

thirty years of age. Her spirits, naturally light and buoyant, had sustained the trials of life, without impairing her beauty. Of sorrow, she had tasted but once. After years had been spent in indulgence; every wish of her heart had been gratified by a devoted husband and most affectionate mother. Prosperity had flowed in upon them, and wealth, almost unsought, seemed to court their acceptance: and could the memory of early years, of a one sorrow, have been entirely obliterated, it seemed, to human view, she might have been superlatively happy.

The remembrance of that sorrow, however, had grown fainter and fainter, and would probably have been only as the recollection of a painful dream, had not circumstances from time to time arisen which called it up. The present was one, and Josephine—for it was the youngest daughter of the St. Pierre family—had on this day been painfully reminded of past events by a dangerous accession to her family in the person of a disguised priest of their order, who had been seeking out the stragglers of his flock for the laudable and holy purpose of strengthening their faith, and ministering to their spiritual necessities. Josephine knew that the vicinity of this person, were his real character known, would at once alter the conduct of the party who now held the town, towards herself and family; for hitherto they had been regarded with a degree of favor truly surprising, considering the many privations others had to endure. But, aware of all this, she had received the venerable and houseless stranger when others dared not; and, risking all the consequences should his character and mission be discovered, resolutely resolved, come what might, to extend to him all the kindness and assistance his situation so imploringly called for.

While ruminating over the consequences to her