

water which the Great Spirit has placed between Acadia and Oonumaghee.* They had plenty of moose-meat—the wigwam was never empty; but, one day, when the sun was setting behind the trees, near the wigwam, the big canoe of the Englishman came to the shore where the red man lived. Chegouenne was young then; but he can still remember how the English chief burnt down his wigwam and carried away his parents and his brother in the big canoe, and he never saw them more. When Chegouenne is laid to rest with the great chiefs of his tribe, he will tell his father how many scalps he has taken from the Englishmen and his father's heart will be glad. Chegouenne has spoken."

When the Indian stopped the spy turned aside into the forest, as if he would not be a witness of the savage sport which he knew the Indians were now to commence. Then Chegouenne and the other savages commenced to dance wildly around their

prisoner—to dash the pine-knots into his face—to taunt him with all their fierce eloquence.

During all these proceedings Beppo, who had followed his master from the Acadian's hut, where he had so unaccountably re-appeared, was looking on mournfully from the foot of the tree where he had taken up his position. Whenever the Indians approached he would bark furiously and look up into his master's face as if imploring him to say what was to be done to help him in so sore a strait. At the last one of the Indians came up and thrust a fire-brand into Osborne's face until his hair was quite singed, and then the faithful creature flew at the savage and seized him by the arm with his teeth; but, almost at the same instant, he fell brained by the tomahawk of Chegouenne, who was standing close by. Even at that trying crisis, Osborne could feel a thrill of sorrow for the fate of the faithful companion of his forest adventures.

(To be continued.)

* The Indian name of Cape Breton.

TO MY OWN GREEN LAND.

BY "NORAH."

It was in the early morning
Of life, and of hope to me,
That I sat on a grassy hillside
Of the Isle beyond the sea;
Erin's skies of changeful beauty
Were bending over me.
The lark in the blue above me,
A tiny speck in the sky,
Rained down from his bosom's fullness
A shower of melody;
Dropping through the golden sunlight
And rippling sweetly by.
Afar in the sunny distance,
O'er the river's further brim,
Like a stern old Norman warder
Stood the castle quaint and grim,
And, nearer, a grassy ruin
Where an older name grew dim.
I knew that the balmy gladness
Was brooding from sea to sea,
But I felt a note of sadness
Sobring youthful glee;
For the love of my mother Erin
Was stirring strong in me.
Oh Erin! my mother Erin!
Land of the tearful smile,
Hearts that feel and hands of helping
Are thy children's, blessed Isle!
The stranger is stranger no longer
That rests on thy breast awhile.
Be they Saxon, Dane, or Norman,
That step on thy kindly shore,
He who sets his foot on thy daisies

Is kinder for evermore;
For thy "*Cead mille Failthe*"
Thrills to his bosom's core.
But Erin, never contented,
Struggles again and again,
As proud and free-born captives
Strive with the conqueror's chain,
That, if ever it snaps asunder,
Is riveted firmer again.
I have waited, watched for the blessing
Promised so long ago,
I have looked for the brilliant future
The end of the long-drawn woe;
But my hopes, with my years, Time the reaper
Hath laughingly laid them low.
Oh Erin! my mother Erin!
Will to be repeat what has been?
Will your sons ever "shoulder to shoulder"
Be strong and united seen?
Will ever the foreign lilies
Blend with the nation's green?
In other lands the peoples,
Forgetting ancient wrong,
Have blended and fused, becoming,
Because of their union, strong;
Leaving old feuds and battles
As themes for romance and song.
From party's Promethean vulture
When wilt thou get release?
When will the strife of races,
The strife of religions cease?
And the hearts of thy loving children
Mingle and be at peace?