

could not bring herself to believe, what she would fain hope, that Sessewa had taken Mahanni home. All kinds of sad conjectures filled her mind, yet none as sad and tragic as the lover's real end, of which she never would know. The nun, too, felt worn out with her constant watching in the small, low hospital, which the hot air of summer rendered close and stifling beyond imagination.

One bright day in July she had begged the Superior for a little release, and permission to pass one day as she wished had been granted her. Very much she had enjoyed it, sitting under the great ash which grew by the cloister walls, teaching the Indian children who crowded round her; and, as evening drew on, she took her seat where poor Mahanni had watched for her lover, and gazed with delight on the summer sun setting in all his splendor of golden clouds. A sweet peace, like the calm of evening that was creeping over the earth, stole over the weary girl—so deep that even thoughts of Claude did not intrude. But what a change is produced in a moment! How sadly Adrienne is brought to earth again! Ascending the hill is a party of Frenchmen bearing a sick Indian, whom they say they found in the woods dying of fever. Adrienne does not care to enter with the men (she has respite from her toils until the morrow); so with their burden they pass on, and, having consigned it to the care of Sister Emelie, who waits within, they move out again with a respectful "*Bon soir*," and soon their forms are lost to view in the deepening twilight. Soon Adrienne seeks her gloomy cell, and, after spending an hour or two at her devotions, lies down to rest, thinking perchance of the dark-eyed Frenchman, whom she knows now to be the Claude of her childish days. It must have been some strange intuition of the fact that has made her think so much of him. It is all explained now, and surely it can be no sin to love him who was as a brother to her—whom her father loved!

The sweet summer morning had but just dawned when Adrienne rose. A pale, rosy light still rested on the quiet river; a thousand songsters were pouring forth their sweet matin hymn in their leafy homes

among the thick branches of the woodland trees; the air was fresh and balmy; the blue sky, flecked over by some fleecy clouds, seemed even bluer in contrast, and the insect world was already sending forth its hum of busy life. Adrienne threw open her tiny casement-window and drank in the sweet, fresh air, while she gazed enraptured at the loveliness of the scene before her. It was with a half sigh she thought of the confinement all that long, bright summer day in the close hospital, whose rude couches were seldom empty; for disease, as well as the dreaded Iroquois, was speedily thinning the scattered Algonquin tribes.

It was an hour or more ere Adrienne entered the hospital, and then the glorious sunshine was streaming in at door and window. Sister Emelie met her at the door, saying as she passed her:—

"That poor Indian brought in last night seems very ill. He will be your chief care to-day, if, indeed, you can do anything for him. Yonder he lies in the far bed to the right. I fancy he needs some refreshment; but I cannot induce him to speak or tell me what he wants."

Adrienne prepared some light food, and, taking it to the sick man's bedside, said gently in Algonquin:—

"Brother eat!"

For a moment her patient moved not, then slowly lifting his head, he looked carefully round the room, then into the face of the gentle nun who stood beside him, looking, in her white dress, like some guardian angel. For a moment he gazed, then said in a low voice:—

"Sister, dost thou not know me? I am Claude; but nay, thou would'st not betray me, surely?" he said, taking her hand, as she started in astonishment, and would have turned away.

"But why hast thou thus disguised thyself? Why come as some wounded Indian, decked out in these savage garments?"

Adrienne questioned in a tone almost cold, for she thought the artifice was but to gain some wished-for knowledge from some of the poor wretches stretched around. Sadly poor Claude replied:—

"Ah! why, sweet sister, but that I might