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When Writing Mention This Paper.

said she fondly. "I feared to let you see me. I feared to learn that you hate, as you have cause to do, the whole house of Repentigny! And yet you do not curse me, dear Pierre?"

"My poor angel, you break my heart! I curse the House of Repentigny? I hate you? Amelie, you know me better."

"But your good father, the noble and just Bourgeois! Oh, Pierre what have we not done to you and yours!"

She fell back upon her pillow, covering her eyes with her semi-transparent hands, bursting, as she did so, into a flood of passionate tears and passing into a dead faint.

Pierre was wild with anguish. He pressed against the bars. For God's sake, let me in! exclaimed he; "she is dying!"

The two quiet nuns who were in attendance shook their heads at Pierre's appeal to open the door. They were too well disciplined in the iron rule of the house to open it without an express order from the Lady Superior or from Mere Esther. Their bosoms, abounding in spiritual warmth, responded coldly to the contagion of mere human passion. Their ears, unused to the voice of man's love, tingled at the words of Pierre. Fortunately, Mere Esther, ever on the watch, came into the parlor, and seeing at a glance the need of the hour, opened the iron door and bade Pierre come in. He rushed forward and threw himself at the feet of Amelie, calling her by the most tender appellatives, and seeking to recall her to a consciousness of his presence.

That loved, familiar voice overtook her spirit, already winging its flight from earth, and brought it back for a few minutes longer. Mere Esther, a skillful nurse, administered a few drops of cordial, and, seeing her dying condition, sent instantly for the physician and the chaplain.

Amelie opened her eyes and turned them inquiringly around the group until they fastened upon Pierre. A flash of fondness suddenly suffused her face, as she remembered how and why he was there. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him many times, murmuring, "I have often prayed to die thus, Pierre! close to you, my love, close to you; in your arms and God's, where you could receive my last breath, and feel in the last throbb of my heart that it is wholly yours!"

"My poor Amelie," cried he, pressing her to his bosom, "you shall not die! Courage, darling! It is but weakness and the air of the convent; you shall not die."

"I am dying now, Pierre," said she, falling back upon her pillow. "I feel I have but a short time to live. I welcome death, since I cannot be yours. But oh, the unutterable pang of leaving you, my dear love!"

Pierre could only reply by sobs and kisses. Amelie was silent for a few moments, as if revolving some deep thought in her mind.

"There is one thing, Pierre, I have to beg of you," said she, faltering, as if doubting his consent to her prayer. "Can you, will you, accept my life for Le Gardeur's? If I die for him, will you forgive my poor blood-stained and deluded brother, and your own? Yes, Pierre," repeated she, as she raised his hand to her lips and kissed it, "your brother, as well as mine! Will you forgive him, Pierre?"

"Amelie! Amelie!" replied he, with a voice broken with emotion, "can you fancy other than that I would forgive him? I forgave Le Gardeur from the first. In my heart I never accused him of my father's death. Alas, he knew not what he did! He was but a sword in the hands of my father's enemies. I forgave him then, darling, and I forgive him wholly now, for your sake and his own."

"My noble Pierre!" replied she, putting out her arms towards him. "Why might not God have suffered me to reward such divine goodness? Thanks, my love! I now die content with all things but parting with you." She held him fast by his



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