

minds that the keen edge of horror had become blunted, and the very overwhelming nature of the piled-up agonies had worked its own cure. People's minds were absolutely jaded by the wearisome tale of bloodshed, and had become at last, mercifully callous, and unable to admit any more of that terrible, bleeding past.

Their stay was longer than Maitland had intended, as Wellington was absent on a hunting expedition, and it was necessary to wait his return; meanwhile, Madam had the fecility of seeing much of special interest which need not be enumerated.

It was not without a shudder that Maitland led them across the Place de la Concorde, on their way to the Tuileries, for the memories of the guillotine still remained. The fountains were sending forth their crystal showers of cooling waters, but all the waves of the sea and all the torrents the Heavens might pour out could not wash away the ensanguined stains left by the slaughter of so many noble lives during that period of madness and blood.

Madame had a sigh for the past, which, however, in no way interfered with her appreciation of the present.

'One cannot always be thinking of graves and guillotines, can they, Frederic?' she said pleasantly to Maitland; 'one must think of pleasant things as much as one can, and really, one can think of pleasant things most of the time if they wish to!—Don't you think so, Frederic?' she asked, naively. 'Yes, just so!' Maitland said, rather doubtfully, for in truth he was only giving very slight attention to the bright chatter of his companion.

'I know what would be pleasure to me!' her daughter said with energy, 'it would be pleasure to punish those who were so heartless and cruel, and wrought so much misery!'

'Yes!' Madame answered, sighing, recalled to her own past, 'I put it away from me because I must, and search all I can for a better atmosphere in which to breathe; these terrible things are suffocating to the very soul,—oh! so very suffocating, don't you think