

hear my secret? It will make your hair stand on end, and cause you to fly from my side with scorn and loathing. Well, be it so; when you know what a wretch you have been pleading with, you will give up the vain attempt to console him, or bring him to repentance. You will confess that there is no repentance possible for such guilt as mine. Remorse, indeed there is, but no hope of pardon. Was Judas pardoned?"

"He might have been pardoned if he had not despaired," said the Abbe, in a low voice.

"Well, I will tell you my story," exclaimed Jacques; and he leant his head on his hand, fixed his wild expressive eyes on the calm, earnest face of the priest, and spoke as follows: "I was born on the estate of a nobleman who had been for many years the protector of my family. He took me into his service when I was very young, and I had lived some time in his house when the Revolution broke out. He was a kind, generous master, and his wife an angel of goodness. The rich respected, and the poor worshiped her. I used often to think, when she knelt in the village church, or visited the sick, or gave alms at the door of the castle, that she was just as good as any of the saints in the calendar. Her two daughters were as good and as beautiful as their mother; and her son, who was but a little fellow at the time I am speaking of, the joy of their hearts.

"Well, the Revolution came, and a strange madness took possession of men's minds. We were told that we were all equal; that masters were tyrants, and kings oppressors. We heard nothing else from morning to night, till we dreamt of riches and freedom, and doing our own will and not that of others, and cursed in silence every duty we had to perform as laborers, or as servants. My master was not very eager about public affairs, but he hated new notions, and spoke out in favor of the King and of the Church, whenever an opportunity offered, and went on much in his usual way, shooting over his grounds, visiting his neighbors, and little dreaming of the storm that was ready to burst over his head. His wife thought more about it than he did, and we could see that she was longer at her prayers than usual, and there were often traces of tears on her sweet face.

"The young ladies, poor things, were as merry as if there had been no such thing in the world as the revolution, and, except in my discontented and restless heart, there was peace in the old castle, till the day, when a Genéris-

snire from Paris took up his abode in the neighboring town, and drew up a list of persons accused of being counter-revolutionists and enemies of the people.

"My master's name was foremost in the list, and he received a friendly message that informed him of the fact, and enjoined him to seek a place of concealment for himself and his family. The announcement took him by surprise; but madame instantly suggested their retiring to a cottage amongst the hills, where an old maid-servant of hers resided, and which was as likely to escape observation as any spot in the neighborhood. Thither they went by night; I helped them to pack up; I carried little Paulin in my arms part of the way. O my God, if that day, if that hour, could but return! Could I but feel again that child's warm breath on my cheek, as I ascended the steep mountain-path; or hear once again the sweet voice of his mother, as she urged me to sit down and rest! Rest! "There is no rest for the wicked." The curse of Cain is upon me. It is years since I mentioned their names; I had never thought to do so again; but now that I have begun, I will go on with my dreadful history; but I cannot linger over it. It must be short, as the time that I have yet to live. Well, I returned to the Castle, and the Commissaire and his crew came one day and took possession of it. They broke into the cellar, and they brought out wine and drank all night, and I drank with them. They talked of the grand doings of the people at Paris, and sang wild songs till my brain was confused, and I sang and vociferated louder than any of them. They cheered and applauded; they called me a good patriot, and I felt as if a new world was opening before me. There was a man amongst them who drew me aside, and showed me a printed paper, in which the revolutionary committee announced that they would bestow the property of the prescribed nobles on any true patriot who would discover their hiding-places. He assured me that by revealing my master's abode, I should become entitled to the possession of his castle and of his lands; and my brain maddened at the notion. I forgot all about the Revolution and an equal division of property, which we had been talking about a moment before, and I saw myself at once the lord and master of that house where I had spent my early years in servitude. I asked what they would do to my master, if they should happen to discover and arrest him. The same man told me that, in that case, they would send him to join the exiled princes,