

your identity is acknowledged, but that it will be so at last I feel no doubt of; and if it is granted to me to see you happy—I was going to say I could be happy to part with you for ever, but I cannot, dare not, write such an untruth. I do not want to be happy myself; I want to see you happy. That I can and do say from the depths of my heart. Forgive me Princess, if this letter ends in a less formal manner than it began. It need not make you distrust the promise I have made. I have not courage to write it over again, so I send it just as it is, with the most fervent blessings and prayers that you may indeed be happy, and that I may help you to be so.

"Your Imperial Highness's

"Devoted servant,

"HENRI D'AUBAN."

The letter had been written the night before it was given to Madame de Moldau. Perhaps the tone of it might have been a little different had it been composed after the brief meeting in the cemetery; for as he looked at her, as he kissed her hand, as he felt its silent pressure, hope, in spite of himself, sprung up in his heart and made it bound. Princess as she was, the woman he loved was now free. Men's customs, their habits, perhaps their laws, stood between him and her, but not God's laws, not His commandments. The words she once said came back to his mind: "It is the wedded wife, not the Imperial Highness, who rejected your love." And as he gazed at the solitary beautiful landscape, at the boundless plain and far-stretching forests on every side, he thought how insignificant were the thoughts of men in that solitude, how impotent their judgments. If she should choose to abandon altogether the old world and accept a new destiny in the land where their lot was now cast, might they not now, with safe consciences and pure hearts, be all in all to each other! But he had resolution enough to give her the letter he had written under a stern sense of duty, and not to add a word to diminish its effect. He went on his way through the forests and the deserts, and encountered the usual difficulties belonging to such journeys. But bodily exercise relieves activity of mind, and he was glad to have something to direct his thoughts

from their too absorbing preoccupation. Six days after his departure he met Simon, and went through the painful task of breaking to him his daughter's death. The bargeman was much afflicted by this sudden blow, but he did not care quite so much for his child since she had ceased to be his companion and plaything. D'Auban gave him a sum of money in recompense for Simonette's services to Madame de Moldau, thinking at the same time how little money could repay what the poor girl had done for them. Simon was not indeed consoled, but somewhat cheered by the sight of the gold; for the ruling passion is strong in grief as well as in death. Then d'Auban retraced his steps, and stopped that night at the little Mission of St. Louis. He reached it just as the evening service was going on. The scene was precisely similar to the one so beautifully described in Longfellow's poem:

Behind a spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, was heard a murmur of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
Rose the tents of the Christians—the tents of the Jesuits' mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children; a crucifix, fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel—aloft, through the intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of its branches.

The traveller knelt down and joined in the devotions of the Indian congregation, and after they were ended introduced himself to the priest, who invited him to spend the night in his hut. The pleasure of seeing a Frenchman, and conversing in his native language—a rare one in that locality, beamed in the face of the good father. "I have been very fortunate this week," he said; "for several months past I had had no visitors, but on Tuesday quite a large party of travellers, including two European ladies, halted here on their way to Montreal. We had some difficulty in putting them all up for the night. I managed to accommodate the two priests and one of the gentlemen, the others