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Song of the River.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shadow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeified for the undeified;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker, the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow,
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undeified for the undeified;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

—Kingsley.

A Night in an Indian Canoe.

(CONCLUDED.)

JUST then the moon rose above the cloud, and threw its undiminished light full upon the water and the surrounding land; at the same time the

light on the mountain top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore. Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened, perhaps, by faith in the efficacy of the piteous prayer she had uttered, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle an hour before relinquished for want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave.

The encampment lay some quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions, and fearlessly entering the dense woods, she instinctively threaded a way to the smoking village. With the lithe, stealthy tread of the Indian she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in her childhood, and his daughter had been her playmate.

Not stopping to utter the salutation, she lifted the dried deerskin that covered the doorway, pushed aside the spruce boughs as she entered, and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several young braves were clustered about the

fire that burned in the centre of the camp, tell of their exploits in the grand hunt they were just returned from. Madrine had glided in and past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them. The chief, who was seated on a pile of deer-skins, on the side of the camp farthest removed from the door, immediately recognized her, and in tokens she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome.

Hurriedly she told them of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and kill them, and urged them to flee to some place of safety where they could not be found.

As she talked, dark shadows came over the faces of the braves, and the old chief laid down his pipe of peace he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from the quiver behind him, placed it on the fire, and watched it burn, and said to Madrine,—

“You are a brave girl. You shall stay with us, and we will kill all these pale-faced cowards who come to scalp women and paposes for money.”

Madrine was terrified. She had not intended



MOONLIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.