

## THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY T. A. TUCKER.

Out upon a sad and awful mountain  
I had wandered far and wide;  
Far from life's eternal fountain,  
Far from God I had abide;  
Seeking every sinful pleasure  
With a reckless, mad desire.  
Sorrowing mercy's offered treasure,  
Slighting all that leads up higher.

Till with feet all torn and bleeding  
With the thorns that pressed me hard;  
Soft I heard a sweet voice pleading,  
"Come, poor soul, to Christ your Lord."

And I heard the Spirit holy  
Whisper of my sins forgiven;  
Down I knelt all meek and lowly,  
Pleading for a home in heaven.

Now the light guides my steps surely  
Towards the mansions far above;  
And I'm glad, oh so securely  
By the beacon of God's love;  
No more on sin's awful mountain  
A lost wanderer to roam;  
Dwelling near the cleansing fountain,  
Till my Saviour calls me home.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
I can see my home afar;  
See the shining glorious city  
By the light of Bethlehem's star;  
Hallelujah, praise my Saviour  
For the precious cleansing blood;  
Glory in the name of Jesus,  
Glory to the Lamb of God.

Harford, Conn.

## Selected Serial.

## HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

## CROSS OR SWORD?

If Eglantine had expected Captain La Roche to follow her, she was mistaken. He seated himself once more by Madame Chevalier's spinning-wheel, and turning to Rene, repeated the question which had been interrupted by her entrance. "What is your opinion of the petition, mon ami?"

The young surgeon looked up from the sunny head; his little sister leaned against his shoulder.

"I am in favor of it, heart and soul, my young friend," he answered, "because of success, there is this much to be said in its favor, it is our last resource."

"Not the last resource," corrected Captain La Roche significantly.

Eglantine looked up from her embroidery.

"Will you hold my skin of silk for me, Rene?" she asked, and as her brother came quietly to her in answer to the summons: "Do you, then, see other light upon the matter, monsieur?"

"I see the light of unheated words and kindled tempers, mademoiselle. If our king shall so forget what is due to himself and to us, as to refuse the rights ratified to us by his own royal oath at his coronation, why should we not appeal to arms, as our fathers have done, again and again?"

"Why not, indeed?" she asked, and the soft fingers which were busy with the needle paused for a moment, as Eglantine glanced across the room. "That is just what I have been saying to Rene to-day, M. Henri. But he thinks I am a girl, and cannot understand. I wish you would try and make him see things as I do."

"M. Henri and I have already fully discussed the subject," interposed Rene Chevalier in a pained voice. "He is acquainted with my views, and I know all the arguments he would bring. My young friend, I entreat you not to renew the discussion. Nothing but as you have just now are seeds of fire, which will yield a lurid harvest."

"Would to God, then, they were so thick-sown through France as to set every Huguenot heart aflame!" was the passionate retort. "Sometimes, Rene, you tempt me to believe you have a stone, instead of a man's heart, in your breast. You know as well as I, that if the petition fails, the Protestants of France will have no choice but between extermination and resistance. Would you have us wait patiently to be butchered like sheep?"

"And God so will, we could not do a nobler death. As it is written, 'For they shall be killed all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.' I have a man's heart in my breast, my young friend, though you sometimes doubt it, and there is no truth burnt into it with the ineffable caution of a great sorrow and a great revelation: 'The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord.' Can any man crave greater honor than to tread in the footsteps of him who was 'led as a lamb to the slaughter'?"

Henry flushed with resentment, but conscious that he had incurred the rebuke, ruled his temper.

"You have tripped me with my own net, Rene. I suppose I can scarce take exception to the sermon, since I furnished you with a text. But you appear to forget there are others for whom we choose the cross when we embrace it for ourselves. A man may indeed choose martyrdom bravely for himself, but he will cause his children to think before he allows it to him dearer to him than life." His glance instinctively sought Eglantine's drooping head, and then met his friend's eye with a sparkle of defiance.

