

Marie. She started as if touched by fire,—trembled, blushed, hesitated, and extended her hand to him in the old familiar way,—with that look of witchery in her eyes, and that seductive smile upon her lips, which once sent the hot blood coursing madly in his veins. But Le Gardeur's heart was petrified now. He cared for no woman more,—or if he did, his thought dwelt with silent regret upon that pale nun in the Convent of the Ursulines—once Heloise de Lotbinière—who he knew was wasting her young life in solitary prayers for pardon for his great offence.

His anger rose fiercely at the sight of Angélique, and Le Gardeur forgot for a moment that he was a gentleman, a man who had once loved this woman. He struck her a blow, and passed on. It shattered her last illusion. The proud, guilty woman still loved Le Gardeur, if she loved any man. But she felt she had merited his scorn. She staggered, and sat down on the steps of the Cathedral, weeping the bitterest tears her eyes had ever wept in her life. She never saw Le Gardeur again.

After the conquest of New France, Le Gardeur retired with the shattered remnant of the army of France, back to their native land. His sovereign loaded him with honors which he cared not for. He had none to share them with now! Lover, sister, friends, all were lost and gone! But he went on performing his military duties with an iron rigor and punctuality that made men admire, while they feared him. His life was more mechanical than human. Le Gardeur spared neither himself nor others. He never married, and never again looked with kindly eye upon a woman. His heart was proof against every female blandishment. He ended his life in solitary state and greatness, as Governor of Mahé in India, many years after he had left his native Canada.

One day, in the year of grace 1777, another council of war was sitting in the great chamber of the Castle of St. Louis, under a wonderful change of circumstances. An English governor, Sir Guy Carleton, presided over a mixed assemblage of English and Canadian officers. The royal arms and colors of England had replaced the emblems and ensigns of France upon the walls of the council-chamber, and the red uniform of her army was loyally