

moved by the charms of her sweet, mild countenance, he felt arise within him, the tenderest sentiments for this virtuous girl.

M. de Schennbrunn was of a rich and noble family; he learned that she had not yet pronounced her vows, and he resolved to offer her his hand, fully persuaded that his mother would be proud to adopt for her daughter, the person who had saved her son. He ventured then to unveil his heart before her, and confide to her his projects; but what was his despair when he found his offers repulsed. "I am consecrated to the service of God, answered sister Theresa, and it is my wish to die in the habit I wear. Your remembrance will never leave me; return alone to your mother, and if you sometimes think of me, let it be to pray to heaven that it will bless the attentions I bestow on the unfortunate beings whom it shall send me, as it has blessed those I have paid you; speak to me no more of your affection, or you will force me to see you no more." These last words were pronounced in a tone that admitted of no reply. However, she was ever so kind, her attention so tender, that he could not renounce an alliance that must form the happiness of his life.

One day that she was seated at his bed-side, M. de Schennbrunn again dared to renew his request; he mingled so much fire with his words, and his eyes expressed so much passion that the young nun appeared moved. In his exaltation he covered the hand, which she extended to silence him, with kisses; she arose, and seeking to conceal her emotion, said:—You are now out of danger, sir, my care is no longer necessary; in saving your life I have performed a very delightful duty; to-day, in withdrawing I fulfil a sacred one."

These words were pronounced with effort; it was easy to perceive that a storm had risen in the heart of the nun.

M. de Schennbrunn was of a rich and ancient family, as we have already said, and she, a poor girl, without fortune, without relations, she had devoted herself to the ministry of charity; she