

AN IDYL BY THE RIVERSIDE.

I sat upon the rapid river's bank,
And soon myself in wandering fancy lost;
Fair fields and homesteads faded from my view,
And bygone scenes my mental vision crossed.
I saw the stately fir trees tapering top
Point upward to the clear unclouded sky;
The graceful ferns, down hanging from the bank
To kiss the waters that went rushing by.

While far away as mortal gaze could reach,
The silent sentinels of ages stood;
Few eyes had rested on their towering forms,
Few sounds disturbed their awful solitude.
The velvet moss that sheathed their spreading roots,
Had known no wound from desecrating axe;
Though on its surface, oft the wandering deer
Might leave the impress of his wayward tracks.

The vision held; methought 'twas evening now,
And golden crowns the western treetops bore.
When down the current swept a light canoe,
And sought the favoring shadows of the shore.
A signal cry went echoing o'er the tide;
When gliding forth from some embowering glade,
Like fabled wood nymph, from her sylvan shrine,
There came a young and beautiful Indian maid.
A youthful hunter clasped her dusky hand,
And placed within his craft her agile form;
Pure votaries of Love, they took their way,
Nor feared the angry spirit of the storm.

I saw them, side by side, these lovers twain,
Float o'er the friendly river's darkening breast;
While in her coy, but not unwilling ear,
The olden secret was once more confessed.
Perchance, he told her how his stricken foes
His prowess on the warpath oft had felt;
Or whispered of his wigwam's homely joys,
In gentler terms, her tender heart to melt.

The vision fades; the duties of to-day
Recall me from that weird fantastic dream;
I banish from my thoughts those timbered shores,
Ere Cartier passed their gloomy lines between.
My phantom lovers, too, may glide to seek
The happy hunting ground of their desires,
Unmindful of the conquering race who come
To dwell within the country of their sires.

No doubt, the New World as the Old hath scenes
Where many a romance had its passing day,
But where the truthful chronicler, whose pen
Records the gentle tryst, or maddened fray?
Those stately trees, mute witnesses of all
That passed beneath their broad, protecting shade,
Grew, flourished, fell, and crumbled into dust,
With secrets of the ages unbetrayed!
Here were no graven stones, no milled tones,
No treasure hiding archives of the land,
Like those from which a Scott or Shakespeare drew
The germs, which grew to glory 'neath their hand.

That dim, unwritten past, hath left no theme
For pen or pencil; in no annals we
Can read its storied romance, but alone
Conjecture fills the by-gone history;
Alone can tell us how these lives and died,
Ere alien races had their boundaries sought;
Ere Europe knew as yet a Western World,
Ere Flodden Field, or Agincourt was fought.
Montreal, August 20th, 1877. MARY J. WELLS.

A SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDSHIP.

BY MRS. LEPROLON.

CHAPTER III.

An opportunity of putting her project in execution was soon likely to offer itself to our heroine, for an expedition had been planned for the following day to visit some neighbouring woods remarkable for a waterfall of great beauty.

As usual, Miss Brookes, even whilst still standing on the piazza in the morning sunshine waiting for horses and carriages to be brought round, called Mr. Rodney to her side, careless of the fact that he was conversing with his young betrothed and enquiring with real interest if she were ill, a solicitude the latter's palor amply justified. The truth was the very thought of the cruel task before her, and the mighty sacrifice it would entail, made Gertrude's heart throb suffocatingly and blanched her cheek. She felt it would be like signing her own death warrant. Just as Mr. Rodney was on the point of offering himself as her escort, the irrepressible Charlotte gayly spoke out, reminding him in her clear sweet tones of his having promised to act as her guide to the Silver Creek Falls. After a moment's hesitation, a quick glance towards his betrothed, whose eyes were studiously averted, he accepted Miss Brooke's challenge, the latter little dreaming that she had thus defeated, at least for a time, her own most cherished desire—a parting and final explanation between Arthur Rodney and her friend.

The vacant place at our heroine's side was immediately taken by a Mr. Rowan, a wealthy, good-looking, though tiresome young gentleman; and if Gertrude had possessed a wish to make reprisals, a favourable opportunity was now offered her. Such was not, however, the case, and though she listened politely to Mr. Rowan's heavy remarks on the weather and the scenery, she never entered on anything approaching flirtation.

Arrived at the Falls, a general halt was called, and exclamations of real or simulated admiration were heard on all sides. The scene was indeed charming: a canopy of fresh green foliage overhead, through which the sunbeams flickered down in golden lines, moss smooth and soft as velvet beneath the feet, wild flowers showing their frail lovely heads at the foot of every old tree or mossy stone, and the chief object of attraction, the pretty cascade itself, crowned with silvery foam, leaping down the brown rocks and filling the air around with delicious coolness. Through the intervening trees glimpses of the rude masonry of an old mill were discernible, and the deep, solemn stillness of the woods was relieved by many a musical note from the boughs overhead.

