

"I make a basket for the white chief; will you take it to him?" she said, stooping her head low, to shun his curious gaze.

But Hero, who had been an attentive listener, and sagacious observer, now thought it high time to interfere, and end the farce; and with a playful bound, he placed his fore paws in the boat, and gently seizing the blanket in his mouth, pulled it from her unresisting shoulders. A bark of pleasure expressed his delight, as he laid his shaggy head in her lap, to receive the expected caress.

"Now, by my faith, Miss De Courcy!" said De Valette, coloring with mingled feelings. "I can indeed no longer discredit your pretensions to the art of disguise."

"And I," she replied smiling, "scarcely thought you had less penetration than your dog, Eustace! But do you remember what I once told you—twice deceived, beware of the third time!"

"I would not have believed once, Lucie, that you were so skilled in deceit," he answered bitterly; but quickly added, "I willingly confess that I have not penetration enough to detect the disguises of a woman's head and heart!"

"It would be difficult to detect that which has no existence," she said gaily; "we are guileless to a fault—too single-hearted in truth, for our own happiness."

"And for the happiness of others, you may add," rejoined De Valette; "the boasted simplicity of your sex is so closely allied to art, that, by my troth! one must be gifted with rare powers of discrimination, who can detect the difference!"

"I begin to have faith in miracles," said Lucie, with arch gravity, "for surely, nothing less than a miracle could transform the gallant De Valette, the very pink of chivalrous courtesy, into a reviler of that sex, who—"

"Who are not quite so faultless as his credulity once led him to believe them," interrupted De Valette.

"Nay, if you have lost your faith in our infallibility," she answered, "your case is hopeless, and I would counsel you to put on the cowl at once, and hie away to some dull monastery, where you can rail at leisure, against woman, and her deceptive attributes. It might form a new and fitting exercise for the holy brotherhood, and me-thinks would better become their lips, than those of a young and generous cavalier."

"I am not yet so weary of the world, as to avail myself of your advice," he replied, "however grateful I may feel for the kindness which prompts you to give it."

"I hope you do feel more gratified than your looks express," she said, "for really, though I

have tried very hard to please you, it has been all labor lost. Nay, I must say you have been very petulant and disagreeable of late, and have followed your own selfish amusements, leaving me to wander about alone, like a forsaken wood nymph. Indeed it is neither kind nor gallant in you."

"And can you think I have consulted my own inclinations in doing so?" he asked reproachfully. "The privilege of being near you, Lucie, and contributing to your enjoyment, has been but too highly prized, and if at any time I have seemed neglectful, it was because I was not willing to lavish attentions which seemed indifferent to you."

"You have done me injustice then, Eustace," she replied, "and I appeal to your own conscience, if any caprice or coldness on my part has given you reason to suppose my feelings changed."

"I have no complaints to make, Lucie, but my heart has been freely opened to you, and you cannot suppose I viewed with indifference your acknowledged preference of another, which of course destroyed the hope I once too presumptuously entertained, that my devoted affection might awaken a feeling of reciprocal interest in you."

"No circumstances can ever diminish the interest I feel in you, Eustace," she replied; "our long tried friendship, cannot, on my part, be lightly severed, nor the pleasant intercourse which has enlivened the solitude of this wilderness, be ever effaced from my remembrance. Believe me," she added, with deep feeling, "whatever fate awaits my future life, or whatever fortune befalls me, my heart will turn to you with the grateful affection of a sister."

"A sister!" De Valette repeated with a sigh, while the transient flush faded from his cheek, and he dropped the slight hand which he had taken in his own. Lucie hastened to break the embarrassing pause:

"I wish the owner of this canoe were here," she said, "for I should like much to be rowed back to the fort in it; the water looks cool and tempting, and I am very weary."

"It would be useless to venture before the tide begins to ebb," said De Valette, "and indeed, Lucie, I think you are not perfectly safe, even now."

The tide was in fact rising with that rapidity so peculiar to the Bay of Fundy, and while Miss de Courcy was seated in the canoe, it had been gradually rising above the reeds, and was now nearly freed from them. Her attention thus drawn to her situation,—for it had been entirely unnoticed,—she observed that the boat was receding from the shore by an almost imperceptible motion, and rising in some alarm, she reached her hand