

lamps with a thin yellow gleam are lighted up at night by thousands for the souls of the dead. Ah! those two opposite shores! Europe and Asia, displaying to each other's eyes minarets and palaces along the banks of the Bosphorus, under constantly changing aspects in the play of Eastern light and shade! After the magic of the Levant what could be more dismal, more repellent, than this Atlantic gulf? Why did he stay here instead of going there? How preposterous to waste the numbered days of life, when over there lay a land of airy enchantment, and the sad delicious intoxication which takes no note of the flight of time.

Still, it was here, on the shore of this colourless bay thrashed by the gales and by the tides of ocean, that his eyes had opened to the spectacle of the world, that consciousness had been given to him for a few fugitive years; hence, in spite of all, he passionately loved the things he belonged to, and he knew that he would miss them when he was away from them.

And so, on this April morning André Lhéry was once more alive to the incurable anguish of having scattered himself over many lands, of having been a wanderer over the whole earth, attaching himself to more than one place by his heart strings. Dear Heaven! why must he now be so bound to two native lands: this, of his birth, and that other, his oriental home.