THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XXX .- Continued. He, meanwhile, bore the countenance of an argel, as he recited his confession of Christian faith, and begged pardon, in pre-s.mes of God and angels out men, for his having been during so many years false to the Divine Majesty. Both the priest and physician were deeply touched by the simple and manly piety of the coble stranger. Of the feelings of R see, her father, and her aunt,

we need say nothing.
When the last unction and the last blessing had ben given, Mr. D'Arey rose, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her towards Diago's bedside.

Before you go, reverend sir, he said to the elergyman, "I must beg you to sanction in the name of the Church the betrothel of these can, a betrothal which took place while they were yet colldren, and which both wish n w to relieve as a lamily as they may."

As i pacing less hand in Diego s, "I give not you with all my heart, he said, "both

for time and eternity.

Rose knelt, while the heavy tears were silently falling down her pale cheeks, and Diego pluced on her finger his mother's ring, the priest best wing his benediction on the

"For time and for eternity, my love!" Diego said, looking into the misty eyes raised "Yes," she answered, firmly; "yours for

time and ct mity!"
"On, dear father," said Diego, as he looked
up into Mr. D'Arcy's face, "you have made me so happy! And God has been so good to

"What were those sweet lines you used to sing to me, my own? he said to Rose. "I did not understand them then. But they are so t.ue now:

"So long Thy power hath blest me." "Yes," said Rose, choking down the tears, "here they are:

So l. ng Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

O'er moor and ten, oer com.

The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
[awhile."]

"Tnanks! said Diego, as his eyes closed a if on a sweet vision he could not bear to

"I think it will be prudent to let him rest r the present," said Dr. Northrup. "I hall remain with him till my reverend friend is ready to depart.

And so patient and physician were left alone. Before the latter had been many minutes by Diego's bedside, he plainly saw that the energy which had sustained the sick man so far was fast giving way to the terrible disease. Diego was delirious before the other left the room.

"I dure not bid you hope too much," Dr. Northrup said to Mr. D'Arey, as he was about to leave. "The Count's system has been thoroughly impregnated with the malarial poison during his long travels and continual exposure. His powerful constitution and the purity of his blood may save him Bat I doubt if they avail much in so violent a case on this."

"Must I tell my sister and daughter of this?" Mr. D'Arcy asked.

"Not Miss D'Arcy, certainly," the doctor replied. "I see no harm in telling Mrs. Da Blaumont. You, my dear sir," he continued, "must spare yourself. You are not yet in the hive. And then with summer and the strong. I shall be back in good time this autumn that followed, the deadly struggle

more than enough to do in Charleston and an industry during their fateful way violaity during this dreadful war, I must not and valley, impelled downward ever and on call on them."

The fover, however, assumed almost immediately so violent an aspect, and the delirium became so wild, that Eben had to callin to his assistance some three or four of the most devoted men on the plant titon. Rose and her aunt could only see the patient in his

rare moments of cor aparative culm.

Mrs. De Boan nont showed herself a true mother in her devoting to Rose during this and elevate an entire hemisphere. period of i colorable auspense. She livished on her sees every possible mark of the ten-dere to love and solicitude. Nothing, hower, seemed to soothe liose's pain so much as the short intervals she was allowed to spend by Diego's badside. It had, indeed, been a boon to her if the maindy had been of so mild a form as to permit her to nurse him assiduously. Of its malignity she had no fear.

Her father was also a great subject of

anxious care to her. He had, indeed,

seemed to derive extraordinary vigor and

life from Diego's coming to his charming

companionship. But the shock of this sudden illness, and the imminent danger in which this almost son was placed, greatly distressed the dear invalid. So, with her father, Rose made a great effort to appear calm in I hopeful, though hope had been a thenger to her soul from the very beginning. The strange feeling of dread which had filled her so unaccountably at Malaga, on her first meeting with her betrothed, she now recalled to her mind frequently. Was it a warning not to bestow her affections on cue whose outward presence brought with it so much fascination? Or was it merely to warn her against pledging her troth or giving her heart to one who did not then share her own deep religious convictious? This latter pleased her most, and consoled felt for Diego and that which she inspired, had been-so he had again and again assured her-the means of winning back his soul to God and true nobleness of life. And must she be satisfied with this? Was their earthly companionship to end thus? He had been planning with her, during their sweet rambles over the grounds at Mortlake, how they were to labor together in Andalusia for the improvement of their joint estates, and especially for the improvement of their numerous dependents. How could Rose help being carried away by the prospect of so much good to be done amid that land of enchantment. Andalusia? How could she help contemplating these visions of a whole population to be raised by the joint labors of her noble husband and herself, to the lefty standard of moral and intellectual excellence, commanded by their baptismal faith? Ab, if she, by a lifetime of devotion and self-sacrifice, could only repair the disastrous effects of political revo-

a practical scheme, as a day-dream, the faut of an over-fond fancy? On the ninth day after the events above parrated, there seemed to be a sudden pause in the violent fits of delirium which wasted

this o wap a what was so good to become

and social degeneracy! And must she

the patient's strength.

