

was irritated by his daughter's excessive emotion, he thought it childish and weak in the extreme; but aware of her sensitive nature, he spoke to her in a tone of the utmost gentleness.

"Millicent," said he, "these tears are unworthy the daughter of a patriot, ready to lay down his fortune and his life for the good of his country. He needs the cheering voice of affection to urge him on in the path of danger and duty, and would not be unmoved by the tears of a weak and cowardly girl."

"Pray forgive me, dear papa," she said, the trembling tones of her voice showing how hard she struggled for firmness, "but I cannot, you know I cannot, regard as you do, the cause in which you are embarking all that is most dear and precious. To me it seems a desperate one,—and I fear that instead of securing the rights and immunities for which you profess to struggle, you are about to cast from you all that has made life sweet and happy—nay, that you may perhaps sacrifice life itself in the coming contest."

"Millicent," answered St. Vallery calmly, "you know very little of political affairs, while all men more or less make them their study, and it is this ignorance, my child, on your part, which induces foolish fears, and renders you incredulous as to the probable, I may say, as to the almost certain issue of the present struggle. Rely upon my word, that in the north and the south, the east and the west, through the whole length and breadth of the land, thousands are waiting for the signal to rise in aid of this good cause; and what effectual resistance, think you, can be opposed to the dense mass of Canadians battling as one man for their rights, and rendered invincible by that stern and desperate courage which chooses death rather than slavery.

"Slavery!" echoed Millicent; "had it indeed come to that, dear papa, your daughter's voice would be the last to woo you to inactivity. Were such the state of things, I verily think, coward as I am, that I would boldly grasp the sword and go forth to fight for freedom at your side! But——"

"But!" interrupted her father, in a chiding tone; "you have too much English blood in your veins. You love your mother's country better than your own, and are well content to live under a British yoke, although your father's ancestors were among the noblest, who upheld the thrones of the Henrys and the Louises of France."

"I do not forget that, papa," said Millicent, raising her earnest eyes to his face, while a proud glow kindled on her beautiful cheek; "but I do indeed love my dear mother's country," she added in a softened voice, "and Léon felt the tears which

had stood in her eyes, fall fast upon his hand as she spoke. "How could I be so ungrateful as not to love the land which gave me such a mother!—for her sake, so long as I have consciousness, it will and must be scarcely less dear to me than is my own."

"Ah! yes," said St. Vallery, touched in spite of himself by her deep devotion to her mother's memory, "for her dear sake, my daughter, we will both love it, but not *better* than our own; and now, however unpleasant the subject, let us speak of arrangements that must be made. Léon has this evening brought intelligence, which renders it necessary for me, with all my followers, to repair immediately to the scene of action. He, of course, will accompany me, and as it is impossible, in the present state of the country, for you to remain here unprotected, I propose, my dear Millicent, that you should repair to the city, and seek a safe shelter with the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu, till more peaceable times, which, I trust, are not far distant, shall reunite us again in our quiet home."

"To the city! papa?" exclaimed Millicent; "will you send your daughter there, and expect her to find safety in the midst of a people against whom you are in open revolt?"

"The sanctuary of a religious house will afford you a quiet and honorable asylum, my child, and relieve me from great anxiety on your account," said St. Vallery; "and if, as I doubt not, our arms prove prosperous, a few short months, it may be weeks, will see us in possession of the garrison, now but feebly guarded by the few regular troops on duty there."

Not even the harrassed and anxious state of Millicent's mind, could prevent a smile of incredulity from playing an instant on her lips, as her father uttered this confident boast. She cast an enquiring glance upon Léon, to learn if he echoed it, but he replied only by a silent and melancholy gesture of his head.

"You are not, then, dear Léon, equally confident with papa, of success," she said.

"Never heed him, Millicent, he is but half a patriot," said St. Vallery, in an irritated tone, as he marked the mute intelligence which passed between the lovers. "On my life," he added, "I believe he would rather remain idly here, and talk treason with the curé in the dark little *salle-à-manger* of the *presbytère*, than go forth, now that the conflict has fairly commenced, to share its toils and dangers."

"Whatever, sir, you may fancy my secret inclinations to be," said Léon, haughtily, stung by the taunting remark of St. Vallery, "there is now but one course for me to pursue; and although in