

features, as with deep emotion she received his tender greeting.

"But why, sweet Lucie, do I see you so pale and sad?" asked Stanhope, regarding her with fond solicitude, when the first rapturous joy of their meeting had subsided into a more tranquil happiness. "And what, may I ask, brings you to this melancholy spot, at such a lonely hour?"

"Oh! Arthur," she replied, brushing the starting tears from her eyes, "you know not half the changes that have taken place since you were here, or you would not ask why I am pale and sad. This, dear Stanhope, is the grave of my kindest relative; till you came, I almost thought of my last friend?"

"Good heavens! Lucie! is your aunt then—is Madame la Tour dead?" asked Stanhope, greatly shocked.

A flood of tears was Lucie's only answer; her feelings had of late been severely tried, and it was several minutes before her own efforts, or the tender soothing of Stanhope, succeeded in calming her emotions. Then a long conversation took place between the lovers; each had much to say, and Lucie, in particular, had many events to communicate. But as the narrative of occurrences at the Fort, was often interrupted by question and remark, we shall sum up in our own words, as briefly as possible, all that is necessary to elucidate our story.

Madame la Tour's constitution was too delicate to bear the rigor of a northern climate, and from her first arrival in Acadia, her health began almost imperceptibly to decline; she never wholly recovered from the severe indisposition which attacked her in the autumn, though the vigor and cheerfulness of her mind long enabled her to resist the influence of disease. But she was perfectly aware of her own danger, long before those around her felt the slightest alarm on her account, for she knew too well the symptoms of that malady, which had proved fatal to many of her family, and had too often witnessed its insidious approaches in others, to be deceived, when she, herself, was the victim.

Towards the close of winter she was confined wholly to her apartment, and Lucie and the faithful Annette were her kind and constant attendants. Her decline from that time was rapid, but it was endured with a fortitude which distinguished her in every situation of life. Still young, and with much to render existence pleasant and desirable, she met its close with cheerful resignation, surrounded by the weeping objects of her love. On Lucie's affectionate heart, her death left a deep and lasting impression, and she has indeed desolate in being thus deprived of the

only relative with whom she could claim sympathy and connection.

The parental tie so lately discovered to her, instead of opening a new spring of tenderness, became a source of painful anxiety. Father Gilbert—so we shall still call him—yielded for a brief season to the sweet indulgence of those natural feelings which had been awakened by the recognition of his daughter. But his ascetic habits, and the severity of his creed, soon regained their influence over his mind, and led him to distrust and condemn the sweetest emotions of his heart.

The self-inflicted penance which estranged him from her infancy, he deemed still essential to his salvation; and the crime which had wedded him to a life of austere devotion, he thought no circumstances could annul. As the priest of God, he must conquer every earthly passion; the work to which he was dedicated yet remained unaccomplished, and the sins of his early life were yet unatoned.

Thus he reasoned, blinded by the dogmas of a superstitious creed, and neither the arguments of Madame la Tour, nor the tears and prayers of his newly-found daughter, were of avail to move him from his stern purpose. The return of the priest who usually officiated at the Fort, was the signal for him to depart on a tour of severe duty to the most distant settlements of Acadia.

Nothing could change his determination; yet he parted from Lucie with emotion, solemnly conjuring her to renounce her spiritual errors, and embrace the faith of the only true church. As his child, he said, he should pray for her happiness,—as a heretic, for her conversion, but he relinquished the authority of a father, which his vocation forbade him to exercise, and left her to the guidance of God and her own conscience.

From that time, Lucie had never seen him, nor even heard from him, and anxiety for his fate pressed heavily on her heart, and caused her to shed many and bitter tears for the parent whom she would gladly have made happy by her affection. Shortly after the death of Madame la Tour, she removed her residence to the cottage of Annette, as the Fort was no longer a suitable or pleasant abode for her.

Monsieur la Tour, disregarding the wishes which his lady had expressed in her last illness, that Lucie might be allowed to follow her own inclinations respecting the choice of a partner for life,—renewed his endeavours to force her into a marriage with De Valette. But both his threats and persuasions were firmly resisted by her, and De Valette had too much pride and generosity to urge his suit, after so decided a