

well the cause, and stung with remorse, he hurried her away and returned to Paris. The bright summer passed, and no news was heard of the *conscrip*t of Chamont. Father Auboine was dead, and when the autumn leaves were falling, Madeline watched by the death-bed of the mother of Alphonse. She died, and the day of her burial a soldier passing the village spread a rumour that Alphonse de Berri had been wounded in battle, and was now in Paris. Madeline's fancy instantly painted him on the couch of sickness, with none to cheer his hour of pain or wipe the damp from his aching brow. Her mind was immediately made up to hasten to him, and alone on foot she set out. The seventh day she reached the peopled wilderness of Paris; care-worn and weary with her toilsome journey, she mingled with the mighty throng which filled the spacious streets. She had none to direct or guide her where to find Alphonse, and towards evening, fatigued in body and bewildered in mind, she leaned against the stone pedestal of a statue in one of the squares for support, when her attention was attracted by the passing of a splendid carriage drawn by six magnificent horses. Among the velvet cushions reclined a lady of beautiful and interesting appearance. A young officer of the French army rode slowly by her side; his right arm was suspended in a sling, the other which held the reins of his gentle Arabian, rested on the side of her chariot, and the small white hand of the lady was laid upon it. She was listening with earnest attention to his conversation, and a sweet smile played around her lovely mouth. As they passed, the gentleman raised his head, and the dark expressive eyes of Alphonse de Berri met her wondering gaze—but he saw her not, and again he turned to the fair occupant of the carriage.

They moved on unknowing of the aching eyes which followed them, and soon were lost among the lofty domes and stately dwellings of the city. Short as her life had been, many a woe had fallen to the lot of Madeline, but now she felt that "grief beyond all other griefs when fate first leaves the young heart desolate, without that only tie, for which it loved to live or feared to die." Alphonse was false, and nothing now remained for the forsaken orphan but to seek a refuge in the grave.

The night came on, and she was driven from where she stood by the police; frightened, she fled from them, and wandered she knew not whither, till she paused before a chapel erected on the banks of the Seine. The cold moon-beam fell calmly on the polished marble of its

walls as it stood bright and pure among the dark pines. Madeline, accustomed to the simplicity of her native village, laid her hand upon the door—by some chance it had been left unfastened, and yielded to her touch. She entered and stood within its sacred precincts; long waxen tapers were yet burning on the altar, over which hung a splendid painting by Correggio, representing the legend of St. Rosalie, to whom the chapel was dedicated. The warm light fell on the seraphic features of the Saint, to which the magic pencil of the painter had imparted a look of such holy peace and pure devotion, that no thought of earth could linger in those who gazed on the calm blue of the heaven-raised eye and blessed smile which parted the lips of the imaged face. Madeline approached the altar and bowed her knee in prayer; she arose, and an object which before she had not observed, attracted her attention. Before her stood a bier containing the corpse of a woman. Madeline's heart was not timid, yet she could not help shuddering at being alone in the silent chamber of the dead; but what had she to fear whose greatest blessing would have been to have been freed from the world like those around her. Something flashed across her mind that the face of the dead was not unknown to her; she stood nearer—it was the Countess de Clairville, who died three days before, and had been laid before the shrine of her patron Saint before the dark portals of the tomb were to close upon her forever. Madeline wept as she gazed on the calm, placid brow and fair cheek, from which the finger of decay had not yet effaced the lines where beauty lingered. Long, long did she look on the still repose of the corpse, when the deep-toned bell of the chapel tolled the hour of midnight. She started, and a feeling of awe stole over her; a low wind sighed through the aisles, and the light of the tapers flickered in the blast. She looked again at the corpse, and what was her horror to see the shrouded head raised from the bier, and the eyes fixed on hers. Slowly the figure rose, and stood with clasped hands before her. Madeline stirred not—moved not; a deep sigh issued from the breast of the Countess, and a passionate flood of tears fell from her eyes. The chain which bound Madeline was broken;—she saw she stood not before the dead but before a living woman. The Countess trembled with cold and sunk on the steps of the altar. Madeline took the covering from herself and wrapped it around her;—a few drops of wine which remained in a cup on the altar, having been used at the funeral ser-