

would have turned back, but her determined will urged her on. She was the last De Roberval; the noble name was a sacred trust to her, and she would keep it noble to the end. When she reached her castle, the peasants who remembered her, and had thought her dead, flocked about her, weeping and laughing, kissing her horse and her garments, until, touched to the heart, she broke down and mingled her tears with theirs.

And now her true life began. At first it was hard. The old memories came crowding back upon her. Her uncle's face seemed to stare at her from the deserted halls; and when she entered the room where she and Marie had nursed and tended Claude through his illness, such an agony of remembrance rushed over her that it seemed as if at last her mind must be unhinged. She sought refuge in occupation; late and early she worked as no De Roberval had ever worked before, and her retainers called down blessings on her head. But when the toil of the day was over, and she sought her lonely pillow, she heard all night the booming of the waves on the rock-bound shore, and saw the faces of her dead staring at her out of the darkness.

Thus the days of her desolate widowhood dragged themselves by. Her youth was gone, and the grey hairs which had startled Cartier had now many companions. But they seemed only to add beauty and character to her sweet, sad face. She gave herself up to unselfish devotion to others and her duty; and as if the storms of her life had buffeted themselves into