

last settled permanently upon her cheek. Her eyes, those glorious orbs, filled with unquenchable love, grew supernaturally large and brilliant with the flames that fed upon her vital forces. Amélie sickened and sank rapidly. The vulture of quick consumption had fastened upon her young life.

Mère Esther and Mère Migeon shook their heads, for they were used to broken hearts, and knew the infallible signs which denote an early death in the young and beautiful. Prayers and masses were offered for the recovery of Amélie, but all in vain. God wanted her. He alone knew how to heal that broken heart. It was seen that she had not long to live. It was known she wished to die.

Pierre heard the tidings with overwhelming grief. He had been permitted but once to see her for a few brief moments, which dwelt upon his mind forever. He deferred his departure to Europe in consequence of her illness, and knocked daily at the door of the Convent to ask after her and leave some kind message or flower, which was faithfully carried to her by the friendly nuns who received him at the wicket. A feeling of pity and sympathy for these two affianced and unfortunate lovers stole into the hearts of the coldest nuns, while the novices and the romantic convent girls were absolutely wild over the melancholy fate of Pierre and Amélie.

He long solicited in vain for another interview with Amélie, but until it was seen that she was approaching the end, it was not granted him. Mère Esther interceded strongly with the Lady Superior, who was jealous of the influence of Pierre with her young novice. At length Amélie's prayers overcame her scruples. He was told one day that Amélie was dying, and wished to see him for the last time in this world.

Amélie was carried in a chair to the bars to receive her sorrowing lover. Her pale face retained its statuesque beauty of outline, but so thin and wasted!

"Pierre will not know me;" whispered she to Heloise, "but I shall smile at the joy of meeting him, and then he will recognize me."

Her flowing veil was thrown back from her face. She spoke little, but her dark eyes were fixed with devouring eagerness upon the door by which she knew Pierre would