

certain suffering patriots in Boston, could not, I fear, remain a secret much longer; nor could my long-slumbering resentment of our tyrannical and heartless oppressors. Under these circumstances, you must believe it best for me to absent myself. I know you would prefer it to my being sent prisoner to England or Halifax. I trust our separation will not be long.

Yours, ever,

"F——.

"Destroy this immediately."

Scarcely had the trembling, agitated wife time to crush the letter into her bosom, ere she was summoned to the chamber of her guest again. Though Father Joseph was evidently dying, Josephine could not forbear to mention her new affliction to him, and solicit his advice respecting her flight from the city.

"Remain here," said he, emphatically. "This is your post; your trial will not be long, and God will protect you. In after years, when peace, liberty, and prosperity shall have visited this land, remember me!"

"Oh, Father!" said Josephine, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, "can I ever forget you? But do you indeed believe we shall be free; that we ever shall dwell in a land where British tyranny cannot reach us?"

"I do believe it," said the dying priest, with fervency. "Have faith, my child. Hast thou witnessed the battle on yonder hill, and dost thou doubt yet? I have been thinking," he added, "that in this land the church may accomplish her purification. Existing without the unlimited power and ensnaring wealth on the one hand, and freed on the other from persecution, which invariably sanctifies error, surrounded with a population who will neither be trammelled with kings or priests, a