

Overcome by the effluvia of that magnetic fluid which love communicates and receives at the same time by the presence of lovers, Guyonne and John reflected much more than they conversed. But this reverie was the harmonious language of their hearts. They read each other's thoughts much more easily than if they had been written; they understood better than they could have spoken.

True love is so immaterial that every effort, every physical movement it makes to express itself, is repugnant. It is a delicate flower which can be known only by its perfume and natural colors; an evening melody which one enjoys silently, but of which the charm is destroyed by any effort to annalize it. One may also compare that exquisite sensibility of our whole being, when loving sincerely, we are beside the object we love, to the disposition, in which we find ourselves, when on an evening in autumn at the commencement of twilight, plunged in an arm-chair, before a good fire, we evoke the gracious images of the imagination. They run; we see them; we feel them; we respire their breath; we devise with them, and we no longer belong to this world. Bathed in a flood of delight, we desire to swim there, and we are afraid to stir our head, afraid to move, so much do we dread to dispel the phantoms of our reverie.

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Suddenly Philip Francœur suspended his song, and stood up in his skiff.

Guyonne and John started.

"What is the matter?" asked the latter.

The sailor, having his eyes fixed on the Atlantic, made no reply.