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ma, harder, he thought, to solve than any problem of mathematics—for it was the riddle of his life: "What thoughts are truly in the heart of Amelie de Repentigny respecting me? Does she recollect me only as her brother's companion, who may possibly have some claim upon her friendship, but none upon her love?" His imagination pictured every look she had given him since his return. Not all! Oh, Pierre Philibert! the looks you would have given worlds to catch, you were unconscious of! Every word she had spoken, the soft inflection of every syllable of her silvery voice lingered in his ear. He had caught meanings where perhaps no meaning was, and missed the key to others which he knew were there—never, perhaps, to be revealed to him. But although he questioned in the name of love, and found many divine echoes in her words, imperceptible to every ear but his own, he could not wholly solve the riddle of his life. Still he hoped.

"If love creates love, as some say it does," thought he, "Amelie de Repentigny cannot be indifferent to a passion which governs every impulse of my being! But is there any especial merit in loving her whom all the world cannot help admiring equally with myself? I am presumptuous to think so!—and more presumptuous still to expect, after so many years of separation and forgetfulness, that her heart, so loving and so sympathetic, has not already bestowed its affection upon some one more fortunate than me."

While Pierre tormented himself with these sharp thorns of doubt—and of hopes painful as doubts—little did he think what a brave, loving spirit was hid under the silken vesture of Amelie de Repentigny, and how hard was her struggle to conceal from his eyes those tender regards, which, with over-delicacy, she accounted censurable because they were wholly spontaneous.

He little thought how entirely his image had filled her heart during those years when she dreamed of him in the quiet cloister, living in a world of bright imaginings of her own; how she prayed for his safety and welfare as she would have prayed for the soul of one dead—never thinking, or even hoping, to see him again.

Pierre had become to her as one of the disembodied saints or angels whose pictures looked down from the wall of the Convent chapel—the bright angel of Annunciation or the youthful Baptist proclaiming the way of the Lord. Now that Pierre Philibert was alive in the flesh—a man, beautiful, brave, honorable, and worthy of any woman's love—Amelie was frightened. She had not looked for that, and yet it had come upon her. And, although trembling, she was glad and proud to find she had been remembered by the brave youth, who recognized in the perfect woman the girl he had so ardently loved as a boy.

Did he love her still? Woman's heart is quicker to apprehend all possibilities than man's. She had caught a look once or twice in the eyes of Pierre Philibert which thrilled the inmost fibres of her being; she had detected his ardent admiration. Was she offended? Far from it! And although her cheek had flushed deeply red, and her pulses throbbed hard at the sudden consciousness that Pierre Philibert admired, nay, more—she could not conceal it from herself—she knew that night that he loved her! She would not have foregone that moment of revelation for all that the world had to offer.

She would gladly at that moment of discovery have fled to her own apartment and cried for joy, but she dared not; she trembled lest his eyes, if she looked up, should discover the secret of her own. She had an overpowering consciousness that she stood upon the brink of her fate; that ere long that look of his would be followed by words—blessed, hoped-for words, from the

lips of Pierre Philibert! words which would be the pledge and assurance to her of that love which was hereafter to be the joy—it might be the despair, but in any case the all in all of her life forever.

Amelie had not yet realized the truth that love is the strength, not the weakness of woman; and that the boldness of the man is rank cowardice in comparison with the bravery she is capable of, and the sacrifices she will make for the sake of the man who has won her heart.

God looks up in a golden casket of modesty the yearnings of a woman's heart; but when the hand in which he has placed the key that opens it calls forth her glorified affections, they come out like the strong angels, and hold back the winds that blow from the four corners of the earth, that they may not hurt the man whose forehead is sealed with the kiss of her acknowledged love.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### A Day at the Manor House.

Amelie, after a night of wakefulness and wrestling with a tumult of new thoughts and emotions—no longer dreams, but realities of life—dressed herself in a light morning costume, which, simple as it was, bore the touch of her graceful hand and perfect taste. With a broad-brimmed straw hat set upon her dark tresses, which were knotted with careless care in a blue ribbon, she descended the steps of the Manor House. There was a deep bloom upon her cheeks, and her eyes looked like fountains of light and gladness, running over to bless all beholders.

She inquired of Felix Beaudoin of her brother. The old majordomo, with a significant look, informed her that Monsieur Le Gardeur had just ordered his horse to ride to the village. He had first called for a decanter of Cognac, and when it was brought to him he suddenly thrust it back and would not taste it. "He would not drink even Jove's nectar in the Manor House," he said; but would go down to the village, where Satan mixed the drink for thirsty souls like his! Poor Le Gardeur! continued Felix, "you must not let him go to the village this morning, mademoiselle!"

Amelie was startled at this information. She hastened at once to seek her brother, whom she found walking impatiently in the garden, slashing the heads off the poppies and dahlias within reach of his riding-whip. He was equipped for a ride, and waited the coming of the groom with his horse.

Amelie ran up, and clasping his arms with both hands as she looked up in his face with a smile, exclaimed, "Do not go to the village yet, Le Gardeur! Wait for us!"

"Not go to the village yet, Amelie?" replied he: "why not? I shall return for breakfast, although I have no appetite. I thought a ride to the village would give me one."

"Wait until after breakfast, brother, when we will all go with you to meet our friends who come this morning to Tilly—our cousin Heloise de Lotbiniere is coming to see you and Pierre Philibert; you must be there to welcome her—gallants are too scarce to allow her to spare the handsomest of all, my own brother!"

Amelie divined truly from Le Gardeur's restless eyes and haggard look that a fierce conflict was going on in his breast between duty and desire—whether he should remain at home, or go to the village to plunge again into the sea of dissipation out of which he had just been drawn to land half-drowned and utterly desperate.

Amelie resolved not to leave his side, but to cleave to him, and inch by inch to fight the demons which possessed him, until she got the victory.

Le Gardeur looked fondly in the face of Amelie. He read her thoughts, and was very conscious why she wished him not to go to the village. His feelings gave way

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