

to make a stand for the honour of our country and the salvation of canada. ah, my brother, if quebec goes, canada goes that is so; but there are many of us who say that quebec is not yet lost. it is not lost; it might well be saved. and yet what think you of this they say that within the hornwork the governor and the intendant were closeted together drafting the terms of capitulation of the whole colony, ready to submit to the english general so soon so they say. i know not if it be altogether true, but all is confusion worse confounded yonder. the soldiers are pouring back to their camp at beauport in a perfect fever of panic. i heard that bigot would have tried to muster and lead them against the enemy once more, and that the governor gave his sanction, but that the officers would not second the suggestion. i think all feel that with only vaudreuil to lead fighting is hopeless. he knows not his own mind two minutes together; he agrees always with the last speaker. he is always terrified in the moment of real crisis and peril. his bluster and gasconade desert him, and leave him in pitiful case. what, then, is to be done that i cannot tell. i have come with a message from the governor to the marquis. he sent me to ascertain his condition, and if possible to ask counsel of him. his word would still carry weight. if he is sufficiently himself to listen for a few minutes to what i have to say, i would then put the case and ask his opinion upon it. madame ducour drew the abbe softly into the room where the dying man lay. montcalms eyes opened as he heard them approach. at the sight of the abbe he seemed to try to rouse himself. you have brought news tell me, how goes it the abbe repeated in his hands. what is paaker plotting how is it that your brother is your enemy he is the elder of us two, said horus with a trembling voice. when my father died i had only a short time before left the school of seti, and with his last words my father enjoined me to respect paaker as the head of our family. he is domineering and violent, and will allow no ones will to cross his; but i bore everything, and always obeyed him, often against my better judgment. i remained with him two years, then i went to thebes, and there i married, and my wife and child are now living there with my mother. about sixteen months afterwards i came back to syria, and we travelled through the country together; but by this time i did not choose to be the mere tool of my brothers will, for i had grown prouder, and it seemed to me that the father of my child ought not to be subservient, even to his own brother. we often quarrelled, and had a bad time together, and life became quite unendurable, when about eight weeks since paaker came back from thebes, and the king gave him to understand that he approved more of my reports than of his. from my childhood i have always been softhearted and patient; every one says i am like my mother; but what paaker made me suffer by words and deeds, that is i could not his voice broke, and pentaur felt how cruelly he had suffered; then he went on again: what happened to my brother in egypt, i do not know, for he is very reserved, and asks for no sympathy, either in joy or in sorrow; but from words he has dropped now and then i gather that he not only bitterly hates mena, the charioteer who certainly did him an injury but has some grudge against the king too. i spoke to him of it at at last go into the kitchen that adjoined the sleeping room. in a few moments she perceived through her half closed eyes, that he, had brought in a light; he had lighted a lamp at the hearth, and now searched both the rooms. as yet he had not spoken to her, nor opened his lips to utter a word. now he was in the sitting room, and now involuntarily she drew herself into a heap, and pulled the coverlet over her head now he laughed aloud, so loud and scornfully, that she felt her hands and feet turn cold, and a rushing crimson mist floated before her eyes. then the light came back into the bed room, and came nearer and nearer. she felt her head pushed by his hard hand, and with a feeble scream she flung off the coverlet and sat up. still he did not speak a word, but what she saw was quite enough to smother the last spark of her courage and hope, for her husbands eyes showed only the whites, his sallow features were ashy pale, and on his brow the branded mark of mithras stood out more clearly than ever. in his right hand he held the lamp, in his left hermas sheepskin. as his haggard eye met hers he held the anchorites matted garment so close to her face, that it touched her. then he threw it violently on the floor, and asked in a low, husky voice, what is that she was silent. he went up to the