

## 6 A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE

suited to a missionary, yet I fear me your strong right hand grasps more eagerly at the sword than at the Cross. Moreover, grave and quiet as you are, it has been remarked that even during the Sunday services, Normand, your glance has been wont to stray somewhat toward the young demoiselles, the pupils of the Ursulines, who by reason of the recent havoc wrought by fire in the Convent Chapel come to our church for the grand Mass; also, that you do not altogether shun the society of those, among these same bright-eyed, merry maidens of New France, who as companions of your sister and cousins are to be met with sometimes in your home. Ah, Normand, Normand, the love of a good woman is a gracious gift and to many a man it has meant salvation," continued Frère Constantin abstractedly; and his thoughts, I surmised, flew back to an episode of his own youth whereof I had heard report, and which I will set down later.

"Yes, a noble gift," he went on earnestly, "and it behooves him who seeks, to guard worthily the treasure when once he has won it. But what has a missionary to do with the treasures of earth, boy? He must be shackled by no human tie,—to him alone it is given to follow as perfectly as mere human nature can, the life of Christ.

"Do not misunderstand me, lad. I have no mind to take you to task upon the matters I have mentioned,—although such distractions at the services of the Church are most unseemly,—but I would point out that the turn of a straw shows from what quarter is the wind, and whither it will carry the chaff as well as the seed. In brief, my dear Normand, I am sent to tell you that for the life to which you have aspired you have no calling."