Suddenly a commotion on the outskirts of the

grove became perceptible, and a voice exclaimed, "By Jove, there goes Maitland's turn-out!" just as a powerful black horse, dragging a small but elegant phaeton, dashed suddenly into a car track leading into the wood.

After hurriedly excusing himself to Miss Brookes, Rodney was off to the rescue, followed by two or three of the gentlemen. When the little excitement caused by this incident had subsided, the remainder of the party either seated themselves beside the spray-covered rocks or dispersed to explore the woods. Some twenty minutes afterwards Mr. Rodney rejoined the sojourners by the waterfall, and to their enquiries regarding the result of the affair, returned an assurance that all was right and the horse properly secured.

"But where are Miss Mildmay and Miss Brookes?" he asked, his quick eye at once detecting their absence.

"Gone on a voyage of discovery with Mr. Rowan. They said something about visiting an old mill in the neighbourhood."

An uneasy feeling shot through Rodney's breast. He remembered having heard that the mill in question was in so ruinous a state as to have necessitated the boarding up of the entrance. Fearing that Rowan, whom he knew to be very careless, might have removed the slight barricade and penetrated already into the interior of the ruin with his companions, he bent his steps in its direction, and soon came in full view of it. Yes, the rough boards that had barred the entrance were lying on the grass, and a flood of amber sunshine streamed in through the aperture, lighting up the gloomy, cavernous recesses and rough angles of the building. One rapid, anxious glance at its ruinous aspect and he sprang forward to the doorway. At the farther end of the large square space stood Charlotte, while directly above her head, lit up by a ray of golden light, was a long narrow crevice, from which tiny rivulets of dust and mortar were trickling down, unperceived by the temporary inmates of the mill. Not far from the spot in question young Rowan, encouraged by the enchanting smiles of Miss Brookes, was engaged on the arduous task of dragging a heavy block of wood towards a small window pierced somewhat high in the wall, so as to enable the lady to enjoy the view it commanded. The situation was most critical, and Rodney took in its danger at a glance. The fissure was rapidly spreading, dust and mortar were lightly falling in every direction, unaccountable detonating sounds made themselves faintly audible, whilst Mr. Rowan, in his hasty struggles to effect his object, was precipitating the crisis. Entering with a quick yet light step, Rodney strode towards Gertrude, who stood watching her companions, an amazed expression on her face, and quickly raising her in his arms, turned towards Rowan, exclaiming, "For God's sake take Miss Brookes out of this; the mill is about to fall!"

Rowan, thus suddenly appealed to, and in no circumstances ever remarkably bright, stood staring mutely at the speaker, but Charlotte, ever quick where her own safety or interests were at stake, heard the warning, and in two bounds was at the door, reaching it at the same time as Rodney and his burden, followed by Rowan, who, on seeing the rapid flight of his companions, sped after them, impelled more by instinct than reason.

Just as they had cleared the portal, the wall in which Rodney had perceived the fissure fell inwards with a thundering crash, and the whole four were enveloped in a cloud of dust, crumbling mortar, and falling stones. Not a word was spoken till they had put a tolerable distance between the dangerous building and themselves, when Rodney asked, in a low agitated tone, "Gertrude, for God's sake tell me are you much hurt?"

He had seen a stone strike her just as they had passed through the doorway.

"A little," was the faintly-whispered reply.

"My head feels sore."

"O my arm! I fear it is broken!" moaned Miss Brookes, as she raised her elaborate trimmed sleeve and revealed some scratches on the white skin. "What shall I do?"

"Mr. Rowan, what are you about? Why don't you look after Miss Brookes?" sharply interrogated Rodney, as he nervously tore off our heroine's hat to examine what injury she had sustained.

"How can I look after Miss Brookes pray, when my own shoulder is nearly dislocated?" was the gruff retort.

An angry gleam shot from the fair Charlotte's eyes at this double desertion, an experience somewhat novel in her case, but she wisely held her peace. By this time Rodney had removed our heroine's hat, parted the thick silky hair, and discovered a long red gash, from which the blood slowly oozed. Water, however, was at hand, and dipping his handkerchief in the little stream that had once moved the mill, he staunch the wound with a skilful, tender hand, Gertrude thinking all the while in a dizzy confused sort of way, that she had never felt so happy as now, thus tended and cared for by her betrothed.

