heard of it, did he not go off and leave her without a word of explanation? After all, why be uneasy? he would be down to the village by the end of March, and hoped everything would turn out for the best:

"To be weak is to be miserable,
Doing, or suffering."

And yet Huntly was not weak.

CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT this time the Curé Perrault called at Louis Leblanc's at Nicolet. He asked if they had any messages for Pierre, as he would be going on his mission to the shanties up the Ottawa in a few days? He had been detailed by the Bishop of Quebec for this service in the winter, and visited the Indians of the St. Maurice in the summer. He was a large man, and overflowing with physical life. He drove the best horse and sleigh in the county, and his servant man, who had been an old *voyageur*, knew all the roads on the Ottawa from North River to Lake Labyrinth. The good father was as full of fun as a cricket, and though he had never learned music, he carried an accordion round with him to the lumber camps; and on the Sunday evenings, after confessions had been heard, and absolutions given, or penances imposed, he made the instrument give out all the sounds of which it was capable, for the benefit of the listeners. This musical machine was new to Canada at that day.

Shortly after the departure of the officers from Huntly's camp, the Rev. Mr. Perrault appeared upon the scene. Over half of the forty men employed by Huntly were French Canadians. They were not burdened with devotion, but they respected the clergy, and were staunch Roman Catholics. Huntly was no bigot, and gave a kindly welcome to the priest. On the Sunday after his arrival, the foreman's quarters were tidied up, and handed over for the day to sacred purposes. This was the priest's confessional. It was curious to see how shy these men felt about going in to face the priest. I do not know if they had as many misdeeds to confess as if they had been living down in the settlements, or in Montreal; or in Quebec; but I think they found it quite as hard to make what Paddy calls, "a clean breast of it," up in the shanty, than they would had they been kneeling in their own church confessional. The process was new to most of them, and they felt as if they were about taking a naked plunge

in ice-cold water. They all held back at first, but on seeing Tom make up his mind to take the lead, their courage began to revive. Their faces wore an anxious expression while Tom remained inside; and on his reappearance among them, many were the enquiries to know if the Curé had been *bien dur*? Tom certified to the contrary, and it was funny to mark the shadows pass from their faces as he assured them that there could be nothing better, *rien de mieux*. They all thought if Tom got off so easily there was a good chance for them, for they considered Tom a hard subject. Each now took his turn, and it was surprising how fast the Curé was getting through. One young fellow from Rimouski—they are all very pious down there—thought the Priest was letting him off too easily, and requested to have some penances imposed; but the young fellow was dismissed with, "*allons, mon brave garçon*;" "it is plenty of penance to live up here, and have only bread and pork to eat." The days when tea, beans, peas, syrup and dried apples were served out to shanty men had not yet arrived. The confessions and absolution were all over by noon, and after dinner the accordion was produced, and when all were in good humor, a list for subscriptions was handed round, to raise funds to defray the expenses of the missionary. Every man, Protestant and Catholic, gave something; and the list was confided to Huntly, who agreed to retain the different sums subscribed, when settling with the men.

Before visiting the next timber shanty, when the same routine was to be gone through, the Priest paid a visit to the Indians, who were Roman Catholics. I cannot say if the fair Tomaqua was dismissed as summararily as were the shanty men; but as a result most likely of the Father's visit, there came a message in a few days after, to Huntly, saying that Marguerite Tomaqua wished to see him. He thought it best to obey the summons. He found the girl alone with the old squaw and the children, who did not understand French. The girl told Huntly that it was the "*officier Anglais*," meaning Captain Boscom, who was his principal enemy, and that he had bribed the elder Indians to keep a watch over Huntly, and prevent him somehow.

from coming down the river. She said Wyands, the young Indian, had told her; and that he had been the interpreter for the officer on the day they had killed the big moose. He had told her this because he was her lover, and kept no secrets from her. He was the son of a great chief, but she did not care much for Wyands. Huntly asked her if he had any other enemies that she new of? After some hesitation she said "yes," Wyands, a little, and Monsieur Tom, a great deal." Huntly thought he knew why Wyands might prove an enemy; for he marked how the rich blood of the Indian girl flushed her cheek when she named him. He could not understand about Tom, for he had yet to learn of Tom's admiration for Tomaqua. He felt it best to make the interview a short one, and thanking the girl very kindly for her information withdrew. The clouds were indeed gathering. Could this be an invention of the bewitching Franco-Indian, to place him under an obligation to her? Hardly, though she was undoubtedly clever, and not ignorant of her charms. While he owed her gratitude, and must in some way acknowledge his obligation, he would give her to understand that any act of kindness, arose simply from that feeling. It would be a hard and rather ungracious task. It would partly make him despise himself as an egotist while it could scarcely fail from arousing the pride, if not the anger, of this friend. After all she was only an Indian girl and nothing to him. He had been wrong in coming so often to her camp. Question? "Would he have come so often had she been ugly?" He would not. He had done wrong. And yet he had been strangely drawn towards her, and whatever might happen, he must not give her offence or cause her needless pain.

During the Curé Perrault's stay at the timber camp, Huntly remarked that he was very familiar with Pierre Leblanc, and this arousing his curiosity he enquired of the good Father if he knew Leblanc's people. He was surprised to find out that Pierre was a first cousin of Lucy Delisle, and a distant relation of his own. He at once questioned him, and found that Pierre had long known of the relationship, but the young fellow's modesty

had prevented him from referring to it. Huntly was not slow in showing that he appreciated Pierre more than heretofore, and gave him greater control in the management of the shanty. This did not please Tom, who was very jealous of his authority. One day meeting Pierre alone in the woods he asked him why he interfered about the quantity of oats fed to the horses? Pierre answered that it was by Mr. Marston's instructions. "D——n Huntly Maston," muttered Tom between his set teeth. Why do you speak so of the *bourgeois*?" enquired Pierre. "Do you forget three summers ago when it was agreed for the first time to man a crib of timber going over the *Longue Sault*, and we sheered into the "big cellar" and got broken up? You let go the stick you had laid hold on, and throwing up your arms you were going to the bottom; who swam out at the risk of his own life to save yours, and brought you safe to shore?" "I know," said Tom, "and that is why I curse him, I cannot bring myself to do him any harm." "Why should you do him any harm?" asked Pierre, "Oh why?" You know it well enough. I was all right down the road, till the *bourgeois* came, and now she scarce will look at me." "Nonsense," replied Pierre, "that is not Mr. Huntly's fault. It is Wyands who has cut us all out, he says she is to marry him when next the forest leaves dance red and yellow in the sunshine."

Tom determined that he would not give her up for Wyands, or for anybody else; and the next Sunday he went to see her. She was more gracious than she had been for some time back, but whether purposely or not, she made a request to Tom which turned sweetness into gall. She asked him to be so good as to carry to Mr. Huntly a pair of beautiful moccasins she had been embroidering. He fulfilled her request but vowed vengeance on Huntly. As for the latter, the gift to him was only a fresh embarrassment

CHAPTER XII.

OVER a month had passed, and Lucy Delisle, though convalescent, was still confined to her room. The Marstons had duly written to her mother, and the last letter told the good news that she was now out of danger. She had been very ill, indeed much worse than she anticipated; for at one time the doctor feared that the "old reaper would gather in this precious sheaf;" but skilful prescriptions and good nursing, under the blessing of a higher power, still held her to the field of time. Mental suffering had yet to be added to the physical, ere each golden grain could be filled to perfection. Mary had been her constant companion and comforter; also a third one with them in the furnace, whose presence was like unto the Son of God. Florence and Edith had been like sisters, and Mrs. Marston and her husband, like the kindest of parents. All danger from infection was now passed, and friends began to call at Mr. Marston's as usual. Mary's pet preacher had been twice to see them, and Lucy was as charmed with his conversation as with his preaching. While she had been lying ill and obtaining clearer views of life's uses, the value of time, and our uncertain hold upon it, she had partly concluded that if she recovered she would abandon her idea of writing a book. She had been collecting material for a story which she thought would prove interesting; and though her desire to write returned with reviving health, she questioned her own ability more than ever. How many more wise and learned than she had written books, and the trunk-makers were the only people benefited? She also doubted the influence exerted by the modern novel; and during the last conversation with the preacher—the Rev. Mr. Lansdown—as he should be called, she slyly turned the current of chat in that direction. She was rather surprised to hear the clergyman say that he had read novels; but her surprise abated as he continued to explain. He said, "Wesley himself had abridged and published a novel,—Henry Earl of Moreland,—for the

instruction of Methodists and others. Since Wesley's days novels had much improved. There are novels, which, while they excite our interest, remain true to nature, and are no more fiction than a painting. These better sort of novels liberalize our sentiments, enlighten our judgment, and better our hearts; while there were others, he was sorry to say, outraged nature, sickened our sentiments, confused our judgment, and corrupted our hearts. He thought that the legitimate novel should resemble a good painting, reviving scenes from real life, which while pleasant and amusing tended to cheer and elevate the mind; but, doubtless, the proper place of the novel was more to amuse and please us rather than to instruct. Good people, in fact all right thinking people, were bound to see that all their sources of amusement were innocent. Here lay the difficulty. Books were not like pictures to be judged of at sight. No true gentleman would allow improper pictures in his house, yet how many there are, who allow novels in their libraries, which suggest thoughts and portray scenes, debasing to human nature? There was a censorship over immoral paintings, and some supervision of obscene literature, but we had failed to stamp with our public disapprobation the worse than trashy novel. It was right and commendable for intelligent people to keep abreast of the times, and to be able to appreciate what was best in science, literature, and art; but it did any one small honor and less good to be able to say that, the members of Paul De Kock's family, or his relatives in England and America, were among his acquaintances."

Everything considered, Lucy thought it best to go on with her work. Much reading and research were still required. She was sure it would not contain anything objectionable. It would at least be innocent. In itself a rather negative quality, yet in children how interesting? Some one had said, "Heaven was about us in our infancy," and the Master himself had left it on record, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." A recent writer had gone further, and exclaimed,— "I have been in heaven; for I have been a child, and have lain in the arms and beneath the smile of a loving mother."

"The problem was, how to make a book, like a child, innocent and at the same time attractive? Goody, goody books as a rule were not read by a great many. Most of mankind after all had a spice of the devil in them. But they also had an attribute common to the race,—curiosity. She must excite that to be successful. She must adopt the common trick to some degree and weave her facts together with the golden threads of love." Poor girl, and alas the day! but I must continue my story. Mary, in her younger days, had indulged a good deal in novel reading. She had given up altogether the lighter works of fiction, and had for some time back dipped somewhat into the religious novel. She felt backward about giving her opinion, but thought it best to speak out her mind. She thought books were somewhat like men; it was not always the wise who were the most entertaining, neither did merit seem a test. Many first class works at one time could not find a publisher. There were said to be ten fools for one wise man, and if this were true, we need not wonder at the popularity of sensational novels. They were mental stimulants, giving no moral nourishment, and therefore to be avoided. She did not feel decided about the religious novel. Some of them left a good impression, and many of them were so weak as to leave none. So far as she was herself concerned. She had come to the conclusion that it was wisest for her to draw her religious instruction from the Bible and the pulpit, and her amusement from works like those of Dickens and Thackeray. Poetry to her had of course been always a source of unalloyed enjoyment. There were, however, questions of import, not altogether speculative, which had occasionally troubled her.

She thought it very sad that all living things must die. Sadder still if it was our sin which involved the innocent with the guilty. She submitted her trouble to Mr Lansdown. He looked grave. He said, that he knew very little, and the more he studied, that little appeared to grow less. Our race had doubtlessly been involved during the early period of its history, in some catastrophe, as allegorised in Genesis. There must, however, have been death in our world a long time prior to man's existence; for large

portions of the solid crust of our earth were built up of organisms which lived millions of years before we did. Our sin, therefore, could not involve pre-human insect and animal life in our disaster. That sin, or the transgressions of God's law, brought death to us, is a statement of revelation, and which I am bound to receive in the Scripture sense as a fact.* It is sad to reflect that, our sin brings unnecessary suffering to great numbers of the animal creation; but it has not brought death to them, except when in cruelty we kill them prematurely. If we cause any living creature needless pain, we commit a sin. We cannot form a correct estimate of animal suffering, because we possess no media of communication with them. The whole animate creation, with which we think ourselves day by day so conversant, is as completely beyond our kin as the lives of angels. However, we must not look upon death in itself as an evil, indeed it is one condition of our continued life. Each movement of a muscle or thought of mind destroys some living atom of brain or tissue. The cell workers that build up our bodies are in constant motion, and every arrest to them is death. We presume that animals have no premonitory fears of death, it is only we poor mortals who borrow trouble from to-morrow.

“We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those
Which tell of saddest thought.”

Mary admitted that sorrow could be mingled with joy, if we included our spiritual life. But Mr. Lansdown had only diverted her thoughts from their main channel, it still was sad to her to know that all living things must die. He reminded her that, “there were many things which we must die to know; but in the mean time, we had the joyful assurance that the ‘Giver of life’ has abolished death.”

* Death of man, in the Scripture sense, must mean the death of man's soul, or *Spiritual* death.

Life itself was another mystery to Mary; some of its phases even sadder than death itself.

Mr. Lansdown owned life was even a greater mystery than death; and that to many death would come as a relief and a revelation. He said, there appeared to be one law of life throughout our world, no man had ever found the wall which separated vegetable from animal life, nor had he discovered the partition between the vital principle in animals and men. It was cell life throughout the whole. Science shuts us up to the doctrine of the fundamental unity of life.* How close upon the heels of modern science comes the old world guess that "all life comes from an egg?" In speaking of life as known to us, and always in connection with what we call matter, it was just possible that another factor might be present, distinct from matter, as it was distinct from spirit, or pure intelligence. A living immaterial substance, capable of assuming and retaining form, in the varieties of plants or animals to which it might become allied; and where the organization was a sentient one, capable of transmitting painful or pleasant feelings while in itself void of sensation. It has been demonstrated that the greyish matter of the spinal cord is the medium of sensory impressions, such as touch, pain, temperature; yet this substance is in itself insensible. Is it unreasonable to suppose that an immaterial substance might possess such properties? I may be told that nothing immaterial can affect my bodily senses. I question this. It cannot be proved that heat or electricity possesses the attributes of matter, and yet they affect me very materially. Scientific experiments prove that there exist forces in nature which I cannot with my bodily ear or eye either hear or see; may not these with similar forces now under course of investigation be attributes of that immaterial substance which produces all the varieties of our mundane life? Strip matter itself of its various attributes, and you arrive at a point where this substance

* It is not to theologians, but to Mr. Herbert Spencer, that the Christian world owe the first scientific definition of "eternal life."

becomes a desideratum—a *sine qua non*. The old philosophers made a close guess when they supposed the existence of an "anima mundi," or, *Soul of the world*. It is not a little curious that modern biology confirms this old world assumption. Why may not all organized forms of life on this planet possess an immaterial body, or counterpart of the material body, perceptible to us? It is in no way irrational to suppose so; and without this necessary condition, we can give no satisfactory explanation of life as it exists in our world. Take the human body and its dissolution by death natural or violent, and this immaterial body again becomes a desideratum. If I did not possess such a body to accompany me beyond the grave, how is my identity to be preserved? How am I to bring my knowledge acquired here, and my intellectual powers which have grown and strengthened on earth, without what may be justly termed a spiritual body? Even the Jews who were *dualists* speak of body, soul, and spirit. It is by way of parenthesis that Paul puts in—"there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." *Is*, not shall be. What about the mutilations to which the human body is subject here? The amputation of a limb will not sever any part from my spiritual body. Nature herself gives a hint of this. Many are the authentic records of patients who have had diseased limbs amputated, and yet have felt the pains where the excised limb had grown, and this long years after the operation. It is a glorious thing to know that my spiritual body is indestructible, whether my fleshly body be blown to shreds from a cannon's mouth, or flattened beneath an avalanche. The immaterial forms of plants and animals may have a different destiny. May be dissolved into the great envelope of immaterial *blastema* which we know interlaps our world, or settle earthward,—"*goeth downward*"—as a sacred writer puts it; while the spiritual body of man, in virtue of its inhabitant, returns towards God who gave it. This is in accordance with Scripture teaching. We are represented as being active and interested in the affairs of earth, after we have passed the boundaries of time. Moses and Elias talked with Christ, about his decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem.