Mr. D'Arcy and the two ladies were allowed by the doctor to remain for nearly two hours in the sick-room. It was an unspeakable confirt to Rose to sit by her dear suf-ferer's s d, and hold the hard burning hand within her own, while she renewed the icaapplications on to his head, or refreshed the pharmacy, and her intelligent and loving care

of one in deep sleep, except for the bright of Charity. hectic spot on each cheek, and the spaemodic Lucy, we motion that every now and then ran like an electric commotion through the sufferer's

tion of Napoleon, or of remonstrance with the Mexicans: then came English phrases thanking invisible ir ends for kindness; and anon sweet words of enderfroent in his own native Spanish, in which his mothers nader Shoridan, in Virginia. name was men ioned. Once, as he seem d to sigh, and contend with some powerful emotion, were heard give to his father, strove to be most the world, "Rosita,"—almost the cheerful, and never to speak of the last words he said to her in their last evening walk along the borders of the lake.

It was too much for poor Rose. Falling on her kn.es. "On, Diego, my love !" she said, " why will not God take me and leave you, who can do so much good to other. ?' she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. They had to take her from the room Dr. Northrup prescriped a mild opiste for her, and she was made to retire early, with the hope-a slight one, but still fondly cherushed -that this subsidence of the delirium would be the precursor of a tavorable change.

A change there was, in leed A little after midnight they came to wake Rose. Diego had recovered consciousness, and was calling for her. Mrs. De Beaumont und her owi maid helped her to dress as soon as might be and leaning on her aunt, the poor girl, like out in a half-joyous, half-fearful dream, hastened to the sick-room.

Diego was conscious, and with straining eyes watching the door for her appearance, As she entered, the dying man's countenance was lighted up with a joy so sudden that he seemed transformed. He opened his arms, and would have risen, but strength there was none. As his eyes met hers she flew to him, and was folded in his embrace for the first and for the last time.

"Oh, Diego," she said, looking into the wondrous eyes, "are you better?" "Yes, my own Rose," he gasped, "better

oh, so much better! "You are not dying ?" she asked, frightened by the cold face and the marble brow

Il wet with the dew of death.
"Yes, dying happy," he said, brightly 'Thank God! thank God!" he added, with ex raordinary fervor, as he looked upward toward the new light that dawned upon him, -the light of the sun that knows no setting

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CROWN OF SUFFERING During the want r which ensued, the fierce passions of war burned beneath snow and ice, ike the slumbering fires of a volcano. - breaking out here and there fitfully and feebly, as to warn the unwary that they still lived; but, in reality, only concentrating their fury for a more fearful outhurst. So the dreary autumn had passed slowly for the coun less homes made desolate all over the land by the death of the dearest, -the yorng, the brave, the manliest,-laid low by the iron storm. It passed more slowly still, -as well as the long winter months,-for the multitudes of the wounded, the maimed, the blighted in all of them.' the beight flower of their manhood, as they grouned on their hed of pain in the hospitals. Alas, this host of sufferers, in sead of diminishing as the spring brought back once more warmth to our fields, was only to go on increasing, increasing steadily, like swarms autumn that followed, the deadly struggle raged more fiercely still, as Sherman's forces evening, and shall telegraph to Charleston raged more hercely still, as outstands and shall telegraph to Charleston pushed their way through the monantain of the monantain pushed their way through the monantain pushed their way through the monantain of the monantain pushed their way through the monantain pushed the monantain pus

for two Sisters of Merey to help the ladies in the firm way through the months in the sicknown."

