

might, while embracing Arthur, kiss what was left of her own Leon. Do not be afraid—they were well purified. I see that Leon's hair is much darker than Arthur's, which seems to become more chestnut. Now, Sophie, this is nature—this is truth," observed Lord Charleton, as he folded the letter. "What have you done with those relics of your little angel?"

"I used to wear them, my lord; but you know I was advised to make a second marriage, so now I wear only the hair."

"And your present husband is such a kind, good man, he does not object to your wearing the hair?"

"Oh, my lord, no."

"Well, my good Sophie, then let no other man deprive you of this consolation of a mother's love. Leon was your first-born, and he will come to meet you with other angels in the purity of love and truth, provided you duly prepare yourself for that hour by avoiding all subterfuge and deceit, and the entanglement of other people's falsehoods."

Some pencil words on a leaf from Lord Seaham's pocket-book were then placed in Lord Charleton's hands:

"The duke is dying to indicate that Madame de Courtrai is the woman that is most probably to be the winding up. Your valet, Julien, is also gasping to say something to that lady's maid of hell—that Lucille."

The reply to this announcement was to request that Mr. Julien, valet to the Earl of Charleton, might come forward as witness, and also put some questions to Madlle Lucille, whom he knew. This being granted, Julien, with great alacrity, came forward, and, after the proper ceremonial bows, commenced as follows:—

"I humbly beg leave of this august company to mention some things to the credit of those virtuous and noble persons whom I have known while in the service of the Earl of Charleton, my best of earthly lords and masters. In the first place, I wish to do away with the impression that Lord Charleton and Madame la Comtesse de Courtrai were so wilfully determined to have an heir to the title, that they would have risked displeasing God by deceiving man. They were both sincerely pious, and often prepared for the possible loss of the little viscount, by counting up the various childish maladies he had to pass through. I remember, on one occasion I brought him in my arms to his grandfather and grandmother; and on madame's saying, 'Ah, we must not make idols, Lord Charleton replied, 'Madame, what determination do you think I have made in the event of losing this child? 'I cannot think,' said she. 'Why, to marry,' said my lord. 'Yes, madame, to marry again. I am but little past fifty, and am not an ugly man.'"

A general smile passed over the countenances of that grave assembly, with the exception of Julien, who now proceeded to accost his old acquaintance, Mademoiselle Lucille Brontel.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Lucille! You perceive that you are the only witness to be really interrogated, exposed, and punished; for this simple-hearted Sophie, notwithstanding your wicked prompting, soon agreed to the truthful statement of her young lady, that she had recognized and gratefully accepted the hair and picture of her child. We shall hear no more of her as a witness; and as for my old acquaintance, Joseph, I cannot make out that he distinguished himself in any way at Dieppe, but in running for the doctor, and at length to give notice for the interment. That he filled up his time most usefully between those two acts, I cannot doubt; but still there remain these two incidents, to swear to which he has been brought from France and lodged for some weeks in London. Let us commence with his fetching the doctor to the sick child of Lady Stanmore. Did Joseph ever

take a message accurately during the four years we served together in the two families of Lord Charleton and Monsieur le Comte de Courtrai? And if about for once to start off with the correct message, were you not, mademoiselle, perfectly capable of suggesting to him that the doctor would come more readily if he thought the real child, instead of the adopted child of madame were his future patient. Ah, mademoiselle, how often have I heard your worthy mistress say to you, 'The truth, Lucille, the truth; and our young lady, with more vivacity, 'Come, mam'selle, I am wearied of all this duplicity; let me know the plain truth.' To proceed to the second event of Joseph's stay at Dieppe he being the bearer of the written announcement from Madame de Courtrai to the authorities, of the death, from fever, of Leon Bauvin, aged eleven months, you have now heard, with every one else that, by the testimony of the most learned and impartial witnesses of London, Madame la Comtesse wrote the simple truth. So now, mademoiselle, take this advice from me—for, once we had a little kindness for each other—take this advice, to repent on the spot, of your brooking God's command, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Become a great penitent on the spot, mademoiselle, or you will become none at all. I know you well; here, now, down on your knees—that's it—precisely. May God be praised!"

And, to the astonishment of all, Mademoiselle Lucille Brontel fell on her knees, and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, followed the dictation of Monsieur Julien in a most complete refutation of all the calumnies she had uttered and sworn to; while he promised, on the part of God and those especial saints of his and her devotion, pardon and protection, and grace of perseverance: also, on the part of the noble Lords Charleton and Stanmore pardon and protection.

The Marquis of Seaham now arose, saying:

"As when things have arrived at a crisis nothing can be added, I have merely to suggest that a vote of thanks be passed to the most noble and learned arbitrators, who, having nothing left on which to arbitrate, may be glad to breathe an air more pure, and finally eat their dinners."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is a mistake to consider marriage merely a scheme of happiness. It is also a bond of service. It is the most ancient form of that social ministration which God has ordained for all human beings, and which is symbolized by all the relations of nature.—*Chapin.*

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Signed, JEAN VALCOURT, Wotton, P. Q. General Merchant

I have a belief of my own and it comforts me—that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil; widening the skirts of light and making the struggle against darkness narrower.—*George Eliot.*

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