Rene had finished holding the skin, but was still sitting in the chair, Eglantine, with her arm around his little sister. He answered the angry look with one of sorrowful comprehension.

"There are some things, monsieur, which a man cannot offer, but which he dare not withhold when God asks—God who 'spared not His own Son.'"

Captain La Roche sprang to his feet in uncontrollable impatience.

"We have had enough, theology, Rene. I have not the grace to 'desire your resignation, far less the strength to imitate it.' The women and children of the Desert Church shall not be surrendered without resistance to the convents and cows of Rome. If the appeal to the

king's clemency fails, the appeal to the manhood of France will elicit an answer that shall make the tyrant tremble upon his throne.

"Henri," said Monique Chevalier, in gentle rebuke, while Rene glanced toward the open window with a fear which made Eglantine's lip curl.

"My young friend," he said, going up to Henri, and laying his hand upon his sleeve, "ask your pardon if I have said what your father's counsel should not have said to your father's son; but for his sake, for your own sake, I entreat you to be more guarded in your speech. Remember what I said to you at La Roche. We have long ceased to exist as a party in the State. We are scattered, separated and divided among ourselves. To unite these broken links under the close surveillance to which we are subjected, is impossible. To attempt resistance without it, is suicidal. It will draw down upon the innocent heads the vengeance of the monarch."

Before Henri could answer, Eglantine was confronting them, with eyes and cheeks aflame.

"That is a man's voice, M. La Roche; now hear a woman's. If the women have to suffer, they have a right to be heard, and I, for one, will not be easier to silence if we must after hard blows have been struck and brave deeds done. No, Rene, I will not hush. You may preach down your own heart, but you shall not preach down mine. Remember these mothers in Pons who told me of the night when they saw their infants frozen to death upon their breasts last winter while they waited in the snow and ice outside the closed temple doors—closed by the orders of the Church of Rome, you say—and which the fathers standing by had not the manhood to burst open, and add it has to be made a martyr, whether one will or not."

"Eglantine, my child," exclaimed Madame Chevalier in sorrowful amazement, while Henri colored at the scarcely veiled blow at his friend. Rene said nothing.

"Oh, I know I'm wicked," the girl hurried on recklessly; "that I am not good and patient as I should be, I ought to sit still and hold my peace, and take meekly whatever comes; but I cannot, and I will not. It is not true that I want everything easy and bright about me, that I cannot bear hardships for the religion like others. I can stand any trial, but the best if I have a little hope to salt it with, and you shall all see that I can make sacrifices and face danger when the call comes. I am not afraid to die, but it must be out under the open sky, with the sunset beating round me, not sitting still in my underground cell, with the cruel black waters creeping on me inch by inch. You would let my grandfather take me away to-morrow if he came for me, you know you would, Rene; and never a finger, though I dared so much to come to you."

Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the other side of the chateau. If you have no objection, monsieur, I will walk with you." And though Henri's assent was tardy in coming, his friend did not withdraw the proffer.

It was past midnight when Eglantine, waking from a troubled sleep, heard the cottage gate close, and Rene enter the house.

"He has been sitting up with that sick boy," she thought fretfully; "he is always doing something to make himself uncomfortable," and then fell asleep again, to dream that she was once more in the old church of La Roche, with a strong arm around her, and a grave voice assuring her, through the roar of the mob, "There shall not a hair of your head be hurt." She woke to find the sunshine streaming in through the window, and Agnes pulling at her hand, trying to rouse her. The roar had changed into the hum of her aunt's spinning-wheel downstairs. She half expected a reproach for her behavior of the previous evening, when she crept down at last late to breakfast, and found Madame Chevalier alone in the room. But though the widow's manner was grave, it was kinder than usual, and there was no reproach in her eyes, as she refused the girl's offer to accompany her on a visit to the hamlet, and bade her take her embroidery out into the garden, and sit there instead.