"I do not think we shall need any aid from outsiders," replied the other, " much as slowly but surely that success, like the ladies and emergency. But as they must have Alphon mass, and ploughing their fateful way more than enough to do in Charlester that a ladies in pushed their way through the months and their fateful way through the months and the months a ward by mite,

Through springtide and summer and autumn these great armies of brothers faced each of her with unfaltering resolution, while the whole civilized world looked on in amaze-Cont,-purprised and saddened that a free him to you." people should employ in self-destruction the intelligence and energy destined to civilize

Mr. Hutchinson had, at the earliest possible moment after Gettysburg, oft fined leave that Gaston should he exchanged, and then the Federal authorities wil ingly granted the permission to retain him indefinitely in his own family. Communication with the Southern States became more difficult as the war progressed, and as the Union armies closed on the heroic but exhausted bands of Lee and Johnston. News from Fairview became also very scarce and very uncertain. Knexvi le, from the early stiges of the war, had been a most strategic center, for which both beligeralts contented, so that the passes through the neighboring mountains were always held by an armed force, and the valleys adjucent to these passes surject to the raids of the successive occupants. The conflict in that region became more furious with Sherman's advance to Atlanta, and with Brecken ridge's retreat southward across the Aile-

Meanwhile Gaston had recovered his strength, but he remained stal blind, no medical skill having availed to restore him the use of his right eye. To his generous benefact rs, to Mis. Hutchinson in particular, he showed the most unbounded gratitude. Nothing could exceed the ten-derness and delicacy with which this noble woman made her hospitality acceptable and delightful to one so sensitive her immensely. The pure love which she as Gaston naturally was. Lucy had been sent to Georgetown Academy as soon as the condition of the wounded man became such as to need no special cure. The girl was ambitious to acquire the knowledge and accomplishments she lacked, and was not serry to be away from home during the last stage of Gaston's convalescence. Mr. Hutchinson, during the intervals of rest allowed him by the public business, was most devoted to his voung friend.

General De Beaumont, however, had been active with the Confederate authorities to obtain permission for Mr. D'Arcy and Rose the whole country from ocean to ocean. Lucy te go as far as the Federal outposts before petitioned hard to be taken from school and Petersburg. There Mr. Hutchinson met them and escorted them to Washington. The parents were inexorable. Rose herself was meeting with Gasten was a happy diversion to the grief which weighed so heavily on the souls of both his father and his sister. Mr. D'Arcy would not allow him to utter one word of apology, and thus the great burden which weighed so heavily on his conscience-in spite of Mr. Bingham's assurances-was lifted off altogether, and he was over more the happiest of sons.

He was also the happiest of brothers. Rose needed the opportunity of pouring out on her dear Gaston all the tenderness which had been accumulating in her heart since she had heard of his injuries, and since her own great bereavement. It thus fared well with our invalid during the winter and spring of

Of course Mrs. Hutchinson was overjoyed by Rose's arrival. The presence of the latter proved more beneficial to Gaston than the most potent drugs in the Surgeon-General's

pale, emaciated features seemed to be those even the kindly nursing of the devot d Sisters

Lucy, we may well believe, was happy bavond measure to embrace her Rosette, nor was her happiness lessened by the frequent visits which she now allowed herself to make Occasionally, through the mutterings of the fever, could be heard words of denuncia. There was one other person whose pulse beat quicker and whose hopes rose higher when he heard of Miss D'Arcy's arrival in Washington. And this was Colonel Hutchinson, who was doing heroic service

Caston, conscious of the great shock which the sight of his own helpless condition must cheerful, and never to speak of the away with the pure atmosphere of the country, future but with the utmost hopeful-ness. His efforts in this respect did not succeed in weak ning the sad impression made on both by the terrible wounds Gaston had received. It was their duty to gladden him with words of cheer and high hope. An l nob'y did they perform it,
"You are but a boy yet," Mr. D'Ar y said;

"you have youth in your favor. In a few years-in a few months even you will feel little or no inconvenience from your wounds, your sight excepted. But then, my dear Gaston, you will not have to earn your bread like so many others, thousands upon thousan is -of laborers and mechanics who have gone to their homes disabled for life.

"I am most grateful, dear father," he replied, "for my miraculous preservation. I should be most guilty were I to repine at my loss. And I mean to make the best use I can of my life, with the faculties spared to

"Oh, Gaston, 'said Rose, "they will only think the more of you at home for all you have suffered. We shall yet be all very happy," she added. "At least you and dear had sustained him in his long career of heroic papa, and Charley and the girls, will enjoy self-conquest! Nor was Lucy less disturbed your reunion after this long and painful by the thought of parting with Gaston separation.