John fell at the feet of the angel to worship him, but he said,—
“See thou do it not, I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren
that have the testimony of Jesus. Worship God.” It would
seem not improbable that our bodily eye cannot perceive spiri-
tual forms. A color is lent to this idea in that passage in King’s,
where the servant of Elisha informs his master of the hosts of
enemies which had encamped around them; and Elisha prays
that the Lord might open the eyes of the young man to see; the
prayer was answered, and the young man saw the mountain filled
with horses of fire, and chariots of fire round about Elisha. It
is not unlikely that the risen body of Christ was often invisible
to his disciples; and he informs them that it was expedient for
them that he should go away. It is a wise provision for our com-
fort that an impenetrable veil hides from our sight the world of
spirits. But these remarks are aside from the “Trichotomy,”
or three-fold human constitution. We see the necessity for a
spiritual body in explaining the phenomena of life; the existence
of such a body is the latest outcome of biological science, and it
is strange how we have forgotten that it was the doctrine of the
Christian church for the first four centuries. It was not until
the doctrine was adopted by some heretical sects that it became
suspect, and soul and spirit came to be identified in substance,
and distinguished only in function. The true doctrine is begin-
ning to be revived by the Anatomist Willis De Maistre, and
others. The phenomena of spiritual or mental existence comes
before our notice daily. You see me close and open my hand.
What controls these motions? You reply, “my muscles, in
obedience to my will.” What is my will? One of the functions
of my mind; * the action of something above my will, or some in-
telligent agent which we call mind, or spirit. Is this spirit immor-
tal? it is immaterial, and we therefore presume its immortality.
But the animal creation exhibit the same mental phases as men,
are their minds immortal? We may deny, but cannot disprove.
How much less than by the light of reason can we prove or dis-

* Some say, will is mind.

prove our own immortality? We cannot transcend ourselves. But where reason fails, revelation comes to our aid. Christ says, "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." The Apostle—"In Him was life." And again, "He hath brought life and immortality to light."

It is time, however, to close this wearisome dissertation. The girls said they were not at all weary; but it was decided to renew these enquiries on some other occasion.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT this time her brother Edmond arrived in Montreal to take Lucy Delisle home. His presence acted like a charm upon her. It called up all the pleasant scenes of past years. They must get home again. She yearned to see her mother. When the Doctor was consulted he shook his head. She could not venture on so long a journey in the winter for some days yet. The light would be very trying to her eyes, and the skin was still tender. The sweet face, however, had escaped without a mark. So she had to content herself for a little, and wrote to her mother accordingly.

Edmond did not appear to be very sorry to remain a few days. Edith, who was shy with him at first, suddenly changed her manner. Vivacity, sparkle, and freedom taking the place of reserve. Edmond had got free of boyish and awkward ways. He was strong, tall, and sunburned; or I might say weather tanned, but bright as the morning, and bearing about him the breezy freshness of the pine woods. Though not quite twenty-one years of age, he had been received a Provincial Land Surveyor, and had travelled over much of the Ottawa Valley. He had studied hard, and was not only well up in his profession, but was also well read in the early history of his country. He resembled his sister in this, and thought with her that French exploration and adventure, missions, trading, settlement, and Indian wars, furnished a mine of literary wealth half hidden beneath neglected rubbish. "What," he would say, "is there more romantic in the pages of fiction than the history of Madame De LaTour in Acadia? Her heroism and misfortune. The villainy of Charnisy, the defeat and exile of her husband, and her own miserable death. Then, the brightening fortunes of Latour himself, his marriage with the widow of his greatest enemy,—Charnisy,—the man who obliged his brave wife to wear a halter around her neck while she witnessed the massacre of her gallant garrison!"

"Where," he would again ask, "can you find finer examples

of heroism and endurance than in the explorations and adventures of the French in North America? How fearlessly they dared, and fought and conquered? The activity, perseverance, and piety of the Jesuit missionaries? True there were crime and blood, but there were also acts of justice and deeds of mercy! A wide and almost untrodden field this, for historians, poets, and romancists!"

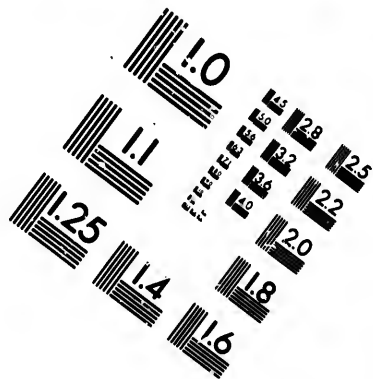
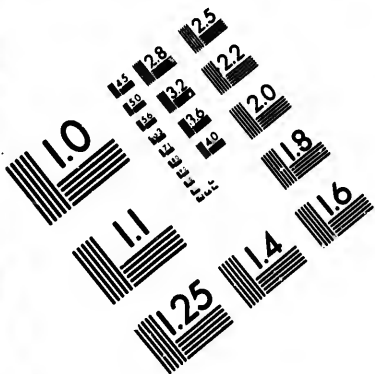
The Ottawa country put on new attractions for Edith, and she was never better pleased than when she got Edmond to tell her of the scenes he had passed through. She had often asked Huntly to tell her about bears and wolves, but he was not half so good natured as Edmond.

One evening the young people had met in Lucy's room after tea. It was dusk, but the candles had not been lighted. The conversation turned upon haunted houses; Edith giving a wonderful account of what had been seen at McTavish's, on the slope of the mountain. It was a new subject to Edmond. Edith wished to know if he had a ghost story to tell them? "Yes, he had a genuine ghost story. It was as true as gospel." It was just the hour for telling such a story. A crescent moon peeped through the leafless trees, and in at the windows; the wind had begun to sigh among the branches, and weird shadows flitted across the floor. Edith felt just a mite afraid, and drew her chair closer to Edmond.

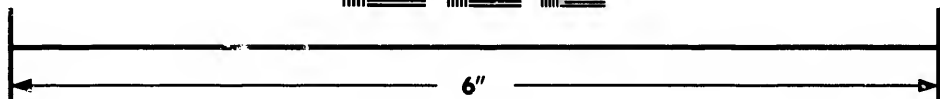
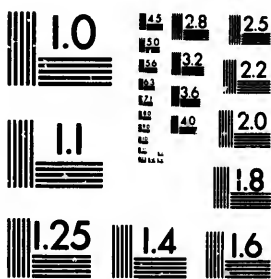
"Last summer," he began, "I was on the Dumoine, a northern tributary of the Ottawa, and nearly one hundred miles further west than the Coulonge, where your brother lumbers. I had left our party and went to see some people further up the river, who were about to commence making hay on a farm belonging to a 'lumber firm.' My visit paid, I was returning. I had about twenty miles to travel, and taking some bread and pork for lunch, I set out on my tramp. Most of my way was in sight of the river, but the road was very rough, being used only in the winter season. There was no house for the entire distance. The day was very warm, and the air thick and choky, I got on but slowly. It was near sundown, and I had yet between four and five miles

to travel. I had reached an open on the bank of the river, when a crack, as of a gunshot, exploded near me, and a long peal of thunder rattled through the mountains. It became almost as dark as night; and in the silence that followed the thunderclap I could hear the low moaning of the wind that presaged the storm. A deserted shanty was not far distant; but I did not like the locality. It was what the Scotch call not "canny." A row had taken place among the men who had worked there last; two of them had been killed, or rather murdered, and their bodies were buried a little way behind the shanty. It was commonly reported that strange noises, as of men in mortal combat, were heard about the place at nights; and queer shapes were seen to glide to and fro. I felt inclined to proceed on my way, but as I had just come to this conclusion, there was a blinding flash, another peal of thunder, and then a roar of wind among the trees, and splattering drops of rain. I was in for it. Any port in a storm; and as the rain poured down, I was glad to take refuge in the old shanty. Flash followed flash, and peal succeeded peal, and for two mortal hours the storm raged furiously. There was no use in attempting to proceed further that night. I groped about to find the best place in which to stow myself till morning. I did not like the idea of going to sleep, especially as the shanty door was open, and I could not succeed in shutting it, for there was no door to shut. I barricaded the opening with loose pieces of timber, which were lying round, and then retired to the farthest corner of the shanty, but not to sleep, I had had no supper, and to tell the truth I felt a little nervous. The storm had now passed, but the darkness and rain continued; no noise save the monotonous pattering of the drops. My thoughts reverted to the dead men, and their lonely graves, only a few rods from where I lay. Then came up the stories I had heard about the strange noises, and the ghostly shapes. My hearing became most acute in the dark and midnight stillness. If ever disembodied spirits visited the mouldering remains of their earthly tenements, now was the place and hour. I fancied I heard a sound; I was sure I did. What noise was it? The clanking of a chain. It grew more distinct, clank,





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1.5 1.8
1.8 2.0
2.2 2.5
2.8 3.2
3.6 4.0

10
11

clank, clank in measured cadence. I now remembered that an ox-chain had been used in strangling one of the dead men. Was he getting out of his grave? Was he tug, tugging, to get rid of the thing that had choked him? The noise approached the door. There was the sound of weighty footsteps, and suppressed panting mixed with the clanking chain. I was all ear, and presently all eye; for two balls of pale fire, and nearly a foot apart, looked in at the shanty door. The footsteps and the clanking ceased, and a low moan proceeded from between the two pale lights. I had flattered myself that I was brave; but my hair did now literally stand on end; there was no use any longer in denying the supernatural. What was I to do? I did not fancy facing this strange portent. Had I better say my prayers? I suppose I did offer up some kind of a petition, but it was of no avail. It was no better than an incantation. The pale balls of fire still stood there burning into my brain; if I did not make some effort I would go crazy. I got out of my corner, felt around for something to fling at the corpse, devil, or whatever it might be. I found a piece of firewood, and with all the strength I could muster I let it fly at the eyes of the phantom. Works availed more than faith, as the creed of my church teaches, for the lights quivered and went out, but the chain rattled fiercely. The physical exertion made me myself again, and I pushed forward to the door. It was not quite so dark as it had been; the clouds were breaking, and I could perceive that my goblin was only an innocent ox. I found afterwards that he belonged to one of the lumbermen's farms, and had broken away from his mate some time before, taking part of his yoke and chain along with him. He had at one time worked at the shanty where I had taken refuge, and doubtless had made his way hither for shelter from the storm." "And," added Edmond, "such are all ghost stories."

The house was being lighted up, and Lucy was induced to come down stairs. Mr. Lansdown was invited to remain; and Lieutenant Napier also called. He gave the Marstons the latest news from Huntly. News, not without interest for Lucy, though she made no enquiries. Boscom and he had not called on her

mother, Boscöm being in haste to return to Montreal. Napier fraternized at once with Edmond. He prized fellows who had "roughed it;" men who could bark squirrels with the rifle, steer a bark canoe, or land a twenty pound trout with a single gut tackle.

The general chat turned on hunting and fishing, the ladies asserting that nothing was half so interesting, except ghost stories. Edmond, though no egotist, was again led on to speak of his personal experiences. The Lieut. asked if he had ever been on a bear hunt? Edmond had been on several. "After the beaver, he thought bears were the wisest animals in our Canadian forests. Indeed some *habitants* believe that bears were at one time human beings. Had Darwin only known this he might have allotted us a different parentage from the gorilla. There must be something in the *habitants* theory, for do not patent medicine men declare that if bear's grease is rubbed upon a deal board, a crop of human hair is the result.

"Our Canadian bears," continued Edmond, must have something of man's nature about them, for they both box and hug. Our Indians treat bears with great respect, and Laplanders call them, "old men in fur cloaks." Their favorite food is the blueberry, and they have the tooth of a school boy for honey. They have been known to break open barrels of pork, and regale themselves on shanty men's fare. If you fall into their power and feign death, they will cover your body with leaves and bark. They are very seldom the attacking party, but if they are molested you may look out. In the fall they are fat and good natured; in the spring, lank and ravenous. About two years ago they were very plentiful near where our surveying party were encamped. We were short of meat, and a bear's ham, when one has had nothing but salt pork to eat for months together, is very acceptable. I took out my gun one evening, and went to a *rocher* over which I knew the bears were likely to pass, on their way to an adjacent blueberry patch. I hid myself behind a cliff, and waited their coming. I was not long under cover when two large bears passed on, one in front of the other, for the way was narrow and abrupt,

but the fellows scaled the rocks with the activity of monkeys. I allowed them to pass on and fired, hitting the foremost one about the tail. He must have received the impression that his companion had struck him from behind, for he turned round instantly and grappled with him. They came tumbling down over the loose stones in mortal combat. It was most ludicrous to see how they cuffed and olouted each other. At last one of them appeared to have got the worst of it, and falling down lay as dead. The other then walked quietly away. I judged that the fallen bear was the one which I had shot, and that the wound had proved mortal. Least he should be foxing, I emptied the other barrel into him. He was up in a twinkling, and came at me. I thought of the Irishman's prayer under similar circumstances, when he implored the Almighty if he could not help him, at least not to help the bear. No master of fence can parry a blow like a bear. I seized a dry branch near me to feign striking him with my left hand, while I clubbed him with my right. He sent the branch flying over my head, while he dodged his from the blow of my gun. There was little use in aiming another stroke, so I flung the gun at him and retreated, making time to get out my knife, which fortunately was long and sharp. He stopped for a few seconds to take up the gun and examine it, possibly to admire the deadly instrument, and then casting it from him he came on to choke me,—for keeping my hands by my sides he knew I did not intend to club him, so he rose on his hind feet to give me a loving squeeze. I kept still as death, he made no attempt to strike, and as he closed his arms round me the cold steel was pointed for his heart. Had the blade broke I was a dead man; for though he was bleeding profusely from the bullet wounds he had received, there was still life enough in him to crush a dozen men to death. His strong pressure sent the weapon home, and I found his hold begin to relax. His eye was now glazing, and we came to the ground together. He must have weighed over four hundred pounds, and his pelt was black and glossy. After he was cut up and carried to the camp, I did not care to taste any of his flesh, for I thought there was a human look in his eyes as I unclasped his limp arms from about me."

Mr. Marston thought that of all outdoor sports he preferred fishing; it was the most innocent and attractive. He had himself, like Horace Greely, been going a fishing for the last thirty years; and although he never accomplished his object, he had enjoyed the pleasure of anticipation. He said Captain Comeau, of the Montreal Police force, had told him some time ago of a fishing excursion of his, on the lakes of the river St. Maurice, which, if agreeable, he would tell them.

"At the time I speak of," continued Mr. Marston, "Comeau was in the employment of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was as hardy as a snipe, and as active as a wild cat. He had obtained leave of absence from his post for a month or two, and was determined to enjoy himself. He was very fond of fishing. Being at the rivers, where his wife's relatives resided, and where he was well known, he soon got a party together, and they started for the lakes, on the river Bostonais, which empties into the St. Maurice below the Tuque. It was September weather, and there were but few flies to annoy them. They got to their destination without accident. Being dissatisfied with the size of the trout on the lower or first lake they had camped at, too of the party and himself started for another lake, lying a few miles inland. The Indians had often told him of the great size of the trout in this lake; many of them weighing thirty or forty pounds each, and he was desirous to test the truth of their stories. They brought no canoe with them, as the portage was too long, but they reached the lake early in the day, and made themselves small rafts of dry cedars that they found on the shore; each man had a raft of his own, with a long pole to propel it, and which when inserted between the timbers and pushed well into the sandy bottom of the lake served as an anchor. Comeau had shoved his raft only a few yards from the shore, when he let his line fall into the water to wet it, the hooks were on, but no bait."

"Why," said Napier, "do you not use flies when fishing for trout in this country?" "Sometimes," answered Mr. Marston, "but it was with small pieces of pork on their hooks they fished that day. Comeau's line had no sooner touched the water than it was

seized, and to his astonishment he found that he had hooked a large fish. His raft had not been anchored, and if he attempted to do so now he would lose his fish. He had about three hundred feet of good Salmon line on his reel, but before you could say 'Jack Robinson' the whole of it was run out, and as it tightened the fish rose at the further end; but bringing the point of his rod level with the water, and tightening the slack, the trout had to come down with the hook still in his gills. He now was able to wind up some of his line, and feel the weight of his fish; but whenever it came within a hundred feet or so of his raft, it took a sheer, and was away again. He heard his friends shouting as he thought a long way off, and on looking shoreward, he found himself half a mile out upon the lake, with possibly fifty fathoms of water under him. His pole would be of no use here, and he had no paddle. In any case he must not lose his fish. By good management he got it between his raft and the shore, making it tow him back. It rose only two or three times, being heavy, and it was tired out by the time he could again touch bottom with his pole. He got his trout landed safely, and is sure it weighed over forty pounds. His companions had caught several large fish also, and already complained that their arms were sore hauling them in. His own felt a little stiff, now that the excitement was over. After dinner they resumed the sport off shore, as the trout were in no way timid. Their arms were aching with the toil, and one of the party proposed bending down the young saplings which grew close to the water's edge, attaching their lines to the tops, and when the fish took, the saplings were released and the recoil landed them on shore. In this way they continued to fish for some time, until the ground on which they stood was literally covered with trout, and they concluded to stop, as it looked like butchery. The only trouble they had found in this novel mode of fishing was that, when the trout proved large and the sapling slender, they had to supplement the rebound with a pull; but if a small trout chanced to be hooked to a stout sapling it came through the air like a meteor."

The story sounded fishy, but the whole was within the range of possibility, and what was better it was strictly true.

Edith was anxious to hear about voyageurs, and their reputed strength. Edmond was in a position to gratify her.

