

"You are unjust to Mr. Stanhope," said Lucie calmly, "you suspect him of a meanness which he could never practise. I only am to blame, for whatever is wrong and secret. He has never sought or wished to disguise his attachment, and he had the tacit consent, and free approbation of my dear Aunt Rouville, but you know what unfortunate circumstances changed his destiny; my aunt's illness and death, and our separation followed, and I scarcely dared hope we should ever meet again."

"But you did meet," interrupted Madame La Tour, impatiently; "and then, why all this mystery and reserve?"

"I feared, perhaps weakly feared, my uncle's anger," replied Lucie. "I knew that he was bent on marrying me to De Valette, and that opposition would only provoke his resentment; my position as his ward subjected me to his commands, and I entreated Stanhope to avoid any explanation with my guardian, and to defer asking his consent to our union, till he returned a few months hence, when I should have a legal right to bestow my hand as I thought best."

"And it is for this stranger, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, "that you have slighted the wishes of your natural guardians, and best friends, and rejected the love of one whom you have long known, and who is, in every respect, worthy of your choice."

"Those wishes," said Lucie firmly, "were at variance with my duty, and my best hopes of happiness; and De Valette's affection I never could return."

"To me, at least, Lucie, you might have confided your feelings and your purposes; you would not have found me arbitrary or unreasonable, and methinks the advice of an experienced friend would not have been amiss on such a subject."

"I well know your lenity and affection, my dear aunt," replied Lucie, "but I was unwilling to subject you to my uncle's displeasure, which would surely have been the case, had he known you were the confidant of my secret. Believe me, I would take no important step without your advice and approbation, and if I have done wrong, my judgment, and not my heart has erred."

"I am willing to believe you intended to do right, Lucie," said Madame La Tour, more kindly; "but we are now nearly at the gate, and will dismiss the subject, till some other day."

Lucie gladly assented, and the remainder of their walk was pursued in silence.

At day-break, on the following morning, M. La Tour gave the signal for weighing anchor, which

was promptly obeyed by Stanhope, and spreading their sails to a light wind, the two vessels were slowly wafted from the harbor of St. John's. The fort long lingered in their view, and the richly wooded shores of the noble river gradually receded, as they stood out in the open bay, while the rising sun began to shed its radiance on the varied landscape. But the morning which had burst forth in brightness, was soon overcast with clouds; and the light which had shone so cheerily on hill and valley, became like the gleams of departing hope—shrouded in gloom and darkness. Still, however, they kept steadily on their course, and by degrees the wind became stronger, and the dead calm of the sea was agitated by its increasing violence.

The confines of Acadia, which were then undefined, stretched along the Bay of Fundy, presenting a vast and uncultivated track, varying through every shade of sterility and verdure. There was the bold and jutting promontory which defied the encroaching tide, the desert plain, and dark morass; there too were sloping uplands, and broad meadows, green valleys watered by countless streams, and impervious forests, skirting the horizon, with their dark, unbroken outline. A transient sunbeam at times gilded the variegated landscape, and again the flitting clouds chequered it with dark shadows, till a dense mist at length arose, and spread over it, excluding every object from the sight.

Thus passed the day, the wind became contrary and adverse, and little progress could be made; but La Tour's large and well appointed ship held her stately course unmoved, while Stanhope's pinnace, a frail convoy at the best, seemed ill fitted to stem the winds and waves of that stormy sea. Night closed in prematurely and the ships parted company; but La Tour had so often navigated the bay, and the rivers of that coast, that every isle and headland were perfectly familiar to him. Stanhope, on the contrary, had no practical knowledge of their localities; and was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, fearing they might deviate from the proper course, and strike some hidden rocks, or run into shallow water. Lights were hung out, hoping they might attract the notice of La Tour, or of some fishermen in the Bay, but their rays could not penetrate the mist which had closed so heavily around them. Signal guns were also fired at intervals, but their report mingled with the sullen murmur of winds and waves, and no answering sound was heard on the solitary deep. Stanhope felt that his position was perilous, and resolved to cast anchor, and wait the return of day. Perplexed and anxious, yet cautious to con-