

perhaps, where all was happiness and joy, while all around was tears and woe.

Oh! how freely did Blanche and Marceau allow themselves to breathe the breath of their new life; how far the other appeared behind them! it seemed almost a dream. Only, now and then Blanche's heart would swell and tears would flow from her eyes; it was because she thought of her father. Marceau would then re-assure her; and to amuse her, would recount his first campaigns, how the collegian had become a soldier at fifteen, an officer at seventeen, colonel at nineteen, and general at twenty-one. Blanche made him repeat all this often, for in all he said there was not a word of any other love.

And yet Marceau had loved with all the powers of his soul, he believed it at least. And he had been deceived and betrayed: contempt had with much difficulty forced a place in his young heart where all was passion. The blood which once boiled in his veins, slowly cooled, and melancholy had replaced his former exaltation. Marceau finally, before knowing Blanche, was but an invalid deprived, by the sudden absence of fever, of the energy and strength he owed only to its presence.

Well! all these dreams of happiness, these elements of a new existence, all these prestiges of youth which Marceau thought lost to him for ever, revived in the distance, vague still, but which he might yet attain: he wondered himself why a smile would sometimes return, without a reason and pass over his lips; he breathed freely, and experienced no longer that difficulty to live, which had still the day before absorbed his strength, causing him to feel that a speedy death was the only barrier his grief could not pass.

Blanche on her part, drawn towards Marceau by a natural sentiment of gratitude, attributed the varied emotions which agitated her, to this alone. Was it not quite simple that she should desire to be constantly in the presence of the person who had saved her life? Could the words which dropped from his mouth be indifferent to her? His countenance stamped with melancholy, should it not excite her pity? and when she saw him look