

and spite of all his efforts he suddenly burst into tears and gave way to groans of anguish. Leaning his head upon the pillow of his dying wife he sobbed like an infant.

How can I describe the expression with which the countenance of the departing one was marked? She smiled, but it was a heavenly smile, and drawing her husband nearer she embraced him saying ;

"James, those tears give me joy. They show me that you love me. Oh, may God give you grace to come where I am going. Will you promise me that you will try to go to heaven?"

"Yes, Marguerite, I promise it, may God help me!" His voice was firm although broken by emotion.

She remained some moments motionless and speechless. We thought that all was over. Her husband, with his eyes fixed upon her, watched for the slightest sign of returning life. Then bending again toward her, he embraced her again and again, and I heard him murmuring; "What a wretch, what a brute; I am not worthy to come near to one who is so near to God. Marguerite forgive, Oh forgive all the wrongs I have done you. I did not know that there was any reality in religion, now I see that it was that enabled you to bear with me, may God forgive me! I am not worthy to live, I detest, I abhor myself."

Suddenly, during this effusion of remorse and anguish, the lips of Marguerite moved: she opened her eyes, her face as before was overspread by a heavenly radiance as she cried out:

"Do you hear the music? Listen to the celestial choir!"

Then she stopped and began repeating, but indistinctly: