

not the strength of mind to withdraw himself from her side : there was such intense happiness in sitting for hours with her in some romantic spot—in wandering together through the woods, or in skimming on the smooth lake in her light canoe, admiring all the sights and sounds of nature. From her mother he met no opposition. A few useful, and to her valuable presents, had raised him in her estimation to a demi-god, and simple-minded as she was, she beheld no danger to her innocent child in the winning society of the handsome stranger, whose respectful bearing, to his credit, had never been laid aside. The faults of Bouverie were of the head rather than the heart. Self control was to him unknown. He followed the bent of every wayward inclination, with a forgetfulness of consequences, which, when they arrived, would fill him with remorse and vain regrets, but produced no amendment. None needed more the outstretched arm of an Almighty power to restrain him ; but the hour had not yet arrived for this to be exercised, since it is the will of our Heavenly Father to lower us from our shrine of self-idolatry—to teach us our own wileness in His sight—our utter helplessness and inability to act well and wisely without his assistance ere He affords it to us, else should we ascribe the good to something in ourselves, rather than to his restraining grace, which is never denied to those who seek for it in prayer, earnestly desiring to obtain it.

Aulida looked up to Bouverie as to a being of a higher order, different in all respects to any she had hitherto been accustomed to associate with, and to have thwarted his slightest wish, she would have deemed the utmost ingratitude. Consequently, she cherished the feelings with which he had inspired her, without an idea that they could lead to aught but what was pure and bright and full of happiness, and with a devotion which belongs to woman alone. She had accompanied her sister several times to see Madame Montresor, and had gained from the rich stores of her pious mind many valuable admonitions, as well as tokens of her regard, for with Constance, “to do good and to distribute” seemed the study of her life ; and the interest she felt in the welfare of the beautiful Indian increased with the suspicions she could not but entertain of her danger, and which were strengthened by the palpable confusion in the manner of Bouverie, whenever the name of Aulida was suddenly mentioned in his presence.

One evening she was sitting alone in her verandah, intently engaged in the perusal of a volume which rested on her knee, when on raising her eyes she perceived Aulida approaching, and evidently attired for some fete, in all her holiday finery. In addition to her embroidered dress, she wore on her arms a pair of silver bangles, and through the knot of her luxuriant hair a small arrow, exquisitely wrought in the same material. Her smooth cheek was tinged with the roseate hue of health, and her

soft dark eyes sought the ground, as she stood before Constance, in that mild, meek attitude, habitual to her, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and her head slightly bowed over them.

“Ah, my pretty Aulida, whither are you bound, so gaily decked ?” inquired Madame Montresor, gazing on her in admiration.

“I am going with Eusena, and some of our people, to visit the noble frigates at Quebec, lady,” replied Aulida, with a heightened colour ; “and I thought I would come first and show myself to you.”

Constance started, and an expression of sorrow crossed her interesting features.

“Aulida, I regret to hear it,” she returned, in a saddened tone. “Such visits are fraught with peril, especially to one young and lovely as yourself. Think you Father Clement would sanction your doing so ?”

“Indeed I know not ; yet I cannot suppose it wrong ; my mother gave me her consent, lady,” replied the beautiful girl.

“Ah, dear Aulida, your fond mother can refuse you nothing ; yet if she had reflected on the evil consequences which have arisen in more than one instance to your companions in these amusements, I think she would have paused ere she permitted her child to venture into a temptation where she cannot expect the protection of God to follow.” Aulida now looked very sorrowful, while tears sprang to her eyes. “I am grieved to distress you,” continued Constance, in the kindest tone, and taking her hand ; “but I should not prove myself your friend if I abstained from telling you the truth. You mentioned to me that you were going to receive the communion : is the scene of revelry you would enter a fit preparation for so sacred a duty ? will it not rather draw your heart and thoughts aside from your dear Saviour, whose sufferings and death you would commemorate. You weep, Aulida ? I trust that your conscience accuses you not ; that you have set up no earthly idol on the altar sacred to God alone. Alas ! if you have, poor girl, it will never repay you for the loss of that inward peace, that holy calm, which has hitherto marked your course.”

Madame Montresor gazed earnestly, seriously, but not severely, upon her, as she made this inquiry, while Aulida, unable longer to restrain her feelings, cast herself on her knees by the side of her youthful mistress, and concealing her face within her hands, sobbed aloud. For a little time she was unable to speak, at length she said :

“If there is sin in loving one good, brave, and oh so kind, then am I indeed guilty.”

“It is then as I feared, unhappy girl !” returned Madame Montresor, after a brief pause, and in a tone of the deepest commiseration : “Aulida, dear child, my heart bleeds for you, since you are yielding to an attachment, utterly hopeless in itself, and which can only end in misery and ruin. Tell me,