

## A COMPLETED SACRIFICE.

which had been very close and dear. Jacques Le Ber was there. He had aged, and the stern lines of his face were visibly deepened. Madame de Monestrol, older, frailer, always bearing her infirmities with suave dignity, leaned upon his arm. Nanon, her comely honest face disfigured by the tears which she made no effort to restrain, pressed close to her mistress.

"The sunshine of my life goes with thee." Le Ber spoke in a low, moved voice.

"It is your desire that I should serve your interests at the Court, my uncle."

"My little one, could I but accompany thee!" Then the Marquise added brightly, "Though the journey is beyond my strength, I can always pray for thy welfare. I can think of thee as occupying thy rightful place in the world, and I can praise the good God that the desire of my heart has been realized. Thy marriage has removed the last trace of anxiety from my mind; I can await my end in peace. Thy duty lies before thee, my daughter. Let no remembrance of a feeble old woman, whose stormy life is ending in a haven of rest, weaken thy peace. Think of me always as rejoicing in thy prosperity."

As the good ship *Renommée* disappeared below the horizon, Nanon lifted up her voice and wept with boisterous vehemence.

"When I looked my last look upon my demoiselle her face was like that of an angel. Never shall I see