

from bitterness to a tearful sadness. 'Poor girl, I have made you weep,' said he; 'as if there were any need of telling you all that. But why talk of seeing you no longer, Niette? As well tell me at once, that I have no right to happiness, that I must live like the brutes, who know nothing of joys that spring from the affections. It does not seem so with other men. Yes! there are many who are happy in counting the sheaves in their fields; others in guiding the little vessel that contains their all; others, again, sleep under the roof which their honest toil has gained for them; but I, dear girl, have neither house, nor bark, nor furrows. I have nothing in the wide world but the little brother who is my charge, and you who are my reward. When you smile on me at a distance, when you call me by my name, with that voice which resembles no other; perhaps I do not know how to express this to you, Niette, but it seems to me that a ray of sunshine glides within me—my blood becomes light—I love everybody, and I thank the good God for my existence. But without you I become sad; I think upon the dark days, and I have neither repose nor resignation.

'Mon Dieu! but what is to be done, then,' cried Annette, who in the midst of her distress had been moved by the tender words of her lover; 'do you not understand that if you remain, some misfortune will happen to you.' 'Do not fear that *chère amie*,' replied Louis, pressing the hands of the young girl; 'I know your father, and Lubert; when they return, they will cast anchor at the 'Silver Pilehard,' and provided I keep myself out of sight, they will not lose time in seeking me.'

'And if by chance they should meet you?'

'If they meet me, *mon cobriau*, I will do as they do when the storm threatens. I will fly before the gale.'

'Do not speak so lightly, Louis,' said the young girl, who was partly reassured by the almost cheerful tone of Marzou; 'think rather of what I have come to tell you. Perhaps you do not know all the danger. When anger blinds my father, nothing can be done with him, and where he leads, Lubert will follow. Think, *pauvre garçon*, that it may perhaps cost you your life.'

'Do not fear that, Niette; they will not crush a man like a crab, with a blow.'

'And if you should be obliged to defend yourself, you might be tempted to raise your hand against my father.'

'Never,' exclaimed Marzou; 'strike him who has given you life! you cannot believe it. His blood shall be sacred in my eyes.'

'I thank you, dear Louis,' said Annette, affected with the warmth of this protestation; 'this is a proof of your good heart, as well as of your love. But what will become of you if my father does what he says he will?'

'Whatever God pleases,' said the young man, with a courageous serenity; 'we must all submit to His will. Who knows if he may not soften those hard hearts. When your father sees that I bear all things for your sake, perhaps it