You said nothing of yourself, little sister," Gaston answered, as he passed his Lucy at a moment when she was alone hand over the bent head, with its wealth of in the house with G ston and dark brown hair. "What mystery is this?" It was a short note from her father, "She is not to he long with us," his and was handed to her while she and father said. "She has chosen the better her two friends were seated, aft r sunset, in part,"

"Rose, darling, is this so? Are you going to leave us,—to leave paps, I mean, in the clamation of pain broke from her as she desolation which has fallen on us? That is dropped the paper, and grew very nale. not like our generous, self surificing Rose.' "Spars her, my dear boy," said Mr. spring 'Arey. "You will not condemn her when news? D'Arcy. you have heard all."

"I fear, my dear sir, that I am too sellish to be reconciled with the thought of losing her Oh, Rose," he con in red, drawing the weeping girl close to his side, " you know, during all these long months of suffering and darkn at, I have deamed of your being my guide, my staff, my augel guardian, through Fairy Dell and its neighborhood, when it should have pleased God to restore us all to its quiet.

"God will not leave you without a better and more trusty guide than your sister Rose,' she replied, looking up into the anxious face. "You mean Viva?" he enquired.

" Viva, and Mand, and Mary, will be every one of them, the most devoted of sis-ters, she replied. "But I was not thinking

"Of whom, then, were you speaking?" he asked, while a vivid blash overspread the scarred features.

"Of one who loves you netter than her own life," Rose ar wered. "Oh, dear papa, forgive my indiscretion," she added. "These are things I should not have mentioned."

abe replied. Because -even were your words true-

such love is one that I never could accept. Oh, Rose, how could I burden the woman I loved with the life-long care of a crippled man? Let this end our conversation on the rising suddenly

"I do not want my son to be a burden to any one," Mr. D'Arcy now said, as he took Gaston's hand. "Your futher shall be your guide, your companion, your for people to look at and worship!" friend, he added, "so ling as God spares "I fear that people have sadly magnetic than the sadly magnetic that the sadly magnetic than the sadly magnetic than the sadly

"Have you not ever been that, my own dear father?' said Gaston, overcome with the recollection of the past. "And has not mis fortune come to me because I persisted in leaving your dear side and following my own way? And lo ! now I am as belpless as habe, and far more hopeless!"

"You must not say these things, my boy, said his father. "You must not even think of them. Mas Hutchinson's girl sh admiration for you was well known to all of us. It remains to be seen whether this sentiment still exists. She is as yet but a school-girl and it is premature to speak of what may be her feelings two or three years hence Meanwhile, you have your father, your brother, and your sisters, and you can never be a burden for them."

"I have pained you, dear Gaston," Rose said, penitently, " Ladeed I did not mean to do so.

. My little sister could never pain me knowingly," he answered, as he drew her to him and kissed her torchead. "It's," he added, " you must not speak now of leaving

"I was quite wrong, dear, she replied. "I did not come so far with dear papa, to she cried to Gasten, who had risen in dismay, find you out that I should be in such a hurry to leave you."

Gaston never exchanged another word either with his father or with his sister on this delicate subject, till circumstances had themselves solved the difficulty. Rose was encouraged by both Gaston and her father to spen I several hours daily in the military hospitals in and near Washington. She was thus, she thought, making herself familiar with the proper work of her future vocation. The Sisters of Charity, with whom she chose to labor in preference, were delighted to have so intelligent and z alous a helper, as the clusing act of the great military drama deepened in horror and in interest, sending over from Virginia an unceasing stream of the sick and wounded

At length the end came in April, and Hope, with its rain-bow hues, rose up and spanned allowed to share Rose's labors. But her soon forced to give herselt rest. Her health-into which repeated afflictions, and long vigils and journeyings, had made serious inroads-broke down with the first weeks of summer. A low nervous faver declared itself, and it was decided by Mrs. Huchinson that they should take a large an i comfortable mansion in the neighborhood of the capital. So thither they removed

toward the end of June. The end of June also brought Lucy home from school, and Frank from the army, now happily useless in the field. It was a most pleasat family gathering. To Frank's praise be it said, that he behaved with admirable delicacy towards Rose, avoiding to thrust his company or attentions upon her, and, to her great delight, bestowing on his mother and sister every possible mark of affection and devotion, It past, and, surely, Mrs. Hutchinson was the her tears, too happy to move from her kneelparched mouth with cool d.inks. The availed more to forward his recovery than happiest and proudest of mothers with her ing position, too wrapt in her gratitude and

