

his hat from his brow, and unloosing the sword which hung idly at his side, he laid both upon the grass, and was on the point of casting himself beside them, when the figure of Father Clement, the Superior, was seen approaching; and, with that habitual deference which all classes of Catholics pay to their clergy, he remained standing, in an attitude of respect, till the holy man should have passed. The monk, however, observed him, and approached.

"Heaven bless thee, my son, and have thee in its holy keeping!" he said, in a tone of fervent sincerity, and with a countenance whose mild benignity seemed to promise the blessing which his tongue invoked.

"I thank you, father," said the young man; "but I fear I merit reproof rather than this kindly greeting, for my unauthorised intrusion here."

"Thou art welcome to these quiet shades, my son; I know thee for one of the Marquis De Vaudreuil's suite—for a defender of the true faith and holy church—and to thee, and such as thee, these hallowed grounds and walls shall ever offer refuge and repose. My duty calls me hence—but thou, perhaps, art weary with the toils of council or of war, and thou art freely welcome to remain and calm thy thoughts in this unbroken solitude."

"Nay, holy father, I am neither weary nor distressed: the tempting coolness of these shades invited me to enter—but now I am refreshed, and will walk hence with you."

"I must first await the return of brother Ambrose, who just now departed to gather tidings of a dying man, to whom I, but an hour ago, administered the last rites of our religion."

"You speak of young De Bourgainville, father?"

"I do, my son,—knowest thou aught of his present state?"

"I have learned nothing since the morning, father, when it was supposed his last sands were well nigh run. But I feared lest he might, even yet, recover to meet the fate which then awaits him."

"Heaven is more merciful than man," replied the monk, "and it kindly snatches him from the ignominious doom that has been pronounced against him."

"Perhaps, father, you believe him guiltless of the crimes laid to his charge?"

"He stands convicted, in my mind, of youthful folly and ungoverned passion," returned the monk—"but of one treacherous thought or act towards his king and country, I believe him innocent—nay more, I think him true to both—true even as the brave Montcalm, who welcomed death with joy, when told that he was conquered."

Brother Ambrose at this moment returned, with tidings that De Bourgainville yet lived, but was fast approaching his last moments; and it was thought by his attendants that within an hour at farthest, death must end his sufferings.

"God speed the parting soul, and receive it to the

joys of heaven!" exclaimed Father Clement, devoutly crossing himself.

There was a solemn pause of a few minutes, when the young man, taking his hat and sword from the grass, replaced the latter, and respectfully addressing the superior:

"Father, you seem to be familiar with the history of M. De Bourgainville," he said, "and if you deem me not presuming, I would gladly learn a few particulars concerning him from your lips. I was with the army of M. de Levi in the last unfortunate expedition against Quebec, and it is only since our return that I have been placed about the person of M. De Vaudreuil. Immediately after my appointment, I was sent by the Marquis upon a secret mission, and have been absent from the city till yesterday; so that all which I have heard of this most unhappy affair, has been from the lips of prejudiced or ignorant persons,—and I would fain learn the truth from one, whose knowledge of the circumstances enables him to tell it with simplicity and candour."

"Thou shalt know all that is known to me, my son, and I esteem myself happy in being able to exculpate the innocent, even in the estimation of one individual, from unjust suspicion. But I have a duty to perform elsewhere, and as the fervour of the heat has abated, I will invite thee to accompany me in my walk, that we may discourse of this matter on our way."

The young man assented, and they issued together from the gate of the monastery. Passing down one of those narrow streets which every where intersect the city at right angles, they proceeded slowly along the irregular pavement of St. Paul street, while Father Clement, without farther prelude or solicitation, gave the following relation of circumstances connected with a young man, whose unhappy destiny had rendered him an object of commiseration to some, and of interest to all.

"Eugene De Bourgainville had the misfortune to lose his parents while yet in early infancy. They were people of family and fortune, and distantly allied to the Marquis De Vaudreuil, to whom, in a last bequest, they gave the care and sole direction of their orphan son. The Marquis received, and promised to educate him as his own; and faithfully has he fulfilled that promise—constantly treating and regarding his young charge with the tenderness of a father. De Bourgainville repaid him with filial deference and affection, and enjoyed, without intermission, the smiles of his guardian's favour, till, after a residence of some time in this country, he formed an unfortunate attachment, which M. De Vaudreuil refused to sanction.

"The object of this attachment was the offspring of a French officer and a native Indian. The young savage had been so richly gifted with beauty and sensibility, that her lover, though nobly allied, and master of an ample fortune, had yielded himself a