

"Pardon me, my friend," said she to her husband before expiring, "I had concealed from you the vow I had made the day I was going to die with cold on the ice, to consecrate to the worship of Jesus the remainder of my days, if he spared them. You know that I have failed in this vow; the Lord has not blessed our union; but let his holy will be done! Could the example of its mother recall unceasingly to the poor infant who has just been born, that she should religiously observe her vows, if she wishes to be happy in this world, and in the next!"

Overwhelmed with grief, John de Ganay responded only with an explosion of sobs.

"P.S. But Laura de Kerskoën?"

The chronicle reports that she was abducted, and married by Bertrand de Mercœur.

Were they happy?

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FINIS.