

but only the more lovely for that. Now came the confession, as she called it. I learned that when one has passed the sentimental season of girlhood, she must seek her happiness in solid things. She was very well contented with her husband, because he was reasonable enough to leave her undisturbed to her own occupations. The old-fashioned ideas which we have in our childish years, vanish when our understanding comes. To be sure, she could not deny that she had not by any means loved her husband as she had loved me; and she added with a reguish smile, "old love does not rust. I like you still very well, but believe me I had rather have you for a lover than a husband."

I had much to say in contradiction to this, but she answered it all with laughter. Meantime her woman came and announced that breakfast was ready. She took my arm, and we went into the well known garden.

Ah, the dear garden, I no longer recognized it. The old flower beds were gone; instead of them there were clumps of foreign shrubs and trees arranged after the so called English taste, between green grass plats, single paths wound about them. The vine bower was changed into a close Chinese temple, shaded by the two acacias. We entered it. It was the prettiest boudoir in the world. Instead of the green wooden bench, a well-stuffed mahogany sofa offered us a seat before a japan table, on which was placed coffee, chocolate, and sweetmeats.

"Oh, the beautiful holy vine bower, our church, our altar, our childish blessedness, oh, where is it all!" sighed I, and gave a glance to Augustina, filled with sad reproach.

"Does happiness, then, depend upon the vine bower," said she, smiling. "I suppose, for the same reason, I am not half so dear to you as I was ten years ago, because I no longer wear the same dress."

"But, Augustina,—yes, I must call you so once more, and this place gives me the right,—have not certain memorials of those divine moments always remained with you? For example, see here your gold ring, which ten years since you placed upon my finger. I have constantly worn it since as a holy treasure."

"And I, to honor you, also, at least at breakfast to-day, have the well known pewter ring," said Augustina, and she held her hand before my face. "You see it has turned black, and yet I place it in my jewel case, a jewel among jewels."

As I looked at the ring, a bitter feeling came over me. I took her beautiful hand, which the ring made more beautiful, and impressed upon it

a kiss of gratitude. Augustina withdrew her hand, and said :

"Gustavus, you are still the same impatient enthusiast; it is not well for you to be near me. With you I might perhaps have been happier."

After we had breakfasted, we left the Chinese temple, while she held up her finger with a threatening air, and said,

"Ah, Mr. President, it is not well to confess to you."

She then resumed her usual sportive manner of conversing, and reminded me of the hour when I should meet her at a ball in the evening.

Though I remained fourteen days longer in the city, I had no further opportunity to see Augustina alone, perhaps because I avoided any. Notwithstanding, from the moment I left the Chinese temple, I felt the last spark of love extinguished in my breast. I could not conceal from myself that there might be danger in our meeting in this way. The time of my departure came. Oh, how different the parting from that of ten years ago! We separated with drums and trumpets, at a ridotto, which I left early because I was to set out on my journey the next day. We had waltzed with each other, and said many pretty things. She accompanied me to the door, and called after me an *adieu mon ami*, while she was reaching her hand to another partner in the dance.

I was glad at heart to fly from the wearisome bustle of the great world, and belong again to myself. I mused at my ease over what was to be my future life, as I travelled through fields and forests, through cities and villages. I mused upon the future,—the past with Augustina had become painful to me. Oh, how time had changed everything! My journey,—I was four days in reaching my home,—was somewhat tedious, for it was without any adventure. The last day I met with one of a very pleasing kind.

My servant stopped in the morning, in a village, before an inn to feed his horses. I went into the house, and heard the sound of quarrelling. The host and a half-drunken hired coachman, whose carriage was before the door, were disputing. A young, well-dressed lady, in a riding habit, sat weeping on a seat near the table. The difficulty had arisen because the driver would not carry the lady to the place where she maintained he had agreed to take her, but insisted upon going to a little town away from the principal road, where he had other business. He declared that he had, in the first bargain, agreed to carry her to this place. The host had taken the part of the young, timid beauty. On hearing she was the