

love, you are my life henceforward; nor shall the hereafter part us, for wherever you are there unto me will still be heaven. Oh, my love, is it not kind of fortune thus to call you forth? a favorable omen of the issue of this night. Oh, come forth, my love; come forth, and make a hallowed aisle of the verandah."

"Alas!" exclaimed Amanda, stepping to the verandah, "why have you ventured here again so soon,—or, rather, why so late? for are there not ruffian robbers on the road, and all the secret perils of the night?"

"No peril equals that of absence from yourself," said Claude, "for passion has greater perils than the road. Cupid's arrows are more terrible to him whose breast is bared by the absence of its mistress, than would be at the traveller's throat the armed and threatening hands of fifty ruthless robbers. But how have you fared since we were so rudely parted?"

Amanda sighed. "But so so;" she murmured mournfully, "it is a slight burn that does not smart a little when the scorched part is snatched away from the fire:" and hanging down her head bashfully, repeated, "But so so:—I have felt an unaccustomed care—of little consequence,—but, oh, tell me, Montigny, how your father, the proud, rich seigneur takes this matter, for I know you would inform him of it. Is he not incensed, not angry; does he not upbraid you, and call me evil, and perhaps deserved, hard names?"

"He has expostulated with me; Claude responded; "yet not with too much earnestness, knowing love's fires are blown by opposition. How seems your guardian?"