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City Council meets on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

A LIFETIME LOVE.

My sister once related to me a love story, which illustrates the peculiar intensity, especially in matters of the heart, which marks the Breton character. The tale was related to her by one of her friends, the daughter of the heroine, whom I will call Emma Rosilis.

She was not perfectly beautiful, but her face had an indescribable charm. Her eyes had the most exquisite softness, and her delicate eyebrows almost seemed to possess a soul, while her skin was so fine that it betrayed the slightest agitation by fugitive blushes.

Little Emma Rosilis went regularly to church with her book of hours, and the truth is that toward the age of 16 or 18 there was no place in her little soul but for one young man, of about 20 or 22, whom she saw often, and whom I will call Emilian.

Emma had known Emilian ever since she had known herself. Moreover, she dreamed what she did not think, until it happened one day that she found Emilian was occupying the entire cavity of her little heart.

The young man whom she loved had a good, though not a strong, nature, but his simplicity, his absence of all pretense, were most pleasing to Emma. She had not known any young man superior to him, and indeed in the little world where she moved she had not met many young men of any kind.

This love of Emma's soon became most absorbing. During entire days she would remain motionless, almost as though she were in a trance, dreaming of her beloved. Naturally she said nothing of what she experienced either to the one she loved, or to her relations, or to her companions. Her discretion was so absolute that no one knew anything of what filled her.

While Emma lived only in her love for Emilian, he thought little of her. He found her pleasing, as did all the world, but he never thought of telling her so.

He was a commonplace and passive being, and then, after all, was he to blame? Emma was so modest that she could scarcely be distinguished from her friends—you would have said she sought only to hide herself.

One day, while she was talking with her companions at a little reunion at the foot of the garden, many things were spoken of. The news which had a freshness for all was of the approaching marriage of Emilian to Anna M—. It was spoken of as a certain thing. Emma heard it all. Such was the control which she had over herself, however, that no one suspected that a poniard had entered her heart. She was quiet, arose a little while after and retired without giving any sign of the frightful wound which she had just received.

Another bit of news was circulated a few days after, in the company of the same young people, assembled in the same garden. Emma had entered as novice into the community of Ursulines of the little village of L—! As she was very pious, this surprised no one. Her secret had belonged so exclusively to herself that no one reproached her. The idea occurred to no one that the marriage of Emilian was the cause of her consecrating herself to religion.

The convent of the Ursulines admitted divers degrees of religious vocations. By the side of the sisters bound to the order by a perpetual vow there were pious persons wearing a costume which was like that of the order, minus the veil. These practiced the same observances without assuming any permanent obligations. The greater part took the vows at the end of some years, but there was more than one example of devoted sisters who re-entered the world after years spent in the convent.

It was into this class of sisters that poor Emma entered. Everything was usual in her admission, in her novitiate, in her conduct in the convent.

She became a devotee of the most perfect regularity, pious as the others, never in fault, esteemed by her superiors. Her pale face in the white linen which surrounded it had the beatific calm characteristic of the sisterhood. Assiduous in prayers and in all other pious exercises, she yielded quickly to the religious habits of the cloister. At the end of some days the slow and monotonous routine of the regular convent life had dulled her sensibilities, and her ordinary state became a kind of gentle sleep.

Had she succeeded in driving from her heart the image which had captured her whole being?

After a fashion—yet she had not even tried. The suspicion came not to her for an instant that her love was culpable. It was, as in the canticles, "a bouquet of myrrh in her bosom." She would have doubted God rather than her right to this sentiment which filled her. She distinguished not her love from her piety nor her piety from her love. She

even tasted to her austerities an additional charm. She found in wounding herself a sort of delight. She experienced an intense joy in believing that she suffered all this for the one she loved, and in saying that she saw no other man but him. Such were the innocence and purity of her imagination that never a scruple came to her for her dreams of love. She was so certain of being right that she never felt obliged to accuse herself to her confessor.

Thus five years rolled by without a trouble, without a storm. Did the possibility of recovering Emilian ever present itself to her spirit? Dreamed she at moments that it was Emilian and not the church that she had really espoused, and that she whom he had espoused was in very feeble health? As nothing that passed in the little town was unknown in the convent, she knew that Anna and Emilian had two little girls. Did Emma's heart never whisper to her, "Thou shalt be their mother some day?"

Anna had a sister in the convent. One day, according to the custom at such times, prayers were requested by the women of the community for a relative of their number, who was dying. The name of this dying person was repeated that evening to Emma. She was Anna. The two little girls, who soon had no mother, were confided to the care of their aunt, the nun. Emma assisted her in attending to them. From this time Emma experienced a change. She could scarcely pray. She tried to reclothe herself in her haircloth, and she found it insupportable. The austerities which were familiar to her became revolting. She denied herself the communion for eight days. Her peace was at an end; her profound piety extinguished. She believed herself morbid, selfish—almost wicked.

At this time she felt obliged to tell all to her confessor, the chaplain of the convent. He was not a great man, but he was very sensible. He advised at first that she should wait; then he saw the gravity of the evil. After all, Emma had pronounced no vows. She had not worn the whole costume of the order. The veil had not shadowed her forehead. The chaplain had a benevolent heart. The sacredness of the confessional forbade him from consulting his bishop. He formed his opinion from his own reasonings. Convinced that it was for the salvation of Emma, he confided the two little daughters of Anna to her personal care. He hoped also to give an outlet to the restlessness which began to disturb her. On these orphans she might outpour the fullness of her heart.

The father came to see his little girls, and Emma conducted them to the parlor. The shock of seeing him again was terrible. She burst into tears. He was just the same as she had always seen him in her dreams. As for her, she was sadly emaciated. Her excessive weeping deprived her of what little strength she had. Her self control entirely forsaken. Gazing into her tear dimmed eyes, Emilian discovered there her love. The good man, commonplace as he was, at last comprehended the situation. He had a very tender heart, and he was profoundly touched.

Some months after Emma and Emilian were united in marriage. What no one had suspected all the world now saw. The entire community married them.

For the rest of her life Emma tasted without a moment's intermission the most perfect felicity that one can dream of. During 40 years she drifted, as it were, in a Pacific ocean of happiness and love.

Emma and Emilian had eight children, from whom they never separated the two daughters of poor Anna. They brought them all up well.

Some speak of the "storms of love." What childishness! Passion has its inequalities, but true love has no storms. The happiness of Emma after she had won her lover was as a full sea without tides. Even death was hardly for her. Life went out because the hour of finishing had come. She died at the age of 70 years, without sickness.

My sister found this a perfect example of love as she comprehended it. She esteemed Emilian the happiest of men. For him an excellent woman had condemned herself to a life of austerity, giving to him the most complete guarantee of the exclusiveness of her love. During five years she saw not a single man. She had accepted with innocent joy the expectation of an external exclusion. In all battles that come in life there is a recompense for those alone who dare. Happiness is like glory. To obtain it, it is necessary to play high.

One day I heard the observation to my sister, "It was a great deal of devotion to bestow upon a mediocre man."

"Oh, that was no matter," she responded. "Emilian certainly did not merit so much happiness, but who does? See the false idea of the Parisian men of letters, who assume that great men only are worthy of being loved. What childishness! You will see some day the ridiculousness of all that. Ah, the heroes who have saved their country—I acknowledge they may reward affection, but the daughters of canvas, the blotters of paper, what have they for the heart? What is a husband who belongs to every one?"—Translated From the French of Ernest Renan For Romance.

Why He Thought So.

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