

pursuits, working strenuously at whatever lay before him, and never pausing to count results.

Was this philosophy? thought little Jeanne, or was it carelessness? Did it mean that he thought too little, or too much—to fear death?

She could not tell. Human nature is apt to undervalue the greatness of even those fellow-creatures whom it holds dearest. Jeanne realised humbly that of the inner depths of Louis she had known little since his earliest childhood. There were subjects, of which, boy-like, he had seldom spoken; for which, perhaps, the little sister had thought him wanting in reverence; but it appeared that, at last, this quality had been aroused in her light-hearted brother.

*He had watched an angel pray, and the angel had been Anne-Marie.*

*“Remember that my wife is part of me—and the best part.”*

She put her lips to the letter, and locked it away with his miniature; looking at the face of Louis, and reading now, as it were, the meaning of that new purpose and determination written on his handsome brow.

Then slowly—slowly she moved to the *escritoire*, and sat down before it, and took up a pen—to write to Anne-Marie.

With the very action a little comfort came; a little lightening of the darkness of her grief. There was something to be done for Louis after all.

It was in every sense a difficult letter to write, for, in spite of her studies, poor Jeanne's French was as yet very far from perfect. But with her grammar and her dictionary beside her, she toiled over it, through the hours of the long bright afternoon, patiently making one copy after another.

It was Anne-Marie's home to which she was inviting her to come, since Louis had said that they were to share and share alike in all the property he left behind; though little dreaming, when he wrote, how great and rich a property it was to be.