

animated the young girl. But the hours which they passed *tete-a-tete*, without being disturbed by external influences, the little cares which the condition of the patient required, and the mutual effusions of mind, succeeded in uniting together two beings so well calculated for each other.

The young woman was so weary of her assumed character, that she invited a thousand little frivolities to recall her sex. A boarding-school girl could not be more chaste, a lover more tender, or a mother more affectionate. It might well be said that the three best qualities of the woman were united in her modesty, love, devotion. To the viscount she appeared an angel descended from heaven, to guide him to happiness; and he was so happy, that he almost feared to see himself fully recovered. What was he to do when his health was re-established? Would he discover to his companions the sex of the false Yvon? Would he wed her before God? Or would he continue to comport himself as he did when ignorant of all? The dilemma was frightful. He could not decide in favor of one or the other. The only chance of safety was the arrival of a vessel, which would deliver all. But was he to wait for that illusion? For five years, during which he had clung to it, he had not learned to regard it in its true light. Poor John, these anxieties poisoned the source from which he derived so much pleasure. Often, in contemplating Guyonne, overcome by fatigue, and sleeping on a stool at his bed-side, the young man groaned, and tears filled his eyes. Often, in the midst of mute consultations, the language of which lovers understand so well, he sighed mournfully. But Guyonne immediately divined the cause of this sigh,