He said it was a common thing for medium-sized French Canadians to carry a barrel of pork, with the brine on, weighing at least three hundred and fifty pounds, on their backs up a portage half a mile long slung by a strap, or *collet*, passing over their foreheads, not slung from the shoulders. "How do you account for their strength?" asked Mr. Lansdown. "Custom and climate, I suppose," answered Edmond. "I remember reading some time ago," remarked Mr. Lansdown, "of some experiments tried relating to the strength of students of different nationalities studying at certain colleges. The result being that the Irishman stood first, the Scotchman second, the Englishman third, the Belgian fourth, and the Frenchman a poor fifth."

"Look," exclaimed Edmond, "at the effect of our dry and bracing climate? Recent trials shew that in Canada, the Irish, Scotch, English, and their descendants still occupy their old relative positions; while the French Canadians have attained to the place of the Englishman making a good third." All agreed that the climate of Canada was destined to develop and build up one of the most hardy and finest races of men which had ever appeared in any part of the world.

"Why," asked Mr. Lansdown, "are not the French Canadians, as a rule, as prosperous as the settlers in Ontario, or Canada West?" Edmond thought that the difference might be accounted for from the fact that the lands in western Canada were better, and the winters not so long. Mr. Marston contended that there were no richer lands in the world than along the valley of the St. Lawrence. Our long winters with a constant depth of snow were advantages rather than drawbacks. In many parts of Western Canada the roads were almost impassible in the winter months, nothing but slush or half frozen mud; while in Lower Canada, one could always get around on sleighs, and perform work which could not be accomplished in any other way. The timber inter-

ests, without snow, would prove complete failures. Then the roots of our grasses and trees were thoroughly protected from the frost by winter's soft, thick mantle ; so perfectly indeed that strawberry leaves were found green when the snow melted in April, and the flower buds fully formed and ready to blossom in May.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was now well on in March, and Huntly Marston thought that he would take a run down to the village, for Lucy must be home by this time. On his arrival he found that she had not yet returned; but was rejoiced to hear from her mother that Lucy was quite recovered, and that she expected her and Edmond back in a few days. He concluded to wait. Day after day passed, and still they did not come. There was no telegraph then to enable him to ascertain the cause, and there was no use in writing, for his letter might pass them on the road. A week elapsed and they had not arrived. The sun was coming out strong, and the ice on the upper Ottawa would not last many days. He had left no instructions with Tom about the teams, and if they were to find their way down only after his return, he must wait no longer. Perhaps he could send up a message, for he saw one of the Indians from the Coulonge in the village the night after he himself had come down. He tried to find him, but could not succeed. There were several letters at his office which had been awaiting his arrival. Among these was one from the Commissioner of Crown Lands, enclosing his license for the timber limit that had cost him so much trouble and expense. There was also one from his father, enclosing a short note from Mr. Allen, the lawyer. Saying that, having occasion to see the member for Three Rivers some time previous, that gentleman, who doubtless felt pleased at the manner in which his election had been managed, informed him of a valuable block of timbered lands on the Gatineau, that could be had at a nominal figure, and asking Mr. Marston if he wished to secure it? Mr. Marston referred the matter to Huntly, and he at once wrote back saying, "by all means do so." He also furnished Huntly with a little gossip. He said, "Florence was likely to be married to Mr. Napier in July, and they would try and so arrange it, that Huntly could be present. Edith had taken it into her head to devote some more

time to the study of French, and he had consented to allow her to go to the Convent in Three Rivers for that purpose, as the Sisters there had the reputation of being the best teachers of French in the country. Captain Boscom continued to lay siege to Miss Maxwell, but that lady had too much good sense to capitulate."

Two more days passed, but they did not bring Lucy. He could delay no longer, so leaving kind remembrances with Mrs. Delisle for her son and daughter, he hurried back to the woods. He was up none too soon, for a day or too after his teams got away, the ice on the creeks, and on the main river, began to break up. Lucy and her brother reached home all safe the very day after Huntly had left. Her mother gave her some news, Huntly had told her. A first cousin of hers,—Pierre Leblanc, from Nicolet,—a son of her father's sister, was up in the woods at Huntly's camp. Huntly said that he was a fine looking and intelligent fellow; and that he would take him to see them on their way down with the rafts. Lucy had heard her father speak of the Leblancs, but she had never seen any of them. He seldom spoke to his wife of his relations. The spring opened early that year, and by the middle of April the Coulonge was a roaring torrent. Everything now was bustle and excitement. By the first of May the landings had been cleared, and the timber was all in the river. Nothing like a river drive for waking up men. They were out at work in the grey dawn, and the stars of evening found them still at it. Caspar was in his element. He would dance and cheer as the big sticks swung past, or plunged over the rapids. He was in front with Huntly and two-thirds of the gang; while Tom, and Leblanc with the other third, brought up the tail of the drive. The front gang now found less current in the river, in fact the water was rising, and yellow with timber ahead of them. There must be a jam somewhere. Huntly and Caspar went to reconnoitre. At a narrow passage, there was a small fall, the timber had stopped, and was now piling up higher and higher. One long piece had done the mischief. Huntly thought it was that very one Tom got squared

that first morning when he went to visit the timber makers. About ten feet of this stick rested behind a rock at the head of the fall, and the other end was hidden among boulders and timber at the other side. The jam lay right across the current. But little water was coming through the natural channel, and the black pools below were now quiet and sullen. The timber was piled up against and on top of this stick to the height of over twenty feet. To clear the jam by rolling off from the top would be a week's work for the whole gang. A week's time lost, and possibly the drive would be prevented from getting clean out into the Ottawa. Before the day closed Tom and his men had come up. One of the Indians was with him. Tom asked Huntly to hire him, as he was a good driver, and Huntly consented. He also learned from Tom that the Indian camp was now broken up, and the other Indians were on their way down to sell their furs at some trading post. Huntly did not like this, but said nothing. None of the men now opened their lips about the pretty Indian girl, had they done so, Tom would have drawn the cold steel on them. On the morrow the jam was examined more minutely. Huntly and Tom thought that the men must take to their picks and cant hooks and roll off from top. A pick handle is a rounded piece of timber, generally hard maple, about eight feet in length, two inches in diameter at the top, and swelling to about four inches diameter at the lower end, which holds the pick,—a piece of steel eight or nine inches long, over half of which is inserted in the handle; and about a foot in length of the pick end of the handle is encircled with flat steel rings, to give it strength, and save it from wear. That part of the steel which projects from the handle is tapered to a point. A cant hook is a piece of steel about ten inches long, half an inch thick, and one and a half inches wide, bent into the form of a sickle, the loose, or under end turned in sharply, and pointed. The other end is fastened by a bolt to an open band or flat ring, which slips on to the pick handle, and is adjusted to it about eighteen inches from the extremity which holds the pick. The cant hook works loose opening and closing on the bolt that passes through the collar of

the band or ring. When open the convex of the cant hooks lies up against and in line with the handle, and if properly constructed the driver can grasp with this instrument a piece of timber, or log, of any diameter. Two or three men with cant hooks can "cant," or turn over, almost any piece of timber made. In Wisconsin, a driver calls a pick handspike, a "peevy." Picks and cant hooks, jam dogs, and pike poles, are called "driving tools." It was with such implements as these that Huntly's men were to attack the jam. Before commencing, Caspar took another look. He went below and examined all the surroundings but especially the key, or that stick which first caused the jam, and on which the whole rested. He told Huntly that if he consented to let him cut about twelve feet off the big stick of timber near the bottom of the jam, he would guarantee that the whole would give way, and save time and money. Huntly could not see how Caspar could cut the piece of timber and escape with his life. Perhaps before he was half through the weight from above would cause it to snap, then where would Caspar be? Dashed to pieces in a chaos of timber, tumbling end on end among the swirl and foam. It was not to be thought of. Caspar then induced Huntly to go down with him, and pointed out how he could walk over on the rocks, and obtain a footing where he could swing his axe. He shewed a place where the timber rested on the bottom, and convinced Huntly that the body of the jam would swing to the other side of the river. Huntly acknowledged the correctness of this view, but the risk lay in the probability that Caspar would be overwhelmed before he had time to make his escape. Caspar was certain he could find time, and Huntly consented. The men thought Caspar foolhardy, and looked upon him as doomed. He was as gay as if going to a wedding. He took his axe, and went below the jam to take another look. The men thought that he was saying farewell to the river, the trees, and the blue heavens above him, but Caspar was only taking off his driving shoes, and turning up his drawers. He steadied himself with a pike pole as he waded over the slippery rocks, for the current was strong enough to lift him off his feet, though not over knee deep between

the shore and his point of vantage. He gained the place in safety and found space to wind his axe and reach the timber, without any inconvenience. Some of the men were crowding over the top of the jam to see him chop, but he warned them off. He worked with a will, and soon had the piece of timber half cut through. He stopped to listen. Yes, there was a slight crack, and he thought that a tremor ran through the pile of timber above him. All was still again, and he continued his work; not for long, however, his ear had caught the warning note, and his quick eye perceived a slight movement towards the further shore. He saw the cut in the timber opening, he flung his axe towards shore, and dived into a black pool which lay beneath him. The men were scattering in all directions to secure safe positions on the river banks. A low, grinding, half booming noise rose from the now moving mass of timber. The very rocks trembled, and the trees on either side swayed and shivered. The jam had moved in an almost solid body, and as the space below widened, and the pent up river dashed over the fall, the wildest tumult might be marked as the timber separated, plunged and eddied in its resistless rush onward. It was a grand sight. A thousand white horses in mad gallop over the green pampas, with manes tossing in the air, could not be finer. But Caspar, where was he? The men had seen nothing of him. He must now be a lifeless and battered mass among the careering timber! Not he. They came upon him behind a rock, not far below the fall, where he had been quietly wringing out his clothes, and was engaged in putting on his driving shoes when the men came up to him. Many were the congratulations, but none of them warmer than those of Huntly. Caspar took it all very coolly; he just shrugged his shoulders, said it was nothing at all, and turned to work with the others.

No event on the drive worth noting occurred after this. There was the usual routine of following up the timber, starting it off where it had grounded, breaking small jams, and keeping everything moving. They were at the mouth of the tributary in less than three weeks from the time they had got fairly underway. Wyands occasionally visited the Indian Tom had brought to

Huntly, and who was still on the drive, none of the other members of the Indian camp had shown themselves, though they were known to be keeping in the neighborhood.

The timber was now secured in booms in the first eddy below the mouth of the Coulonge, and the men proceeded to raft it into cribs of about fifty pieces each; while about thirty cribs banded together composed a raft. This work was through early in June, and on their way down they shipped their oars, and obtained sawed lumber to build their huts. The Calumette and Chats rapids were successfully run, and they reached the Chaudière Falls, Bytown, before the close of the month.

The foremost raft with Huntly and Tom on board dropped in behind Sleeping Point, or Lazy Point, as some called it, on the Hull side, and coming on shore Huntly was delighted to meet Edmond Delisle, who was on his way home from Aylmer, and with whom Huntly sent word to Mrs. Delisle that he would be down to see them the following evening.

There was one heart in the widow's home that leaped for joy, when Edmond gave Huntly's message. It was a lovely evening, and when Lucy and her mother took a walk through the garden after tea, earth seemed a very paradise. The cool air was laden with rose perfume, and the darkening Ottawa was flushing to crimson in the setting sun. And then to-morrow! He would be here! There came over her an indescribable longing once more to hear the voice of her dearest friend,—her more than dearest friend. Her color burned at the thought of meeting him.

Just then the sun dipped behind the North Western hills, and the deep flush of the Ottawa turned to blackness. Lucy thought she could hear the river sighing at the change. A chill came over her, and turning faint she hurried into the house, with the old refrain ringing in her ears,—“The rapids are near and the daylight passed.” Her mother followed her, and Edmond coming into the room where they were sitting, Lucy's spirits soon revived, and after practising some of Huntly's favorite airs they retired for the night.

That same evening when supper was over Huntly proposed to Tom that they would take a canoe, and visit the vicinity of the slide. It was a dangerous trip for only two men, but they were equal to the risk. They landed upon the little Island, where Eddy's mills and piling grounds now stand; for Huntly wished to enjoy the scene. The sun was nearing the horizon, but still lit up with splendor the Claudière Falls, and the brown cliffs over part of which the everlasting waters glided. Huntly turned to look at the great necromancer ere he hid himself behind the mountains. How gorgeous was his retiring? What a wonder of gold and crimson was piled up around what seemed the mouth of a huge furnace in white heat! He looked again at the seething waters in the cauldron; they were curdling into blood. The houses in the town beyond were half hidden in the ruddy mist rising above the falls, their windows flashing back the glory shed upon them from those "Western bastions fringed with fire." He looked over the rocks and down the river, the same crimson flush deepening into purple colored all the scene. In imagination he heard the sweet cadences of Lucy's voice repeating,—“The rapids are near, and the daylight passed.” He must have her sing that song to-morrow evening. He thought that he could discern canoes and Indians away down in the eddies. He asked Tom if he did not see them? Tom's face darkened as he answered, “yes.” Huntly said jokingly, “Tom, take care, do not leave the running of the timber, to be running after the Indian girl!” Huntly's answer was a back stroke upon the face from a limb of flood wood which Tom had lifted, as he stepped in front of Huntly. He gave the blow with all his might, for his repressed jealousy was roused to madness. Huntly lay at his feet motionless. Tom with set teeth gazed down at his victim. He now realized some sense of his crime and situation. He stopped to examine the prostrate form. There was no breathing, and the limbs were limp and nerveless. He must be dead. How get rid of the body? A sudden impulse seized him. He lifted it in his arms, and finding his strength to be superhuman he carried it to the head of the North, or little

channel, and with all his might he heaved it into the water. The shock brought Huntly back to life, and he struck for the shore, but the under tow of the fall proved too much for him and he had to yield; but seeing a piece of timber with one end resting on the shore he grasped it; it loosened, and coming off, they plunged over the falls together.

Tom watched them. A sudden sense of his fiendish act was awakened. He saw the man who at one time had saved him from death now perishing, and by his hand. He shouted at the top of his voice; he ran to the canoe and shoved it out, but instead of going on shore and hastening to the spot where Huntly's body might surge up among the eddies, he paddled to the raft, and raised the alarm; stating that the master had missed his footing, and had gone over the falls. All the men on board, save the cook, hurried off to the foot of the falls; but near an hour had elapsed since Huntly was swept over them. There was no sign of his body anywhere. All was still and lonely. The purple light had faded into the grey of later evening, and a hush of night was creeping on. No noise save the eternal dash of the falls, or the distant call of the whip-poor-will. Throughout the short summer night the men continued their search for the body, and when the light of morning again awoke the world to activity it found them still engaged in this melancholy duty. By noon they abandoned the search as useless. Bad news travels fast, and the day had not far advanced when it reached Huntly's office, and the home of Lucy. Her mother hid it from her at first, but somehow or other she ascertained the worst. She went to her room, closed the door, and bowed her head in the accustomed spot. "Break thou deep vase of chilling tears!" But her heart was ice, and would not melt into this relief; rather it was dead, and hurried into the river there with Huntly. Once or twice her mother peeped into her room, but she was still kneeling with bowed head. Two hours passed, and at last her mother determined to arouse her. She gently raised her, and Lucy mechanically obeyed the request to come down stairs and have some tea? She steadied herself upon her mother's arm

hiding her blank face upon her shoulder. She was still giddy from the stunning blow. "Drunk with loss,"—the only mixture in her bitter cup. Or like the—Unhappy bark,

That strikes by night a craggy shelf ;
And staggers blindly ere she sink,
It stunned her from the power to think. "

This was in itself a mercy. We have heard of "grief's delirium," and we know that there is not any evil which humanity can suffer but brings with it some alleviation. Indeed the direst terror fascinates, and Livingstone tells us that, when the lion tossed him in the air, it did not feel unpleasant.

The change, the physical exertion, the sympathising face of Edmond, her mother's tender care, her effort to take some food, and be herself helped somewhat to raise the load of woe under which she tottered. It was with a steadier step that she retired to her room, and when the head was once again bowed in meek submission to the chastisement, tears gave relief, and prayer brought succor. The furnace had been seven times heated, but there was one there with her, and no hair of her dear head was to be injured; for he had numbered them, and the white lips, so rosy some hours before, murmured, as his lips once murmured, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." It was late in the night when she prepared for bed, but she slept. Slept beneath, "Those softly folded wings of prayer;" or as, dear old Chrummacher translates the Psalmist,—"Thus he giveth his beloved sleep."

There was general disorganization on the rafts. Tom had drawn some money at the office, apparently for expenses, but had disappeared, no one knew whether. This looked suspicious; the Indians too were gone, but little notice was taken of this fact. The one who had been on the drive was paid off at the mouth of the Coulonge; they had disposed of the furs to old Civewright at the Fort, and doubtless had returned to their tribe. Tom's continued absence was still a mystery. Mr. Marston must at once be informed of the disaster. Edmond could not bring himself to be the bearer of such a message. The clerk closed Huntly's

office for the time being, and proceeded to Montreal, while Edmond tried to put matters straight for running the timber. He, Pierre Leblanc, and Casper, assuming charge until the arrival of Mr. Marston.

