

the great emperor's son was dead. But he was not certain of it. . . . I was going the next day. . . . to New Orleans to accuse her. . . . I went, but it was to find out if she might stay. . . . if you could marry her. . . . and be happy. . . ."

"Oh! Simonette, my dear, dear child, it breaks my heart." . . . Father Maret made an authoritative sign to him to command his feelings, and she went on in the same faltering voice:—

"I found it was true, and they gave me that newspaper, and M. Perrier wrote for me that letter, that you might be quite sure it was true." At that moment the poor girl, with the quick perception which even then she had not lost, saw a shade of anxiety in his face. "He did not know why I asked for it," she added; "I did not tell him anything." She paused, and then her mind seemed to wander a little. She began again: "I went very quickly down the river, but I was very long coming back. . . . like what you once said about sinning and repenting, Father. . . . But I did not repent of having gone. . . . I prayed all the day. . . . prayed so hard. . . . and rowed very hard. But not so hard at last. I had nothing to eat. . . . It was much longer than I thought from the last settlement. I ate grapes as I went along, but the rain had spoiled them. . . . and I went so slowly. . . . so slowly at last. . . . and then when I could not row any more I screamed." . . . Oh! that scream," murmured d'Auban; "I shall remember it to my dying day!" "I have only one thing more to say; I had always wished to die for you. Nothing, nothing else. If I have loved you too much, I hope God will forgive me."

"He will, my child," said the priest. "If now you turn to Him with all your heart; and oh! my child, if a human being has been so kind to you, and saved you from so many evils, as I know you think this good man has done; if he, God's creature, has done so much for you; think of what His goodness must be, of which all human goodness is but a faint reflection."

Simonette raised her eyes to heaven—her lips silently moved—a smile of greater sweetness than any that had ever lighted up her face before passed over it, and then she said in a low voice: "Father! during those long weary days, and the dark solitary nights, on the river, God was

good to me, and made me love Him more than any one on earth. I am very glad to go to Him. . . . God of my heart, and my portion forever!" She pressed the crucifix to her breast, and remained silent.

Father Maret made a sign to d'Auban to withdraw. In a little while he called him back, and Madame de Moldau and Therese and the servants knelt with him round the bed. The last sacraments were administered, and they all joined in the prayers for the dying. When Father Maret uttered the words "Go forth Christian soul!" a faint struggle was visible in the palid face—a faint sigh was breathed, and then the heart that had throbbed so wildly ceased to beat. "Requiescat in pace!" said the priest, and d'Auban hid his face in the bed of moss, and wept like a child by the corpse of the poor girl who had loved him "not wisely, but too well."

There was something shrinking and sensitive in Madame de Moldau's disposition, which made her peculiarly susceptible of painful impressions. It is a mistake to suppose that those who are harshly and unjustly treated, always or even generally, become callous to such treatment; that after having met with cruelty they are not sensible of slight unkindness. This is so far from being the case, that with regard to children who for years have had blows and curses for their daily portion, it is observed that tenderness and gentleness are peculiarly needed, in order to avoid checking the gradual return to confidence and the expanding of affection in their young hearts. The new joy of being loved is easily extinguished. They are so fearful of losing it, that a cold look or word from one who for the first time in their lives has fondled and carressed them, seems to wound them quite in a different manner from those on whom the sunshine of affection has beamed from their earliest infancy. The heart, when sore with a heavy affliction, winces at every touch, and when, on the contrary, great happiness fills it, the least casual pleasure is sensibly felt. The slow admittance of pleasurable feelings in the case of those who grind amidst the stern necessities and iron facts of life, is one of the most affecting things noticed in dealing with the poor. It is akin to that gratitude of theirs which Wordsworth said "so often left him grieving."

Madame de Moldau had experienced a slight feeling, not of annoyance or dis-