

A LITTLE MAID OF ACADIE.

I.

“ . . . In the hollow by the stream
That beach leans down into, of which you said
The Oread in it has a Naiad's heart,
And pines for waters.”

A STONY hollow, down among the hills. The very spot where, when at the creation rock and earth were being sown broadcast over the face of the globe, the rocks wore through the bottom of the sack that held them, trickling thick and fast in a gray stream that frets the brown little mountain river hurrying to the St. John.

A spot wild and untrodden since that day, one might have said ; but for the bleaching skeletons of trees that bristle up the slopes, and tell where lumber-camps have been, and gone. Young trees and alders and tall ferns are trying fast to cover up the havoc these have made ; and where they muster closest, the stream broadens out, giving