Agnes crept up to the chateau, and when she found a little lonely, as she sat on the rustic bench in the old arbor, and watched the golden marguerites blossom on the crimson velvet under her hand. Rene had gone out immediately after breakfast, her aunt had said. He was always out, she thought, to beg to be excused, and she felt a little better when she saw him coming toward her down the garden-path, and then a sudden inclination to fly seized her. She did not feel prepared for a tête-à-tête with Rene, but his quick, unobtrusive tread led her no alternative. She would not look up when he stopped in the entrance of the arbor, and his shadow fell across her work. Rene watched the bent, flushed face for a moment, and then laid his hand upon the swift fingers, and made her look up.

"You will never love me well enough to be my wife, Eglantine," He spoke quietly, "it is in statement of a well-accepted fact."

The blood rushed to the girl's throat and brow.

"Rene!" she cried, with a sharp note of pain in her voice, and then her eyes fell, and her lips were mute.

"He sat down by her, and took her hand."

"Have I been too abrupt? Pardon me, Eglantine. I have said the words over so often to myself. Do you remember what you said to me when we parted in La Roche? You could not love me, for I was your own brother. I have thought of that ever since, and I want you to let me talk to you to-day, as I would talk to Agnes. I have never told you the condition on which alone your grandfather would consent to let you make us this visit. It was, that neither my mother nor I should try to induce you to leave your underground cell, to fulfill our childish compact. He knew he could not refuse, however hard the price, but he need not have been afraid I would interfere with his plans. I had seen already I could never be more to you than a brother,—do not tremble so, Eglantine! Her voice rose to a tremor, and Rene, who had been watching her carefully, seized the moment to lead her back to her seat.

"You wrong yourself and me by such words," he said gravely, "and you have gone far beyond the subject, Eglantine. No one doubts your courage or ability to endure hardships, my young friend, but we do not drop the painful subject. Until the appeal to the king's justice fails, we are sure of one mind. May we not rest our discussion until then?"

"By all means," was the hearty response for Henri was thoroughly disconcerted. "I will not speak of this matter again, mademoiselle, I entreat you do not make me miserable with the thought that I am in any way responsible for these tears."

"What was that little air you sang for mother last night, and which she said she would like me to learn?" asked Rene. "Dry your eyes, Eglantine; let me tell you, M. Henri, that while he is here, I do not think he has ever heard you sing."

"Only once, in church, and I have wished ever since to hear more," answered Captain La Roche.

Eglantine rose and brought her late with the faintest dimple of a smile about her mouth. The air she sang was for the plaintive woodland carol, for which Henri had asked, but a stirring martial ballad. Henri was lavish in his praise, and easily persuaded her to add song to song. The stormy scene of the evening seemed far away, when he rose, late, to take his leave.

"I have grown very grave and useful since I have been in the Cévennes," Eglantine was telling him gaily. "You would scarcely know me, M. Henri, for the silly butterfly you saw the other day in Nîmes. Nanette is teaching me how to spin, and Antoine lets me help him in the garden, and my aunt takes me with her to see the sick people, and I go with Agnes to gather simples, and sometimes we go into the vineyards and help gather the grapes. The people are all so good, and there is no more to remember the night when we were here in the good pastor's days, and those who have grown up since have a welcome for me too. Do you think your father would let me come up and see him too? I will promise not to tease poor daisy, and as I used to do, and I would like to read to monsieur sometimes, as Agnes does."

"He will be very happy to see you, mademoiselle, and he will like best of all to hear you sing. I will find out to-morrow whether my mother's harpsichord can be returned."

"Then I will come up with Agnes some day," she said, holding out her hand frankly; but as their eyes met, both remembered the words that had been spoken in the earlier part of the interview.

"I have found my hero, monsieur," Madame Chevalier Bertrand spoke in a low, caustic tone.

"And I my inspiration, mademoiselle."

Rene, standing in the doorway, saw the light from the two faces, which he did not catch the words. He followed his young sister out.

"I have a sleeping draught to leave at a cottage on the