

"You have surely not been listening to me—did I not tell you that I loved all good beings. Father Clement says it is my duty to do so."

"Father Clement counsels wisely, doubtless," returned Bouverie, with an answering smile; "there is safety in numbers—my pretty Aulida, you have much to learn."

He turned away as he uttered this, while Madame Montresor and her husband, approaching Aulida, took the hand of her sister and followed them, as they again moved towards the scene of gaiety. At the request of Constance, she was conducted by the girls to a group of Indians, amongst whom sat their mother, who looked prematurely old for her years, as if care had touched her with a heavy hand. She received the salutation of Madame Montresor with apparent gratification, but was unable to hold much conversation with her, as she could only speak a very few words in French.

"Eusena, Aulida, good scholars, good children," she said in broken English; "they read, and sing hymns—me no noting. Eusena be married soon—Pocahontas fine youth—hunt and fish the salmon—he bring it home to us. Aulida no lover—she too young—she child, bless her sweet face." And she fondly stroked the cheek of her lovely daughter, as she gazed in maternal pride upon her.

"I hope you will allow them to visit me sometimes," returned Madame Montresor; "I have conceived a great interest for them both, and it would afford me pleasure."

Willingly was the promise given that they should, by the grateful mother, when Bouverie in the same moment drawing near, requested permission to lead Madame Montresor amongst the dancers. Aulida watched them delightedly, clapping her hands as she pointed him out to her mother, saying:

"One so beautiful must be good, he has offered to be my friend—shall I not call him so, my mother?"

"Pray the good Spirit guide you, my child," returned her mother; "many fair, blue eyes, kind looks, but black hearts—Pocahontas true—he best."

"Ah, but Pocahontas is Eusena's friend, he cares not for me."

"Father Clement, oh so kind friend to Aulida," persisted the mother.

"And as such I shall always love him," replied Aulida, warmly, "yet that need not close my heart to another."

She turned her eyes on Bouverie as she uttered this, and encountering his, the crimson rushed to her cheek, when he smiled and kissed his hand. He came to her directly he was disengaged, when a few kind words addressed by him to her mother, soon gained for him her good will, and on beholding him lead away her beautiful child, she murmured:

"He noble youth, he make good friend to Aulida—bless em both."

Aulida appeared to think the same, for during her stroll with him through some of the most romantic and sequestered shades, she presented him, at his request, with the magnolia from her hair, as a *gage d'amitie*, and which he, with his accustomed gallantry, placed in his bosom. On parting, the farewell he spoke sounded so melodiously in her ears, that his voice seemed to reverberate in a thousand echoes long after he was gone.

The gaities of the evening closed with the setting sun, when the Indians retired to their homes, and the visitors departed. The drive to Quebec was by moonlight—Bouverie threw himself into a corner of the carriage, and with arms folded on his breast, maintained a profound silence the whole way, while Constance expatiated on the beauty and artlessness of the "Pride of Lorette," praying that no blight might canker a blossom of such fair promise. She had marked with regret the attentions of Bouverie to the lovely girl, and though she had a high opinion of his honour, yet she trembled for her peace, and she determined within herself to watch over one so entirely ignorant in the ways of the world, and whose peculiarly attractive appearance, rendered her an object of constant notice and admiration. From such meditations she turned to admire the heavens, now one blaze of light, which was reflected on the waters in glittering splendour, and over the vast forests, "where gleam and gloom their magic spell combined." Her head rested on the shoulder of her husband, who fully entered into all her young and enthusiastic feelings, and it was almost with regret they beheld the heights of Quebec, and heard the bugles from the citadel, which told of the departure of a day so replete with enjoyment as this had been.

From this time the visits of Bouverie to the Indian village became frequent. Independent of the pleasure he received in the society of the charming Aulida, there was much in its immediate neighbourhood to amuse and excite his active mind. He would hunt the moose deer in the forests, attended by his guide, Pocahontas, who was an intelligent young man, or accompany him in his fishing excursions for the salmon on the lake, which were usually made on the darkest nights, these being considered the best for the sport. In improving his acquaintance with Aulida, he had no determined motive beyond the amusement of the passing hour. Her beauty and simplicity had fascinated him, and he never paused to reflect on the evils which might result to her from their frequent intercourse with each other, until he made the discovery that her young and artless affections were insnared by his attentions and display of tenderness. He then regretted his inadvertence, since to return them as she deserved was impossible, and to betray them was abhorrent to his honourable and chivalrous nature. Yet, though judging thus uprightly, he had