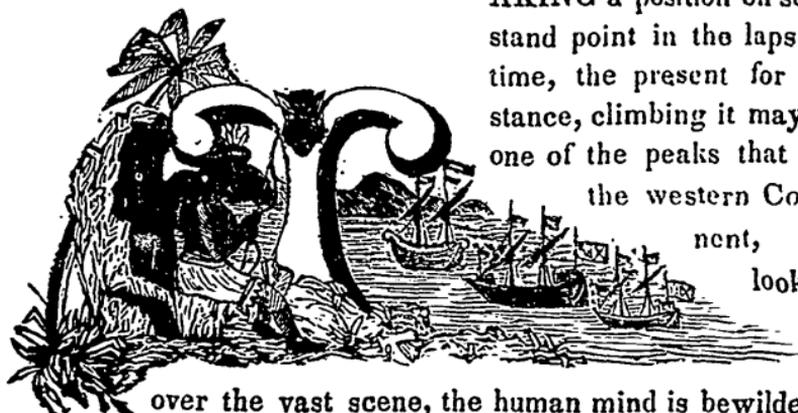


[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)

AKING a position on some stand point in the lapse of time, the present for instance, climbing it may be one of the peaks that dot the western Continent, and looking



over the vast scene, the human mind is bewildered at the sight, and lost in wonder at the thought, of the youthful fame and splendor that already cluster around America. In 1492 all was yet in the future. Then no trace of ocean highway was visible, by the dim light that twinkled across the waste of waters, and investigation folding her wings essayed not to pierce the uncertain West. Around the limitless expanse which stretched beyond Spain, popular description had gathered vague forms. Superstition peopled the caverns of the deep with genii, and wandering gnomes, who held wild dances among the coral rocks, or rose on the waves in magic circles, hovering phantom-like in the wake of vessels that dared to venture near their domains. To enter these unknown seas with frail barks, to brave the spirits of the deep, and the revel of the winds and waves, uncertain of the distance to be accomplished, argued great courage and hope of success. Few embarked with Columbus comprehending the greatness of the scheme; they went, because life had few charms for them; or because they were pressed into service. Conjecture exhausted itself in trying to account for the foolish plan, as people deemed the project, and Columbus needed all his faith to bear up under the ridicule and incredulity which assailed him. Henri Baptiste stood by him in all his emergencies, and it was with peculiar interest that he looked upon this noble minded youth, and his offer to share the perils of the voyage.