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THE STORY OF A PIN.

XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Borghese re-entered, and found Madame Wolff seated between the two sisters, who knew not how to express their gratitude. 'Tell me, Jeanne, have I not been worthy of your namesake, Jeanne d'Arc, in the camp of the English? They have all bit the dust!'

They were up at day-light. Their household duties were attended to with as much care as in the little white house, when Borghese entered and asked if Monsieur Wolff could be introduced. Monsieur Wolff was confounded before the calm countenance of Jeanne, which recalled to him, feature for feature, the ideal of his favorite Corregio.

friends mingle in a like feeling, and all their sufferings are forgotten in a smile? Madame Blanchemain left them in this silent communion. 'You have suffered too much!' said George. 'You, also,' said Jeanne; 'but each has followed the way of duty, and God has had pity on us.'

the bride on his right hand, and on his left the good mother of George, who was completely happy at the good fortune of her well-beloved son. George was placed between Madame Wolff and Borghese, the two benevolent fairies who had prepared this dream. The good Madame Blanchemain was radiant.

semicircle of richly wooded hills, which stretched, as far as the eye could see, into the very heart of noble Normandy. At your feet the glorious sea came dashing in to a shore over which great masses of bold rock were liberally scattered, and round which the waves used to play in the summer-time, however little obstacle was afforded to their fury when fierce winds blew up a storm in the cruel winter-time.

XXVIII.—AT LAST!

It was towards evening that the equipage reached the mansion, and entered by a gate.—Dinner was ready in Jeanne's apartment, which, with the exception of some indispensable additions, faithfully represented the chambers in the white house. Mademoiselle Borghese and Madame Wolff remained to dinner, and to provide for the most favorable installation of the newcomers.

Well, now, said a well-known voice, 'how proud you go by, Monsieur George! You do not wish then to breakfast with us?' 'Are you here, dear Madame Blanchemain! Have I become mad? Speak again; without doubt I am dreaming, and I fear to awake.'

Harmonious music came to impose silence upon this meagre conversation, which is the accustomed small change of these ceremonies. It was not difficult for George to know that the clever Mademoiselle Borghese had wished to raise to heaven these pious chants whilst the priest was blessing their union.

And to-day do you wish to know where I yet rest? Bring yourself to the little chamber whose view is extended to the distant horizon, and whose window is garlanded with roses. A cradle is in the middle of the chamber, and around the cradle they are all silently regarding a beautiful sleeping infant. George holds Jeanne by the hand; Anna, the second mother of the little angel, is occupied with the thousand details of household affairs.

How, Saturday soon came round, and with it Pierre Prevost. He was about five and thirty years old, very dark and singularly handsome. His hair, which was thick, fell about his head in ringlets; he was short, and had most expressive eyes. I was not long in perceiving that he was in every way a great contrast to Alphonsine. His expression was sad, and he seldom or never smiled; and I noticed he seemed to shrink rather nervously from the piercing look with which he was very frequently favored by 'la belle Alphonsine.'

XXX.—POSTSCRIPT.

It was thus that I, the poor little pin, returned to the possession of my dear and ancient master. The increase of his fortune would have allowed him a more costly summer residence, but he purchased of the good Madame Blanchemain, and he wished to preserve unchanged, the little white house of Saint Germain. If any one asks how I have been able to recount so many circumstances to which I have not been a party, it must be admitted, for my justification, that all the events of this simple history have been frequently repeated and commented upon before me in the young household.

XXIX.—RESTITUTION.

It was in the little Church of Saint Germain, that Jeanne and George wished to be united without any parade. They made but few invitations, but some unknown friends interested themselves in the denouement of their simple romance. When they passed under the peristyle, George took the holy water, and offering it to Jeanne: 'Do you remember?' said he. She replied by a glance. They wished to kneel before the altar of the Virgin. It was there that George had come to pray, on the first day, for the success of his undertaking.

THE END.

PIERRE PREVOST'S STORY

OR, TRUE TO THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

In one of my summer rambles through the north of France, I came across a little seaside village which possessed so many charms that it was the greatest difficulty in the world to tear myself away from it. It was indeed a lovely spot. The village, situated on a noble cliff, was enclosed almost in a