

As the night of the second day set in, the snow began to fall thick and fast, and the large flakes were blown into his eyes with blinding force. He had passed several clearings, as also the scene of the recent conflict, where, luckily, he had found a canteen of spirits and a rifle. All around him was a waste, and the tracks in the snow of his victorious troops, which he had during a part of the day been guided by, gradually, as the storm increased, became less and less visible. Night slowly came on as the hero emerged from the more dense part of the forest, and found himself traveling over a spot partially cleared. Here and there were signs of what had once been a hamlet. The foundation logs laid in square, disconnected pieces of timber, bark which showed signs of the ax and saw, all indicated that it had once been the habitation of humanity. Despairing of longer continuing in this dreary journey, for the snow fell so thick that he could not see objects twenty yards off, he sought about for shelter, and found, on a spot which the snow but partially covered, the charred remains of what had once been either a wigwam or a hovel. Such of these as his strength allowed him to lift he placed in such a position as would best shield him from the storm, and there intended to pass his cheerless, fireless night. The cold was not intense; so, wrapping his blanket around him, he laid down to rest. Toil and fatigue made his slumber as sweet though he had lain himself on a "bed of thorns driven down." He slept over an hour, when, chilled and benumbed, he arose, and by exercise endeavored to restore the circulation of his blood. As he was doing this, he was startled by the neigh of a horse, which came through the snow-thickened air with a deadened, muffled sound. Uncertain of the direction from whence it proceeded, he bent his head to listen. Again the welcome sound, broken by the fitful winds, fell upon his ear, and hastily snatching up his rifle and loosening his pistols in his belt, he started for the quarter from whence he thought it had come. He had gone but a short distance, when he saw through the thick air what he judged to be the light of a fire.

Pressing onward, he found himself near a dilapidated hut, the roof of which was partially off, and through the chinks of the logs gleamed the cheering firelight. He did not directly approach the spot, but went to the leeward of it, fearful that he might be scented by a dog, if one should be there, and his approach thus made known to those within. After having placed the hut between him and the wind, he crawled on his hands and knees to the spot, cautiously raised his eyes to a level with an opening or fissure between the timbers, and gazed on the inmates. The door was off the hinges, and open to the snow, which was fast drifting in. Two small Canadian horses, with harness on them, were tied in one corner of the hut, under shelter, while in the centre a fire had been lighted, and was burning cheerily. The remains of a slight repast, or rather lunch, were lying near the fire, as also a flask or canteen. The hovel was occupied by two persons—a male and female. The reader will readily surmise who they were.

The face of the Jesuit was pale; and the heavy lines about the mouth and brows were made more apparent by the changing shades which flitted over it as the flickering flames of the fire shed their uncertain light upon his countenance. He was speaking rapidly and with fierce energy, while a tremor visibly shook his frame; and although his voice was subdued and low, yet Putnam, in the stillness which reigned around, could distinctly hear every word which fell from his lips. The lady.