

of tulip-trees, and all the familiar features of a much-loved scene where for ten years she had been happy; and then, turning to her husband, said the same words he had uttered a moment before:

"Our long honeymoon is at an end!"

"But our love . . . ?" he tenderly whispered:—

"Is holier, deeper, stronger than ever," she fervently exclaimed. "Do not be sorry for me Henri; all will be right if only you take us with you."

"That is indeed what I wish; I am not afraid of our poor Indians. But who knows what might happen if they were attacked by more powerful neighbors."

"And if we were ever so safe—if we could live on in peace whilst others were struggling and perishing around us, we would not accept of such peace as that, Henri. It is your duty to go. It is mine to follow you. If there is danger let us meet it together."

"Ah, madame! I thought such would be your wish. There is no doubt that I ought to obey M. Perrier's summons, and assist in every way I can in this emergency. I own I could not endure to leave you and our daughter behind. But I am also very reluctant to drag you back into the world you have so much reason to abhor."

"I fear nothing but to leave you. And may I not be of use, also, in the hour of danger? You have taught me to work, my Henri: you can also show me how to suffer and to dare."

"I have no doubt you may be of the greatest use, dearest wife. We may, indeed, be called upon to take a part in this struggle—a terrible one, I fear—for evil passions will be engaged on both sides."

A shade of anxiety passed over her face.

"At New Orleans there are so many Europeans. Is there no danger of my being recognized?"

"Not much, I think, after the lapse of ten years, and when you appear there as my wife. But we must be cautious how we proceed, and at first you must live in retirement—at the Ursuline Convent; perhaps, if I have to leave you for a while. I would rather you were not identified even with Madame de Moldau."

"A likeness may strike people, but nothing more, I should hope. We some-

times forget, dearest, how incredible a true history may be; and every day makes me less like my old self."

D'Auban smiled, and though the lapse of time did not make her a whit less beautiful. She was at thirty-three though in a different way, just as lovely as at nineteen.

"Then you will be ready to go as soon as I can arrange about a boat and engage rowers. The sooner we set off the better. Father Maret will go with us, I think. How little we thought, when he was talking just now of his journey, that we should be his companions! The descent of the river is of course a far easier thing than its ascent. Still it is tedious enough. But, please God, we may return here in a few months. We must look forward to that, my dearest wife."

"I dare not think of it, Henri. For some time past I have had a presentiment that we were a great deal too happy here—happier than people usually are. I felt certain a change was at hand. For the last few days I have had ringing in my ears some lines a traveller carved with a penknife on a plank in Simon's barge."

"Oh! my superstitious darling," exclaimed d'Auban, fondly and reproachfully, "will you never give up believing in presentiments? What are the lines you mean?"

And if, midway through life a storm should rise
Amidst the dark ning seas and flashing skies,
With faith unshaken and with fearless eye,
Thy task would be to teach me how to die.

"And you would teach me to die, Henri, as you have taught me to live."

"I will teach you any thing you like, my own love, but I don't see any particular prospect of death just now. And I look forward to gathering plenty of strawberries next summer from the plants we set this morning. It is a great blessing we have an overseer we can trust. Jean Dubois will look after our affairs as well as I could myself. Antoine will come with us, I suppose. And now go and tell Mina of the journey she is about to take."

"Henri," she said, turning back again as she was going into the house, "do you know what a feeling of relief it is when Providence decides a question long debated in one's conscience? I have often thought our life here was like paradise for you and myself, but that a change might be good for Mina; and then I scarcely