

ded the old man, 'and try to induce a little sleep, for the night wanes. From those passages in my history, with which you have been made acquainted, you can judge if there is a remedy for my disease this side the grave.—May your journey through life be as radiant with the sunshine of a hopeful heart as that of the being who now addresses you has been clouded by afflictions. Leave me now,—I would be alone.'

"Forbearing to question further into the details of his sad story, I left him to his reveries, and returned to the hut where I soon lost all consciousness in a sound slumber.

"We were up at early dawn, and after partaking of a meal which had been prepared for us, and furnishing ourselves with all the information, respecting the direction we should pursue, that our host could supply, took our departure, though not until I had used every effort to persuade the recluse to return with us, in vain. He seemed moved, and his voice faltered as he shook our hands warmly in bidding farewell; even the dog that had become familiar since our arrival, appeared to regret our going, for he ran forward several times, wagging his tail, and looking wistfully in our faces, with an earnestness uncommon in a brute, but the voice of his master caused his immediate return, and as the winding of the stream enabled us to catch another glimpse of the pair, we beheld the faithful animal couchant at his feet, while the old man's hand was smoothing down the long hair upon his back almost as venerable as his own uncovered head.

"We saw him no more, but often reflected upon the might of that passion which could cast so fearful a shadow upon the destiny of such a being: one evidently gifted beyond ordinary mortals, with those powers which would render the possessor eminent in any station of life, but which, shattered by "the lightning blast of grief," served as fuel to the flame of a blighted spirit.

"We did not arrive at the Fort until the evening of the second day, to the delight of our friends, who had given us up for lost, after sending scouts in every direction to search for the stragglers."

"But," said I, as Frank knocked the ashes from his pipe and stretched himself out full length upon his blanket, preparatory for repose, at the conclusion of his story—"did you never hear of your friend of the forest, afterwards?" "No," he replied, "all our enquiries as to his name and country, were of no

avail. The impression which our adventure made at the time, gradually faded from thoughts; though, in the cold winter months when the wind moaned mournfully round stockades, I would often picture to myself dreary cabin and its lonely inhabitant. It is one of the many instances where men, dissatisfied with the world, have sought a refuge in the natural solitude of America. We thought he must have perished by the conflagration which, like the sword of a destroying angel, laid waste the country for miles around in the ensuing summer, driving the game out of woods, in terror, from the breath of the consuming element. "'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good," and you would have echoed the aphorism, had you partaken of the glad cheer with which our mess-table groaned months afterwards.

"That fall, I had occasion to be in the vicinity of the hermitage, and, but for the physical impossibility of penetrating through a dense forest, which, consisting of half-charred trunks of fallen trees, blackened by the fire, covered the ground in the most unimaginable confusion, I would have endeavoured to learn the man's fate.

"What a change had swept over the landscape! Where the soil was once hidden by profuse vegetation, and the tall, majestic trees spread their broad shadows around, there remained not a leaf to shiver in the breeze.

St. John, January, 1842.



Oh, Sing that Gentle Strain Again

BY ANDREW M'MAXIN.

Oh, sing that gentle strain again,
And I will list the while,
Its notes will soothe my bosom's pain
My aching heart beguile.
Fair reason wand'ring from her track
In trouble's darkest hour,
Hath oft been lured in gladness back
By Music's soothing power.

Oh, take thy dulcet lute again,
And breathe its magic spell,
Its tones will soon my soul enchain,
As in some fairy dell;—
Like some poor wand'ring flutt'ring dove
Beneath the serpent's gaze,
In vain it strives to soar above,
Or 'scape the dazzling maze.