

only intrusted to her that it might be improved and devoted to the service of her Divine Master. Consequently each day beheld her usefully employed in her various duties, and filling up her leisure hours, either in the culture of her flower garden, or in the study of her favourite authors, which she would carry to some shady nook in the grounds and con with avidity. In person she was small and delicately formed, with a complexion exquisitely fair—benevolence beamed in her soft eye—charity guided her steps, while peace and holy love reigned in her heart. Devotedly attached to her husband, he was in all things her director and counsellor, which gained for her a solidity of character and a vigour of mind rarely met in one so young. Such was Constance Montresor, when Bouverie first made her friendship; such she has remained amidst the lights and shadows of this changing life—delighting in the happiness of others—sympathizing in their sorrows—the faithful friend—the good Christian.

She admired and liked Bouverie, whose brightest qualities she had the penetration to discover, dimmed though they were by his faults, which she gently strove to restrain and keep in check; and frequently would she hold playful conferences with him, combating his prejudices, and winning him back from the delusive paths of error, into which his ardent imagination loved to wander.

Many pleasurable parties were made at this bright and fleeting season, all of which were enlivened by the presence of the military stationed at Quebec, and the officers belonging to the frigates. Lorette, the beautifully situated Indian village, distant about nine miles, was usually the favourite resort on such occasions. When beneath the friendly shadow of the magnificent trees, the banquet would be spread, while the gay song re-echoed through the woods, and light feet pressed the greensward in the festive dance.

A few weeks subsequent to the arrival of Bouverie, he was invited by Monsieur Montresor to accompany him and Constance to the village, upon an occasion of more than ordinary interest. This was to witness the inauguration of their friend, Mr. Roland, who had recently been appointed superintendent of Indians, and on whom they were going to bestow an Indian name, which they consider indispensable as an induction into office. The day named proved one of surpassing loveliness, and their drive to Lorette replete with delight, surrounded as they were by the most splendid scenery, combining every trait that could give perfection to the whole. The river St. Charles, meandering through a rich and fertile valley, extended for many miles. On the east of this rose the village, with its pretty church. High cultivation and beauty were everywhere perceptible—the scenery exquisitely varied by magnificent pine forests, surmounted by a stupendous ledge of mountains, the blue outlines of which were dimly seen in the distance. Lorette, standing on

an eminence, commanded an imposing view of the river, as it tumbled and foamed over the rocks and ledges to a vast depth, and prepared as it now was, for the celebration of a fete, it presented an aspect at once grand and most picturesque. On their arrival, Madame Montresor sprang lightly from the carriage, and gazing delightedly around her, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, with animation:

“Oh, my country! how I love thee, and pray for thy peace and prosperity! May no traitor ever pollute thy soil, or pour into the ears of thy happy people evil and wicked counsels to ruin and destroy thee. May the angel of mercy hover over thee, and the spirit of God direct the hearts of thy children, to be true to thee and to themselves. May no foreign foe dare to invade thee; but may the standard of Britain ever wave proudly over thy citadel, and her laws and her religion be our guides until death.”

“You are praying against me and my profession,” replied Bouverie, smiling at her enthusiasm, and leading her forward; “‘my voice is for war,’ her brazen tongue is more musical to me than the melody of harp or viol. May her spirit-stirring sounds be the last that shall fall on my ear when I board the enemy’s vessel, and die amidst shouts of victory.”

“Alas, you speak with the feelings of a young and gallant officer,” returned Constance, raising her soft eyes to his, in melancholy earnestness, “and forget the hearths that are made desolate by such unnatural strife. While you behold the laurel, I see only the cypress, waving its dark and gloomy branches over the tombs of the brave, the beautiful and the beloved. At the risk of incurring your displeasure, I repeat, may God avert the horrors of war from the dear land of my birth.”

She smiled upon him as she added this, and proceeded with her party to join the gay group already ranged under a splendid marquee, which had been erected for the occasion. Bouverie warmly pressed her hand ere he relinquished it, and remained standing by her side with folded arms, as he watched with interest the scene which was at that moment enacting.

The Indian Chiefs, attired in full costume, profusely ornamented with feathers, their leggings composed of the brightest colours, with small tinkling bells attached to them, were assembled and holding a council. Apart from them were the military, glittering in scarlet and gold, their white plumes waving in the summer breeze, which added to the groups of well dressed persons of both sexes, formed a picture that was perfectly beautiful. Mr. Roland, their selected guardian, stood alone, waiting for the address, which it was customary to make on these occasions. After a considerable time one of the chiefs stepped forward, whose gigantic height and fierce countenance, as he raised his naked arm aloft, gave to him an imposing and formidable appearance, while in a tone deep and sonorous, he uttered these words: