



Letters from a Débutante.

III.

Washington Square.

MY DEAR EUGÉNIE,

So you have finally reached Paris ! Your last letter was most interesting ; what a beautiful description you gave me of the " Palais de Versailles," " Le Grand Trianon !" From which of the guide books did you get it ? It seemed strangely familiar to me. Now, don't be angry at my impertinence !

From your letter you must, indeed, be enjoying yourself. I am almost envious ; but by reading between the lines, I can see that you are nearly surfeited with pleasure already ; you have secret longings for a book and a shady nook, for cool solitude and refreshing quiet.

I have never been able to quite understand the apparent content of social butterflies. The monotony of solitude always ennobs, even though it oppresses, but the monotony of pleasure seeking palls fearfully while it hardens the heart and renders the mind superficial.

You see what a philosopher I have become.

Charlotte has obtained permission from her grandfather to extend her stay here a few weeks longer. She is deeply interested in our religion, and electrified me the other day by begging for my little statue of the " Immaculate Conception." I hated to part with it, it is associated in my mind with such sweet memories of my mother and of my first prayers, but Charlotte's eyes grew so large and wistful that I could not resist her appeal. She has a Catholic singleness of heart and great willingness, nay almost anxiety to believe.