It was a sad day in the cheerful old home in Bleury street, when the tale only half told was but too well understood. Edith was at the convent in Three Rivers, where she had gone on the opening of navigation, but would be home after the examination in July, when her sister Florence would be married. This event must now be postponed, and other plans for the future sorrow fully abandoned. Ye grief stricken ones, there is but little consolation, in the thought that: "Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break." Mr. Marston appeared to have turned all at once into an old man, but he bravely undertook the duty before him.

CHAPTER XV.

It is necessary to recur to a few events which happened prior to the time of Huntly's tragedy.

Frank Meredith went home to Bangor, after his disappointment that night on the skating rink. He could hardly blame Lucy for refusing him. He had been an idler; but he flattered himself that if he could have persuaded her to become his wife, he would have grown to be an altered man. It was Lucy Delisle's physical charms that he admired, nor is it likely he ever could appreciate the beauty of her soul. There are some men so constituted. The more the pity as the common saying has it.

Frank was completely his own master, both his parents being dead. His admiration for Lucy, a Canadian, and his stay, in Canada, had awakened in him an interest in the country, and as spring drew on he thought that he could not more pleasantly spend the summer, than by a ramble on foot, down through the Eastern Townships and to the French Settlements; where he could make himself more conversant with the language. He supplied himself with money, got his knapsack ready, and early May found him in the vicinity of Island Pond, and on his way to Lennoxville. He had been told when in Montreal that the Eastern Townships would yet be the garden of Lower Canada, and he had concluded to visit them, examine their capabilities, and become acquainted with their early history while progressing towards the seat of French learning, Nicolet College.

While Frank Meredith is journeying toward his destiny, we must see how Edmond Delisle and his assistants managed with poor Huntly's timber.

It was a quarrelsome, I should say, an outrageous and wicked time, just then at Bytown. The "Shiners," were in the hey day of their ruffianism. The Irish raftsmen had formed a compact to drive the French Canadians off the river. They lacked neither the courage nor the villainy. Huntly had always got

along smoothly with them. Indeed he was rather a pet of theirs, and if the "shiners" took any one under their protection, woe to those who molested him.

Edmond Delisle when he decided to interest himself in running his late friend's timber, was fully aware of the difficulties. He accordingly waited upon Peter Aylen, one of the chief men among the "shiners," and explained to him how he was situated; and that Leblanc, who will be principally in charge, was part French Canadian. Aylen swore a deep oath that no one would be permitted to meddle with the men on the timber of the dead Boss. He went with Edmond to see Martin Hennessy, who was perhaps the biggest bruiser about Bytown; and Martin gave him the hand of fellowship,—a hand that could fell an ox. Every knuckle was double jointed, and its owner stood over six feet in his stocking soles. He was also like the famous "Paddy Carrill," "double jointed in the back." This remarkable man was afterwards killed in a drunken quarrel by the blow of an iron poker in the hands of Doctor Whitney. It was do or die. If Whitney had not brained Hennessy, Hennessy would have brained him. The law allowed the Doctor to go Scot free. Edmond was also introduced to "Paddy Whelan," a Hercules in form and strength, having solid plates of bone in lieu of ribs and his toes were webfooted, like those of a waterfowl.

It was a delicate operation to guide a crib of timber so as to land it safely at the head of the North shore slides. The channel instead of hollowing towards the centre, rounded up as you neared the big Chaudière, and if the pilot allowed the crib to veer a foot or two from the upheaved back of the torrent, over it went into the boiling cauldron below. In case of such a contingency a well manned canoe generally waited at the Point, and if immediate danger was feared the men on the crib jumped into her and abandoned the timber to its fate.

Edmond and Leblanc had made several successful trips and had commenced banding up in the eddy on the South shore. After tea one evening these two, with Caspar, went up from the raft to transact some business in town. On coming

near a corner at the Sapper's bridge, they could hear the rapping of stones one against another, and then a volley of these missiles struck a fence on the opposite side of the street, and a man ran past them, holding his hand to the side of his face, doubtless he had been struck. Edmond and his companions walked on slowly in the middle of the street. On getting to the corner they saw two or three men in long coats,—ulsters were the fashion with the "Shiners" in those days, and each of the fellows had a stone in either hand, and swinging their arms in measured heat, they would rap the stones against each other in front of them. This was the constant practice of the "Shiners," and this rap, rap, was often the death knell of many a French Canadian, as the frequent corpses in the hospital basin testified. When Edmond and his companions came abreast of these fellows one of them stepped out in front, and said, "do yez know where yez is?" "yes," answered Edmond, "in Rideau street." The fellow took a sharp look at him, and then said, "go on, yez is all right." They had not gone far however when they heard more stones rattling on the fence they had just passed; then two or three loud whistles, and the growling of fierce dogs. A fight was raging behind them. The "feather edges," as the "shiners" called the broken shingly limestone, were flying in all directions. They did not wait to see the result; "discretion is often the better part of valor. They got safe to Burpee's and transacted the business they had come on, with old Mr. Marston, who had been stopping there for some days past, and was about leaving again for Montreal. It was still early, and they decided on looking round a little. On coming near Griffith's tavern, or "the hole in the wall" as the "boys" called it, they were met by a band of about a dozen men, all wearing white sheets up to their chins. Their faces were blackened, and you could hear the rap, rap, of the flat sides of the "feather edges" beneath the sheets, and their big pockets were doubtless well filled with the same murderous missiles. The leader of the gang stopped Edmond, and his companions, and it might have gone hard with them if Andrew Lemay had not come up in time. He invited Edmond,

Leblanc, and Caspar, into the tavern; to refuse would have given offence. In a room not too well lighted, half a dozen men were seated round a long deal table, their shaggy heads barely discernible through the clouds of tobacco smoke. They had been drinking, and after the interruption caused by the entrance of Lemay and those with him had subsided, the current of fun proceeded in its ordinary course, which was "fast and furious."

"As I was telling you," said a dark square set man at the head of the table, "Father M. came unbeknownst that same evenin upon Jolly Moll, "By the holy Mary," says she, "there's his riverence," and as she could not get out of his way by the door, she jumped head foremost through the window taking the sash with her round her neck." Edmond made bold to suggest that it was rather a painful way of "cutting her stick." "Musha," added a chap near him "it was her neck she cut with her purty necklace;" "and begorra," put in a third, "Moll was always fond of the glass."

A general laugh followed this sparkle, and the square set man addressed his neighbor with, "Now Phil, for your song." Phil was a wiry looking customer, with angular limbs, comical features, and merry twinkling eyes. He got up, and taking a small cane that stood behind the door, came out on the floor and commenced acting "Donnybrook Fair." There was a part spoken, a part whistled, and a part sang. Every now and then the actor would throw himself into an attitude, twirl his cane deftly, and sing:—

"Puff, puff, puff, of fresh air,
Oh then great luck to you, Donnybrook fair,
So neat as I handle my twig, twig, twig,
Oh the great luck to you Donnybrook jig."

The applause for Phil had not subsided when the first speaker cried out, "Larry, ye divil, its your 'turn now."

Larry got up and took the stick laid down by Phil. He was a large man, loose jointed, and possessed of a very pliable mouth. He took down the house with a song Edmond had never heard before. Somewhat like the preceding one, part was spoken, and

part sang. His acting was most grotesque as was the chorus, in which one or two others joined :

“Hidderew, didderew, hubberew, hubberew,
Whack, folderlery,
Its ever time the merry pipes
Struck up the lilt so gaily.”

As Larry seated himself the square set man started the key note of a song which was also new to Edmond, and in which all the others joined. It was the song of the “Shiners.”

“Rattle them over the Rideau, boys,
Fling the “feather-edge” stones.
A whirr, or a whistle,—that’s the noise,
Break their beggarly bones.

Blacken the peepers of young ‘pea-soup,’
Smash them to smithereens, Dan and Pat,
Wallop them while you whistle and whoop,
Knock them into a ‘three cocked hat.’

Beat and batter the brown ‘bull-frogs,’
Stop the croaking of ‘Johnny Crapaud;’
Hiss! dirr! at them worry them, dogs,
A bark, and a bound, and over they go.

Down, to the bottom with every one,
Pitch them into the ‘basin’ boys,
If they rise they’ll rot in the sun,
Sink or swim, we have stop’d their noise.”

Then was repeated the first verse,—“Rattle them into the Rideau, boys;” and on coming to the last line,—“Break their beggarly bones,” the sledge-hammer fists would come down in concert on the table, making the tumblers jump and rattle again.

Edmond began to think it was time for him to be going, but it was pleaded that “there was no offence,” and he and his companions were invited to drink. Pierre and Caspar complied, but Edmond never drank, and as he would not, he was condemned to sing. He gave them Dr. Waller’s “Kitty Neil,” which they

had never heard before, and they were so pleased with it, that he had to repeat it. The reader is probably acquainted with the words, beginning :—

“ Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from the wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning,
Come trip down with me to sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.”

As Edmond closed with the line :

“ Dance light, for my heart, it lies under your feet, love,”

he was pronounced, “ a broth of a boy,” and that he had the blood of the “ blue hen ” in him ; and then Larry Prout was deputed to see him and his companions safe down Rideau street. A not unnecessary precaution, for the “ boys ” were out in force that night, and next day revealed the fact that several French Canadians had been badly beaten.

Such scenes as the above, and others of a coarser nature enacted at an earlier date, in that part of the village known as “ Corktown,” were disgraceful to any age or country ; but happily they have passed, it is hoped never to return.

CHAPTER XVI.

As Edmond was not engaged on any of the surveying parties that summer, he consented to accompany the timber to Quebec. They got over the Longue Sault at Grenville, and the rapids at Carillon and St. Ann's, without any loss. They experienced some delay at Little River, but managed to get the last raft as far as Lake St. Peter by the end of July. They encountered one or two storms on that Lake and lost considerable timber, which with the delay and cost of trying to pick up what was scattered, cut down anticipated profit to one half.

Edmond after settling with the men and business matters with old Mr. Marston in Quebec, started for home, but was induced by Pierre to visit Nicolet on the way up, and see his aunt, uncle, and cousins. Edmond was charmed with the pretty village, and with his uncle's family. Louise was at home spending the vacation. She reminded Edmond very much of his sister Lucy. He was also introduced to Mr. Frank Meredith, who was studying French at the College, but who preferred boarding at Louis Leblanc's. Best of all he heard from his cousin Louise, that Edith Marston was spending her vacation at a friend's house in Three Rivers. Edmond did not miss enjoying a few days in the old town, and found out Edith. The meeting was a very sorrowful one at first, for Edmond had not seen her since the loss of her brother, and Edith did not know how dear Huntly was to her till it was too late to show how much she really loved him, notwithstanding her pretty domineering ways towards him. Edith, though a "rosebud set with thorns," was sweet as Canadian air could make her; and this visit of Edmond awoke anew all the interest she had felt in him when he came to Montreal to take home his sister Lucy.

I must not weary the reader's patience by giving at present any details of Edith Marston's convent life, but without further delay follow Huntly Marston on that terrible evening when Tom Gendron flung him into the Little Chaudière.

The Indian girl, Tomaqua, heard Tom's shout down in the eddies where Wyando and she were fishing. Her first impulse was to steer her canoe out to that part where she thought anything coming over the fall would be first likely to rise to the surface. Her judgment did not fail her, for as she reached the place a piece of timber shot up, but there was no one clinging to it. A second after a man's face turned over in the eddies. Quick as thought she backed her canoe, and reaching her hand down over the stern grasped Huntly by the hair, and directed Wyando, who was in the bow, to paddle on shore. It was but a limp and bruised form that they laid on the bank, and the face was disfigured from Tom's ruffian blows. Wyando ran to the Indian camp for help, and the body was instantly conveyed thither. The old squaw put her hand down Huntly's bosom, and gave a contented nod, intimating that his heart still beat. The Indians seemed perplexed. They had been largely bribed by Captain Boscom to see that Huntly Marston should not visit Montreal that summer. The girl guessed their thoughts, and at once originated a plan of her own. She showed them that if they made known what had happened they would be suspected, and if Mr. Marston did not recover it might go hard with them; and if he did recover, his friends would take him home. Their better way would be to move their camp inland a mile or two at once, take Mr. Marston with them, try and recover him, take him over to the St. Maurice, where they had decided on returning, and then send him home in the fall. The wily Tomaqua flattered herself that by the time Huntly was better he would have learned to love her. The Indians at once adopted her plan, indeed her suggestions were as a law to them. The change of position and the motion were just what Huntly required to restore his respiration. When they were encamped for the night about a mile and a half from the river, he breathed almost naturally, but lay in a kind of stupor. He was very much bruised, and lay without power to move his limbs. The old squaw was sure that he would recover soon, but he was in the same condition on the morrow, and when night came the Indians

struck their tent, and pursued their journey inland. Three weeks passed and Huntly awoke to consciousness. He could not tell where he was. The tender eyes of Tomaqua were looking into his, and her red lips were parted in glad surprise to hear him speak collectedly.

His first remembrance on the return of reason, for he had raved in fever for the last three weeks, was the ruddy mist of the falls in the sunset, the blow which felled and stunned him, the plunge, and dash, and swirl, and darkness, and then, blank oblivion.

He looked curiously around his strange lodging place. He knew that it was still summer time, for his nurse had told him how long he had been ill, but as yet had said nothing of the manner of his rescue from drowning. The place in which he lay was deliciously cool, but he could not tell what time it was. He thought it must be night for his chamber was lighted up with pine knots. Those frescoed walls, but dimly seen in the uncertain light, glittering in whiteness, were never built by the hand of man. If he were not thoroughly awake, and possessed of all his senses, he would have thought himself a "blessed ghost," and his companion the queen of some phantom castle in the happy hunting-grounds beyond the setting sun. But all was real. Tomaqua anticipated his questions and informed him that this was the great cave of the Ottawa Indians, known but to them and a few other friendly tribes. The chamber in which he lay was entered by a small opening connecting it with the outer porch; or what would seem to a casual observer the entire extent of the cavern. This room was about nine feet high, twenty wide and eighty in length. These are the dimensions given by an explorer in his description of the "Wakfield Cavern," distant twenty-one miles from the city of Ottawa. Huntly Marston was doubtless the first white man who had slept in this chamber since the creation. Lady Dufferin is possibly the first English lady who has ventured into the recesses of this wonderful cave.

After describing the chamber to which Huntly had been carried by the Indians, the explorer just referred to, continues:—

"Let us pass the next door! Here is a vast grotto, neither round nor square, high nor low. The stones which form the walls and dome are Titanic. As you look on them you tremble. But all is solid. Millions of years have passed since the great Architect rolled and piled them upon one another.

To your right is a passage, one hundred feet in length, and not over three feet square. It is arched from floor to roof, groined and fluted by a mixture of stalactites and stalagmites, about six inches in diameter, and white as snow. In one place a neighboring chamber rises to the height of fifty feet, the ceilings covered with designs as beautiful as they are fantastic. These incrustations merit to be reproduced by the engraver. Another passage opens to us pierced with defiles the most capricious. Some end in grand cavities, others conduct back to the principle entry. For a distance of three hundred feet in a straight line this network of corridors tends downwards. Water at one time so rolled the stones about, that the floor is covered with marbles. This labyrinth alone, surpasses in interest all the other thirty caverns of our country. Imagine an avalanche of rocks, rolling, and crushing, and grinding their weight through this profundity into the immensity beyond! It is an image of chaos! It is chaos himself surprised under arrest!

All the cavern is clean and bright as a new coin. There is no trace of vegetation, not even a mushroom nor any moss. The eye is struck by the work that the water has accomplished. The smallest stones are round and smooth. The grottos are white as snow, and translucent as polished marble. The corridors are grey, the alcoves drab, and sometimes there is a mingling of these colors, with cintillations of quartz and lustrous metals. There is no passage, or grotto, or chamber on the same level; where we stand was one time the bed of the mighty river; the air is pure and its circulation perfect.

"How is this," I ask my guide, Mr. Plessier? He answers, "let us descend!" "Where," I ask? "To a lower story! you came in by the garret!"

This is easier said than done. Plessier prostrates himself like a Japanese; we all slide after him; and on coming down about twenty feet we alight in a *salon*,—*the salon*. The walls are cream color. The slightest word reverberates like thunder throughout this story; for it is but a story, and but one of many. The mountain seems honeycombed.

"Take care!" a precipice! A sheer descent of forty feet opens before you! Plessier places a ladder, solid, but not inviting. Out of twenty tourists eighteen refuse the descent. We go down. We are *braves* and *savants*. How is this! The well has no bottom, or next to none. We cannot find standing-room. Wait! Here is Plessier! Two seconds, and himself and torch disappear round an angle of the rock; and then we see him trotting down a declivity where some ages before the water must have fallen in raging cascades. New chambers, new corridors and passages. Then another well. Of all the horrors this is the finest. Points of the whitest flint project that no clumps of polished speals could imitate. Still we must go down. Our reputation is at stake. We find ourselves six hundred feet from, and one hundred and fifty feet below, the entrance. More than two hundred feet of granite blocks, pyrites, flint, and quartz rolled above our head gear.

