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## TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY FULLERTON.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

ON one occasion, when he was doing so, he happened to look up and perceived that Madame de Moldau seemed very much moved, and caught sight of Simonette's eyes fixed upon her with a scrutinizing expression. He made some slight comments on the various topics alluded to in the number of the *Mercur de France*, which he had just read; but his observations elicited no answers. Mention had been made in it of the war in Germany; of Madame de Maintenon's death; of the illness of Louis XIV.; of a fresh conspiracy against Peter the Great, and his son's flight from Russia; of the coronation of George I.; a great conflagration at Brussels, and a murder at Prague. He took the paper home with him. Simonette called early the next morning and begged the loan of it for her mistress.

"I was sure," she said, "that madame would ask to see it again; there is something in it which I know particularly interests her."

D'Auban felt greatly tempted to ask what it was she alluded to. Simonette had often of late showed a desire to talk to him of her mistress, especially in reference to the mystery in which her past life was shrouded; but he had always checked her. He had been the means of placing this girl with Madame de Moldau, and he would not on any account have availed

himself of any information she might have acquired in order to discover her mistress's secrets. Seeing he made no reply to her observation, Simonette took the paper and went away.

All these circumstances made him anxious and thoughtful; one thing, however, gave him comfort. She who had been apparently drifting on life's sea like a rudderless bark, was now about to enter the haven. A prudent and tender hand would soon probe the wound so long and sedulously concealed. Hope and blessings were in that thought.

### CHAPTER VI.

But a more celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty  
Shon on her face and encircled her form when  
after confession  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's  
bene-diction upon her.  
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.

A FEW days later d'Auban met Madame de Moldau coming out of the church of the mission. She seemed to be gazing with admiration on the scene before her. It was an afternoon of wintry but exquisite beauty. No transparent vapor, no mist laden with dew obscured the grand outlines or dimmed the delicate features of nature. The distant hills and the smallest blade of grass stood out in beautiful distinctness in the brilliancy of the sun-