

Where was true Valour, if not there?
 Where true integrity, if he,
 Who left his hunting lodge to free
 His dusky brother, had it not?
 True valour without flaw or blot?
 True to the end, this Champion rare,
 This chief of rustic chivalry.

Well for the land for which he died
 If in each senatorial breast
 The same stern virtues had found rest
 As those that rank his name so high,
 'Mongst nature's own nobility,
 That never lip was known to chide,
 Or Council doubt his wise behest.

Well for the land if all her peers
 Were such by nature or by blood;
 If like this savage chief they stood
 As far removed from common men
 As eagles from the sparrow's ken!
 Vainly they strive, the toiling years,
 No greater on the scroll appears
 Than this wise warrior of the wood.

OTTAWA.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

THE sea shore was a favourite resort of Isabel Crofton's and, though it was more than a mile from Elm Lodge, she often walked there to wander along the beach, listening to the wild music of the waves as they came and went upon the yellow strand, or dashed up foaming against the rocks. Very often she met Max Butler in these lonely rambles, who invariably joined her and escorted her home through the mountain gorge leading to the Lodge. One

evening late in the month of November, as she was returning home from visiting a sick woman living near the shore, she was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain and obliged to seek shelter beneath some beetling cliffs which projected sufficiently over the path she was pursuing to keep her from getting wet by the pelting rain; but the delay this caused was followed by alarming consequences, for when the shower ceased and she pursued her way homeward she saw to her dismay that the rising tide was fast covering the broad belt of sand over which it lay. To retrace her steps would have