

"Oh, God! And where is he?"

"Safe. I left him but last night, and bore away with me a debt of gratitude I may never be able to repay. He saved my life."

"Oh!" said she, in a voice which quivered with emotion, while tears filled her eyes, "he is my affianced husband."

"Is it possible? God be thanked for this!"

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Ten days after the occurrences just narrated, Colonel Rouelle, at night-fall, was walking to and fro in the room assigned as his quarters, in the barracks at Quebec. He was filled with anxiety for the safety of Mario.

Colonel De Blonville and his garrison had made good their retreat, and he was then in Quebec, feeble and prostrate, but yet not in imminent danger. Rouelle learned from him that he had received no tidings of his daughter. His anxiety was increased by the fear that she and the priest had fallen prisoners into the hands of Indians friendly to the English; and Rouelle was endeavoring to devise some plan by which information could be obtained, when the door was opened by a messenger, who delivered the orders of De Montcalm that Rouelle should forthwith repair to head-quarters, which surrounded the commander-in-chief.

"Here, Captain," said De Montcalm, "is Colonel Rouelle."

The person addressed turned and drew from his breast a letter, which he placed in Rouelle's hands. He hastily broke the seal, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR COLONEL ROUELLE: One installment of the great debt which I owe to you is paid. You saved my life; I have saved the honor of one whose honor is dear to you as your own, Mademoiselle de Blonville will explain.

Yours fraternally, and with undying gratitude,

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"And Mademoiselle de Blonville! Where is she?" exclaimed Rouelle, joyfully.

De Montcalm pointed to the door of the adjoining apartment, through which Rouelle sprang, and in another moment pressed to his heart the object of his love

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Peace, like the angel of God, had come with healing on its wings.—With the capitulation of Quebec the war ended, and the French dominion ceased. The gallant Wolfe died in the arms of victory, and the chivalrous De Montcalm was saved the shame of defeat, for his eyes were sealed by death before the triumphal shouts of his enemies had fallen from their lips.

It was a clear, bracing October evening, eighteen months subsequent to the events narrated in the last chapter. The streets of Quebec were filled with bustle and activity, for it had been a *fete* day, the British Government having granted civil and religious liberty to the Canadians.

In a tastefully-furnished apartment in a house situated on one of the retired streets of the town, was a group which will well bear description. A wood fire was cheerfully burning in a broad, old-fashioned fire-place. In front of it was seated a young soldierly-looking man, across whose cheek ran a large sabre scar, which, however, marred but little the strik-