

waterfall. In
or Riverdale.
on her bonnet

great snow-

made, with so
ild she drops
nging back to
l Barry,—my
whose spring-
olden-Winged
with blazing
s beginning to
its blue and
o not cover it
nd leaden this
ing down like
on it.

and gold—for,
d off" wonder-

—mother and
-wagon, then,
the canoe lay,

r the hill, and
n the still eve-
n each other's

down into the
d, in her dress
her waist, and
which hung
were the little
ills. Smiling,
e on her white

face and into the depths of her great dark eyes. But her lips were very red, and into her cheeks a glow had come that was not altogether of returning health.

Beside her, on the bank, were her bonnet and the long cloak she had worn.

Almost breathless I stood, but when I would have spoken she placed her fingers on my lips.

"Come!" she said, and stepped into the canoe.

Silently I followed her and took my place, pushing my hand against a spur of rock to send the light craft out towards the current.

Already she was kneeling in her place, beginning to wield the paddle, and so, with her body swaying with the stroke, and her long hair blowing on the light breeze, we passed out upon the water, all checkered with the sunset and the deep shade of the trees along the shore.

Thus they went their way to the Wigwam in the Penahqueewene Keezis, the moon of the falling leaf, and she paddled the canoe.

THE END