

that is, cannot even comprehend what the kingdom of heaven means. How, then, can forms and ceremonies accomplish that sanctifying of the soul which alone prepares it for the presence of its Maker? as it is further said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Without answering, Elise rang again, a door within slammed, and steps across the paved court were heard approaching. Gustave, recollecting the appearance he presented, prepared to follow his companions, who had already slunk away, and attempted to embrace Ernestine; but she repulsed him with horror and disgust. Trying to hide his discomfiture under a light and gay manner, he said:

"You are angry with me, *mignonne*: to-morrow you will repent. I shall be early with you, dearest, and demand a kiss of pardon;" and, hurrying away as he heard the key turn in the lock, he failed to see the stern, determined expression in Ernestine's countenance. The wicket was opened with trembling hands by the porter, and several of the priests stood by him, evidently expecting violence or insult. The truth was, that these gentlemen of the order of St. Sulpice had but lately been driven out of France by the fearful revolution there enacting, and had hoped to have found safety and peace in this their new home in Canada; but not only had the spirit of infidelity preceded them, but the spirit of the revolution also, and the seeds had been sown of that disaffection which culminated in the events of 1837. On this New Year's eve, parties of young men had, as they passed the Seminary, raised the cry of "Down with the priests! down with the English! down with the government!" The terror of the inmates revived with these cries. They had assembled together in a large antechamber; and when that terrible song went up, they had sunk down upon their knees in tears and in prayer, supposing that the ringing of the bell by

Elise was but a part of the plan of annoyance. Pious, refined, and learned, many of them of high birth, their faith was purer than is the teaching of their church in these times; for it is against what we have seen enacting to say that that church never changes. These gentlemen have exercised a salutary influence upon the people committed to their spiritual care, which is felt to this day.

The agitated Ernestine could not answer the query of what was wanted; and the maid exclaimed:

"Oh, Messieurs, why did you not come sooner? Oh, she is dead! she is dead, perhaps! We have been ringing for half-an-hour or more; oh, she is dead, poor Madame!"

"Dead! dead! Who? who?" was inquired anxiously by the priests.

"Madame de Lastie. Send Monsieur her confessor; quick, quick; lose no time. Come, Mademoiselle;" and she retraced with rapid steps the way back, Ernestine following mechanically.

Before daylight broke on the New Year morn of 1793, by the side of the dead Ernestine was weeping and praying, and vowing to devote herself to a life of penance and prayer, buried in the cloisters of a convent, far from the world and its snares. A keen west wind, flurries of snow, alternating with bright gleams of sunshine, gave tokens that old January would not belie himself.

True to his word, Gustave arrived early, and found Madame d'Harville seated in her favorite chair, weeping more for the daughter that would be dead to her while living, than for her aged parent, released from the pains and trials of this changeful world. Ernestine was standing beside her,—oh, how changed from the lovely, playful, confiding girl of the preceding evening, full of joy and love and hope! Tall and erect, she looked a woman tried in the furnace of a deceitful world. Pale she was, her eyes were sunk and her mouth compressed with stern resolution. Gustave took in the scene at a glance, and won-