The crash of the falling mill having been heard by the other members of the party, stragglers soon began to arrive on the scene of action, and assistance was proffered on all sides. Miss Brookes immediately became the centre of a sympathizing circle, and the trifling scratches she had received were loudly lamented over. Rodney allowed of no interference with his charge beyond accepting for her a glass of water, and as he held it to her white lips he saw at last the colour return in some degree to them.

"How shall I thank you, Mr. Rodney? You have saved my life," she whispered.

"Why should you thank me for doing my duty?" was the half gay, half serious reply.

There was something in his answer that jarred unpleasantly on the girl's ear. Ah! it was duty then that had dictated the preference he had given her over Charlotte Brookes, a preference that had secretly filled her heart with joy. Shortly after, Miss Brookes came up to them, accompanied by one of the kind, fussy matrons of the party, who then and there insisted, despite Gertrude's faint remonstrances and Rodney's more outspoken objections, on taking possession of her dear young friend, who must be kept perfectly quiet, remain with and return in the same carriage as herself.

Fearing a refusal might be construed into a desire to continue in the charge of Mr. Rodney, who might perhaps be already wearying of an office undertaken through duty, Gertrude complied, evidently to the annoyance of her betrothed.

"Well, Mr. Rodney, what do you think of our recent adventure?" asked Miss Brookes, looking up into Rodney's face with her most winning smile. "Was it not in the highest degree sensational?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling despite himself. "But who was the Fatima whose persevering curiosity brought such an adventure upon us?"

Miss Brookes turned the tip of her dainty lace-covered parasol towards herself, thereby mutely replying to his interrogation.

"Ah! indeed. Well, 'tis fortunate the results have not been more serious."

"Yes, thanks to Mr. Rodney's gallantry," and the fair speaker gracefully bowed. "With what bravery and promptitude you rescued our poor timid Gerty, who would never have had courage to save herself."

"Miss Brookes flatters me. I merely did my duty."

"That is more than Mr. Rowan can say. He remorselessly left me to my fate, as indeed did every one else."

"Oh, that tacit reproach is for me, Miss Charlotte, but please bear in mind that Miss Mildmay was standing alone, and it was natural to suppose that, as Mr. Rowan was so much engrossed attending to your behests, he would also see to your safety in the moment of danger."

"Ah! Rodney; jealousy at last!" thought the lady, with secret exultation, replying, however, with outward calm:

"Very true; but to make amends for having left me completely to my fate, you must really take charge of me on the way home, without expecting, however, another exciting adventure like that of this morning to enliven the route."

It was impossible to resist the winsome gaiety of this appeal, so Arthur Rodney offered his arm, which was triumphantly accepted.

(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BETTER to have loved a short girl than never to have loved a tall.

THE two most valued tints at present are dove purple and Eastern light.

THERE is one way for a woman to keep a secret. That is to keep it going.

A LONELY Keokuk bachelor wants to adopt a girl baby—not less than 18 years old.

"IMPROVED FIG-LEAVES" is the heading which the *New Orleans Democrat* puts over an article on the fashions.

BRIGHAM YOUNG liked to talk of old times, but said that his second dozen weddings seemed like a dream to him.

THE latest thing in scarf pins is a miniature shot gun, double-barrelled and highly polished. It looks sporting.

A CLERGYMAN lately said that modern young ladies are not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but of hen and sham.

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following: "Twixt women and wine man's lot is to smart; 'tis wine makes his head ache, and woman his heart."

THE revival of brunettes has brought amber into fashion again; it is both exquisitely clear and clouded in necklaces, beads, crosses, and combs.

WHERE one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow saleratus.

"AVOID that which you blame others for doing," says one of our wise men. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife.

Driving past some harvest-fields, an Irish coachman, addressing a smart girl engaged in sheaving, exclaimed, "Arrah, my darling, I wish I was in gaol for stealin' ye!"

A WOMAN in Maine went to church without her bonnet on, and several papers are making a great fuss over it. We dare say she wore the bonnet, but it got hidden behind one of her ears.

CONFIDENCE is truly the most beautiful of human attributes; yet we never knew a woman to read the notice of the birth of a young couple's first child without pausing to ask the date of their marriage.

CLUSTERS and wreaths of flowers adorn the new sun umbrellas, which also have a fringe of silk to match the colours of the embroidery. The owners of these gorgeous affairs are supposed to be gay and happy.

THE hanging gardens of the ancients were nothing to the conservatories that the ladies now carry about on their bonnets. Some of them are big enough for Maud to come into, and would if Maud were masculine.

