

to the man in Algonquin, when a voice she knew full well, said gently:—

"And so thou dost not know me, Sister Adrienne; and, when I come seeking protection and care for a poor Indian girl, thou wilt not even bid me welcome to your gates!"

The revulsion of feeling was too much for Adrienne. Laying down her taper, and covering her face with her hands, she leant against the heavy portal and burst into tears.

Gently Claude laid the form of the still sleeping girl on the stone pavement, and, approaching the weeping Adrienne, he tenderly removed her hands, and clasping them in both his own, he spoke low and gently:—

"Sweet sister, what is it grieves thee thus? Nay, tell me, Adrienne, (for I who loved thee when as children we played together, may surely call thee so). Oh! Adrienne, turn not away from me; I will go at once if thou wilt it."

It had been a great effort for the young man to speak in words so calm and temperate; and as Adrienne, mastering her emotion, turned from him calm and erect, he laid his hand upon her arm with a sigh.

"But, Adrienne, listen but one moment. I would speak to thee of this poor Indian girl. She is the promised bride of Sessewa—thou knowest him. To seek him, who so cruelly forsook her, she has wandered through the forest for many long and weary weeks, and suffered more than I can tell thee. She will tell thee all; but thou wilt watch and tend the girl as none knows better than I thou can'st watch and tend the suffering and the sad. And hearken; thou wilt urge Sessewa to return with Mahanni—yes, even if it doth displease the fathers. Think of what the maiden has endured. Sessewa had no right to forsake her; and now, I say, it is his duty to return to her! Thou wilt see him—wilt persuade him,—this thou wilt do, Adrienne."—He paused. "May I say thou wilt do it for the sake of Claude de la Roche?"

He was gone, and Adrienne stood where he had left her, like one in a dream. Truly she could have fancied the strange events of the last half hour were but some delight-

ful vision, were it not for the unconscious form that lay at her feet.

"Yes, I will tend thee, Mahanni," she said, stooping to unclothe the folds of the thick cloak that enveloped the Indian girl. "Yes, and for his sake!"

The moon shining down revealed such a wan, worn face that Adrienne bent and kissed it. As she was again wrapping the cloak around the sleeping girl, Father Pierre arrived, and, after listening in some astonishment to the nun's story, assisted her to remove Mahanni to the hospital, where they laid her on a comfortable bed, still wrapped in Claude de la Roche's mantle.

Ah! well was it that Sister Emelie's quick eyes saw not that strange encounter at the convent gate that still summer night! I fear me Claude had never again looked upon the face of Adrienne Cachelles if such had been!

When Mahanni awoke the summer sun was shining in at the casement windows warm and bright. She started up, wondering where she was; but a glance at the room, with its rows of narrow beds, and at the cloak, which was still folded round her, recalled to the girl's recollection the events of the previous day; and, with a sweet sense of rest and security, so long foreign to her, she leant her head back on her pillow and again fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes, she saw bending over her a fair, sweet face, and eyes full of tender pity. Mahanni gazed in silence, and at length the fair lady spoke in her native tongue, with some hesitation, it is true, and yet so that the Indian girl understood her:

"How art thou, my poor Mahanni? Are thy weary limbs somewhat rested? Is not thy couch soft and easy after so many weeks of travelling, when thou could'st but rest on the cold, hard ground?"

Mahanni's only reply was a slow movement of the head, which Adrienne was at a loss to interpret as assent or negative. Raising her head, Mahanni tried to lift herself up; but she could not, and sank back with a weary sigh. Adrienne saw that the girl was really ill from exposure and fatigue; so, gently removing the cloak and the worn and tattered remnants