was whether we had fish or flesh for dinner, and that he always kept the Friday's abstinence with me when he was at home; how kind he had been in arranging the route of our wedding trip so that I could could hear Mass on Sundays; how he had once said that, for his mother's sake, he rather liked his wife to be a Catholic,—it would have so rejoiced her heart. I could not help hoping, I added, that some day all clouds upon his noble intellect would clear away, and he would embrace that good woman's faith and mine. The kind priest listened with a degree to be reassured, gave me some very wise and practical advice, and said, as with trembling voice he gave me his parting blessing: "Cling, as to your sheet anchor, to the careful hearing of Masses of obligation. So long as you are faithful and fervent in this you cannot be swept away."

We went to Paris, where my husband had to work up various threads of his great enterprise, and where the three friends who had embarked with him in the affair were residing. I was warmly received by these gentlemen, and our house was considered a delightful place of rendezvous. I applied myself to learning dressmaking and all the arts which it would be useful to teach in the new colony.

Ours, in a certain sense, was a perfect union, and the warinth of the sunshine in which I lived seemed to bring out all my capabilities; so that, instead of being ashamed of my country breeding (as I sometimes feared he would be), my husband was always proud of me, and his friends were constantly telling him that he was the luckiest fellow in the world. Now and then a slight pang of mortification smote me as I realized how much more complete a response other cultivated women have given to all his philosophical ideas and theories; and I saw, too, that he evidently was pleased at this appreciation. But these were the most passing shadows, and vanished almost before I had taken time to note them. So, slowly but surely, all self-distrust, all cries for heip in the difficult path I had chosen, all clear views of the end for which I was created, were swallowed up by the advancing tide of the "pride of life."

(To be Continued.)

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