

such canting talk? Is this my reward for leaving you so long in the hands of Popish women and meddling priests? Leave me before I forget myself and whip such school-girl nonsense out of you!"

Disheartened and in despair, the poor girl resolved to try one last appeal, and, sitting down to her little desk that had many a time borne the burden thrown from her heart to the paper that should tell it to some one else, she indited a pathetic appeal to the wife of the Governor, begging her motherly heart to open to the sorrow of the poor misguided youth whose life was so soon to be cut short, and asking at her hands the gift of that life that might mean so much to the writer.

All appeals, however, were of no effect, the stereotyped answer being returned in every case: "It was deeply regretted that the demands of justice could not, without danger to the public weal, be sacrificed to the claims of mistaken clemency."

Preparations were made for the final tragedy which, as if in bitter irony, was fixed for the 21st of December—that season commemorative of the birth of Him who came with messages of "peace and good-will to men." Father Lebeau, who had been in constant attendance on the young man, had persuaded him to grant an interview with Evelyn. He was at first loth to meet her.

"Why disturb me, father?" he said; "I have done with the world and its affairs; to see her would do me no good, and but uselessly agitate her."

The curé explained that as Miss Gordon wished it, and had been unremitting in her efforts to secure his release, her desire to say farewell might reasonably be granted.

With heavy heart, the following day, Father Lebeau led the trembling girl along the stone corridor of the jail, and, when the door of the condemned cell was flung open by the turnkey, he silently motioned her in, closed the door, and began pacing up and down the corridor until she should reappear.

Who shall attempt to pry into the scene being enacted behind that oaken door? If the solemnity of such a moment, when two souls, refined by such fiery trials, are parting on the verge of eternity, did not deter us, the bolts and bars and solid masonry shall stand as a barrier against an unhallowed curiosity that would commit such sacrilege.

The curé was almost weary with his lonely pacing of the echoing corridor, when, turning again in his walk, he was brought face to face with the girl standing motionless on the cold stones.

Was this the same Evelyn he had ushered into that cell such a short while ago? surely it was as to form and clothing, but that firm and exalted bearing, the face pale as a marble statue but illumined with a light that seemed an inspiration of some holy spirit breathing over it.



"ZOUNDS! GIRL, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"