

Among the adventurers was one, who, gathering up the thread of pleasant associations, ventured to weave a few golden colors into his web of life, and vary their bright hues with shades of purple and violet; for in those times, as now, "telegraphic communications" were kept up between hearts, and no insulator had been discovered to retain the subtle fluid which cupid delighted to spread far and wide. No sleep pressed Henri's eyelids during that first momentous night. He would scarcely leave the deck of the little Caravel a moment, but watched the wind, while the sailors tacked and steered, aiming at the distant light in the foremost vessel, where they knew wakeful eyes were guiding their course.

If a spot can be conceived where the idea of vastness and human nothingness in the midst of such overwhelming extent, fully takes hold of the mind, it must be amid the sands of the pathless desert, or when tossing in a small vessel on the mountain billows of the ocean. A watch on the quarter-deck of a noble merchant vessel is another thing; yet, even there, at midnight, the sturdy sailor gladly cheats the monotonous hour of its weariness, by spinning the yarn of wonderful incident, or picturing loved scenes and memories to his mind. Thoughts of the danger of the enterprise occupied Henri's mind for a long time, the uncertainty that hung over it fired him with resolution, and left ample space for pictures of a sanguine character. Gradually, however, as the vessels glided prosperously onward, Henri's feelings lost their anxious tone, and turned with fervor to the distant mountains and sunny vallies of his native Navarre, to the home of his childhood, and the villagers, in whose merry vintage songs he had often joined. New thoughts had struggled up into light, within his yearning bosom, since those careless days. He felt that he could never sing those songs as he once did; he had caught glimpses of the higher, inner life; he had learned that immortal mind cannot be satisfied with the circumscribed routine of mere physical enjoyment. Imagination bathed that home landscape in golden splendor, and filled that native air with sweetest harmony; and as the home of his beloved rose vividly before him, the currents round his heart thickened, then quickly receded like the ebbing tide, leaving bare and stranded, for a moment, the hopes of his life. It was only for an instant that he suffered