

"Hence, Satan, hence!" roared the priest, striking him on the face with his stole and repeating some Latin words which none present understood. The devil immediately vanished amidst an awful clatter, filling at the same time the house with such an odour of brimstone as nearly suffocated the inmates. The good man, retaining close to his side Rose, who was speechless, offered a prayer, in which the terrified guests all joined.

"Where is he? where is he?" exclaimed the young girl, recovering herself. 'He is gone!' all replied. 'Holy father, do not leave me,' rejoined Rose! 'You alone can protect me! I will take the veil in a convent!'

"Be it so, poor repentant lamb, which now returns to the fold. Be it so, if you are serious; I can understand your feelings after the events of this day.'

"Five years after this and the melancholy tolling of the bell of the Convent of ———, had announced that a young nun had rejoined in heaven her celestial spouse. A large concourse of people attended the funeral; amongst the crowd which curiosity had attracted, three persons in deep sorrow might be noticed: an aged priest, kneeling in the sanctuary, was praying fervently; an old man in the nave was shedding tears for the loss of an only child, and a young man in deep mourning was grieving over the death of his first and only love, his betrothed—her name was Rose Latulippe!"

"Bravo! Mr. Viger. Why, this actually beats the Lancashire tale of the 'Devil outwitted, flying away on the dun horse.'"

*(To be continued.)*