

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face in fear?"

"Seest thou not, father, the Erlking near?"

The Erlking with his train and crown?"

"'Tis only a streak of mist, my son."

"Thou darling child, come go with me!

The loveliest games will I play with thee,

Many bright-hued flowers are on the shore,

My mother has golden robes in store."

"My father, my father, dost thou not hear,

What the Erlking promises in my ear?"

"My child be quiet, and quiet stay!

The winds in the dry leaves only play."

"My gentle boy, wilt thou go with me?

My daughter shall gaily wait on thee;

My daughter leads the night dances throng,

And shall dance thee, and rock thee to sleep with her song."

"My father, my father, and seest thou not,

The Erlking's daughter in that gloomy spot?"

"My son, my son, I see quite near,

The willows old that so gray appear."

"I love thee; thy fair form charms my sight,

And art thou not willing? then I must use might"—

"My father, my father, he seizes me, see!

The Erlking has done some harm to me!"

The father shudders, and urges on,

He holds in his arms his moaning son;

He reaches his home through toil and dread;

But in his arms his child was dead.

Sackville, N. B.

MEMOIRS OF AN EXTINCT RACE;

OR,

The Red Indians of Newfoundland.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

ON a shelf, in the Geological Museum of St. John's, N. F., may be seen a human skull to which a curious interest attaches. It is the only cranium, known to be preserved, of the once numerous and powerful Bethuck or Bœothick tribe of Red Indians, the