and presently the boatmen hear and they turn and move their hands and join in—Now all together,

Descendez à l'ombre,

* * * * * * *

It was like you, Hortense, to come all this way. How did you manage it, manage to cross that great water all alone? My poor girl did you grow tired of *Le bon Père* at last and and of the Martyrs and the Saints and the Jesuit Fathers? But you have got your amulet on still I hope. That is right, for there is a chance—there is a chance of these things proving blessings after all to good girls, and you were a good girl Hortense. You will not mind my calling you Hortense, will you? When we are in *Le Bas Canada* again, in your own seignieury, it will be "Madamoiselle," I promise you. You say it is a strange pillow, Hortense? Books, my girl, and manuscripts; hard but not so hard as London stones and London hearts. Do you know I think I am dying, or else going mad? And no one will listen even if I cry out. There is too much to listen to already in England. Think of all the growing green, Hortense, if you can, where you are, so far away from it all. Where you are it is cold and the snow is still on the ground and only the little bloodroot is up in the woods. Here where I am Hortense, where I am going to die, it is warm and green full of color—oh! such color! Before I came here, to London you know London that is going to do so much for me, for us both, I had one day—one day in the country. There I saw—No! they will not let me tell you, I knew they would try to prevent me, those long gray fingers stealing in, stealing in! But I *will* tell you. Listen, Hortense, please. I saw the hawthorne, pink and white, the laburnum—yellow—not fire-color, I shall correct the Laureate there, Hortense, when I am better, when I * * publish! * * * It is dreadful to be alone in London. Don't come, Hortense. Stay where you are, even if it is cold and gray and there is no color. Keep your amulet round your neck, dear! * * * * I count my pulse beats. It is a bad thing to do. It is broad daylight now and the fingers have gone. I can write again perhaps. * * The pen * * * The paper * * * * The ink * * * * God. Hortense! There is no ink left! And my heart—My heart—Hortense!!!

Descendez à l'ombre,
Ma Jolie blonde.