

court so choice, so loyal, and so revering as that which Yvonne gathers about her. The wise, drawn by her wit, are held fast by her beauty; while the gay, drawn by her beauty, rise to a worship of her wit and worth.

Yvonne's small hands are white and alive and restless as on that day in the Grand Pré orchard when, prying into the heart of the apple-blossom, they pried into and set fast hold upon the strings of my heart also. But this life of mine, given into the keeping of their sweet restlessness, has found the secret of rest.

One thing more of her, and I have done with this narrative; for they who live blest have little need or power to depict their happiness. It seems to me, in looking back and forward, that my wife delights particularly in setting at naught the cheap wisdom of the maxim-mongers. How continually are men heard to declare, with the tongue of Sir Oracle: "We don't woo what is well won"!

But Yvonne, well won these ten years back, I woo again continually, and our daily life together is never without the spur of fresh interest and further possibilities.

"The familiar is held cheap," say the disappointed; and "Use dulls the edge of passion," say they whose passion has never known the edge which finely tempered spirits take on.