

birds seemed to pause and listen to the unwonted strains.

Thus he kept the shores echoing and re-echoing till his boat was gliding under a precipitous bluff, where it would be impossible to land. Here a light northern breeze came fluttering down the river with its innumerable retinue of ripples, and Saville threw down the flute and hoisted his sail. As he glided out from the shadow of the bluff to the center of the river, the same weird and beautiful voice resounded from the rocks above him, with a sweetness and fullness that filled the whole region and hour with enchantment,

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,"

Then he saw the plumage of the snowy heron waving him a farewell, and distinguished the half-concealed form of the maiden. The northern gale tossed her unconfined hair for a moment, and then the vision vanished.

The wind freshened, and soon the water was foaming about the bow of his boat. Taking up his flute, he gave as a responsive farewell the simple melody which had become a kind of signal between them, the one link of mutual knowledge, the gossamer thread that might draw their lives closer together.

The maiden, who no longer needed the sheltering foliage, but was concealed by the deepening twilight, listened till the faintest echoes had died away in the distance, and then, quite as bewildered and full of wonderment as the hero of our story, slowly retraced her steps toward West Point.