

CHAPTER XLII.

QUINET'S CONTRIBUTION.

"O, skyward-looking, fleet-winged soul,
Earth hath no name for thine ideal flower!"

—MARY MORGAN.

For a night and a day after my talk with my father, I was a fool. Swelling names of ancestors rang proudly in my ears, and I shudder to think how easily I might have ended in a genealogist.

"Salut, Milord de Quinet."

"Bon soir, Chamilly," replied he, soberly.

"Aha, thou melancholy friend, the liver again, eh?"

We were strolling along the half illuminated Grosvenor street under the elms. The dim, substantial mansions in their grounds and trees, pleased my foreign eyes and I was glad to find the city of Alexandra able to vie with the great cities of the world, and I thought of her as near, and for the moment, could not understand the humor of Quinet.

"You don't seem to know," said he, "at least, I thought I would tell you—that Miss Grant has gone away,"—he stopped and looked at me earnestly.—"I sympathise with you."

"Away!" I caught my breath. My spirits sank with disappointment. Alas! Heaven seemed to ordain that my passion for her should never become a close communion, but only keep this light, ethereal touch upon me.

And so Quinet knew. "I do not ask you how: evidently you have known it all along?" (It was the first time I had been spoken to