

"Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem."

Not one heart there, but echoed the burden of the grand old hymn :

"Lord of mercy—Jesus biest,  
Grant thy servant light and rest !"

'Let us go—this scene is too much for you,' said Louis, as Celeste, clung, pale and trembling, to his arm. And together they quitted the convent.

They were followed by one, who, leaning against a pillar, had watched them intently all the time. He stepped after them into the street ; and Louis, suddenly looking up, beheld him.

"Archie !" he cried, in a tone of mingled amazement and delight.

A stifled shriek broke from the lips of Gipsy, at the name. Yes, it was indeed our old friend Archie—no longer the laughing, fun-loving Archie of other days, but looking pale, and thin, and almost stern.

"O, dear Archie ! how glad I am to see you again !" exclaimed Celeste, seizing one of his hands, while Louis wrung the other ; and Gipsy drew back, turning first red, and then pale, and then red again. Madame Evelini, alone, looked very much puzzled what to make of the whole affair.

"Surely, you have not forgotten your old friend, Gipsy ?" said Louis, at last, stepping aside and placing them face to face.

"I am happy to meet you again, Mrs. Wiseman," said Archie, bowing coldly.

"Well, if you *are*," said Louis, looking at him with a doubtful expression, "your looks most confoundedly belie your words. Let me present you to Madame Evellni, Mrs. Wiseman's mother."