

this. Go and bring the Huron to me that I may see him." Then turning to Marcelle: "I have read your agony in your eyes, Marcelle. You and I, too, perhaps, have done more in the affair of your marriage than we should have done. It is true that, as you say, you did not love Philippe, nor did you say so, yet his heart will break with his sorrow and disgrace. It is dreadful, and I have erred deeply in trying to mould, although unconsciously and with no evil intention, you and him to my policy. I will take the blame and forgive you."

Marcelle stood as if transfixed during the utterance of these words of pardon.

"Have you nothing to say, Marcelle?" asked Frontenac, who observed her embarrassment.

"Except to thank you, Your Excellency. But my words cannot express my gratitude."

"It will be best, of course, that you should depart into the interior without delay. It will save continued anguish to Beauharnais and the intolerable burden of general gossip. But tell me, Marcelle, since you put such trust in me, have you no regret at leaving us?"

"Nothing but the strange spell under which I am could induce me, even for the sake of home, to leave Your Excellency, although I should like to see my father once more, and the scenes of my childhood. Alas! how much I might have saved to you and to him had I not been filled with the curiosity and vanity of a young and thoughtless girl!"

"It is as you have said, Marcelle, but we can only