

the latest and the fairest. Across the azure of her youth had come and gone a vague, beautiful flash of love. The door of earthly paradise had opened and closed. That delicate string which vibrates with the joy of living seemed parted; her heart was broken, and her young breast a tomb. With straining eyes she continued to gaze. The invisible arms of her love clasped Maurice to her heart and held him there. Only that day he had stood before her, a delight to the eye; and she had given him her hand to kiss. How bravely he had gone forth from the city! She had followed him with her ardent gaze until he was no longer to be seen. And now he lay dying. . . . for her.

"Monsieur," she said, turning to the physician, "I have something to say to Monseigneur."

The physician bowed and passed into the boudoir, the door of which he closed.

"Father," she said to the prelate, "I have no secrets from you." She pointed to Maurice. "I love him. I know not why. He comes from a foreign land; his language nor his people are mine, and yet the thought of him has filled my soul. I have talked to him but four different times; and yet I love him. Why? I can not tell. The mind has no power to rule the impulse of love. Were he to live, perhaps my love would be a sin. Is it not strange, father, that I love him? I have lost parental love; I am losing a love a woman holds priceless above all others. He is dying because of me. He loves me. I read it in his eyes just before he fell. Perhaps it is better for him and