

"Why not? dearest Gustave; I much wish to attend the service to-night."

"That is where I would not have you go," he said; a dark shadow, which he endeavored to hide by a forced smile, clouding his usually pleasant expression.

"Gustave," she answered, "I will do anything for you; I will sacrifice my wishes to yours always: it is my happiness to do so."

"That is my darling!" he cried, once more embracing her fervently. "Now, adieu, adieu, my much-loved one. I have promised to meet a few friends, and we shall be here at midnight to awake you from your slumbers with sweet music."

"Cruel, to leave me so soon; but if you must go, go; and mind let your music be of the sweetest when you return;" and the young girl stood at the door, watching her lover until he was out of sight. Happiness added new beauty to the lovely girl. She possessed the true mark of French aristocracy,—a fair and expansive forehead above beautiful black eyes, brilliant with intelligence and animation; a slight expression of *hauteur* added piquancy, without being annoying. Smiles wreathed her classically formed mouth, and she exclaimed as she entered the room, "Am I not a happy girl to be loved by that perfect Gustave de Monthel?"

"May heaven bless you, my child, and order all for your good," said her mother, seriously; for Gustave's request had pained her, she knew not why.

"Dearest mamma, you look as if you thought it a misfortune to be so loved;" and her eyes sparkled, and her smile grew brighter, as she thought there was absurdity in the idea.

During the year that was passing away, and several previous ones, Europe had been in the throes of a mighty moral revolution, accompanied with great sufferings and afflictions to its inhabitants, from kings on their thrones down to the lowest peasantry in their humble dwellings. France, above all other countries, was drinking deep of the cup of retribution. She had quenched the

light of the Reformation within her borders; she had cast the Bible out of her dominions; she had given her people over to the oppression of a corrupt aristocracy, and to tyrant money-jobbers, lay and clerical: and now, without religion to guide them individually, or other leaders than infidels to direct them, her gentle, long-suffering, and intelligent people, frenzied by their afflictions, were trampling law and order under their feet. The infidel spirit that triumphed in the parent country had cast some of its poisonous influence over the pious and prosperous people in Canada. A few, in the pride of a finite intellect, were deceived, and, of them, a club of thirteen among the young and gifted had been formed, in imitation of the blasphemies of the ancient country, to scoff at the Redeemer and deride his religion.

The night wore on; it was within an hour of midnight; the streets were becoming quiet; all had retired to their homes to await the serenaders, except a few restless beings who continued to rove about without an object unless of mischief.

"My dearest mother," cried Ernestine, kissing her, "I must go to my couch and sleep, so that I may be awakened by the sweet music. Oh, dearest mamma, only think to be awakened by music from Gustave: it will be like awakening in heaven!"

"My child, be not profane; tempt not thy Maker," said her mother, sadly.

"My mother, I must make my devotions; embrace me once more," replied Ernestine, and again she kissed her. "Now sleep well, my dearest mother,—I bid you good-night;" and the young girl retired to her apartment and faithfully performed her duties, and, those accomplished, she prepared for rest. "Now," she soliloquized, "I must put out the light before he comes, so that he may think he awakes me." Just then a loud rapping at the hall door, accompanied by cries of "Open, open; quick, quick," from a female voice, alarmed her, and she hastened to obey the call. She found her mother and the servants there before her.