

think, with a sigh, how much she would prefer a piece of bread and a cup of milk enjoyed amid that pleasant repose, to the most dainty banquet, heralded in by such culinary struggles and efforts.

Comparatively free from household troubles for a while, she had celebrated the first day of Paul's absence by making a dinner on the primitive articles of fare just mentioned, an arrangement which entirely suited her hand-maidens, who, also fond of the *dolce far niente*, added a piece of cold meat to their dinner and were satisfied; ease making up for the frugality of their meal. Then, taking a pair of slippers she was embrodering as a present for her husband, and which she worked at in secret, wishing to surprise him, never doubting but that he would find them useful as they were ornamental, she installed herself in her nook at the foot of the old elm.

What a glorious afternoon it was. How often she paused in her work to look from the far off purple hills to the gorgeous coloring of the autumn woods, from the golden and azure glories of the sky above her, to the flashing waves of the broad, silvery St. Lawrence flowing past. All was still. The birds had already winged their way to climes that offered them another summer, and the silence was only broken by the soft rustle of a leaf occasionally falling to the ground. Suddenly, however, a footstep near caused her to look up, and there, cap in hand, his most winning smile on his handsome, regular features, stood Captain de Chevandier. His manner was very courteous without being fulsome, and Genevieve listened undisturbed to some innocent remarks on the weather, the country and the excellent shooting. The time passed so pleasantly that she was unconscious, when he took his departure, that he had been nearly an hour in conversation with her. The day following was as bright and pleasant as its predecessor had been, and after a very light meal, she hurried off with her canvas and wools, not to the elm tree this time, for a sort of instinct told her it was too much in the line of road traversed by Mr. de Courval and his visitors, but to another equally favored haunt under a crooked but shady apple tree in the garden. She was working most assiduously, for she wished to complete her little offering before her husband's return, when a clear cultivated voice pleasantly enquired, "How was Mrs. Durand," and glancing up, she saw Captain de Chevandier looking at her over the low garden gate.

Genevieve felt anything but gratified by this incident, but she was too gentle to betray her sentiments on the subject, so she politely returned his greetings. Still, there was a considerable degree of reserve in her manner, and de Chevandier, at a loss

how to proceed, looked about him for inspiration. By good fortune his glance happened to fall on a bed of magnificent dahlias of various hues and shades, and feigning great admiration of their beauty, he asked permission to look at them nearer and gather one. The permission was coldly granted, and whilst dwelling with the air and manner of a connoisseur, on the rich tints and peculiar beauty of the specimens before him, he contrived to introduce a graceful compliment to the exquisite taste of the fair mistress of the garden, and to the success which had attended her efforts.

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain de Chevandier. 'Tis the old housekeeper, who lived with my husband before his marriage, who deserves all your praise."

De Chevandier bit his lip, and inwardly blessed his stars that none of his witty, caustic companions of the mess-table were present to witness this signal discomfiture. Soon recovering himself, he resumed:

"Well, that will not prevent me choosing, with *Madame's* permission, a couple of those splendid crimson ones," and he suited the action to the word.

Then, from the flowers it was natural to talk of the country, and by a very natural transition, from the country to France. Ah! here was a link between them at last, and de Chevandier was not slow to seize upon it. Though a native of Paris, there were few parts of his sunny land which he had not visited, and even with the dingy little town, Genevieve's birth-place, he was acquainted, having been detained there once a whole day by bad weather, during which time he had continually cursed it as the smallest, meanest, most insufferable spot on the surface of the globe. His recollections of it were now, however, of a different nature, and he spoke of its simple church, the quiet little cemetery, with a pathos that almost brought tears to Genevieve's eyes.

"Ah, Mrs. Durand," he impetuously exclaimed, after a moment's silence, "how miserable you must feel transplanted from our lovely land to this ungenial clime! What are we here, children of France, but poor exiles?"

Genevieve was by no means prepared, despite her love of fatherland, to go such lengths as this, and raising her eyes with a look of astonishment, which never wavered before the half admiring, half sentimental gaze bent on her, she rejoined:

"Miserable do you say? Why, Mr. de Chevandier, I have known more real happiness and quiet during the last few months than I have ever enjoyed in my life. France is dear to me as a reminiscence, but here, in Canada, my affections as well as all my earthly hopes are centred!"

This was another discouraging conversational blow, from which, either unable to