

almost uncontrollable power, to subject him to the unholy desires which absence had permitted to partially slumber; he was to be thrown into the society of Marie, to be alone with her, the sole companion and guide in a journey which would occupy days. As he now sat, with hands clasped and half-closed eyes, we can well imagine the whirlwind of thought which coursed through his brain.

Suddenly was heard breaking through the thick air and muffled by the falling snow, the roll of drums. Hurrying footsteps fell on the stone pavements of the fortress; the clink and clatter of arms were heard, all betokening a sudden muster of the troops for emergent service. The priest started up, listened a moment, seized his cap, and throwing the folds of his ample cloak about his person, left the apartment, muttering as he went, with a cold icy smile:

"So! to-night—they move to-night! But I think many of them will find the roads from here to St. Jean much easier to traverse than those from St. Jean back. Putnam and Satan fight together."

Colonel Rouelle and De Montcalm were alone in the private apartment of the commander, who had just given his subordinate full instructions for the performance of the duty just entrusted to him. As they heard the rolling of the drums, De Montcalm turned to Rouelle and said:

"Your force is mustering; repair to your command. Be discreet and vigilant, and may God protect you. Adieu."

Rouelle took the extended hand of his chief, and, while returning its warm pressure, said, with some hesitation and a quivering voice:

"General, you know that this duty was not expected by me. It is, however, one I would have sought. But before marching, it is necessary that I should take leave of some friends and leave some directions."

"Ah, I understand," said De Montcalm, with a smile—"Mademoiselle de Blonville—I sympathize with you; she is worthy of your love. Go make your adieu; but a half hour is all the time which can be spared. Once more, farewell."

In a few brief moments Rouelle was in the saddle spurring over the snow-packed streets towards the residence of Marie. Arriving at the gate, he rang the bell, and hastily throwing the reins to the servant who answered his summons, passed into the mansion, up the broad staircase, and in another instant clasped his arms around the object of his love.

"Ah, Victor! dear Victor!" said Marie, "what has occurred, that you return to me so soon, and in such haste?"

"There is no cause for alarm, dear Marie. I have only returned to say farewell."

"Farewell!" said she, in a saddened tone.

"Yes, I am ordered immediately to depart on active service. Within an hour I shall be *en route*."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! And my Father?"

"All is arranged. The good Father Ambrose has returned, and will travel with you. He has consented. I cannot accompany you without a stain being cast upon my honor, which, Marie, is as dear to you as to me. Should I now ask leave of absence, after having received my orders from the general, malice might misconstrue my motives."

"I see—I understand. Your honor must be stainless."

"It must."

"And when shall I depart? I am filled with eagerness. He is my