

bed; her sufferings have been very dreadful. But she wants for nothing here; she has every attention, every comfort,—and Faith sat up with her all last night.”

“I suppose that she has plenty of praying and preaching too,” said Ninon, with a scornful emphasis which told how little she would value such religious exercises herself.

“Monsieur le Pasteur has seen the sufferer often; but I scarcely think that he makes any impression upon her,” answered Marie gravely. Madame and Faith pray much for her, I know, and will not give up all hope for her soul,—especially after some words that she uttered last night. But where there has been hypocrisy for years,” continued Marie, “who can say whether there be real penitence, when the dying in their agony cry out for that mercy from God which they themselves never showed!”

“Surely I have seen that wretched creature’s face before!” exclaimed Madame Parrocca, leaning forward to obtain a nearer view of the patient whom she was approaching. “But no; I must be mistaken,—it is