

choice will meet with our approbation. I know Angelique has resolutely refused to receive any attention from you without the knowledge and approbation of her mother and myself—this speaks well—but how do you know that the young lady will smile upon your suit?"

Jacques looked down, blushed slightly, hesitated—then looked up with an arch look, and said, "if she knew you gave your approbation, I at least might try."

The old man smiled—"Well, well," said he, "I see how it is. The girl, though not rich, is highly respectable. I will attend the *fete of la Rosiere*; you shall dance with the crowned fair one; and if I think she deserve this distinction, Angelique shall be to me as a daughter."

Jacques knelt down, and kissed his father's hand with overflowing gratitude. He had not expected to gain his point so easily; for he knew his father had very much set his heart upon joining his estates to those of the *Maire*. "You are the best father in the world!" exclaimed he. "You call me so, Jacques—the world will say I am an old fool; but, after all, what do we live for, if not for happiness?"

Away went the young man, in the fullness of his joy, to impart the tidings to Angelique; and she, above all petty coquetry, heard it with unaffected delight.

The *fete of la Rosiere* was anxiously awaited. Everybody so often repeated that Angelique would certainly be crowned, for she was both the most beautiful and best; and, modest as she was, she could not help expecting it. The important day came—and who do you think was crowned? Antoinette, the ugly, idle daughter of the *Maire*!—she was crowned the best and most beautiful! The *Maire* gave a great ball that night. Angelique went; for she was above showing any resentment. She saw Jacques dancing with *la Rosiere*—she saw that his father observed her closely; and though she could not be gay, she was cheerful and dignified. Antoinette whispered to her companions, "See what bold airs she puts on; I should think she would be mortified, when she and all her friends have been boasting that she would be crowned." The old *proprietaire* heard one or two such speeches as this, and he shook his head expressively. He disappeared from the room a short time. While he was gone, his sister, a maiden lady, came up to Angelique; "My dear child," said she, "there is something wrong about this affair; all the village said you would be crowned." "My friends flattered me," said Angelique, modestly; "I knew they thought more highly of me than I deserved." "But think of crowning Antoinette!" continued the lady; "such an ugly thing as she is!"

"Her dress is very becoming," said Angelique; "and I think she is the best dancer in the room;" the tears came to

her eyes as she said this; for Jacques was again dancing with *la Rosiere*, and her garland of Provence roses was very beautiful.

Angelique retired very early that night—not without a kind look from Jacques, and an expression of benevolent approbation from the old *proprietaire* and his maiden sister. As soon as she reached her own little bedroom, she knelt down, and, bursting into tears, prayed that all envious and repining thoughts might be subdued within her heart. The prayer proved to be a strength and a consolation; and she soon sunk to sleep as sweetly as an infant.

Jacques came the next day. He was loud in his complaints. He said the whole village was indignant about it. Much good might the crown of roses do Miss Antoinette! Nobody thought she deserved it. He knew one thing: the *Maire* had given the *Cure* a splendid suit of clothes just before the *fete*; and he himself had seen Antoinette's diamond ring on his finger. No wonder the *Cure* gave the crown to a rich man's daughter. "Nay, I do not think the *Cure* could do so wrong as to take bribes from any body," replied Angelique; "and I beg you will not say so." "All the village think so," replied Jacques; "and they always will think so. I danced with her, because my father said it would give offence if I did not, on such an occasion; but I will never dance with her again." "I am sure she is one of the best dancers I ever saw," answered Angelique.

Nothing soothed by her gentleness Jacques went away more indignant than ever that so good a girl should be thus wronged.

A week or two after, a great ball was given by the *proprietaire*. He himself called to invite Angelique; and in the intervening time, hardly a day passed without his spending an hour or two at her parent's dwelling. The more he saw of her, the more he was convinced that she was a good girl, and worthy of his son. When the evening of the ball arrived, Angelique and her family were received at his large mansion with distinguished kindness. "Before the dancing begins, I have a whim to be gratified," said the kind-hearted but eccentric old man. There was an universal hum of assent among the assembly; for the wealthy old landlord was very popular; and a proposition of his could at any time be carried by acclamation in the village. The old gentleman smiled, and, holding up a wreath of roses and orange-buds he said, "there was once two Popes in the church; why should there not be two crowned *la Rosiere*? As he spoke, he placed the garland on the head of Angelique. "I crown her, because I have proved that she cannot be tempted to speak ill of a rival," said he; "the roses are my own gift—the orange-buds came from a younger