"Take a seat!" says Plessier. Here is a stone on which my sisters rest, who alone have preceded Lady Dufferin! The d—! and you brought them here? I had to, you know when a woman wills—." "Here! we will write their names upon a pillar." "It only remains for me," says Plessier, "to show you where my explorations ended; stamp with your foot." It sounded hollow. "I wished to find," he continued, "where this lower gallery would lead to, what did I discover? The void! You are at the vault of the cathedral! I have opened it; Look!" Each one looks. By the aid of a lantern suspended from a cord one hundred feet long, we explore the great subterranean lake that received its waters before the creation of Adam. Plessier's mining bar had made the opening, it was not here the river had passed.

But I must say good bye to our entertaining cicerone, and ask the reader's pardon for this long digression.

What a rush of memories came back on Huntly! His mother and his father, Lucy, and his sisters! Did they think him dead? Tomaqua could not tell him. Would not the Indians take him home at once? They would be paid liberally. Tamaqua shook her head. "Monsieur Huntly must remain perfectly quiet. He must get quite well first." But he renewed his suit. His importunity seemed to vex her, and he desisted.

He was very weak, and soon fell asleep again. His nurse was not only possessed of cleverness but also of ambition. She really loved Indians and Indian life. It afforded her freedom. It was not hemmed in by rules of society. She scorned the fine lady who spent so much on dress, and who could not walk a mile without feeling weary; and grew faded in the very noon of her summer. She was grieved for her people. She saw them passing away from their hunting grounds. She thought that she could tell the reason why. Their women were slaves, and the vices of the white man were thinning the ranks of their best and bravest. Why could not temperate and strong white men become charmed with the simple, free, and healthful life of the forest! Some had been so charmed, her grandfather for instance, with the best blood of France in his veins; and others of whom she had heard tell. If more would only imitate them! If these men's wives were only educated to be the companions, and not the slaves of their husbands! Then new modes of life would be introduced. The Indians would soon learn to till the soil, and acquire mechanical crafts as did the white man. Larger families would be reared, and the descendants of the Tête de Boule, the Abenakis, and the Algonquins would no longer melt away as does the snow in spring. Why could not Huntly Marton become a chief among her people? He could hunt with the best of them, and was handsomer than any of them. She had no scruples about religion. She was a Roman Catholic herself, but she would never question him about his religion. The Great Spirit was Huntly's maker as well as her's, and it was to

him that all people had to answer for the way they lived ! Huntly now belonged to her, she had taken him out of the grave, watched over him, and brought him back to life ; he should never part from her ! Then she thought of Wyando. Poor simple Wyando, who would put his head beneath her foot at her slightest bidding ! He was brave too, and he was the lawful chief of the Tête de Boule : the only tribe which held together. He had come all the distance from Wymonte-Chine with her to obtain news of her father, now over a year absent ; and she was going back to her own people on Lake St. John without finding him. Wyando had been ever kind to her. She had known him since she was a child. How often had they played together, fished, hunted squirrels, and trapped rabbits in company ? He had spent nearly all his share of profits from the hunt, in buying her pretty things at the store in Hull. Well ! Wyando could get another wife ! plenty of young girls she knew. would be only too glad to have him, and she would return all his presents. It would not break his heart, men never break their hearts ; still, it would make him suffer, and she did not like to give him pain, poor, kind Wyando.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDMOND'S visits to Nicolet and Three Rivers were not quite barren of results. He had an idea that his sister Lucy was collecting materials for some sort of book. She had never told him so in as many words, but from her questions about out-of-the-way things, and frequent entries in her journal, he guessed as much. He also guessed her other secret, and sympathized with her in his heart. He thought that now was the time to get her interested in her work, and before leaving Three Rivers, diplomat that he was, he obtained a promise from Edith that she would write to his sister Lucy, and give her all the gossip and historical scraps she could glean about the old town and her own life in the convent. Edith had much improved since the first night when she tried to annoy poor Lucy. She had learned to prize the patient sufferer, who used always to welcome her with a smile, even when the hot temples throbbed with pain. Since Edmond's trip down to Montreal to take home his sister, Edith had taken a new liking to her, and Lucy could not help loving the bright, impulsive girl. It was therefore a pleasant task that Edith imposed on herself when she promised Edmond that she would write to Lucy:

Edmond was surprised on reaching Port St. Francis on his way home, to see Frank Meredith come on board the "John Bull" Steamer, with his satchel slung over his shoulder, and his fishing-rod done up in a canvas case, under his arm.

He had been enquiring of Edmond, when he had seen him at his Uncle Leblanc's, about fishing on the Ottawa, and it was from Edmond that he first learned of the tragic end of Huntly Marston. Frank thought he would take a run up the Ottawa, and make an excuse of a fishing tour, the means of again renewing relations with Lucy Delisle, now that his rival was no more.

Edmond liked the discursive talk of Frank, who had travelled

much, and was not unobservant. His praise of Canada was very flattering to Edmond: for the latter thought that Canada would one day, be among the foremost nations of the earth. The cursed stripe about race and religion always vexed him. He would say to the Englishman, "we do not want to Frenchify you," and to the French Canadian, "we do not want to Anglify you," but he would say to both, "we do want to Canadianize you. My father was a Roman Catholic and my mother a Protestant. I am a Roman Catholic and my sister is a Protestant; our home has been a happy one, and we all love each other very dearly. I do not advocate mixed marriages, but I do advocate peace and harmony; why can we not agree to differ? Heaven bless the good old times, and send them back soon, when, as in the days of the good Recollects in the city of Montreal, the Fathers offered mass in the morning, the Anglicans had service in the afternoon, and Presbyterians in the evening; all in the same church."

The two young men sat up late chatting, and had not yet gone to bed when the steamer was well through Lake St. Peter. Their conversation was out short by the cry of "fire." In a very short time the boat was a roaring mass of flame. Edmond and Frank were on the upper deck when the alarm was given. They woke up passengers, helped to launch boats, constructed temporary rafts, and assisted in saving many lives; and at the last they two managed to reach one of the islands below Sorel, scorched, drenched, hungry, and done up.* Numbers had perished on the burning boat, and numbers were missing. The fatal news spread rapidly over the country, down to Three Rivers and Nicolet and up to Montreal and Bytown. Louise Leblanc heard it, and her heart sank within her, not so much on account of her cousin Edmond as for Frank Meredith. Poor foolish, romantic, pretty little Louise! Edith heard it and was in a fever of anxiety, doubt, and sorrow, until the truth could be ascertained. Lucy and her mother heard it, and feared, and hoped, and trembled.

* The author has here let slip the opportunity of giving a dramatic description of this sad incident.—ED.

It was a full week after this sad accident, when Edmond and Frank reached their destination. Frank went to the hotel, and Edmond was soon locked in his mother's arms, Lucy kneeling beside them, grateful that their last lamp of hope had not been extinguished. Her brother, her lost Huntly's dearest friend, was still left to them.

Frank Meredith paid his respects on the day following. He made no allusions to times past; but had much to talk of that could hardly fail to interest Lucy. He found her much altered since that night on the skating-rink in Montreal. The rosy lip was faded, and no longer wreathed in smiles. The blue eye, which used to beam with light, was dimmer, and each feature wore the stamp of grief. The white brow and glossy hair were the same; as were also the gentleness and the sweetness. A purer and a kinder spirit than before, if that were possible. The trial had been severe, but help was given her to conquer. It was hard for her to look upon the river for many a day, but gradually she got the better of this feeling; and then, the river had for her a strange fascination; and in the cool of evening would walk along its banks, and peep into its black depths; for the Ottawa is not *yellow*, as stated by Sir George Simpson. Gradually she roused herself and helped her mother with the household duties; and set herself in earnest to collect material for the literary work she contemplated. She no longer made it a secret, for now it could never be pleasant surprise to him. She had not formed any definite plan as to the shape her labors were to assume. At first she thought of a romance of Jesuit life among the Indians, but the time was rather remote, and the leading theme too unworldly for modern days of utilitarianism. Our early history had a great charm for her. She thought she would gather into one brief narrative the trials and triumphs of our early settlers; but when she came to jot down what she knew of these, she was astonished at her own ignorance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRANK MEREDITH did not remain very long up the Ottawa. He felt disappointed. Lucy was neither cold nor distant towards her old admirer. But a shadow stood between them. A thin, but impassable partition. Frank had no heart to urge love, as any approach to such a subject seemed to pain Lucy. He had spent all his evenings at Mrs. Delisle's, and both she and Edmond liked him very much, and parted from him with regret. His absence was a relief to Lucy, but she chid herself for being so heartless.

A stronger temptation had come in Lucy's way, stronger, because unsuspected.

Revival work in the early spring had reduced the Rev. Mr. Lansdown to ill health, and he had been sent to the quiet mission where the Delisle's lived, in order to recruit; knowing Lucy he made an early call at their house. He was always welcome, and became a frequent visitor. Gossip had apprised him of a possible engagement between the late Huntly Marston and Lucy, when her great sorrow came upon her. Mr. Lansdown's attentions to the family were delicately offered, and so truly kind, that they could not help appreciating them.

After Lucy had begun to recover from the effects of the fatal news about Huntly, and to busy herself around the house and garden, and to venture to the river's brink, Mr. Lansdown often accompanied her. He was but the shadow of his former self, the keen blade had begun to cut the scabbard. He was so quiet, gentlemanly, and intellectual, that his company could not fail to be agreeable. His mind, so like the polished blade referred to, would flash out one instant in the sunlight of truth, to be half hidden in the next behind the lore of musty creeds. He had been an untiring student. Had waded through the "Fathers" of the early Christian Church, the teachings of Confucius and Zoroaster, the Talmud of the Rabbins, the Vedas and Shastars

of the Hindoos, the Eddas and Sagas of Scandinavia and Iceland, as well as the wild speculations of Behmen and Swedenburg. Still all this study was not to the neglect of the standard works of his own Church, our English classics, and current literature. Poetry had become his recreation during his half holiday.

He urged Lucy to try her hand at versification, well knowing that

"For an unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics numbing pain."

A slight hint of his object was inwardly resented by Lucy. What could he tell about any unquiet in her heart? It was an intrusion. But when he carried her over Tennyson's "In Memoriam," next evening, and read her the verses referring to the raising of Lazarus, he was forgiven. Well he might be, for few men possessed a sweeter or better modulated voice than he, when the occasion required; and where in all our English verse is there anything more tender than the stanzas beginning?

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

Lucy rather neglected her more serious duties to pore over "In Memoriam." In the cool of evening she would stroll down to the Ottawa, a finger marking a favorite passage, to be soon joined by Mr. Lansdown, who himself could say almost as pretty things as Tennyson. She now began to think that she had nursed her grief too much; and on evenings when Mr. Lansdown did not make his appearance she felt disappointed. Is it not the old bard of Avon who cautions us about "opportunity," Lever, who tells of the power of "propinquity," and the French, who have ever said that, "*Les absents ont toujours tort?*" On detecting this disappointment, she tried to persuade herself that it was not the man's presence that she missed, but that she needed his advice and spiritual counsel. Well, poor Lucy! perhaps you did, and I should not be the one to judge you harshly!

Shortly after this Mr. Lansdown presented her with some

verses from the German, entitled, "*God's Anvil.*" I give the two first stanzas :—

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
 God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
 And all my heart in anguish shivers
 And trembles at the fiery glow ;
 And yet I whisper, as God will !
 And in his hottest fire stand still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the hard anvil, minded so
 Into his own fair shape to beat it
 With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
 And yet I whisper, 'As God will !
 And at his heaviest blow stand still.'"

She asked herself what did Mr. Lansdown mean ? Did she "wear her heart upon her sleeve ?" No, but the minister had keen perceptions. He was determined on doing her good. "Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues."

She must think less about people, and more about her garden and her flowers, she had been neglecting them lately. One dry, dusty evening in the hot midsummer, she was pained on coming into her garden to see her flowers so drooping. Without thinking of Tennyson's "*Sad mechanic exercise,*" she addressed them in verse, the first she had ever attempted :

Why do you droop, my lov'd and pretty flowers ?
 Why do you wither, waste, and fall away ?
 You weary of these hot and dusty hours,
 And will no longer in this dry land stay !

Gay in the Master's glory, lovely flowers !
 You liv'd a brief but bright and balmy day ;
 You drank the Master's sunlight and his showers,
 But grateful incense never failed to pay !

When crushed and bleeding, my sweet, pretty flowers,
 Beneath some careless foot you helpless lay,
 No plaint was raised against "superior powers,"
 No murmur could your calm content betray !

The mystic touch that woke to life my flowers,
 The soft, kind touch of the dear Master's hand,
 Has come again, and to the fadeless bowers
 You haste, to blossom in the "far off" land!

Go to that land where dwell our lov'd and lost!
 Bear them this message for me faithfully—
 That when the dark, cold Jordan I have cross'd
 I'll live with them, and love eternally!

You came to teach a lesson, gentle flowers!
 In your own cheerful, inoffensive way;
 Better to us than gold, or all earth's dowers;
 If heed to what is taught we timely pay!*

'Tis the same lesson, when He said,
 "Consider well the lilies how they grow!"
 "If smitten on the right cheek, turn the head,
 Nor think of paying back the angry blow!"

She did not shew the verses to any one; she did not feel for them the fondness of a parent for its offspring. She was disappointed. She might learn to rhyme, and thought that she was to some extent, "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," but she never could be one of those

"The golden arrows of whose thoughts were headed,
 And wing'd with flame."

It is well that we feel dissatisfied with our work; it is one of the incentives toward perfection. She found her thoughts too often trailing along this lower world, sodden with salt tears. She must rouse herself, nor suffer her drooping mind to become "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought." She wanted more fresh air and exercise; richer blood to secure a healthy body and a sound mind. She took longer walks into the country, sometimes with her mother, and sometimes alone. Mr. Lansdown often joined them. Lucy loved nature and so did he. He could admire and talk of the "elfin-neededled" cushion of moss beneath

* To me the meanest flower that blows can give,
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."—*Woodsworth.*

his feet, as well as of the cataract with its "eternal thunder and unceasing foam."

Her garden claimed much of her attention, especially some grape vines her father had carried over from France and planted there. They were a hardy variety of the Golden Chasselas; and she made it a point to care for these vines herself. She followed the French method of renewing the wood each year, and thus found it easy to lay down the canes in the fall, and cover them with a little earth. She was very particular in her summer pruning, thus securing large foliage and heavy cluster of fruit. The bearing canes were never allowed to mature more than two bunches each, were shortened in, and all laterals *broken* off, not *pinched* back, as often recommended. Mr. Lansdown was much interested one day in this operation of summer pruning. His thoughts were carried back to an Eastern vineyard, where One was talking to his disciples and saying:—"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman; every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Here was an exact illustration. The French method had no doubt been adopted from the East. The lateral branch of the fruit bearing cane, which never produces any fruit, was broken off, or *taken away*, while the cane itself was shortened, or pruned, *purged*, as our translators have rendered it, that it might bring forth more, or larger and richer fruit.

"I suppose," said Lucy "that they would not believe in England we could raise such fine clusters of grapes in the open air of Canada?"

"I do not know about that," replied Mr. Lansdown, "I happen to have in my pocket a number of Chambers's Information for the People, in which there is an extract from a letter of an Aberdeen gardener wherein he says:—I got into a very good situation as soon as I arrived in Montreal. I have three acres of a garden along with ten acres of an apple orchard to take care of. The peaches here grow to a great size and ripen excellently in the open air. The grapes bear well on trellises in the garden. I had a fine crop

of these, superior to any I ever saw in the houses at home, and the melons are also surpassingly fine. You will not be surprised that we can grow all these things in the open air, when I inform you what degree of heat we have for three months here during the summer. The thermometer stood for three months at 99 degrees all day in the shade, and 86 all night. I thought I would be roasted alive, being obliged to take my bed out of the house, and lie in an open shed." * "But," remarked Lucy, "it is not true about the heat." "Of course not, but can you not admire the philosophical invention of the Scotchman? Our winters are represented as being so intensely cold and long, they must confer a little heat upon us in the summer time." †

She reminded him that we do not suffer as much from cold in Canada as they do in England. One winter she was there she saw more blue cheeks and pinched noses in a day, than she had seen in Canada all her lifetime; and she never suffered as much from cold in Canada as she did the winter she spent in Paris.

He thought that it was partly our own fault that they had wrong impressions in England and France about our climate; most of our pictorial representations of scenery were winter ones. Our landscapes were ice and snow, and the people rolled up to the eyes in furs. In France they never had got over the idea suggested to reconile them with their loss, "that Canada was only a few acres of snow."

