

and in order to dispel painful reflections from the breast of her well-beloved, she smiled. As the sun dissipates the clouds, so did her smile dissipate the grief of the viscount. Their tenderness was as profound as the cause which had engendered it, pure as the dove's wing.

They loved each other like children, sipping the honey of that first love with ardor, and struggling to conceal their torments; for Guyonne did not feel less than John their equivocal position; and the future alarmed her. But it was at the hours of this doubt and bitterness, that she collected the treasures of her affection, to bestow them on the viscount; it was at these hours, especially, that she fondled him with chaste caresses, that she sang to him the divine melodies of love; and soothed his agitated spirit in the rosy arms of Hope.

It was on a fine day that John de Ganay left his bed. The eight colonists, who still remained, came to congratulate him, and bring him the best fruits of their hunting and fishing.

Disease, privations, and revolt, had reduced to four the number of the soldiers. However, they would not rejoin the colonists, but lived miserably in a corner of the island.

The viscount having gone into his chamber one evening, after having partaken of a repast, said to Guyonne, in a touching and sympathetic tone:

"Now, my friend, I am going to give you the heritage of your parents. Here," added he, opening the coffer, "is the portrait of your mother, the noble Elizabeth Guyonne