

altogether superior to yours ; therefore, I hope you will think no more about her, but get your violin, for we shall need all your music this evening ; and assist us in preparing for home."

The good natured fellow, although sighing like a furnace, nevertheless rendered himself very serviceable in these preparations, and taking leave of their hostess, the party were soon on their way to the new residence of Toussaint Laberge. He had been its owner too recently to enable him to make many improvements, but the willing heart and skilful hand accomplish much, and he looked forward to the time when Marie's taste and his own industry united, would make them perfectly comfortable. With what delight did Marie enter this pleasant dwelling, led by her beloved husband, who, with a kiss of affection, welcomed her to her own home ! Ah, that magic word ! how many sweet associations, how many fond anticipations, it conveys to the bosom of the tired wanderer ! What a haven of peace it seems to the weary, way-worn heart, sick of the cold selfishness and deceitful smiles of the world around him ; yet, in our earthly homes, we often experience unkindness and sorrow ; our purest motives are often misconstrued ; our holiest affections cast back upon ourselves ; but the Christian's home ! that glorious scene of purity and love, admits of no disappointment, sustains no change. "There saints of all ages in harmony meet." There "Anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, "And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

The home to which Laberge introduced his bride, was a neat, white-washed cottage, situated on the bank of the beautiful Richelieu, just where the bend of the river formed a miniature peninsula, crowned with various kinds of forest trees, which waved their dark luxuriant foliage over the spot, and shaded it from the fervid heats of summer. An excellent garden gave promise of a liberal reward to the diligent cultivator, and to become a source of untiring pleasure to Marie. Above the point of land the waters flowed in a calm majestic stream, looking the very emblem of quiet sublimity ; but below it, a barrier of rocks stretching across the wide bed of the river, obstructed its course for a long reach. Then, as if in contrast to their former peaceful motion, the waters foamed and waved and tossed their white and frothy caps into the air ; or rushed madly around them in search of a passage, forming one of the series of beautiful rapids with which that stream abounds. A little latticed gallery projected from the house towards the river, and here the young and happy pair passed many a summer evening, enjoying the cool breeze that swept over the dark water, and listening to the melody of Narcisse's violin.

But it was in vain that these kind friends strove to convince him of the folly of his infatuation for Miss Gower : he persisted in his belief that she loved him, and in his determination to ask her hand—and

then, finding their arguments unavailing, left it to time to effect the cure. But although this same reverend personage is often very successful in such affairs, yet, in the present instance he chose not to exert his influence, and Narcisse nourished his passion by gazing and hoping, until he collected courage to make it known to its unconscious object. Miss Gower was taking a solitary stroll in the garden, when this extraordinary lover presented himself before her, and with every demonstration of sincerity, made known his attachment to her, and entreated the honour of her hand. She was mute with astonishment. Many admirers had the blue eyes and sunny smile of Ellen Gower won for her, but this conquest surpassed all others. She would have frowned, but as she beheld the deprecating look of his expressive eyes, and remembered the imbecility of his mind, her displeasure gave place to pity, and her refusal was couched in terms of gentleness and sympathy. Poor Narcisse ! This air-built castle, in its fall had well-nigh crushed his heart—yet his friends trusted, that now, when hope was extinguished, his fickleness of character would soon lead him to substitute another fancy in place of this—and as time advanced they imagined their wishes were accomplished.

One day late in the autumn, as Marie sat alone in her pleasant parlour, she was alarmed by the sudden entrance of Narcisse, who, breathless and pale, threw himself on a chair, in an agony of grief.

"Narcisse," she exclaimed, "what troubles you so much ?" Tears were his only answer. "Are you ill ? Do speak—what can I do for you ?"

"Nothing, dear Marie, nothing ; I am lost—lost !"

"Pray explain yourself,—what has happened ?"

"She is married—and I am undone—I have lost her forever !"

"Who is married ?"

"Miss Gower—my lovely, my beautiful !" Sobs impeded his utterance.

"When was she married, and to whom ?"

"Just this morning—I saw her leave the church—
—I must die—I will die."

"Nonsense, I thought you had forgotten her."

"No, I never forgot her for a moment. I could always look at her when she was in the garden—I could listen to her voice when she spoke—and oh, it was so sweet ! and now she is going away and I shall hear it no more. I cannot live !"

At this moment Laberge entered ; his look of surprise vanished, as he caught the last sentence of the simple hearted fellow. At Marie's request, he explained all that Narcisse left untold. Miss Gower had been married that morning to a gentleman of Montreal to whom she had been long engaged, and was leaving her father's house, for the residence of her husband. The excitement of her presence had