Lucy was sure that they were profoundly ignorant in England of our common customs. She had seen there a set of engravings representing summer scenes in Canada, one of them was a hunting excursion, and an individual was represented sitting on the edge of a small bark canoe. Neither the designer or engraver could have suspected the impossibility of such a situation.

* Chambers's Information, Vol 1, p. 271.

† The writer has eaten grapes of the *Chassalas de Fontainebleau* variety, ripe on the 10th Sept., in the open air, in the garden of Mr. Mackay, of Papineauville. The vines were brought from France 50 years ago by Mr. Papineau, father of Mrs. Mackay, who tends them lovingly.—ED.

Mr. Lansdown assured her that they did not want to trouble themselves in England about our customs. They were a self-satisfied people, believing that what they did not know was not worth knowing. They simply did not care. In the rural districts men lived to old age, who never were twenty miles from the house in which they were born; and Canada might be in the moon, for all these men cared. Ignorance however existed in higher circles. In 1812 a British statesman proposed despatching a squadron to Lake Erie to sweep the Americans off the upper lakes, forgetting the obstacle of Niagara. The project was really taken into consideration, and the ships were to be furnished with apparatus to distil these salt waters. In this same year, 1812, there was forwarded from England to Montreal Canadian woods to fit up an office with benches, mallets, wedges, etc., for the use of the workmen. An English writer who visited Montreal informs his readers that the Island of St. Helen, opposite the city, was named in remembrance of Napoleon; while it was called after the wife of Champlain who died two hundred years before the days of that General.'

"In France," said Lucy, "it is not a whit better. When I went to post a letter for Quebec in the Paris office, a clerk enquired of me if I wished to forward it by Panama, or by the way of Cape Horn? "What!" said a Parisian, to my father, "you are from Canada, and you came without your costume! Malte-Brun, writes in 1817: "Civilization is a plant foreign to Canada." The good man, what did he know about it! Why French men who have visited Canada, are known to have written home to their friends of snow-shoe tracks which they had seen, being the foot prints of strange animals, often shot between the cities of Montreal and Quebec.

"The trouble is that you cannot get Englishmen interested in any country but their own. You must bore a gimlet hole in the head of an Englishman, in order to get in a new idea."

"That is true, but when you get it in see how it sticks! You remember the story of the farmer and the Duke. The Duke disliked being looked at by the common people, usually travelling in a close carriage. He was obliged to

draw up one day, in a crowded thoroughfare, and a farmer who had heard of the Duke's peculiarity, was determined to have a look at him. He was driving a pig to market, and edged his way close to the carriage; the bystanders began to remonstrate with him, when seizing his pig by the ears, he raised him to the carriage window, exclaiming:—"A woll zee him, and ma pig woll zee him too." There is something to be admired in the sturdy bull dog tenacity of the Englishman."

"Now," said Mr. Lansdown, on taking leave, "I want you to do me a favor. Will you promise to write me a short poem on the Ottawa?" She blushed, protested but finally consented to try. That night she set herself to the task. She managed the three following stanzas, and came to a dead stop:

My birth was in the mountains,
Where dun deer shyly play,
And the still crystal fountains
Sleep all the dewy day.

Where morning's rosy fingers
The rays of light first trace,
And silence always lingers
Hiding her mystic face.

From northern sweeps of pineland,
Sunward I rushing came ;
Where commerce clothes my white strand
And saw-mills hiss and hum.

Next evening Mr. Lansdown called. He prevailed on her to shew him how far she had progressed. He asked why she had not continued! "Well! it was the saw-mills that cut her short! She began to feel the sound of them in her teeth, and all imagination vanished!"

He thought saw-mills quite poetical. How the monsters eat up the pine giants, was in itself a marvel; and then she might not stop there, but continue through the everlasting rush of the

rapids, and the liquid embrace of the circling waters around the fertile and Royal Mount!—

“ Then join the great green river,
Resistless, proud and free,
To sweep, and roll, and quiver,
And glide into the sea! ”

She thanked him for finishing up, and concluded, then and there, never to be tempted again to her own confusion.

The roses began to revisit her cheeks. She became more interested in current events and grew all at once devoted to the news items in the papers. After her brother's return from Quebec, he and Mr. Lansdown resumed the conversations begun in Montreal. They were both very good-humored and more anxious to find out truth than to foil in argument:—

“ Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
The flower's divine where'er it grows,
On Christian, or on heathen ground,
Neglect the prickles, and assume the rose.”

A short time after this Lucy asked Edmond to take her to see the Chaudière Falls? It was the first time she had alluded to the fatal spot, and he consented, though reluctantly. He had noted some change lately in Lucy. She was more easily excited; was occasionally moody, and then more cheerful than was her wont. Could she have formed any insane purpose? Did she contemplate joining Huntly? It could not be, and he put the thought away from him. He would not even hint to his mother such an unworthy suspicion.

They close a pleasant day early in September. Lucy shuddered on looking into the seething waters below the falls. She did not remain long. She was very thoughtful on her way home. Edmond heard her murmur the word *resurgam*, several times. She asked him if every thing which floated down the falls rose again to the surface in the eddies? That was his opinion. What did he think caused the foreman, Tom Grendson, to run away? He could not say. Did he know if there were any persons about the foot of the falls on the day the accident happened? He had

heard Caspar say that there was an Indian camp some where near. What had become of these Indians? He could not say they had disappeared suddenly. Would he enquire about them? He would do so. If he found out where they had gone to, would he follow them and learn all they knew? He promised.

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CHAPTER XIX.

It is time that I should make the reader acquainted with the events occurring in Montreal. Florence Marston's marriage with Lieut. Napier was postponed for a time; but he continued a constant visitor at the house of his intended father-in-law. Those summer days were very long, very warm, and very weary, as well as very sorrowful, to the Marstons. But their sorrow did not interfere with the ordinary course of events among their acquaintances. Tom McKenzie, our commercial friend, who used occasionally to visit the Marstons, dropped off during the summer and of evenings was usually to be found at Miss Maxwell's. I do not think that his commercial pursuits occupied much of his time. He was turning out a dandy, and had adopted the haw-haw style of some snobbish importations from the "Tight little Island." He might be seen of an afternoon dressed in the most killing fashion, walking in front of the Donegani, his nobby cane twirling between his lavender-kidded fingers; glancing occasionally over his shoulder, to see if any of the beauties who had just passed were admiring him. The movement was rather difficult, for his polished shirt collar stood so high, that the boys said he would require a stepladder to see over it. We must not be too hard on Mr. McKenzie; greater men than either you or I, my dear reader, have been vain. Lord Brougham winced under newspaper criticism, dressed as a buck, and played the fool among silly women. Bulwer also, but only more bedizened, and more foolish. Campbell, Landseer, Whewell, and Sidney Smith, fished for praise, and pined for female admiration. If we despise our neighbors, perhaps Carnot's hit at Talleyrand may suit us: "We have been studying too much of our own characters."

Captain Boscom rather held Mr. McKenzie in disdain; but Napier, who was better natured, kept him in countenance. There were among the officers then quartered in Montreal, some pretty

hard characters. Mr. Marston occasionally heard of their tricks and their manners," as the "person of the house" would say; and was not slow to condemn them. He was of the opinion that the presence of the military in Montreal was not favorable to morality. Idleness, high living and deep drinking, do not nourish pious tendencies; and there were few St. Keven's among the "bold soger boys" of the days in question. Mr. Marston thought it a great pity that the Horse Guards could not find some useful employment for officers and men in time of peace; but that is a problem which up to the present remains unsolved.

Any way there were those among the officers who could not be convicted of indolence. With some of the "bloods" the nocturnal wrenching off of door knockers was a favorite pastime. This amusement was varied by the changing of sign boards, and a barber's pole might be seen gracing a banker's office in the early morning; or a tavern sign hoisted in front of a ladies boarding school. Driving was popular and less objectionable. Tandem was the rage, and one comical fellow used catgut traces for harnessing the front horse, and when the *habitants* would run to catch the animal, thinking he was running away, he would have a great laugh at them. They were up to all kinds of tricks, one of which was the heating of penny pieces, and tossing them down from the windows to the boys, who got their fingers badly burned in the scramble.

Captain Boscom was not popular with his brother officers. They roasted him about his visits to the "heiress," well knowing that it was her money that he wanted.

One evening a few of the leading spirits bribed a private or two, to entice Miss Maxwell's groom and stable boy to a tavern to drink. In the meantime they got hold of her favorite span of horses, shayed them in the highest style of English art, led them up the stairs of the officers' barracks, and picketed them in the bedroom of Captain Boscom, who was absent at a party.

It is easy to conceive of the Captain's astonishment on arriving home in the grey dawn, somewhat flushed with wine, to find two such strange objects awaiting him!

He was furious, but could not discover the delinquents. He soon found out who owned the horses, and sent them home with an explanatory note, but lacked the courage to make a call, and was so chaffed and laughed at, that he determined to sell out and return to England ; a good thing for Maud, and for Her Majesty's service.

Tom McKenzie was highly delighted with the ridicule cast upon the Captain, and still more pleased with a result which rid him of a rival. He fussed a good deal about Maud's horses, and spoke of caning and horse whipping ; but could not find the proper person, and after some time the trick ceased to be talked of.

Maud of course sympathized with the Marstons in the calamity which had befallen them in her own stately and calm way. Her heart had not been touched, so far as Huntly had been concerned, and now that he was gone she thought it wise to open a warm corner in it for Tom McKenzie. He was very good natured notwithstanding his vanity, and would not make a bad husband for the heiress ; and he was sharp enough to see the opportunity opened for him by the supposed death of Huntly, and the retreat of the Captain. So he summoned the garrison, and there was an unconditional surrender. Preliminaries and settlements were soon arranged, and his father who was wealthy acted very liberally towards him ; especially as he was marrying well. Had he fancied a poor girl for his wife, it is not unlikely that the governor, as Tom called his father, would have cut him off with a shilling.

Towards the end of August the heiress became Mrs. McKenzie, went on her wedding tour, and so fades from our story behind orange blossoms, wedding presents, and the haze that enwraps the honeymoon.

The regiment to which Lieut. Napier was attached was ordered to Halifax about this time ; and though he desired to ask Florence to become his wife and accompany him, he had not the heart to urge his suit and press her to exchange her recent mourning for gay wedding robes. So it was understood that in a few months he would obtain leave of absence, and come back to claim

his bride. It was not Florence alone who had moist eyes while the band of the Regiment played the "Girl I left behind me," as the steamer dropped down the current on the day the soldiers sailed for Halifax. A good many servant girls, and young seamstresses had obtained a half holiday, and mustered along the wharves. The handkerchiefs were damp that waved a sad farewell. Just so! The scarlet fever is a bad disease!

CHAPTER XX.

I MUST now come back to Edith ; and I own not reluctantly. She kept her promise to Edmond, and continued supplying Lucy with scraps of gossip and bits of history. Lucy's papers enable me to give these in Edith's own words :

"You know," she writes, "how anxious I was to come to Three Rivers, to perfect myself in French. We have pleasant friends living here, and they gave the Ursulines such praise that my father gave his consent to my coming. I must tell you of our arrival, and of my reception at the convent. We left home by one of the first trips of the steamboat in May, for my father and mother came with me. Our friends, Mr. B. and his wife, were waiting for us on the wharf, and we went to their house for the night. They have only one daughter, but there are four or five boys.

We went to the convent next morning, and were received by two of the sisters. They wore black dresses, fastened with a broad band at the waist. The skirt was looped up a little, showing a drab petticoat beneath. The sleeves were long and loose. They had each a string of beads hanging from their waists, and a silver crucifix suspended on the breast. A black veil was thrown over the head, and they had a band of white linen, a *gamp*, I think they call it, across the forehead, coming round the cheeks, and terminating on the bosom. One of them was quite pretty, if her looks had not been spoiled by the white band on her forehead. I had on a pink dress, which is the color of the pupils summer uniform, and I think it was much nicer than the black and drab of the nuns. The color of our winter uniforms will be purple.

I was asked if I had breakfasted, and saying that I had, I was told to bid good-bye to my friends, and it being eight o'clock, I was taken to the school-room, and placed in one of the classes.

There was recess at half past ten, and from eleven to half past

twelve, study, and then dinner. This meal was eaten in silence, or supposed to be, while one of the pupils read aloud, mounted on a high seat in the middle of the room, to whom, it is safe to say, none of us listened.

After dinner we were allowed an hour's recreation, then a visit of fifteen minutes to church, which is connected with the convent; then an hour's study, and classes from two to four. We had a sort of lunch, or *beurré*, as the girls called it, at four o'clock, and fifteen minutes to enjoy it and a social chat at the same time. Work till five, study till six, then tea, an hour for recreation, an hour's study, prayers, and bed at half past eight, when the last bell for the night is tolled. There are only about fifty whole boarders at present, and we all slept in the same dormitory. Each boarder furnishes her own bed. Two nuns slept in the dormitory with us to keep order, which you may believe was needed. We had to be out of bed early next morning, and after prayers we attended service in the convent chapel; after which breakfast was served; and then there was study till eight o'clock, when the classes were formed. The same routine is repeated day after day, year in and year out.

We have a walk in the garden during recreation, when the days are fine, and we romp as much as we like. Some of the girls play ball. It is the funniest thing, if we so much as breathe the name of "love," we are reproved, and yet, "Heathen mythology" is included in our regular studies. The Lady Superior is a Miss Caron, who rules the nuns, and there is a General Mistress, who takes charge of the school. The classes are taught by nuns who wear the black veil, but music is often taught by novices, or those who wear the white veil. The school house is a large stone building removed a little from the convent proper; but they are connected by a covered passage. There is a free school taught in the basement of this building, largely attended by the poorer town's girls; while boarders and half boarders are taught in the second story. To the east end of the convent proper is an hospital attended to by the sisters, with sometimes two or three hired nurses. The hospital is visited daily by a town physician, who

also attends to his own outside patients, he has a small salary from the nuns, who in return enjoy an annual subsidy from government. The church adjoins the hospital, and west of the church are the cloisters. Of cloister life I know but little, but they tell me it is pretty much the same as that of the boarders. Each nun has her work portioned out to her, the same as the scholars; this is changed from time to time, except in cases when there is a special aptitude for some particular branch. They are out of bed earlier than the boarders; rising at four in summer, and at five in winter; their prayers and hours for devotion are also longer, but the noon and evening respites for recreation are the same for them as for the scholars. With such a regular and busy life the time passes swiftly, and some of the sisters who have been here for over thirty years say that the time has gone like a dream."

This, with a little gossip about her class-mates, ended Edith's first letter.

Lucy was not long in receiving another epistle from her, for the reader must recollect that these letters were written by Edith during vacation, and while she was stopping with her Three Rivers friends.

She never made any allusion to Edmond, but had a suspicion that he would get a peep at the correspondence, and consequently was a little prosaic and sensible.

We left Huntly Marston asleep in the Wakefield cavern, and Marguerite Tomaqua watching over him. His sleep was refreshing, and when he again awoke he felt much better.

It was now the moon of strawberries, and this delicious fruit was ripe. The invalid found the fragrant *haut bois* refreshing, as served to him on birch bark trays, by the delicate hand of his kind nurse. He had no cream or sugar with them, but returning health gave him a keen relish, and what sugar could be sweeter than the smiles of Tomaqua? Brook trout, unleavened bread, and cool spring water, were to his taste better than he had ever thought them. Better, if men would only think so, than "cakes and ale." In a few days he was able to get up, and with the

help of Wyando could walk round a little. He found the rest of the Indians camped at an adjacent lake. The place was new to him, and he could not tell where he was. No one would enlighten him.

There was no use in asking the older Indians, for they could not understand him. Wyando would only shrug his shoulders like a Frenchman, a habit doubtless learned from the *voyageurs*; and as for Tomaqua, she looked mysterious and placed a finger on her pouting lips.

Huntly spoke to her of his people; how they would reward and love her, for she had at last told him of that evening when Wyando and she had laid his lifeless body on the river bank. She promised to have him conveyed home, "not for reward, not for the love of his people," she told him, as her dark eyes looked tenderly into his; but the heaving bosom, and blushing cheeks, revealed her secret.

The virtues of "ginseng," and "maiden hair" were fast restoring the sick man, and the Indians decided on moving their camp. Huntly could tell that they travelled north-east. They made easy stages on his account, going three or four miles in the forenoon, and as many more in the afternoon. It was all over land, and they followed what appeared to be an old portage road. On the evening of the third day, they reached the banks of a river, which the Indians called Wabassa, but which was no other than the Lievre; and if Huntly had only known it he could have walked, even weak as he still was, in two or three days time to the house of Mrs. Delisle; or might easily have fallen in with some of the settlers, who would have assisted him. Contrary to his expectations they did not strike their tents next morning, but did so as evening closed, and instead of turning down the stream, they commenced ascending.

