

"It was in a temporary hospital in the Rue Haxo, when he was carried in. I recognized him at once, even before hearing his name. He fell while desperately rallying a remnant of his troop."

"And is there no hope?"

"None. He was dead, I fancy, even before he reached the hospital. In his pocket were found some letters, an ivory miniature in a case, and in this same case a faded spray of lilac."

"Sentiment!" said the other, slightly raising his brows, though, indeed, he did not relish the tone of his companion's remarks. The secrets of the dead are inviolable. But even with this slight encouragement, the first speaker continued, breathless, in his eagerness to give all the particulars which he had been able to gather.

"Yes, and superstition. For, would you believe it, there was a piece of white cloth, embroidered in red, fastened to his waistcoat. One of the women nurses says it was a scapular of the Sacred Heart."

"Pardon, Monsieur," said the other stiffly, "one does not give the name of superstition to honest conviction. Like many men of ancient lineage in France, Gaston de Fontaneville was religious. I knew him well. But it is the *canaille* who are infidels, and with their infidelity have brought the country to this pass."

The first speaker bit his lip in confusion. He was of the *bourgeoise*, and had only met M. de Fontaneville and his associates at the club. He would fain have found favor with his companion, who belonged to that charmed circle by an affectation of the irreligion which he believed to be fashionable.

While he was still seeking to recover from this rebuke as best he might, the young men were joined by a third, fresh from the scene of action. He had a thrilling tale to tell, entering into every particular with the Celtic love of detail, of graphic and highly colored word-painting so characteristic of the French. He had himself stood near the spot where Gaston fell, and could bear witness to the gallant conduct of that young officer. Besides, he had caught here and there a word, which lent quite an unwonted character to the whole episode of De Fontaneville's death.

"The mob of demons," he said, "were led on by a woman. She was neither old nor ugly, but she seemed possessed by the fury of a tigress. She continually drew the attention of the *commurards* to De Fontaneville."

"Down with the aristocrat," she screamed. 'See, he would shoot the people like dogs. He is the people's enemy. He lives by the sweat of their brow, and he is a bigot, under the thumb of a priest. Come on, my brave boys, and rid the earth of such a monster.'

"Softly, Lucine, we have work enough yonder," said a gruff voiced man, pointing to where the scattered remnants of Gaston's company were rushing to the charge, "as for this hot-headed officer we can pick him off any moment. He is always under fire."

"Pick him off now," yelled Lucine, "if he is once gone the others will scatter like sheep."

"Draw off, then, and let me at him my girl," said the man, taking deliberate aim, as he spoke. He had a slurring mark. Gaston was standing on the barricade, waving his cap aloft, so that his bright curls shone in the sun, as he urged his comrades to the attack.

"The blossoming of the lilacs shall not bring you this time," hissed the woman, "they shall bloom and they shall fade, but you shall go there no more. The proud one will find that men break promises even to a Neuilly. And when she knows that you are dead, her head will bend like the stem of the white lilac. She will be no more Felice. They should have called her Infelice."

Lucine had drawn so near that her word must have reached the ears of the dying soldier. His eyes rested a moment as if half inquiringly on her face. Then his head fell back.

So the sun set that evening on the newly dead, lying with still face, on which was something like a smile, in the hospital bed of the Rue Haxo.

Five of an exquisite spring afternoon. In France the spring is so fresh and beautiful. The new life of nature is shown in

its full perfection. The door of the convent opened suddenly, and the sun lying in streaks of light on the steps, crossed the threshold and entered at the venerable doorway. The shadow of the neighboring Cathedral fell cool and dark over the square. From its beifry the hours sounded. Two nuns came out of the convent and stopped involuntarily. Just before them, crouching against the projecting wall, was the figure of a woman, miserably clad, apparently in the lowest depths of poverty, and clasping an infant to her breast.

After a moment's pause, the taller of the two nuns, descending the steps, approached the woman, saying gently:

"Are you in want? Can we do anything for you, my poor woman?"

The voice of the religious was musical and soft to a degree, but the woman, at the very first sound of it, shrank against the wall. A shudder passed through her, so that her whole frame trembled. Her face grew livid and her eyes were fixed upwards upon the countenance of the nun, with an expression almost of agony.

"You are ill, my poor soul," persisted the nun, "come into the convent. We shall see that your most pressing wants are relieved, and if the Superior grants permission you must even find a shelter for the night."

As she spoke she laid her hand, with a gesture of infinite pity, upon the shoulder of the waif, whom misfortune had brought within the shadow of the cloister. But the woman repelled the touch with horror.

"Tell me," she cried, addressing the other nun, who stood by in silent astonishment, "tell me her name."

"Soeur Marie Dolores," answered the nun readily.

"Before that?" inquired the woman hoarsely.

The nun hesitated. Meanwhile a light had broken on Soeur Dolores's mind. For she knew the story of the day at the barricades.

"Before that, my good Lucine," she said gently, "it was Felice de Neuilly."

"Felice," cried the other fiercely, "born to happiness, you said, secure of happiness, until I——"

"A presumptuous boast was that of mine," said the religious with a grave smile. "I have changed my name to Dolores, you see. This new name has been the outcome of many sorrows. Evil days came for the Chateau de Neuilly. But that is all over now. And nevertheless, Lucine, I have kept my birthright. And Dolores is still Felice."

"How can you speak to me, touch me?" cried Lucine. "You know what an ingrate, what a wretch I have been. I envied your rank, your fortune, everything, and I never rested till I had destroyed the happiness of which you were so secure. Now that you know me, leave me. The bells call you to prayer, to peace, to hope. I have not succeeded in destroying your happiness. Let me go my miserable way."

"Life teaches us the lesson of forgiveness, Lucine," said Sister Dolores, "even if we had no higher teachers. By the wrong you sought to do me, I claim at least one right, that of providing, as far as my state will allow, for yourself and for this child."

As Lucine still hesitated, the nun, with her old happy smile brightening her face, pointed to the lilac tree at the convent door. It was bursting into bloom.

"See, we have our spring here with its lilacs, the new spring of the heart."

"But M. Gaston," moaned the wretched Lucine, "the brave, the handsome——"

"M. Gaston is in heaven, I trust. I pray for him every day."

The last shade of reluctance passed from Lucine's manner. She stood upon the convent steps, about to pass within the ancient portals, to find there shelter, food, and protection from her, who, having become Dolores, was still Felice. And so the sun set that evening upon the newly forgiven.

The whole question between Laval and Victoria Universities will soon be submitted to Rome for arbitration. Victoria is willing to become a faculty of Laval, and to take in the latter's professors, but it desires to retain its own charter. It will not consent to amalgamate under any other condition. Laval, it is understood, will act in the most conciliatory spirit with a view to securing a settlement of the vexed question.