

# A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS

## CHAPTER I

### A FATEFUL NIGHT

"Anon through every pulse the music stole,  
And held sublime communion with her soul."

THROUGH the snow-laden air the sonorous tones of Gros Bourdon, the largest bell in America, could be heard echoing and re-echoing miles away from the old Gothic towers of Notre Dame Church, in Place d'Armes Square, Montreal. As he thundered out his summons to the faithful to attend the grandest fête of the year, ten sister bells, almost as majestic as he, blended their brazen voices with his so vociferously as to thrill the whole massive edifice with sympathetic vibrations.

Although upon the hour of midnight, the snow-covered streets were dark with people hurrying to the great church, whose imposing nave and tiers of lofty galleries could accommodate eighteen thousand souls

It was Christmas Eve: to the devout French Canadian the night of nights; the anniversary of the birth of Him who, nineteen hundred years ago, came to preach goodwill to men. To-night, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six,