

"How shall I dare to meet him!" murmured Amanda musing.

"Do not fear him;" Claude rejoined: "he will not chide you;—besides, you shall be gone to-morrow. I come to-night, a Jason for the golden fleece, and may not return without it. Stillyside is Colchis, and my desires are dolphins that have brought me hither, and will not, returning, ferry me across the Ottawa, unless they shall be freighted with your form. Mine own one, do not stand transfixed like death in life, but live here no longer; leave it, and live with me for ever, for from where you are my feet shall never stray. Do not misdoubt me: though man were as faithless as it is said that woman is fickle, yet I were loyal towards *you*, whom I implore to be my affianced to-night, my bride to-morrow."

"To-morrow!—Oh, so soon," exclaimed Amanda, starting.

"It will be a thousand years till then;" interposed Montigny; "and yet it will be the glad millenium, since you shall reign amidst my meditations, and towards you all my thoughts be worshipping saints. This dumb devotion will be bliss, but to have sealed you mine by the great sacrament of marriage will be glory, such as the saved soul experiences when, in Heaven sitting, it feels itself secure, and proof against the possibility of loss. Accord me your consent. Why do you ponder? wherefore should you hesitate? Amanda, be immediately mine. What are your thoughts? What are you that transports me with impatience out of myself, to mingle with your being, and become one with yourself in history and fate? Our fate commands; let us obey it, since, what is fate's