

no danger of this being granted. But in the hearing of your prayer, hers has received its boon. She made another, too, but I know not yet its result.

'What was it?' eagerly asked Pierrot. She replied :

'She offered up the life which she prized so little, as a sacrifice, to obtain your return to grace and virtue.'

'Then she has been heard,' answered, with broken sobs, the unhappy Pierrot.

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a bright light darted to the eyes of both, as if a brilliant star had on a sudden arisen. They looked round in amazement; it was the light of the lamp rekindled in the Sanctuary, and again shining as usual on that narrow and slippery path. Both hailed the omen, or rather the emblem and token of returning grace.

The good priest had been awakened by the cry that had startled the robbers, and had arisen to ascertain its cause. He went first to his chapel, and to his astonishment found it dark. It was some time before he procured a light, and he had in that moment relighted the lamp. On finding it drawn down, and still more on perceiving that the door was open, and discovering the lantern on the ground, he saw that he had had a narrow escape from sacrilege. How this had been prevented he could not conceive, and he remained examining every place, and pondering on the strange circumstance, when he perceived footsteps approaching. His alarm was changed into grief, when he saw that it was Pierrot and his wife, the former bearing in his arms the dead body of his daughter.

It was long before his sympathising sorrow allowed him to listen to the mother's tale of affliction. She told it at last, without mentioning her husband's name, except as so rashly rushing down to recover his child. But the good old man now saw his own, and a no less beautiful solution of the mysteries of that night, than that of the parents, as he said :

'Now I understand it all. Not only has her wish been gratified, of never returning to a worldly garb, but she has proved the guardian and protecting spirit of this her favourite Sanctuary, which she so much adorned. But for that fatal accident to her, and the pang it caused her mother, the robbers, whoever they were, would have accomplished their work. For, no doubt, the cry which awoke me scared them. By her death she has saved this holy place from pillage. She was herself as a second Lamp of the Sanctuary; how natural that the putting out of one should cause the extinction of the other.'

Their plans were soon arranged. A bier was in the middle of the church, on the very spot where she loved to kneel, and covered with a black velvet pall. Upon it, facing the altar, the corpse was placed, in its snow white spotless dress, the hands with her crucifix placed between them, and her beads twined around them, were joined on the breast; her long

silken tresses floated over her shoulders, and the wreath which she had twined was placed upon her head.

On either side knelt one of her now broken-hearted parents; but Pierrot soon passed to the knees of the venerable pastor, where he poured forth with deep contrition and burning tears the history of his past crimes, and exchanged the stinging worm of a remorseful conscience, for the tender consolation of loving repentance, and assurance of pardon by the absolution of Christ's minister.

He was again at his former post, kneeling by the body of his child. But now her spirit seemed to him to hover in the soft radiance above him, and to smile upon him in the rays of the sacred lamp. He could imagine it mingling with angelic choirs descending to rejoice over the sinner brought to repentance, and sitting around him, hand in hand with that guardian spirit who had never abandoned him in all his wanderings. And as he looked, to assure himself of the reality of his state, to the bier beside him, it seemed to him as if a new smile played upon her features, and a tinge of life had returned to her countenance.

Morning was come, and the well known death-bell sounded from the little turret of the chapel. The neighbours started at its sound; for they had heard of no illness near them, and crowded in kind anxiety to the Sanctuary. They started as they entered in astonishment and sorrow. The tale was soon whispered from one to another; the flight of those naturally suspected of the attempted sacrilege, confirmed all their conjectures; while Pierrot's being with his wife and daughter screened him from all suspicion.

Many tears of unaffected sorrow graced that funeral, but shed more in sympathy for the survivors, than from grief over her whom all now envied. Mothers held up their little ones to look upon that corpse; and, instead of shrinking from it in terror, they stretched out their arms to ask to embrace it.

There was long in the little cemetery of Mont-Marie, a grave greener than all the rest, and decked each day by children's hands with the fairest flowers; and if you had asked any of the busy little labourers whose it was, he would have told you with wondering eyes, that it was *Marie's*—as if no one else had ever been called there by that name.

After some years there were two other graves near the favourite spot, they were those of her parents, honoured by all for virtue and venerable old age. Pierrot left it to be told after his death, how his virtue and his happiness, his crimes, his punishment, his repentance, and his forgiveness, had been wonderfully connected with the Lamp of the Sanctuary.