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ROSE LEBLANC; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF SINCERITY

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The storm was still going on; the rain beating against the panes. The noise of the torrent increasing every moment. Henri came in at last. Supper was on the table. 'Well, sir,' said M. Dumont, 'perhaps you will have the kindness to inform me if I am to be at the expense of paying for a substitute.'

son's bride! Behind our backs too, the sneaking hypocrite! 'It is very unjust, it is very unkind to speak so. Oh, dear, oh, dear! what will become of me!' and Rose fell on her knees with her head leaning against the table. When she looked up again her uncle and her aunt had left the room. 'Oh, dear, dear,' she again exclaimed, 'how dreadfully angry they are with me.'

Rose was making a variety of little nosegays with the wild flowers within her reach, and tying them up with as much care as those she had been in the habit of arranging for the market-place of Pau. 'So you are no more to go to market with your uncle's flowers and fruit?' said Andre, as he helped her to collect the rosy tipped daisies and shining buttercups with which the grass about them was studded.

rowful, light thoughts with serious ones,' Andre said with a sigh. 'Ah! that is very true,' exclaimed Rose, echoing the sigh, and already losing sight of the literary and pictorial side of the subject, in the realities which his last words had recalled to her mind. 'It is pleasant to think that we care about each other, and that we hope some day to be married; but it is very sad to think that you must go away, for such a long time too. It is a great blessing that we have made it up before parting.'

too poor to pay a substitute, which is the only alternative.' 'You will come home sometimes on leave of absence?' 'If we are not sent to Algeria.' 'Is that far from here?' 'It is in Africa, my dear Rose.'