

at hand was pervading the air with a most tantalising aroma. The bridegroom and guest waited long and patiently—

Till some one asked, 'Where is the bride?' And then
A bridesmaid went, and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;
Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled:
For whispers passed from mouth to ear, which drew
The colour from the hearers' cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company;
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

But they did not find Genevra dead. They found the maiden picking cranberries close to the forest of stunted balsam spruce which lines the shore. Her anxious friends enquired the reason of such extraordinary conduct. She replied—

'Do you think I am going to marry him?—he can't *call a loon*. I heard him yesterday, and he frightened the bird—he may find another wife.'

A short council was held, at which it was unanimously decided not to interfere with the young people, but to eat the feast, just as if the wedding had taken place. The company at once repaired to the lodges and abused the inconstant maiden over the seals, the loons, and the porcupines. My informant told me that the lover and his former mistress joined in the feast as heartily as any of the rest, without any appearance of shyness or restraint.