

to him the woods and lakes, the fragile flower and bright-hued songster spoke in language eloquent and sublime; often his eyes would fill with tears as he gazed at the exquisite scenery surrounding him in his wild wanderings over wood and plain.

And did Claude never think of his boyish friend, the bright-eyed Adie? or in his wild life was her memory forgotten? No, it ever lived with him, purifying and ennobling him—preserving him from many of the sins and excesses into which his companions lfe. He could not, as too many of them did, degrade himself to a level with the poor savage, or choose a bride from among the dusky maidens who adorned the Indian's wigwam.

Often while sitting crouched by the camp fire he would muse on days gone by, when he was the gentle Adie's companion and protector; of still later years, when the maiden grew coy, and he bashful; but after that—Ah! he would moan in the very fruitlessness of his grief as he thought of how helpless he was. Good Catholic as he was, Claude often felt anything but charitably towards the Jesuit who had taken from him his early love.

It was after musings of this nature that the young Frenchman was particularly anxious to meet his unwearied enemies, doubtless to give vent to the futile passion that burnt within him. When thus encountering the Iroquois, he fought with a daring and energy that surprised even his foes, and often laid low their boldest warriors. But Claude could not thus always press to the front and escape unhurt. Rushing madly forward one day to meet a band of Iroquois, he was severely wounded, but did not give way until with the aid of his companions he had succeeded in driving back the Indians; then, faint and bleeding, he was borne by his comrades to the Ursuline hospital at Quebec, not far distant. There, on returning to consciousness, he saw bending over him a face that was strangely familiar, and the sight of which seemed to thrill him through and through; long he gazed, following with his eyes every motion of the beautiful nun; slowly surprise gave way to hope, hope grew to blessed certainty and Claude closed his eyes, from under whose lids the bright tears shone, and

thanked God that once more he had looked upon the face of his long lost Adie.

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CHAPTER XI.

When Mahanni had watched her faithless lover out of sight, she slowly rose and re-entered the hospital. Making her way to her own bed, she lay down, and burying her head in the clothes she remained motionless. Adrienne, who had seen her return, and guessed the truth, implored her to speak, but her solicitations met with no response. Quietly then she removed the coverings; the face of the Indian girl was in as deep repose as if she were wrapt in the most profound slumber. Puzzled, Adrienne determined to see Sessewa, and in compliance with Claude's wish, endeavor to persuade him to listen to the pleadings of poor Mahanni. It was almost dusk when Adrienne stole out of the convent gate, and made her way to the hut which Sessewa in company with other converts inhabited. As she approached, Adrienne saw the object of her search seated at some little distance under a spreading beech, his head moodily resting on his knees. Taking a seat near him, she at once began her suit. All that was said to the gloomy Indian need not be repeated here; suffice it to say that the nun's mission was successful, and she returned joyfully to Mahanni, whom she found just as she had left her. Tenderly she stooped down over the girl and whispered in her ear,

“Mahanni, be of good cheer, Sessewa will go with thee; cheer thine heart, I have his promise that thou shalt yet return to thy father's home as his bride.” With a quickness that surprised and startled Adrienne, the Indian girl sprang up, her cheeks glowing, her eyes flashing; throwing off the nun's detaining hand, she darted past her and was gone e'er one word of remonstrance could be uttered. Fearful as to the results of such wild behavior, Adrienne hastened after the girl; but no signs could she see either of her or Sessewa. The moon had not yet arisen, and all was clouded in the evening shadows; so that Adrienne could scarce have discovered the truant, had she been near the fort. After looking about for some time, the nun returned, vainly hoping she