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Grand Pré. I know the faces. There is Evangeline, and there is Jacques Le May,—but why don't they drop anchor? They will ground if they come any nearer shore! And in this sea—Merciful Heaven, they are on the dikes! They strike—and the dike goes down before them! The great white waves throng in behind them—the Marsh is buried—and the light goes out!”

The young man started back and put his hand to his eyes, as if awaking from a dream. He caught the sound of his wife's sobbing, and, throwing both arms about her, he stooped to kiss her hair, which gleamed in the dark.

“What's the matter, darling?” he whispered, anxiously. “And what has become of our fire?”

“Oh, Jack, you have frightened me so!” replied the girl. “You have been dreaming or in a trance, and seeing dreadful things that I could not see at all! I could see nothing but that hateful Eye, which has been shining as if all the fires of hell were in it. Come away! we will sell the Marsh to-morrow at *any* price!”

“But, dear,” said Desbra, “the Star has gone out! There is not a sign of it to be seen. All outside is black as Egypt. Look!”