noble soldier-boy by her side, an i her levely daughter, in whom every day seemed to reveal some new grace, some more lovable quality. To Gaston, Frank devoted every hour he could spare. He read the news to him, drove him out regularly morning and evening, and walked with him in the grounds, chatting over incidents of the war,—giving him a de-tailed account of what he had seen himself with delight to Gaston's narratives of his

own brief military experience. restored to Fairy Dell and Fairview, were destined to be more paited even than they had been before the war. Rose's tever passed and the perfect repose enjoyed there. Her heart, too, began to feel a satisfaction she had little hoped for in seeing the two families drawn so closely together, and in learning, as she soon did, that the Beaumonts, at Mort'ake, had been unmoleted by Sherman's victorious advance through South Carolina: while at Fairy Dell, Charles was once more reorganizing the large industries created by his grandfather, and thus reopening to the impoverished population their former sources of thrift and presperity.

She felt instinctively that the place she had once held at Fairy Dell could now be filled by Lucy and her own sisters, while she might execut; her own project of carrying out the last wishes and cherished plans of Die:o de Leonja. The appointment of Mr. Hutchinson to a foreign mission came in the middle of July, to sadden the bearts of his son and daughter. Frank found too much of sweetness so near to Rose, not to be dismayed by the prospect of seeing their happy household broken up. And he had not yet dured to say to her one word of the live which slone

It so happened that the news of Mr. Hutchins u's appointment was brought to a pretty arhor overlooking the Potomic.

On opening and reading the note, an exdropped the paper, and grew very pale.
What is it, Lucy darling?" said Rose, springing to her side. "I hope it is no bid

"Oh, no, no!" the other answered. "Only we must be going away." And a sudden faithtuess made her lenn back in her seat. But, as it had no buck, she would have fallen to the ground, had not Rose caught her in

her arms. "Courage, darlin;!" said the latter, "Here, take my smelling bottle. It will revive you. There, now, you are better. But what is it, dear? Who is going away, and where ?'

" Papa is going as ambassador to Europe," Lucy answered, as if the words choked her. "Well, dear, and what is there so dread-

ful in that !" " Why, that I shall have to leave you,

Resutte, and Gaston—and—' 'And the poor girl burst into tears. "Do not fret about that, my pet" said

Rose, as she streve to soothe ner friend, well divining the cause of her tears. "We have to go ourselves to Paris very soon, and thence to Madrid and Saville, so that our separation may not be so long as you think." "On, Rose, we can never again be as we have been here," Lucy replied, with a great effort at composing herself. "I felt so happy, so happy, I knew it could not last !"

"B.t, my dear, you will be with your parents on I with Frank, and you will have the precious advantage of seeing foreign countries and the best society."

"Do not talk to me of good rociety and wish we were back in Fairy Dell, and that I Rosette, as a Fairy Ogeen sent to charm away my pain and teach me everything, and to Gaston as to some great Fairy Prince, made

"I fear that people have sadly mauled and spoiled your Fairy Prince, said Gast w, reheved by this turn in the conversation. Taey would searcely admire or worship me now in Pairy Dell any more than here in Washington."

"Do not say that!" Lucy again said, impetuously. "You were then only as hand-some as a fairy prince; but now you are a heroic soldier, with the marks of battle on

"Alas I yes. I feel them but too well, an I

am not likely to be rid of the.a " "Oh, Gaston!" exclaimed Lucy, how often nave n a both papa and mamma said that you were ten times more han kome in their eyes, with there it ble scars on your face and your limbs, than when I used to compare you to

the angels that appeared to Abeabam !" 'You were but a child then,' he answered; "sulyou judged things with a childish simplicity, and spoke of them with a chill's frankness. But you are a voungledy now. Miss Lucy, and you shall have to break more than one of your idols."

"That one I never shall, never can break : it is dearer to me and more glorious a thouson't times now than before," she said, carried beyon't herself. "Oh, do not go away!" and who in his helpless blindness had sturn bled over a bench and fallen heavily to the ground. "Gaston, dear Gaston, what have I done!" she cried, runn'ng with Ross to his assistance, and helping him to rise. "I have offended you," she continued, as she kissed ais maimed left hand, "And you must think me still the same silly, wayward, un governable little Lucy Hutchinson who used

to tease and torment you so long ago." "The Lucy Hutchinson whom I have known in my dire need," Gasten replied, reseating himself, and speaking with great emotion, "is neither ungovernable, nor wayward, nor sidy. She must ever be in my eyes the noblest, the sweetest, the dearest of women .-- to whom I can never pay in gratitude and respect the smallest portion of the debt I owe her. Oh, Rose," he went on, in great distress, "have not we-have not !been very wrong in all this?"