They continued to travel only at night for over a week, and rested in the day time; Tomaqua giving it as a reason that it was much cooler, and the flies were less troublesome. The true reason was, lest they should meet any one, and Huntly suspected as much, for he noticed they always took the precaution of camp-

ing in off the river bank. As they came further north they abandoned their former precaution, travelling in the day time, and camping early in the evening. They grew less reserved, and enjoyed themselves now without any apparent restraint. They were getting up into their own wild fastness, and made the grey cliffs and tall pines ring back again their merry shouts and laughter. They took the cool of the morning for continuing on their way, and rested till evening, when they amused themselves in fishing, or in games of play. How glorious nature seemed to Huntly after his long confinement!

“The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him were opening paradise.”

He had grown quite strong, and were it not for the load at his heart about his friends, and anxiety relating to business, would have heartily enjoyed himself. He had never seen so much pine in all his life; it grew, as the shanty men say, “as thick as the hair on a dog’s back.” For some time past he had ample opportunity to admire the beauty of our Canadian forests, and become familiar with the life and manners of the Indians. It was not all a pine country that they passed through. Sometimes this timber was mixed with elm and ash; and then again the evergreens would almost disappear, and birch and maple predominate. As they proceeded northward the oak, hemlock, and butternut almost ceased; while white, or silver birch, poplar, red pine, and hardy shrubs became more frequent.

Among the forest flowers only few roses were met with; but beautiful andromedas, rhododendrons, and azalias abounded; with occasionally some quaint orchids. The strange looking Indian pipes were found in shady places, where the falling leaves had enriched the mould. Nothing can be more delicate than these wax-like fairy papers, transparent white, and of such cunning workmanship. It is a great pity that they so soon turn black when removed from the parent soil. The sweet garlic took Huntly’s especial notice; its two large green leaves rising from the root, the delicate stem in the centre rising about a foot high,

crowned with a cluster of graceful flowers, resembling blue bells in shape and color. The wild turnip was also very beautiful. Creeping plants covered the rocks, their small round leaves shaded in the richest tints of green, besprinkled with bright blue flowers to be replaced in later autumn by crimson berries. The mosses were of all shades, from deep emerald to silver grey, while the Boston pine trailed its graceful festoons round the jutting crags. Among the berries, the raspberry, the blackberry, the gooseberry, and the blueberry were now the most common, succeeding one another in this rotation, as the season advanced. The wild plum was not unfrequent, and the skunk currant was often met with, also the elder and pigeon berries.

Wild animals were not encountered often. Deer were sighted only two or three times, and bears but once. Beaver, foxes, hares and squirrels were plentiful.

Not many birds were seen, especially songsters. There were plenty of wild pigeons, also ducks and partridges. The "maua," or woodpecker, often looked curiously at the passer-by, with an eye comical as a magpie's. The owl uttered his harsh cry at night, and the "wawonaissa," or whip-poor-will, woke the silence with his melancholy plaint. Occasionally the "koneu," or great war eagle, floated high in the heavens, beyond rifle range.

There was no lack of fish, especially in the lake region through which they were now passing, having struck eastward, in order to fall in with the head waters of the Manawan, as Huntly afterward ascertained.

Among fish, the maskinongé gave the greatest sport when being captured, but were not so lively as the trout. In some lakes only white fish and chub were met with; the latter, the Indians called "wotasay," and they were darker skinned, and much finer eating than the chub of our more Southern waters. In other lakes again, only pike and dory were found. Black bass and perch were not so common.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was drawing towards the end of August, and the weather was very warm. The woods were dry, and in making *portages* the foot often slipped on the crisp leaves, and walking grew tiresome. They had encamped one evening rather earlier than usual, the *portage* was a long one, and they pitched their tents by a small rivulet, which emptied into a lake two or three miles ahead, and which they intended reaching that evening, had the weather not been so very trying. The air was growing smoky and oppressive. The day darkened suddenly, and the westerly sun looked on them like a bloody eye through the gloom. The heat was growing more intense and the smoke thicker. One of the Indians placed his ear close to the ground, and raising it terror stricken, shouted, "ishkoodah," "fire!" The woods were in flames. The tents were instantly struck and packed. The elder Indians with the canoes started in front, making for the lake, and motioned the rest to follow. Wyando would have lingered to see to the safety of Tomaqua, but handing him a *pacton*, she hurried him forward. The elder woman and the children followed close to the foremost Indians; Huntly and Tomaqua remained a few minutes, to see that the things which could not be carried were plunged into the brook; and each taking a bundle started after the others. Unfortunately they had delayed too long. The wind was rising, sweeping from the westward, and they could see the red cinders flying over their heads in the darkness. They hurried blindly forward, half suffocated with the smoke. Showers of cinders flew past, hot whiffs of wind scorched their faces, and they could hear the crash of falling trees in the distance, and the roar of the approaching conflagration. Startled animals and frightened birds galloped and flew by in the wildest terror. The brook was tortuous, but they must follow it, as it was their only guide. Tomaqua's foot caught in a root, and she came heavily to the ground. She had sprained her ankle; she could not walk.

The *packs* were abandoned. Huntly gathered her in his arms, and staggered on through the smoke; bunches of dry leaves spurting into fire as he passed. Scorched, blinded and breathless, he came in view of the lake. Wyando came running to meet them, and they succeeded in scrambling down the rocks where the brook had found an inlet for itself, and reached a sheltered bay, where were the other Indians, now safe from any immediate danger.

Under the cooling and strengthening properties of sassafras and bellies, Tomaqua's ankle was soon well. A copious rain storm had followed the conflagration. The air was once more cool and clear, and the travellers, after a few days' delay, were able to resume their journey. On reaching the head waters of the Manawan, they encountered two Indian families, old acquaintances, who came with them down the river to the Port at Weymontachene on the St. Maurice. Huntly now ascertained where he really was. Mr. McLeod was absent from the Post, and though Gonzague Desert, a French Canadian who was in charge, could not render him the assistance he wished, still he was much comforted by the assurance of Desert, that he would soon fall in with some of the Hudson Bay people, or a mission party.

Before leaving Weymontachene, Huntly had a very serious chat with Tomaqua. He had not been brought home, but instead was now hundreds of miles distant. She became very distressed, the dark eyes moistened, and the ripe underlip blanched and quivered. She said, "he must forgive her. She had been selfish in keeping him so long from home; but his company had been so pleasant, that she had put back as far as possible what must, to her, be a very painful parting. She had at one time hoped that he might make up his mind to live the free and innocent life of the forest; become a great chief, and be a benefactor to a race of people, to whom something was due by the white man."

If Lucy Delisle had been a shallow hearted "Cousin Amy," Tomaqua had not pleaded in vain; but absence had the traditional effect upon Huntly, notwithstanding the French adage to the contrary.

Tomaqua would not allow her weakness further to reveal itself.

She informed him that they would proceed down the St. Maurice, where he would soon meet with friends. That the Indians could not accompany him much further than the river Corche, where they were to meet some more of their people. In the meantime they must be happy. The wily girl had learned that a grand lacrosse match was coming off at the mouth of the Croche, early in the moon of falling leaves, or September, and she thought that a sight of this glorious game, as played by Indians, would help towards enducing Huntly to reject artificial life and join in with what was simple and pleasant.

They bid good-bye to old Desert and turned their backs on Weymontachene, and continued down the St. Maurice. They had over a hundred miles of pretty rough river to travel before reaching the mouth of the Croche. They also had to make quite a number of *portages*. The weather was fine, and the nights cool and pleasant.

One lovely evening after supper, Tomaqua and Huntly were sitting together beside a gurgling brook that lost itself in the St. Maurice near their camp. The sun was setting behind the mountains that lay in grotesque masses against the sky. The green of the forests was bathed in a golden haze. Nature was still under the magic hush of closing day. Tomaqua looked pensively into the brook, and sighed. He asked her if she would sing him an Indian song? He knew she could sing as true and sweet as any bird. She said she would sing him her mother's song, her mother, now long since dead. It was a song to, "*Sebow-is-ha*," or the "brook." An old, old Indian song. She could tell him in French, afterwards, what it meant. "The rich and balmy eve," the music of the brook, the plaintive melody of the soft Indian sentences, and the marvellous wealth of witchery in the girl's looks, were fitted to more than melt the heart of a St. Anthony. I do not say that Huntly was unmoved, otherwise he had been more than man; but he controlled himself, and thanked her warmly, and in his natural tone of voice, for her song. She then translated it into French, and he retranslated it into English; and it is only natural to suppose that it has lost much of its simple

and tender sweetness in these operations. Is it not odd, that in the "long ago," these Indians should have sung a song to the "brook," centuries, no doubt, before Tennyson dreamed his immortal Idyl? So true it is that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Lucy Delisle has preserved a copy of this song, given to her presumably by Huntly:

TO SEBOW-IS-HA!

Beautiful babbler, sunny ey'd,
What is the song, so soft and clear,
Ever at morn and eventide,
Rises sweet on my ravished ear?

"Oh, I am singing, because I must,
Whether in sun or shadow grey;
I live to murmur,—'love and trust,'
'Trust and love,' whether night or day."

Singing, dancing, sunny ey'd one,
What are you doing dreaming here;
Sleeping under the shadows' dun,
Idly eddying all the year?

"Oh, I am kissing the lily's roots,
Soft I nourish the rising sap;
Soon the glossy and golden shoots,
Bright in beauty will fill my lap."

Lightsome, laughing, and loving one,
Whither away so free and far!
To coquet and kiss the rising sun!
Or tryst and toy with the evening star?

"I take their kiss, but I covet none,
My own love waits, and sighs for me;
Ceaseless I move to hush his moan,
Beautiful, boundless, sounding sea."

CHAPTER XXII.

ON the morrow the tents were struck, and they proceeded southward; camping that night at the mouth of the river Croche. The friends whom they expected to meet there had not yet arrived. It was decided that they should wait for them; for it was on the beautiful flat at the mouth of this river, that the Algonquins and the Têtes de Boules were to indulge in their national game of Lacrosse. Huntly had never seen it played, and it was so praised by Tomaqua, that he was all expectation.

The Indians who had come with them from the head waters of the Manawan spoke French very well; and they and Wyando were quite free with Huntly in telling of Indian life and manners.

They said that the Indians were what the Iroquois called them, "Ongoucouno," or "men of always." Huntly thought this name agreed well with Humboldt's views respecting the early isolation of this race in America; and the high state of cultivation to which at one period they had attained. There could be no question of their eastern origin. As the Indians themselves said, it was the Sun, the "father of colors," that had burned them. The shape of the head and eyes, and the long black hair, prove their relationship to the Mongols,—the people of Tartary; while the remains of their ancient mounds resemble those on which sacrifices were offered to "Chan-Ty," the Supreme being of the Chinese two thousand years before our era. Huntly found their own religious belief very interesting. Their dim traditions of a first parent, and a general deluge; their belief in one Supreme Being; in the immortality of the soul, and of future rewards and punishments. He also admired their simple faith, their pious prayers, and their resignation. Much of their old superstitions mingled with their Christianity; and though baptised, they still maintained many of their old religious practices. Each Indian had his own "Okki," or guardian power, and they believed in local deities of the woods and streams. They

also think that the souls of the lower animals are immortal, and that each creature has a guardian spirit of its own. Man is but the king of animals. They desire greatly to pry into the future. They consider dreams to be the medium by which the Great Spirit condescends to converse with men ; hence they hold in deep veneration the omens and warnings these foreshadow. They also believe in a pigmy race of beings, similar in some respects to our fairies ; and these they call "puk weedges," and many are the stories told of their pranks and harmless mischief.

Wyando was well acquainted with Indian legends ; and one evening when he was more communicative than usual, Huntly induced him to speak of the "puk weedges."

Wyando said the story he was going to tell began about blessing the corn field.

"Hinotqua was in love with Loneta, the most beautiful maiden among the Algonquins. The mondamin, or Indian corn, had been planted, and Loneta was to go round all the field to make it fruitful."

From the delicate hints given by the narrator, Huntly understood the performance was in the fashion of Godiva with this difference : the Saxon lady rode through the town at noon, while the indian maiden walked round the field in the gloaming. The rule as to privacy was strictly enforced, and its breach severely punished. Wyando continued : "Hinotqua was coming in from hunting, and had not heard the warning. By accident he met Loneta ; and to hide her shame the 'Gitche Manito' opened the ground and hid her.

"Loneta could nowhere be found, and Hinotqua went unpunished, for his offence was not premeditated. He mourned his lost Loneta, and of evenings wandered round the corn field, only the shadow of his former self.

"Once, when the moon was full grown, he came to the spot where Loneta disappeared from his view, when a 'puk weedge' came out of the ground and spoke to him. He told him he would inform him where he could find Loneta if he gave his promise that

when 'Pau Guk,' or death, called him away from his hunting grounds, he would come and dwell with the 'puk weedges.'

"Hinotqua promised, for he would do anything to see Loneta. Then the 'puk weedge' instructed him to take his canoe, his bow and arrows, his tomahawk, his calumet, and wampum, and go to the great lake Shecaubish, where the "nahima," the sturgeon, would meet him at the shore, and show him his lost Loneta. When he came to lake Shecaubish, the King of the fishes met him, and told him if he would see Loneta he must make him a present of his canoe, for he had to sail over the 'Gumea' in search of his missing queen. Hinotqua consented, 'then' said the sturgeon, 'you must cross the lake, and when you come to the other shore, the 'Mokaw,' the bear, who is King of the beasts, will tell you where to find Loneta!' 'But how can I cross without my canoe,' asked Hinotqua? 'Just get on my back' said the sturgeon. Hinotqua mounted, and the water was in foam behind them. They soon came to the shore and he dismounted, where he met 'Mokaw,' the King of the beasts. 'Where is Loneta?' cried Hinotqua! 'Give me your bow and arrows,' said the bear, 'and I will show you.' As soon as he got them he scrambled up the crags and Hinotqua followed him. On the top stood the 'Keneu' the King of the birds, smoothing his beautiful feathers. 'There,' said the bear, turning gruffly round, 'the King of the birds will tell you where to find Loneta.' 'Yes,' said the eagle, 'but he must first give me all his clothes, to make a nest for my young ones.' Hinotqua gave him all his clothes. 'Now,' said the eagle, 'mount upon my back,' and he flew off, and lit with him in a lovely meadow, where "alimeek," the beaver, was building a dam.

"There, said the eagle, 'the beaver will show you Loneta.' I will,' replied the beaver, 'but he must first give me his tomahawk.' Hinotqua gave him his tomahawk, for he was dying to see Loneta. When the beaver got the tomahawk, he commenced quietly to hew timber for his dam. 'Come,' said Hinotqua, who now had nothing left but his calumet, and wampum; 'a bargain is a bargain.' So the beaver said 'lay hold of my tail,'

and in a twinkling he was beside a river on the sides of which were cliffs of calumet stone enough to make 'podgans,' or pipes, for all the Indians within the four winds of the world. 'Throw your 'podgan' into the river, said the beaver, and Loneta will appear to you.' He threw in his calumet. The beaver disappeared, and the 'puk weedge' stood in his place. 'Ha!' said Hinotqua, you did not keep your bargain!' 'You shall see,' answered 'puk weedge.' 'Take off your wampum belt, lay it in the form of a new moon on the top of the 'waw-beek,' stamp your foot, and shout 'Megissogwon!' Hinotqua did so. Instantly the rock opened, and down he went, down, down, till he came to another 'waw-beek,' but smoother, and another river. On the side where he was standing were night and darkness, and on the other side, were light and morning.

"The rock was very high, so was the one on the other shore, and a river, as of blood, rolled between. In the rosy light on the other side he saw trees, and flowers, and Loneta; his own 'nenemoosha,' in all her loveliness. She came, and leaning over the cliff, she beckoned him to come on. She wore the red bird's feather in her hair, like the lightning in a black cloud. He could see his canoe, his bow and arrows, his tomahawk, and his clothes lying beside her. He was not ashamed, for he was innocent. Loneta's sweet voice called him to come over. How could he come? She pointed out a single strand of elm cord that stretched from cliff to cliff;—he must cross on that. He ventured, but his head grew dizzy. She called to him, to look up! But he had stood upon a 'way-mukkaw-na,' that the 'puk weedge' had placed under his foot, he was unclean, he slipped, and fell down into the crimson river.

"He awoke. He had been dreaming. He had drunk of the soul of mondamin to drown his grief for the loss of Loneta; but sure enough, she now stood beside him; she had been away a month, to hide her shame, and had now returned to her Hinotqua."

A day or two after the relation of Wyando' fairy tale the lacrosse players arrived. All was now bustle and preparation.

Tomaqua grew more reserved towards Huntly. She remained mostly in her own tent, and the new comers paid her great deference.

The day appointed for the sport was all that could be desired. Cool and clear, with only a slight breeze from the northwest. Counting the women and children, there must have been a hundred Indians on the camping ground. A little west of the tents, and near the borders of the wood, lay the lacrosse field. Twelve Algonquins were to play against twelve Têtes de Boules. The players were all young men, and as Huntly scanned the straight and lithe-looking athletes, he was vividly reminded of Benjamin West, who, when he had arrived in Rome, and the Statue of Apollo Belvedere was first shewn him, exclaimed: "Why this is a model from a young American Indian!"

