

Juliette ran, and, with a rapid spring threw herself on her father's neck, loading him with caresses, and testifying, in the most expansive manner, her joy on seeing him again. My heart was full to overflowing. Henri took Juliette on his knee, and looked at her with delight, unable to believe his eyes on finding in that mild, intelligent looking girl the little wild, rude creature he had left scarcely four years before. She spoke to him with vivacity, spelling his name on her fingers, with a thousand words of affection and respect. "Who, then, has trained her so? Who has taught her all that?" said my husband to me. Immediately Arthur translated by signs, to his sister, the question asked of me. She took a slate and wrote rapidly: "It was my mother that taught me all I know, and I owe all to her: she taught me to know God, to love you, my beloved father, and you, my dear little brother Arthur!"

My husband read with astonishment. "You alone!" said he to me. "You have, then, brought her up?" "My dear Henri," said I, "it is true; I disobeyed you. After your departure, Juliette never left me; God assisted me; she is good, she is pious, she loves you, she loves our Arthur." "But how were you able to bring up this poor child?" "The good Sisters communicated their secret to me; they had me for a pupil, and not Juliette." "And it is you, you alone, who have formed my child's soul! Adrienne, you are more than her mother!"

He was silent; the tears trickled down his