

out of the window and say, "That'll do, that'll do, Marie-Claire."

Mélanie pulled the rope out of my hands. The bell, which was up, fell back all wrong, and gave a sort of groan. "Silly, you have been ringing for a quarter of an hour or more," Mélanie said. I answered, "Sister Désirée-des-Anges is dead." Veronique went into the room after us. She noticed that the white curtain was not drawn between the two beds, and said that she thought it was disgraceful for a nun to let her hair be seen. Mélanie passed her finger over a tear which was rolling down each of her cheeks. Her head was more on one side than ever, and she whispered quite low, "She is even prettier than she was before." The sunshine bathed the bed, and covered the dead woman from head to foot.

I remained with her all day. Some of the sisters came to see her. One of them covered her face with a napkin, but as soon as she had gone, I uncovered it again. Mélanie came and spent the night by the bedside with me. When she had closed the window she lit the big lamp, "so that Sister Désirée-des-Anges should not be in the dark," she said.