The game was to commence shortly after breakfast, about which time the players disappeared to decorate themselves. Their different localities in the woods could be easily known from the wild whoops and outlandish noises uttered by the intending combatants.

The goals, one at each end of the field, were now placed by a president, or director of the match; a stake was fixed in the centre, the ball laid beside it, and a signal given. Then the two parties marched into the field, fantastically arrayed, brandishing their sticks, and turning heels over head.

At this juncture several young Indian girls ran out from among the spectators to the centre of the field, with favors for their gallants. Huntly was surprised to see Tomaqua among the number. He saw her arrange a plume of the great war eagle in the headdress of one of the players, whom he recognized as Wyando. He felt for a moment jealous. The Indian blood in Tomaqua was in fever heat that day. All her old love of Indian prowess came over her like a tide that obliterates every landmark. As she came back and stood beside him, her cheeks and eyes were aflame, and her whole frame shook with excitement. How unlike the melancholy liquid game of the other evening, when the dark orbs, as Pat would say, seemed in mourning for the murders they had committed!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE scene before them was novel to Huntly, and picturesque in the extreme. Near him were the parties just put in possession of the prize or stake, for which the match was to be hazarded. The little groups around were squatted promiscuously gay with bright beads and feathers. Men, women and even children were already betting on the issue. The two parties of competitors lay listlessly within a few feet of each other, around the stake, where the ball was lying, waiting for the signal. This given, they laid down their sticks, and sides were counted. The director now gave an address to the players, enforcing fairness and inciting to emulation. The match was to consist of twenty games; and two old men with sticks, one man representing each party, sat aside to keep score, while the players dispersed, and every man assumed his own position. Umpires being appointed, the signal to "play" was given; the director pitched the ball high in the air, the men bounded forward, and as it neared the ground, and as they dashed pell-mell together, there was a clatter of sticks, a scramble, and one player was seen to leap over the surrounding heads. He had caught the ball, over the field he went, the others in full chase. He made for his opposers' goal, which, if he could but hit with the ball, it would count a run, but before he could effect his purpose, he was overtaken, tripped up, and the ball sent flying. Then there was another scuffle, another catch, a run and a soufle; which was repeated half a dozen times before the first run was scored. The efforts made to obtain the ball, or to prevent its being carried off, afforded studies for a sculptor. Almost every pose of the body assumed by the players in these struggles exhibited grace and strength. Sometimes they threw themselves into the strangest postures, and made the most extravagant leaps; the positions being often ludicrous as well as artistic. At one instant, was to be seen a nimble fellow dart between the extended limbs of another, whipping off the ball; the next, sprawling upon

all fours, or extended on his back, amid shouts of laughter. The game appeared to put every man upon his mettle, his courage, his endurance, and his skill, had to be united with activity, adroitness and cunning. There were doublings, and bends, and dodges, as well as fleetness, magnificent springs, and supple twists, in which every joint seemed indeed rubber. The match continued with varied success to the contending parties up till noon; when it was found that the Algonquins had made six games, and the Têtes de Boules only five. The players now rested for a couple of hours, and then resumed, with preliminaries much the same as in the morning.

Wyando had been in the field all the forenoon, for he was fleet of foot, and acted as what might be called cover point. He now changed his position. He had played with energy, but had been cautious not to tire himself; had husbanded his wind, and brought a clear eye, cool head, and steady hand to his work, nearer to the goal than the position he occupied in the morning. Huntly's eye told him that this must be an important point in any such game as lacrosse, and wondered why in the forenoon the Têtes de Boules did not place a man or two specially to protect it. But the Indians appeared to play every man on his own account, and run all over the field, anywhere and everywhere; and as the goal had to be struck by the ball, as we do in croquet, there was not the same necessity for a goal keeper as where there are wickets.

There now appeared to be more science in the way in which the Têtes de Boules played. A sudden method shewed in their madness. The Algonquins found it difficult to get near their opponents' goal with the ball, and when they succeeded in this, Wyando sent it far afield by a cut, or blocked it. The caution and method of the Têtes de Boules began to tell in their favor, while the Algonquins grew more reckless.

The sun had not gone down when the match was declared finished; the Têtes de Boules winning by one game.

Wyando felt proud of the result, and the defeated party had no reason to hang their heads, as the victors had not much to boast of. Huntly was quite exoited. He had never witnessed

any game that so interested him. Every player was engaged as if the game depended on his single effort. It was easily understood, too. The spectator could not help giving his sympathy, and Huntly's nerves tingled to join in the contests. He thought no Olympic game could equal lacrosse; and that no Grecian athlete could compare with an American Indian.

Marguerite Tomaqua was very proud of Wyando, and gave him one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed him the prize just contended for. This was a valuable rifle, and it was to remain in possession of the chief whose tribe had won it, until such time as the chances of another match might carry it off.

There was general festivity on the evening of this day; and dancing was kept up late on in the night. Tomaqua did not join in the merriment. She sat apart. Huntly joined her. He found that she was weeping. He pressed to ascertain the cause. She said, "the missionary was coming on the morrow, and that in a day or two she would have to part from him, and go away to her own people." Poor Huntly! This girl had rescued him from death, had nursed him as tenderly as a mother her dearest child, and had brought him back to life and hope. He could make her no adequate return, indeed no return at all. That evening found him bankrupt. But he must be true to himself, true to an absent one, and true to her also, and taking her unre-sisting hand tenderly between his own, told her his whole story.

When he had finished, she withdrew her hand, stood erect, trembled, tottered a step or two, and fell at his feet. Fortunately they were but a short way from her tent, and all the rest of the party were so bent on amusement that they were unobserved. He carried her in, unclasped the cloth mantle from about her neck, and sprinkled her face with cold water. She soon recovered and requested him to leave her, and he of course obeyed. He had seen little of Wyando that evening. He always absented himself when he thought Tomaqua wished him to do so. He was aware that Huntly was going home the first opportunity, and felt no jealousy. If Tomaqua had told him to go and drown himself he would have obeyed instantly.

Perhaps you will say that Wyando was a poltroon, and that Huntly was a prig. Love had raised Wyando above all doubt, and petty meanness, love, and religion, had made Huntly the "stainless Knight and perfect gentlemen." Perhaps you will say that Lucy was a prig, too. Well, you have a right to your opinion. Perhaps we are all prigs, who do not yield to folly, fashion, or impulse; and scorn to lay our honor in the dust.

On the morrow Huntly was rejoiced to see Father Perrault make his appearance. The latter was astonished at seeing Huntly; and I believe crossed himself when he recognized him. He was soon made aware of his wonderful escape, and of the kindness of the Indians. Huntly said nothing of his suspicions why they had carried him off. The priest thought it quite a romance, but could not understand the reason for such a singular proceeding. The good father had just come over from Lake St. John, and intended stopping two or three days at the encampment, to preach, hear confessions, and administer baptism. These ends accomplished, he would return to Three Rivers, and he offered Huntly a place in his canoe, and a welcome to whatever he might want, that was in his power to supply.

Tomaqua did not leave her tent during the two days that Mr. Perrault remained at the Croche. The other Indians were moving off, and the place was looking deserted.

On the morning of Mr. Perrault's and Huntly's departure, Wyando came to say that he and Tomaqua were going to accompany them as far as the head of the Tomaqua *portage*, only a few miles down the St. Maurice. Huntly was glad of this, having felt delicate about intruding himself to say good bye, yet knowing that he must do so before leaving.

Tomaqua did not lift her eyes to his on meeting him, but busied herself with the priest and Wyando. Huntly said farewell to the Indians. He could give them no remuneration now, but promised to send them presents next year, by the missionary.

The priest and Huntly got into the canoe, his *voyageurs* pushed off, followed by Wyando and Tomaqua.

On reaching the head of the Tuque portage, and as they landed, they met a man who had just come up, and was taking his canoe off his shoulders. He appeared startled, and dropping his canoe retreated back towards the head of the falls, followed closely by Wyando. A scuffle ensued between the two men, while the priest and Tomaqua, with Huntly and the *voyageurs*, pressed after them. Wyando and Tom Gendron, for it was he, were engaged in mortal combat. They were on a rock that overlooked the long sweep of nearly a quarter of a mile, down which the St Maurice rushes at headlong speed. The wrestlers were straining every muscle in the effort to throw each other over, and noticed nothing till Huntly and the rest were upon them. They relaxed their grip as he and Tomaqua rushed forward. Tom's eyeballs were bursting as he stared at Huntly, and giving a wild scream he dashed over the rock into the falls; but in doing so, he grasped Tomaqua's long mantle and brought her down, before any effort could be made to save her. Huntly, Wyando and the two *voyageurs* bounded down the cliff. On the edge of an eddy below Tomaqua was holding to a long root that projected into the water, while Tom, at arm's length, still clutched the end of the mantle that he had seized; but his body swayed back and forth in the swift current outside the eddy, from which he could not draw himself. Huntly was in front, plunged in where the girl was holding on for life, under the tension from the draft of the current on Tom's body. In a second she unclasped the large silver brooch which fastened her mantle, and Tom went careering over the rapids. The luck, and the agility of a Sam Patch, could not save him here.

Tomaqua was carried ashore uninjured, and was wrapped in one of the priest's blankets. Huntly kissed her pale lips, and said farewell; and as she returned to her canoe, leaning heavily on Wyando, he could not remove his eyes from the marks made on the dry rock, by the little wet moccasined foot of the gentle, gifted and loving Marguerite Tomaqua, until woke from his reverie by Father Perrault.

Nothing more was seen or heard of Tom Gendron, whose infatuation about this girl had made him, in heart, a murderer. He had heard from some Indians who were returning up the Big Bostonais that Tomaqua's party were still at the Croche, and he was going to see her when overtaken by his Nemesis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANK MEREDITH had improved his opportunities while boarding at the house of Mr. Leblanc. He had made the vacation so agreeable to Louise, that she decided to prolong it; and with her parents' consent gave Frank the right to teach her other lessons than those imposed by the Ursuline Sisters. Frank had purchased a good farm and comfortable dwelling at Richmond, and Louise, though young, felt competent to undertake the house-keeping. It was arranged that the wedding should take place towards the end of September. Louise had been growing prettier day by day under the influences within and around her. She loved Frank with all the fervor of a first passion, and the question of religion had never thrown a shadow on the future. Leblanc had no objections to have a rich, steady, and good-looking Protestant for a son-in-law, and the Curé offered none.

There were great preparations for the wedding. Though country people, they were not ignorant of good usages, and had the knack of making things look nice. Besides, there was no lack of means, quite a help, it will be acknowledged, under any circumstances. Leblanc prided himself on being a good provider for his family. Indeed it might be said:

“It snowed in his house of meat and drinks.”

A letter had been sent to Mrs. Delisle, inviting her, with Lucy and Edmond, to the marriage, and enclosing a note from Frank, with the request that Edmond would act as groomsman; also, conveying the information, that Edith Marston had consented to be bridesmaid. Mrs. Delisle thought it only right to accept the proposed civility from her late husband's sister, and Lucy felt curious to see the young bride who was said to resemble herself, and witness the ceremony that was to bestow her upon one who might have been her own husband. This trip to Nicolet awoke strange interest in her. She could not account for the quickened

pulsations of her heart. She, for no reason in the world, hurried preparations, and they started in good season, so as to be at Nicolet a day or two before the wedding, in accordance with Mrs. Leblanc's request.

The Rev. Mr. Perrault and Huntly Marston passed part of the day at the Tuque, which had witnessed Tom Gendron's tragedy; and then proceeded to Rat River, and the Piles. They had to make a portage here, and also at Shawenegan, and the Grès rapids, but they ran the Forges rapids, and the Gabelle, arriving safe at Three Rivers, on the evening of the third day from leaving the Tuque. Huntly felt disposed to remain over night, procure some clothing, see Edith in the morning, and get home the following night. The good Curé would not hear of such a proposal. He said if Huntly made his appearance at the convent, where they knew of his reported fate, it would frighten the Sisters out of their wits. He must come on that night with him to Nicolet; rest two or three days, and break the good news gradually to his family; for sudden joy was as fatal to some natures as sudden calamity.

The Curé had his own reasons for this proposal. He had been out about the town, and had met Pierre Leblanc and Edmond Delisle, who had come over for Edith to attend the marriage of Louise. He learned from them that the ceremony was to take place next day, and that Mrs. Delisle and Lucy were at Nicolet. He did not like to lose his share of the eclat which would attach to the return of Huntly Marston from the grave. He procured him the necessary articles for his toilet, and obtained his consent to accompany him. He said nothing to him about having seen Pierre and Edmond, neither had he told them anything about Huntly. He had enquired of them if they could drive a couple of passengers from Port St. Francis to Nicolet, and was answered in the affirmative, as they had two caleches at the Port in waiting. They had left their horses there in the morning and walked down to Bellofeuille's, from whence they had crossed to Three Rivers. They had adopted this arrangement because

Edmond remembered Edith's dislike to cross the St. Lawrence in canoe or bateau.

The steamboat arrived at Three Rivers from Quebec about eleven o'clock that night; the bell rang out its brazen signals, and the passengers crowded on board. The boat had not left the wharf many minutes when Pierre Leblanc who was alone, thought of hunting up the Curé; for Edith and Edmond were enjoying a moonlight chat on the upper deck. After considerable search he found him, and instantly recognized his companion. Pierre was almost beside himself. He would not listen to the priest or Huntly, but ran up stairs to Edmond and told the news. His hearers thought him turned crazy, but changed their minds on the arrival of Mr. Perrault, who in a few hurried words explained to Edith, Huntly's wonderful deliverance, and his meeting with him up the St. Maurice. Edith had to clasp her hands on the back of her chair beside where she was standing, to convince herself that all was real, and the objects round her not shadowy and unpalpable. Mr. Perrault now went below and brought up Huntly to see his sister. In a few minutes more they reached Port St. Francis, where they must go ashore, and interrupt, for the time being, the flow of questions, answers and explanations.

On their way to Nicolet it was arranged that Huntly should go with Mr. Perrault to the Vicar's, where he intended stopping for some time, and where Huntly was sure of a hearty welcome.

Edith requested that nothing should be said about her brother's return until the following morning. Edmond and Pierre promised, but I am afraid that Edith had not been ten minutes alone with Lucy, when the marvellous intelligence was poured out amid tears of joy, and entertaining arms.

The marriage of Frank and Louise was to take place in the Parish Church at nine in the morning, and Mrs. Leblanc, who had been made aware of the good news, sent Pierre to the Vicar's to bring over Huntly, whom she said must be present. They were a happy party that lovely September morning; and as they adjourned from the French church to the Anglican, where the Rev. H. B. was to flatten down the Protestant end of the rivet,

Edmond made bold to hint to Edith that, it would be no sin, if one or two other couples present should follow such a good example ; but a little toss of the saucy head was his only answer.

There was a large assembly that night at Louis Leblanc's ; the Curé who tied the knot, the Anglican minister and his wife, as well as Mr. Perrault, were present ; and cast no damper on the music and dancing.

Several topics of interest were discussed. Frank Meredith, who had so successfully commenced the work of annexation, was enthusiastic about Canada joining the United States ; but his proposal fell upon deaf ears. The project was no more popular then in the Province of Quebec than it is to-day.

Colonization was what we wanted, and the tenure of land in free and common soccage.

A liberal system of education, and equal rights to all.

Honest legislators, and better enforcement of the laws. Less liquor drinking, and increased industry.

These were the principal topics discussed among serious folks. I do not know, but the reader can guess the themes most prominent among merry makers.

While the revelry was at its height Huntly and Lucy stole out to the bank of the quiet river.

“ They walked entranced in a land of morn.”

Although it was only the pale harvest moon that was rising above the clump of trees beyond the college, and flooding with silver light the gentle river at their feet ; quiet and gentle now, that the rough and noisy days of its youth in Dudswell are all past, and it seeks a peaceful union with the St. Lawrence, both to lose themselves where the gateways of the sun open on the wide Atlantic.

And Lucy's book ? I fear it was postponed indefinitely ; but I have given to the reader the marrow of some of the papers of hers which came into my possession. And so, “ auf wiedershen.”

WATCH! AND FARE YOU WELL!

Watch! the day is breaking—one tardy star
Glimmers through the crown of vapours from afar;
Give to the earth her part,
To Jesus give your heart.

Watch! it is the morning, skies all bright,
But on the horizon, one speck, black as night;
Rises, widens, wild with storm,
Hope, and dread no harm.

Watch! the noon is on, the sun is high and burning,
Rest from worldly toil while yet there is a turning;
Hands be folded—spirit soar,
Knees incline and soul adore.

Watch! the night is coming, chill zephyrs mount the sky,
To where the sunlight lingers, soon to fall and die;
Get thee closer, God has smiled,
His two arms are round his child.

