

DU CHESNE'S RETURN.

themselves, drew closer together. A wan, hollow-eyed form, gliding from among the shadows, advanced towards the bed, stood for a moment gazing down upon du Chesne's peaceful face, and then disappeared as noiselessly as it had entered. The strong and subtle tie of kindred had drawn Jeanne Le Ber from the seclusion of years. The spectators were awed by the sight of a mortal, divided from all human hopes and interests, yet still firmly bound to its inheritance of human woe.

Night had passed. The stars paled in the sky, lingering shadows dispersed, the dawn was breaking in the east. Sister Berbier rose, and crossing the room, threw open the heavy wooden shutters. The fresh, cool air, moist and odorous, rushed in ; and with it a searching ray of light, clear and terrible, fell upon the calm dead face on the pillow.