

the broad and deep Tyne, so that it had been a sort of holiday for him and Benda, and they had used it in mending the little nets with which they caught the unwary salmon as he leapt up the river so freely, or the herring that came on little side expeditions from the great shoals swarming southerly. Moreover Benda had made a few cakes of the pulse and oats that grew around, and little Thorwald had clapped his tiny hands at sight of the big piece of honey-comb Osmund had stolen from the bees of the rock. Suddenly the cry of a raven fell on their ears. White turned Osmund to the lips, for he knew it was the war-cry of the Danes, and that if they came upon him unawares little would then be left to him of wife or child, for the child would be tossed into the nearest pool, and the mother given to whomsoever should shew himself strongest. And Benda knew the cry too, and she shuddered and hid her face in her lap, for the shock had bereft her of all power.

Then Osmund drew up his boat, *The Wild Duck*, and lifting therein his wife and child, threw in the few cakes that lay handy by, and rowed with all his might among the rushes and reeds. As he rowed he looked this way and that, but found not what he sought, until at length his gaze rested on a little clump of bush that covered an 'eye,' for so the old English called the tiny islands that often studded their lakes and rivers. Hither he bent his course, and speaking a few words to Benda, whose steadfast countenance reassured his aching heart, he set her and her child on shore, after kissing them both as for the last time, and left them, the few little cakes being all the food he had to give them.

Then he rowed back, winding and doubling among the 'eyes,' and hitting here and there a moor-hen or a teal, so that when he reached his deserted cottage at last he had quite a bag of water fowl for food.

He was but just in time. Up came a party of Danes from the south, full of plunder and good living, and ready for any excess.

"Ho, Waterman! bring thy boat and row us over, and see that thou do it safely, for if a hair of us is wetted we will take it out of thy skin."

But Osmund spoke not, only he rowed them over carefully, and by signs shewed them that they were welcome to eat with him.

Merrily the Danish horde feasted, and royally did they amuse themselves, finding the best fun of all in pinching and punching Osmund to make him speak,

but when they found they prevailed nothing they lay down to sleep, for they were in no hurry to depart from a land so full of plunder.

The second day they were heavy and ill-tempered, for the feast demands its fast, and moreover the wind was nor'-nor'-east, and their ships would have to keep off shore, so that they could not embark, and Osmund had to feed them again, which he could very well do off his stores of dried salmon and herring. But one of them said: 'Thou hast a wife. Here is her foot-print; the earth of thy cottage tells tales; and by the hammer of Thor! there is a child's skirt. Where is thy wife, thou loon?' But Osmund answered not. Then they beat him and ransacked his cot, and stalked all the covers of the country side, for they knew that British women were fair and faithful as long as their life lasted. But they found not Benda, and on the third morning the wind changed, so they set off, leaving Osmund a bag of Roman coins for his reward.

Then Osmund bowed himself to his gods, and set his disordered dwelling in some sort of order, and took his boat, and such food fragments as had been spared, and rowed away to see if yet Benda and the little Thorwald lived. Rapidly he rowed, and as he neared the little 'eye' the kind sun threw a shaft of light athwart the bushes and revealed to him his beautiful Benda on her knees, her hands uplifted to the heavens, and their babe lying asleep on the grass tussocks.

Soon they were clasped in each other's arms, and when they rowed homeward they brought with them a bunch of the beautiful plant which, by its tallness, thickness and softness, had sheltered the dear ones for three days, and they called it *The Heart of Osmund, the Waterman.*

(To be concluded next month.)

"AND so the Romans once invaded Great Britain," said Miss Gilligan, to whom her Uncle Charles had been reading of Caesar's conquest. "That accounts for it, then." "Accounts for what?" asked Uncle Charles. "For there being so many Latin words which resemble our English ones. The Romans very naturally picked up a good many of our expressions while in England. Wonder I never thought of that before!"

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[FOR CANADA.]

LINES FROM "HEINE."

THE foliage rare doth quiver
The leaves are falling slow,
And a'l that is fair and lovely
Fades into the grave below.

The sun-shine full of sadness
About the tree-tops plays,
As tho' 'twere the farewell kisses
Of summer's dying days.

And tears of deepest anguish
I feel I must let flow,
And back to the hour of parting
My thoughts in fancy go.

To leave you I was fated,
'Twould end in death I knew,
For I was the parting summer,
The dying world wore you.

A. A. MACDONALD.

[FOR CANADA.]

TWO CANADIAN HEROINES.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A.

IT was in June, 1813. The war of 1812 was still in progress. The soldiers of the United States occupied Newark, now Niagara, and had their sentries posted ten miles inland from Fort George. Lieut. Fitzgibbon, with a detachment of thirty men of the 49th Regiment, was at Beaver Dam, near Thorold, guarding the British stores. A plan had been laid to surprise and capture them. Five hundred men under Lt.-Col. Boerstler were to advance under cover of the night with this end in view. Had they succeeded and captured Beaver Dam, the whole Niagara peninsula would have been theirs, with its supplies and its means of communication with other parts of the province. The invader could not have been driven out without much loss of life. The design came to the ears of Laura Secord, through words carelessly dropped by some soldiers who came to Mr. Secord's house at Queenston, and demanded supper. Mr. Secord being a cripple, from wounds received at Queens-town Heights, his brave wife undertook to warn Fitzgibbons. No time was to be lost, for the attack was planned for the next night. Beaver Dam was twenty miles distant, and the enemy's sentries were alert. Leaving her home at day-break Mrs. Secord, by making detours through the woods and by those arts which only a woman could practise, evaded the sentries and made her way through the enemy's lines, and at night-fall after a weary day's walk through