"Lucy does not think so, dear brother," Rose answered.

"No! I do not think so," said Lucy. "I have leved you with all my heart since you first carried me in your arms, a little, sickly, helpless thing; on l oh, 'Gaston," she went on, kneeling by him and taking his hand, how often, when you were lying unconscious at death's door, and during your long hours of delirium, have I not knelt this way and repeated to myself and to you that I loved, and would willingly give my life for yours !"

"Lucy," he said, putting his arms round her neck and drawing her to him, while warning of his near approach, when the daring, he pressed his lips upon her forehead; winter of 1865 brought Mr. D'Arcy and "The "Lucy, my angel, my preserver, I know ell you say,—I have long known it, and have long loved you in return. But how can I accept this priceless offering of your love? And what will your father and mother think of this?"

"Mamma knows all, and has known it

her worship to take her eyes off his face, tion that the being before them had in it a "And papa kniws it too," she continued, 'and they both love you too well not to re joice at this. On, Rose, have you nothing to say to me, -not one word of congratulation to offer your sister Lucy?" she said, risin; and throwing herself into the outstretched

arms. tailed account of what he had seen himself 'I ought to bless God, my own darling," of the great battles of the war, and tistening Rose answered, "for giving me the dearest and best of sisters in my own cherished Lucy, and for giving to my dear Gast in the It was evident that the two families, once wo man I should have chosen among all women to be his life companion,"

At that very moment the noise of carriage. wheels was heard on the graveled rand leading up the lawn, and as the tarce rose, Lucy now clinging fondly to Gaston's arm, Frank advanced toward them, Hagaw that something extraordin ryhad happened. Lucy's eyes were still moist, and there were the traces of tears on Rose's cheeks, while Gaston's usually calm features were disturbed. Lucy, with a woman's quick instinct, threw her arms round her br ther's neck. "Dear Frank," she whispered, "we are ongaged, and I am so

happy, so happy,!"
"God bless you, darving!" he replied, kiss
"This is good news ing her fondly. "This is good news, Gaston," he continued, grasping the other's han!. "It is a happy day that gives you to me as a brother."

"You are generous, dear Frank," said the other, returning the warm grasp of his hand. "I fear all the generosity is on one side, and do not know what Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson life you would have spent in companionship will say.

"They will just say what I have said," replied Frank. "Now let me go in before you, and no the bearer of these happy tidings." An I off he went.

At the drawing-room door Mrs. Butchinsor met them with tears of j y in her eyes. She opened her arms to Lucy and Gaston as they advanced together, Lucy pushing the later toward her mother, -toward his mother, now. For the excellent lady folded him in a true motherly embrace. " My own lear, dear Gaston !" she seid.

Mrs. Hutchin,on, this is too much happin se, for you have been to me the most tender of mothers," he could on'y say,

"Gasten, my boy," said the trank, manly voice of the newly appointed ambassador, I knew it would come to this. You are rewarding us all for having loved you so long so, and count also on those who will govern and so well. Ah, you sly puss!" he said to lucy, "I thought we should find you out at the native tribes, colonies of our most devoted, last. God ever bless you, my own one!" he continued as he kissed his child. "With all my heart I congratulate you. Here, D'Arcy, | Christianity, and all the arts of civil:zed life. here is a lat'e girl who must harn to call you, too, father."

"De rat Lucy," said the latter, as she threw herself into his arms, "you will not find it a great hardship to call me that."

"Upon my word," put in Frenk, "I wish with all my heart we could start for Mexico to-morrow, and drive out these rascally Frenchmen. It would do me good to ride traight at their batteries."

"Come, come, my boy," said his father, "there is a fairer prize to be wen zesrer home. An I now, my dear," he said, turning to his wife, "I am revencedy hungry, and ready to do justice to your good fare. Let us have a good dinner; and, D'Arcy, let me tell you this: Now that we are to be more than neighbors and friends. I promise you that I shall make short work of my mission ab oad, and be back to Fairview as soon as possible."

CHAPTER XAXII.

THE HAVEN REACHED.

