

husband, should it transpire, a tear involuntarily forced itself down her cheek, and she was aroused from her painful reverie by the entrance of her mother, who, gently laying her hand on her arm, reminded her of other duties than indulging such anticipations.

The face and person of Madam St. Pierre had undergone some changes, she was upwards of sixty ; but there was still a dignity of manner that bespoke innate purity and rectitude of soul, but partook not of pride. She was yet a mourner ; for the fate of a beloved husband was as yet involved in mystery, and she could not forget the woes of her family and people. Added to this, she had three sons who were now in the army, having been some of the first who volunteered to take part with the indignant and oppressed Americans, and she knew the day was not very far distant when Ferdinand, the husband of her darling Josephine, would also join their forces, though of that apprehension her daughter was yet ignorant.

Taking the arm of her mother, Josephine now ascended to a remote chamber of the mansion, where, stretched upon a bed, lay the emaciated form of the venerable priest. It was evident that toil, anxiety, and privations, had done their work upon the constitution of Father Joseph, on whose exhausted frame the hand of death appeared now already laid.

"Come hither, my daughter," said the expiring saint. "My glass is nearly run, and I bless God I shall not live long enough to ruin my benefactors for harboring me."

"Of that I have no fears," said Josephine. "My greatest anxiety, holy father, is now to make you comfortable, and be able to protect you until our enemies leave the city ; if report says true, it will not be long first. There seems a special providence