

acquainted with her I am sure I cannot tell, but, in any case, you will not *say* the contrary, whatever you may *think*—for I know readers in general are very polite and very *courteous*—proverbially so, indeed—and my heroine's misfortunes, if nothing else, entitle her to your respect.

In conclusion, it may be well to mention that old Mother Longpré has actually been on the look-out ever since Miss Preston's death. She is now engaged superintending the primary education of a chubby little grandchild, who, under her experienced tuition, will soon be able to use his legs. She has a wholesome horror of being out after nightfall, and thinks "poor dear ma'amselle" *may* probably take an occasional airing in the vicinity of her present dwelling. Still she derives a sort of faint security from her promise not to appear to *her*: only for that, she says, God knows how it would be, for the poor young lady had such odd ways with her at times, that she must have had something on her mind and it wouldn't be much wonder if she came wandering back in search of relief.

This was old Marie's private opinion, but in public she agreed with all the neighbors that if ma'amselle wasn't in heaven it was a pity of those she left behind—a form of encomium common, I believe, to all Catholic populations, when the recent dead are in question.

THE END.