Mr. Hutchinson had gone to his mission in Europe, taking with him his whole family For Colonel Hutchinson's health had been seriously impaired by repeated attacks of swamp fever, and a change of climate became ab solutely necessary to bim. He was glad to foreign countries, Lucy said, with something go for another reason. Mr. D'Arey, with of the old petulance in her tone. "Oh, I Rose and Mary Gaston, were also in Europe, Rose and Mary Gaston, were also in Europe, and poor Frank still clung to the desperate was a little girl again, looking up to you, hope of meeting with them, and of awakening O Love Crucified! Rose,—his earliest an lonly love.

An affectionate interest Rose did, indeed, feel for the brave soldier, whose blame less private life and glorious military record completely blotted out in her mind all memory | those radiant features or hear the accents of of his stormy hoyhood and youth He too had been, in very touth, litted up into a new life by the leve of a true woman. Alas for him, that she could make him no such return | her own ago, she left that chose a parent of a as his heart was basy with.

When Mr. Hutchinson reached Paris, the D'Arcys were still there, Mr. D'Arcy trying what the most renowned phyhis son's eyesight; Gaston allowing his dear father to hope against hope itself, Mary had been placed with her mother's old and cherished mistresses, in the great school of the Rue de Babylane, where Rose daily spent with her all the time she could spare trun her duties to her father and Gaston. It was fortunate for Mary, who had never till then been away from home, that so many American girls were at that very moment receiving their education there. A few of them, from New O leans, were acquainted with the A ctime, and thus a first bond of flection was formed. What, however, made Mary a sort of little heroine, was the first visit paid to the establishment by Gaston, about whose wounds and exploits the most romantic stories were soon told all over

Shall we say that Rose, in the widowhood of her maiden live, was powerfully drawn to the noble ladics-noble in every true sense of the word-who reared within these walls the very flower of French womanhood? She was drawn by that heavenly perfume given forth by lives devoted to the loftiest s:li-sacrifice and the doing to souls the greatest amount

possible of good. Her mether, who had been trained in early girlhood by ladies who had lift their native France to educate the daughters of our Southera planters, had made Roso familiar with the history of these heroic women, with the beauty of their private lives and the fruitfulness of their labors. Mrs. D'Arcv had ment the crowning year of her own academic course at the mother house in Paris, and there she had learned to love and to reverence the holy women who had been the first chosen apostles of the new era of female edu cation. Above all of them, she had loved and reverenced the venerable foundress, -a peasant-girl of Burgundy, with the cultivated intellect of a Newman; with a feeble frame and a small stature, but with the great heart and lofty soul of a Xavier; and who had gathered around herself, by twofold magneticm of her sanctity and her amiability thousands of the most generous souls to be found in the rank of French womanhood,

Death had al entry sent the venerable octogenarian more than one prophetic his family to Paris. With the extraordinary fervor of her nature, Madame Barat welcomed in Rose the child of one whom she had never ceased to love tenderly. ripen into friendship, and that a life of meri-And Rose, as her eyes first tell on the aged form, bent as it was with the double burden of years and of labors overwhelming and unwas evident that he wished to atone for the from the baginning," she answered, through ceasing, was stricken with a mingled sensation of awe and love,—of awe in presence of looking up at him. "Why can not this one who impressed beholders with the convic-

something divine; and of love for that beauti ful soul that still shone forth in the wrinkled countenance, like an angel half revealed beneath its assumed human disguise.

Our little mourner soon found that she could open her heart without reserve to this most motherly woman, there was in her so much of winning tenderaces, of varied experience in governing and guiding others, and much, too, of that preternstural wisdom that attends on great holiness of life. So one day-just while the devoted won n was hovering on the border of the eternal world unseen,-like a swallow in October, clinging fendly all day with its brood to the ap it where it had built its nest, before taking its flight to the sunnier climes of the South,-Rose was admitted as a privileged visitor, and tell the brief story of her life.

"You have been, like myself, most blessed in having such a mother and such a grand fither," she said to Rose. "To my mother, grandfather, and my brother, I owe every thing under God,"

"To my dear papa also," answered Rose, "I am equally indebted; only papa and mamma, and all of us, young and old, looked. up to grandpapa as our teacher and model in everything.

"These are priceless advantages," the other replied, "not always found even in the for tunate classes. And now, derling, ' she continued, "you say you want to dedicate to the service of God's nucleut on earth the with your betrothed husband, and all the wealth which he has left you ?'

