

breast. If, before, it seemed a more than mortal melody, now it was the song of a newly enfranchised spirit. Love and sorrow had commenced their work. The Promethean spark was kindled in her breast; the soul had found its life. The first stanzas told of sorrow, and the singer's voice dwelt and sighed upon the notes as the wind on the chords of an Eolian harp; and now they tell of hope and joy, and she broke forth into strains so harmonious and impassioned, that it seemed as though her soul, bursting from its bonds, would float upward and away, on the tide of its own heavenly melody. There was soul in every note, and Henry listened with a delight that was almost awe. Again and again she sang; now the notes were bursts of joy, and now the low complaints of woe. In this capriciousness Henry fancied he could trace the heart's sickness. The dream which before had floated through his soul once more rested there. He felt how fruitless had been his efforts to forget. He had mounded and controlled his actions, not his feelings. He listened till the sounds had ceased, yet without being able to discover from precisely what quarter they proceeded. There was a light in this end of the château to indicate which chamber she occupied; and the clearness of the evening rendered it impossible that he could reconnoitre, without discovering himself.

The next day, and the next, saw Henry a lingerer in Montes, and each evening found him an unsuccessful watcher in the gardens of the château. But on the third evening, as he listened for that well known voice, and watched the lights that glanced from window to window, he saw the Lady Gabrielle issue from a door immediately in front of him. She was dressed in robes of the deepest mourning, and leaned on the arm of one, whom Henry too quickly recognised. It was the Duke de Bellegarde, the rival whose interest, Henry had calmly and solemnly vowed he would in every way promote. A thrill of jealous agony shot through his veins, as he heard Gabrielle's soft low tones as she replied to her companion. He retreated into the shade of the wood. They reached the spot, where a moment before he had stood. He heard Gabrielle say, that when she looked a moment before, she thought she saw the figure of a man, leaning against the tree. Bellegarde answered, that he too thought so, but it was probably only the shadow cast from some neighboring object. They paused to gaze upon the scene beneath. On Gabrielle's face were the traces of recent illness, but they had given it the expression of a seraph; she seemed wearied even now, and prepared to seat herself upon the turf. Bellegarde spread his mantle on the ground. For another moment he

lingered and listened, as the young man spoke of the beauty of the scene in tones which showed that it was happiness which made all so lovely to him. Honour forbade his lingering any longer, and he cautiously turned to depart. But his step, light and practised though it was, met the quick ear of Bellegarde; he started up, and gazed around.

"It is caught," said Gabrielle "but some timorous squirrel, which we have disturbed: or perchance it is Fidèle: he followed us out."

"To me," said Bellegarde, "it sounds like a cautious step."

"Your ear is too acute," said Gabrielle, laughingly. "I can assure you, that you need fear no ambuscade here. This is my territory, and none dare intrude here, without their sovereign's leave."

Most opportunely, to support Gabrielle's assertions, remove Bellegarde's doubts, and Henry's difficulties, the little hound of which Gabrielle had spoken, just then came bounding from the wood. Henry had learned, what he so much wished to know. Here he might hope to meet the lady alone.

The next day, when Henry sought the wood, he discovered an arbour which in the uncertain moonlight he had not before noticed. To form this sylvan bower, lofty elms were left standing in nearly a complete circle; their boughs so interlaced by nature, assisted by art, as to form a roof through which neither sun nor a mere summer shower could penetrate. For its tapestry, the wild vine and ivy, interspersed with various flowering creepers, were taught to mingle in harmonious confusion. How dull and poor the richest products of the loom, heavy with gold and embroidery, to this airy fabric fresh from Nature's hand, swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze, its hues varying with the shifting light, and pouring on the air its unseen incense. The carpet spread by nature's hand, glowed with her rich enamelling of flowers, whilst through its centre, contrasting charmingly with the vivid green of the turf which sloped gradually to its margin, purred a brook tiny and bright as a silver thread. The sunshine piercing the trellised wall sported with its bubbles, with playful alchemy transmuting them to diamonds, which glanced along, swift and bright as the hours of youth, when coloured by Love and wafted onward by Hope.

Outside the bower, Henry awaited the lady's coming. His patience was not long tried; ere many minutes had passed, he saw Gabrielle approaching with slow and languid steps. She looked even paler and more sorrow-worn by day, than she had done the previous evening; perhaps it was that the bright sunny ringlets, which had