

A girl—a young slight girl ;—a fawn-like child
 Of green savannas and the leafy wild
 Springing unmarked till then, as some lone flower
 Happy because the sunshine is its dower ;
 Yet one who knew how early tears are shed,
 For *hers* had mourned a brother playmate dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long
 Until the pity of her soul more strong ;
 And by its passions deepening fervour swayed,
 Even to the stake she rushed, and gently laid
 His bright head on her bosom, and around
 His form her slender arms to shield it, wound
 In close embrace ; then raised her glittering eye,
 And clear toned voice, that said—"He shall not die !" —
 —"He shall not die !" —The gloomy forest thrilled
 To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
 On the fierce throng ; and heart and hand were stilled
 Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
 They gazed, their dark souls bowed before the maid,
 She of the dancing step in wood and glade !
 And as her cheek flushed through its olive hue,
 As her black tresses to the nightwind flew,
 Something o'ermastered them from that young mein
 Something of heaven in silence felt and seen ;
 And seeming to their child like faith, a token
 That the great spirit by her voice had spoken,
 They loosed the bonds that held the captives breath ;
 From his pale lips they took the cup of death ;
 They quenched the brand beneath the cypress tree—
 "Away" they cried, "young stranger, thou art free !"

SKETCHES OF AN IDLE MOMENT.

—*This is destiny above*

Our power to baffle.—CAMPBELL.

A low and thrilling voice stole upon my ear, I turned and Helen Warburton stood beside me, her pale countenance and attenuated form, looked more ethereal from the loose white robe that hung in deep folds around her, and her light hair and flowing veil, floating in the passing breeze ; Poor Helen ! never more for her was the freshness of unawakened feelings which invests all things with a perpetual day dream of sunshine.