

They entered the carriage, and, with a beating heart, Helen saw him close the door. She could no longer control herself.

"O Cecil!" she could say no more.

"I shall see you safely at Richmond before I leave you," and mounting the box, he ordered the servant to drive on.

"O do not cry so, dear Helen, it will be all right soon. He is not really angry, and you would believe me if you had only looked up as he spoke."

Helen shook her head, but a secret hope that Marion was right, gradually brought back again her usual happy smile.

(*To be continued.*)



[For the Maple Leaf.

### SONG OF THE SLIDERS,

The moonlight, brightly beaming,  
Shines on the snow-sheets clear;  
The stars above are gleaming,  
Like a glit'ring chandelier;—  
Away, away to the mountain side,  
With joyful hearts we go,  
Up and away, for an evening's slide,  
On the white and dazzling snow.

We start from the dizzy height,  
And swiftly down we glide,  
And we laugh in the merry light  
The moon sheds far and wide;  
The bells, with tinkling voices,  
Ring out on the frosty air,  
And every heart rejoices,  
For we never *dream* of care.

We climb the slip'ry steep,  
And our blood flows warm and free,  
Then down again we sweep,  
With a grace 'tis rare to see.  
The nights are frosty and keen,  
But we never mind the cold—  
Our furs from the frost-king screen,  
And our hearts are light and bold.

Oh! others may praise the sun-light,  
And the trees with their robes of green;  
But *we* care more for the moonlight,  
And the *snow*, with its sparkling sheen.  
Then hie away to the mountain-side,  
While the argent moon is clear  
And ne'er forget, as we gaily slide,  
We've winter but once a year.

EDLA.

Montreal, Feb., 1854.