

of the whole without effort. "O, I have often talked philosophy with Mr. Quinet," she explained. Her spiritual eyes glistened with profound beautiful depths as she looked down into the forest-shades before us. A color had suffused itself over her face so lovely that the glorified creature beside me seemed to surpass my intensest ideal.

"It *is* the Voice of the Universe," she said, and her cheeks flushed, "I once heard the Spirit of All, called, 'Heart of Heaven, Heart of Earth,' and I added 'Heart of Man.' Obey it, obey your best thoughts." She looked at me with such a glance of sacred sympathy, that—O joy, the first words filling life with fragrance have been spoken!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was short, our sweet bridal and few days of united life, and of bliss at the old château d'Esneval. Gravely ill,—worse,—recovering,—then DEAD. O God, was it possible?

Yes; I saw her lying amid garlands of evergreens and white robes, in a low-lighted chamber of the château, still and transfigured into a changed, unearthly beauty, the *alās!* so thin lips lightly parted in a smile, the abundant golden hair I used to admire brushed neatly away from her forehead, the darkened eyelids that told of long exhaustion peacefully closed as if on visions of heaven—as if she saw God, being pure in heart. Supernaturally lovely as her soul had been through life the wearied sufferer lay in death, white tuberoses pressing her poor thin cheek—one purity affectionate to another. Ah, it was a vision. I never saw one on whom Heaven loved so constantly to breathe sweetness. Neither health could roughen her beauty nor sickness drive it away: for the soul, after all, will shine through the body, will lift it up, and if glorious will leave it worthy of itself.

\* \* \* \* \*