A NEW ladies' periodical devotes eighteen pages to fashion and one to cooking. And there is an eternal fitness in this. Fashion costs eighteen times as much as cooking, and has more than eighteen times as many devotees.

SPEAKING of the "Time Bargains," in his financial article a New York journalist says, "The entire female portion of one of the New Bedford schools are engaged to be married within three months after graduating."

THE cruel fates never appear half so grim and pitiless as when they marry a girl who has gone through Vassar and can play divinely, paint like an angel, dance like a fairy and slam the front door in seven languages, to a man who owes for the clothes he was married in, begs his tobacco and buys his wood half a cord at a time.

A NEW French costume is called *La Présidence*. It is painfully plain, short, narrow, and put on with a tippet. A cottage Miss in North Wales, leaving home about a century ago on a bright Sabbath morning, must have looked, as she walked in a path through the rye, a perfect *Présidence*. The merit of the maid would then, of course, have been that she ignored the fact that it would come into fashion a century later; but the Parisians cannot ignore anything, and in their endeavour to look MacMahonish, Welsh or Irish, they overdo *La Présidence*, and it spoils them.

HE invited her to lunch, and she, being a beautiful young lady, went. She read the bill of fare behind her sweet little fan, and whispered in zephyry accents: "Woodcock on toast." At this announcement it flashed across his mind that his assets were but seventy-cents. Something must be done. "Cornelia, do you know what a woodcock is?"—"No, Mr. Spinks," she answered. "Well, then, my dear," said he, "it is as big as a halibut."—"O, goodness gracious!" exclaimed the charming Cornelia, "then bring me some pork and beans." Spinks winked exultingly at the waiter, and the waiter winked knowingly at him.

DOMESTIC.

FRENCH BEAN SALAD.—String some French beans and boil them whole in plenty of salted water. When cold dress them with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, some tarragon and capers finely minced, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs, anchovies, and beet-root. The dish must be well rubbed with a shallot.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel some good-sized tomatoes, not over-ripe, cut them in slices and remove the pips, lay them in a dish with oil and vinegar in the proportion of two to one, sprinkle pepper and salt over them according to taste, a few leaves of basil finely minced, and some onions very finely sliced. They should lie in the sauce for a couple of hours before serving.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut up some tomatoes and put them into a saucepan containing a little water, with some parsley, basil, marjoram, thyme, and laurel leaf, according to taste, a pod of garlic, a few cloves, some whole pepper and salt. Let them boil till thoroughly done, then strain off the water, and pass them through a hair sieve. Put a piece of butter in a saucepan, add to it when melted a spoonful of flour and the tomato pulp, mix thoroughly, and when hot the sauce is ready.

MUTTON CUTLETS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut the cutlets out of a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton. They should be less than half an inch thick, and neatly trimmed, with not too much fat left on them. Give them a few blows with a bat, and grill them on or in front of the fire, which should be clear and fierce, so that each cutlet be full of juice when cut. Sprinkle with salt, and arrange them in a circle on the dish, overlapping each other; pour some tomato sauce in the centre.

CHEESE TARTLETS.—Make a paste with 1 oz. of butter, 2oz. of flour, the yolk of an egg, a little water, a pinch of salt, roll it out to the thickness of the eighth of an inch, and line some patty pans with it. Take 2 oz. of finely-grated Parmesan cheese, beat it up in a bowl with the yolks of two eggs; add pepper, salt, cayenne, and nutmeg, according to taste—very little of the two latter; then work in three tablespoonfuls of cream. Fill each patty pan with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

HUMOROUS.

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I do three times a day."—"Yes," replied Brown to the boaster, "but everyone's mother isn't a washerwoman."

A LADY, who was suffering under a slight indisposition, told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said—"It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer."—"Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

"What would you please to order, sir? We have potage printanier à la Julienne; Fricandeau de veau avec croquettes de pommes de terre; rissoles de bœuf—Milesian: "Well, give us a plateful of which ever of them's nearest to Irish stew!"

Is there any particular reason why a Main street teamster can't say "whoa" to a team that would rather die than run, without giving a wailing shout with the peculiar intonation of agony that makes everybody on the block shriek and run out to look at the murder?

SYDNEY SMITH once said that clergymen might be divided into three classes—Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishing rods. It was not a bad epigram, but it has been beaten by an American, who says that railways are built upon three gauges—broad gauge, narrow gauge and mortgage.

A CITY man having moved to the country for quiet repose of nights away from the "noise of steam and horse cars," spent his first night in hunting up a cricket who whistled lustily first in his right and then in his left ear. The sun rose on a haggard man newly impressed with the wonders of nature.