"YE, dear mother, Ross answered, " 1 "I wish to go and labor for needy souls in that same land of Mexico where God's light dawned so fully on my dear last Diego. I only yearn to continue the work-so far as women may-which culisted his holy enthusiasm. One of his last not le utterances to me-on the very day before he took to his bed-was, that we're he convinced he could contribute, by becoming a priest, toward reviving religion and promoting civilization among the forlorn na live populations of Mexico, he was ready to renounce even my love." And the poor girl

yiel led to her emotion. " In whateve way I can help you to carry out your design, you must count on my doing whose lives are spen; in training the women of these wild races to all the virtues of We also help the men in the measure allowed our sex, and thus provide for the want; both of the bidily and the spiritual life. We shall be but too happy to second to the utmost all the purposes of your heliest

"Oh, if I could on'y think myself worthy exclaimed Riceo, through her sweet tours

Dy. "Ah, my child," said the other, "yuu will never cease to be worthy so long as year seek what is highest and best in the road of self ascrifice and devotion to your Crucified Love ! Oh, you do not know," she continued. looking upward with a rapt, ecstatic look. "how daily and hourly draughts of the wine. Divine love and self-abnegation intoxicate and strengthen, and enable the feeblest of human beings to undertake and accomplish what would seem impossible to worldly wisdom O, my Lord and my Love," she continue I, while her whole countenance became radiant, and the bent form seemed to like upward oh, if I had loved Thy Cross more, what couldst Thou not have achieved despite my weakness and unworthiness!"

Rose gazed in wonder-almost in terrorat the transformed countenance, and, fall nu on her knees by the side of the speaker. s. fe t her whole soul thrilled to its center by the ardent exclamations which burst forth from the great servant of God. "Oh, to serve Thee !- to suffer for Thee !- to spend a thou sand lives in glorifying Thee !-O. Goodness

A few days later the welcome angel. Death, had released this yearning son from her earthly bondage. Rose felt. as she bade her farewel', that she would never again in this life look upon that inspired voice. The words spoken in this interview burned into the very substance of her soul. And, like hundreds of othersol widespread family with her soul overflowing

with the spirit of self sacratice.
When she returned to her fither an brother at the Grand Hotel, she found to sicians of Europe could do to restore Hutchinsons there. They had arrived that very morning. The meeting of Mrs. Hatchia son and Lucy with Rose was a rapture as one, while he, who had I ng given up all hope, at least on he part of the former. On ito-was calculy resigned to the Divine will, at least on he part of the former. On itoside, it was the joy that was tempored with the apprehension of having once more to listen to Frank's hopeless built. This time, however, she was determined not to avoid

He solicited a few moments of privacy with Rose, in spite of his mother's and his ais ar's remonstrances. For they know that he was inly adding to his own misery and to lines;

When they were alone, Frank at once ad dressed himself to his task-one more diffe cult and dreadful to him than had ever beer the riding up to the enemy's battery, and

exposing himself to the full tury of its fire. "I would fain spare you and myself the pain of this interview, 'he said, as he said down by Rose's side; "but the love of you, and the dear hopes which that love inspired, have been to me tar more than breath of life over since that fatal morning at the Lover's Lean.

"Ought not the glorious memories of the years that have passed since that day comfort you, and make you look forward to a most honorable future ?" she said, very sweetly.

Yos," he answered, " if my reward could be to realize in the present the bright dream that filled all these years. Oh, Rose!" he continued, "let me speak to you as our dear companionship since childhood gives me the right to speak. Surely you must know how long and dearly I have loved you. Pray do not interrupt me now," he pleaded. " My heart will break if I do not lay down its burden at your feet. I did not importuna you when I learned that you had ratified your early betrothal, and that you had given your heart to one far more worthy of you than the Frank Hutchinson whom you had known But I know you would rejoice, and perhaps begin to esteem me, when fame would have told you how I strove to be worthy of the woman whom I loved hopelessly, but loved so truly."

"I did rej ice, believe me," Rose said, through ber tears. "for I know how many noble qualities lay choked beneath one de-And my esteem increased for you with fect. the tidings brought me of your victory over self, much more than of your beroic deeds of

"Thank you for that," he said, taking and kissing her hand. "You are scarcely twentyone,' he co tinued, "and may Inst hope that time will allow esteem in your heart to torious service to my country may win me some beginning of love in return for my long

devotion?'
"My triend hip you have," Ross said