

SAINT EUSTACHE. And I shall try to find a good designer, and a worthy builder, for all must be of the best. But not a stone shall be placed till you are there. Our Lady of St. Eustache will listen to us and grant our wish. Ma chérie, will you write to me sometimes, so that I may know that you do not forget me?

OLYMPÉ. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You will tell me all about your life there. Dear heart, I hope that Canada is not an utterly barbarous country.

OLYMPÉ. It is a beautiful land. At least Monsieur l'Abbe says so. He has a friend there—a priest who is a missionary. There are savages who are named in his letters Iroquois. They will not harm us, for we shall be in Quebec, a fine city. I hope that it resembles Amboise.

SAINT EUSTACHE. Alas! I fear that you will find it very different. And you will not have your peacocks there, and—Olympe! forgive me; I have made you cry.

OLYMPÉ. My poor peacocks! sadly will they miss me.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You cry for peacocks. You think but little of me; yet I shall miss you too.

OLYMPÉ. I cry for you also. Ah! and many other things, *mon ami*. But you are displeased with me, I fear. Listen, I have a present to give to you, a souvenir of myself: my portrait. It was done before you came. My father meant to send it to my godmother, the Comtesse de Chandlieu; but I have got it. Yesterday I asked his permission to give it to you. You will find it in your room. I told Lissette to put it there. When you look at it remember that I, too, am thinking of you, and praying for you.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*kissing her forehead*). It shall never leave me; though I have little need of it, for you are graven on my heart.

OLYMPÉ. See, Madame Françoise is calling us to *dejeuner*.

Second Scene.—A study in the Chateau of Saint Eustache, in Brittany.

GEORGES DE SAINT EUSTACHE (*seated at a table, thinking aloud*). They started last June. Surely a letter must soon arrive.

MAJOR DOMO (*entering the apartment*). Monsieur, a letter.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*reading it*).

"St. Michel, pres Quebec.

"MON CHER AMI,—I write to thee because a vessel is leaving for France. May St. Joseph guide it safely to Havre. This land is still most strange to me, for though French is spoken, many folks have forgotten the manners of France. My father is Seigneur of this village. He feels much sadness, and now says that a *lettre-de-cachet* would have been preferable to going into exile; but I cannot feel in this manner. Know we not that many have been imprisoned for twenty or thirty years in the Bastille, or at Pégérol? All sacrifice would be preferable to that.

"I think of home often. There is a great river near here, which is named the Saint Laurence; it is quite unlike the Loire.

"I think of my peacocks, of thee, and of the Willow Walk so much, that I seem to see Liancourt every time that my eyes close; this they do often, for I have been much fatigued lately. All the ladies are kind to me. The Governor's wife has come to see me twice.

"The altar cloths are begun. My father speaks no more of coming back to France, for he is growing old and infirm.

"Think sometimes of thy *fiancée*. "OLYMPÉ."

Would that I had not to stay in France this year. She is not happy there. The moment I can leave I shall go and see whether Monsieur de Liancourt's foolish conduct cannot be forgiven by the king. In any case, she must come home; he could not wish to keep her there all her life.

Third Scene.—A large bedchamber in the palace of Versailles. On the wall, opposite the bed, hangs a pastel portrait of Olympe de Liancourt. In the bed lies Georges de Saint Eustache recovering from the effects of a wound. By the bed stands Lieutenant de Baume.

DE BAUME. Mon cher ami, thou canst not start yet. Thou wouldst be food for the fishes before thou hadst got half way there. Why art thou in such a hurry?

SAINT EUSTACHE. She is ill, I am sure of it. Her letters get rarer and rarer. I feel that a great misfortune hovers over me.

DE BAUME. Thou art still wandering. Believe me, thou wilt find thy fiancée well and happy, and delighted to see thee. Thou hast been an exceptionally faithful lover. I hope she has followed thy example.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*in an excited whisper*). Come nearer, de Baume, listen, that thought has haunted me. She was but a child when we parted, five long years ago. She must now be a woman, and though she loved me then, many others she must have seen, who must have loved her, for she was so sweet, and most enchantingly beautiful.

We were to have been married in a month when her father received a warning from a friend at Versailles that he must needs for his safety leave France. He had got mixed up in some foolish plot, and so feared a *lettre-de-cachet*.

Thou knowest Monsieur de Liancourt? No? Well, he took great interest in new discoveries, and in far off lands. He had always wished to see Canada, "La Nouvelle France," so decided to go there. I implored him to leave Olympe with me, but he refused. He thought that she was too young, for though he would have been willing for our marriage had all gone well, we should have lived at first with him. Ah! hadst thou seen her when she left me even thou wouldst have been troubled.

Poor little heart, I was her only friend, for her father was a stern, embittered man. I was going to follow them the next year, but thou knowest how sadly I have been delayed. Last year when I might have gone, Monsieur de Liancourt wrote me a letter, giving me information that they were coming home. But they never came, so I must go and fetch her.

DE BAUME. I must go now and assist at the King's coucher. Thy story is sad, but after night there always comes morning. In two months thou shalt start. And next year I shall come and see thee at St. Eustache, and judge for myself of thy wife's beauty. Good night, *mon ami*.

SAINT EUSTACHE. How shall I find her? She did once think well of me. But, alas! she was but fifteen, and had never seen anyone but her father and l'Abbé du Burét. Now, she must have seen many others more worthy than myself. She writes that in her next letter she has to tell me something that may cause me pain, but she hopes that I shall arrive first. Can it be that she no longer cares—whether I come or not? (*He looks at the portrait.*) Great God! she seems to look at me reproachfully. I see the tears in her eyelashes. Dear love, I do not doubt you. Look not at me like that. (*The flames of the fire suddenly goes down, leaving the room in darkness.*) I must have been tired, excited—pastels, alas! do not feel.

... ..
Same room, next morning.—The pastel has faded during the night. Olympe's face is only seen as through a mist. Saint Eustache, De Baume.

SAINT EUSTACHE. I tell thee that it is supernatural. Pastels do not fade in a few hours. Many other things have happened this night of which I cannot speak to thee.

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Fourth Scene.—Study in the Chateau de St. Eustache. Two months later.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*breaking the seal of a letter*). My heart misgives me. This is not her handwriting, yet it comes from Havre. It must be from Canada. (*Opens and reads*):

"Convent of the Annunciation,

"Quebec, Canada.

"MONSIEUR,—We had the grief, yesterday, of losing by death, Mademoiselle Olympe de Liancourt. Her father bids us write to you.

"She made a holy death, and was a source of edification to all who had the privilege of being near her. She wished to die in our house; so was moved here twenty-one days ago. Her death was mysterious. We know not of what she died. She became weaker and weaker, notwithstanding all our care.

"I enclose, within this, a letter which she wrote to you five days before her death, to be sent in case you did not arrive. Also, I have sent a case full of things which she