
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

CHAPTER V.

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"Along my father's dykes I roam again,
Among the willows by the river side,
These miles of green I know from hill to tide,
And every creek and river's ruddy stain.
Neglected long and shunned, our dead have lain,
Here where a people's dearest hope had died."

FRANK WINSLOW was more and more drawn to Pierre as he continued the history of the Gotros and his connection with them. He looked at him now as he stood thoughtfully gazing about him upon the scene which would change its character when he died, and which had been unchanged for over a century. He must have felt that to him were entrusted the traditions of a family and a name. His was the duty to be fulfilled in the accomplishment of a purpose that had come to him through four generations. In him was the death of this aim, and the end of the name associated with that purpose. In not complying with the conditions of the trust imposed upon him, was he really to blame for the final failure of that great ambitious purpose transmitted through so many of his ancestors and conditioned with so many difficulties? Winslow felt that a strange fatality had followed upon the actions of