

from the convent—and to no other human being, except her Indian nurse, is this solitary spot accessible.

"But to return to De Bourgainville. Thou knowest that he was recently rescued by a party of French soldiers from a band of Mohawks on the opposite side of the river, and brought hither wounded, dying, and a prisoner, and all the account that could be gathered from the Indians respecting him, was, that he had been wounded in an encounter between themselves and some chiefs of a hostile tribe. But letters were found upon his person, inviting him to join the victorious standard of the English, and these unanswered documents, where not a hint of his acquiescence can be found, are declared by his enemies to stamp him with the seal of treachery—neither are the asseverations of his servant, a faithful adherent to the fortunes of his master, permitted to have any weight. He declares that after quitting Montreal, in their progress to join the French forces at Chambly, they were captured by a party of Indians, who had ever since detained them prisoners, with the daily declaration that they should shortly take them to the British General at Quebec.

"M. De Vaudreuil, indeed, believes this statement; but he is overpowered by the voice of the multitude, and deterred from pronouncing an opinion, which, under existing circumstances, would doubtless be attributed to undue partiality. He is stricken in heart by the misfortunes of a youth, whom he regards with parental love, but he rejoices, as do I, that death is soon to set him free from all the evils of his lot. He has already seen him for the last time, but without being recognised by the unhappy young man, who, excepting for a brief period this morning, has discovered no symptoms of consciousness since his return. The Marquis dares not even receive him to his residence within the city, and as the only act of indulgence in his power to grant, permits him to die unattended, except by his servant and physician, at Près de Ville, his now deserted country-house.

"Thus, my son," continued Father Clement, "I have given thee a plain narrative of facts; and now that we have reached the Chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, enter with me, and offer a prayer for the forgiveness of De Bourgainville's enemies, and the peace of his departing soul."

The monk paused, and the young man, sensibly affected by the melancholy recital to which he had been listening, made no reply, but with a silent inclination of his head, turned to follow the father through the low arched doorway of the chapel, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a gentleman of M. De Vaudreuil's household, who had sought him to summon his immediate attendance upon the Marquis. Compliance was a

matter of course, but he first stepped hastily after Father Clement, explained to him the cause of his sudden departure, and thanking him for the patience with which he had answered his inquiries, craved his blessing, and retired.

It was a festival day, and the chapel was still filled with the odour of frankincense, mingled with the perfume of the fading flowers that decked the shrines of the saints, and were scattered among the wax lights that yet burned upon the altar. Father Clement approached the stone chalice, which held the consecrated water, and reverently signing himself with the holy symbol of the cross, he knelt with true humility of spirit to implore the mercy of God upon the soul which was about passing into eternity. Deeply absorbed by his devotions, he was unconscious that another suppliant knelt beside him, till a low half stifled sigh stole faintly on his ear, when he rose, and cast around a glance of benevolent inquiry, to learn from whom proceeded this indication of an oppressed heart. A twilight obscurity reigned within the chapel, for the few windows that lighted it were high and narrow, and the feeble rays of the wax tapers illuminated only the pictures and images around which they burned.

But through this deepening gloom, Father Clement espied a female figure, prostrate on the steps of the altar; her forehead touching the ground, her face concealed in the folds of her garments, and her deep and profound abstraction indicative of the most humble, heartfelt adoration. The priest was a true disciple of his divine master; he had all the mild and heavenly benignity of a Cheverus or a Fenelon, and his heart overflowed with tender compassion, as he marked the emotion which, at intervals, convulsed the frame of the kneeling suppliant, and thought, as his eye traced the rounded outline of her youthful and exquisitely proportioned figure, that he recognised one, in whom a concurrence of circumstances had increased his wonted interest, even to an intense and painful degree. Her costume bore no similitude to that worn by the peasantry of the country, neither did it resemble that of the religious orders, but consisted of a loose black dress, confined about the waist by a girdle richly wrought, after the manner of the Indians, though without the usual tawdriness that marks their taste, and fastened with a clasp of gold. From her shoulders flowed a long cloak or mantle of fine dark cloth, buttoned with a golden loop, and embroidered, in an etruscan pattern, with scarlet moose hair. A transparent veil covered her head, and partially concealed her face, and from beneath it escaped a profusion of glossy hair, blacker than the plumage of the raven, and rendering more striking the dazzling whiteness of the beautiful neck and throat around which it clustered. One small hand, delicate as a snow-flake, grasped the railing which enclosed the altar, and on