

be over. Her aunt told her how kindly Rémi had spoken of her, repeating his words: "Ah! had she remained true to me, I should not have driven her to that." Those words pained her more than anything else,—Rémi did not understand and never would, and she felt glad she had not defended herself.

What use to dwell on the years of her punishment? They passed as all years happy or wretched must, and Belline did not die; she had but a few years more to serve out her sentence, but she had also evidently so few months to live she was pardoned and released before her time, this year saw her free once more. She was twenty when the prison doors closed upon her, with her life before her; when they closed behind her she knew that her life had passed unlived. But the wish of her girlhood was the wish of her last days. "Oh!" she cried, "if Rémi could only understand at last,—if Rémi could only be satisfied!"

Faith was strong in Belline's heart; not to her village home did she return. Down to the shrine of "La bonne Ste. Anne" de Beaupré, went the old lonely pilgrim, her lips framing ever the words of her changeless prayer. It was early in the spring, and there were not many pilgrims there. She knelt long before the gold-crowned statue of the saint, then she arose, placed in the letter basket the post-card she had written to Ste. Anne begging her help, and with her little white chaplet of the saint in her withered brown hand, she made her way slowly to the Scala Sancta, or Holy Stairs. Slowly she went up them on her knees, as is the custom, praying on each step; ten, twenty, thirty,

till she grew confused. At last she reached the platform before the Chapel of the Holy Stairs, and as she crossed it, still on her knees, she sighed to think of the long flight she had to go down on the other side in the same way; for she was very tired and weak now. Kneeling before the chapel door, poor Belline told aloud to Ste. Anne the whole true story of her life, praying her help and guidance to accomplish her last wish. The sun was setting, lighting up church and grotto, lighting up too the worn face of little Belline (she was, indeed, little now), as she knelt there praying, with the tears streaming from the eyes that were once so bright. She had reached the last words of her prayer: "I have suffered so much and so long," she sobbed, "I have repented truly; *Bonne Ste. Anne*, grant me that he may know all before I die,—grant me that *Rémi may be satisfied*"—A sound like a broken sob interrupted her, and turning her head, she saw upon his knees, and near enough to hear all she had said, another pilgrim. Despite times' ravages she knew him at a glance.

"Beline-*hélas!*" he cried, with outstretched arms; "*Oh, mon Rémi!*" she fell on his breast, her eyes mutely asking the question her lips could not utter,—and then slowly and peacefully they closed. Oh, yes! *Rémi was satisfied*, and so was Belline forever.

In the little cemetery of Ste. Anne de Beaupré you may see the graves of Belline and Rémi, for he soon followed her to rest, to the sleep eternal, the sole rest the heart-broken may ever know.

BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

