

"Tempt me no more," the maid replied ;
"My life I freely give."

Higher and higher rose the tide—
Salt tears stood in her eyes ;
They saw her hair, like bright sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Once more they struggled through the sea ;
"Give in—give up!" they cry ;
"The tide is strong—five minutes more,
And you must surely die!"

But in that last and bitter trial,
Above the storm, and clear,
Her mother's last and dying words
Were ringing in her ear.

A radiant smile lit up her face—
She wish'd, she long'd to go ;
And rising her bright eyes to Heaven,
She firmly answered, "No!"

Then bent her head beneath the flood—
A struggle—all is done,
And her pure spirit wing'd its flight
To rest beyond the sun.

THE WOLF CHASE.

DURING the winter of 1844, being engaged in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure to devote to the wild sports of a new country. To none of them was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The deep and sequestered lakes of this State, frozen by the intense cold of the northern winter, presents a wide field to the lover of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates, and glide away on the glittering river, and wind each streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean, forgetting all the while time and distance in the luxurious sense of the easy flight, but rather dreaming, as I looked through the transparent