

violet of Spring and the last of Autumn should bloom, and in Summer, the blossoms of the locust tree should be scattered by the western breeze,—with no sound to disturb my repose, but the murmur of the brook, the sigh of the wind or the song of the robin at sunset—there my last long sleep should be sweet, and when you were happy, perhaps, you would sometimes come at nightfall and sit on my grave, and play on your flute the songs that you taught me to sing.”

“Why, Fauna, dear Fauna,” cried Max, “how little have I known you. You whom I thought gay and joyous as a lark, can you have been nursing such sad and poetic fancies?”

Though the words and tones of Max were sad and even tender, there was sufficient in their accent to shew that there was no chord in his pre-occupied breast which responded to that on which the whole soul of the Indian girl hung. She sighed, and answered in a half upbraiding tone:

“And you wonder now to find that I have more of soul stirring within me than yonder butterfly which is sporting in the sunshine.”

“Oh! Fauna, who could ever gaze into your eyes or listen to your voice without knowing that you had a soul tender, generous and devoted as ever inspired woman.”

The eyes of the Indian girl flashed a bright radiance, and the blood again rushed from her beating heart to her transparent cheek. Max saw the change, and though he was the least vain and presumptuous of mortals, a sudden suspicion, equally new and painful, shot into his mind. Confused and grieved he dropped her hand and ceased speaking.

“Flattery, from you is cruel!” said Fauna, emphatically.

“Flattery, Fauna!” said Max compelling himself to answer, and speaking gravely but kindly. “I would not flatter any one, much less you, whom I consider almost as much my sister as Rhoda.”

“But you are not my brother!” exclaimed Fauna, impetuously and somewhat haughtily, her jealous ear and sensitive feelings instantly detecting even the slight alteration which his manner evinced, “there is no pale blood in my veins!”

“Yet I hoped that you loved us as if you were one of us in reality, Fauna, and that you had learned to look on me as a brother.”

Fauna gazed in his face for a moment; then covered her eyes with her hands and turned away. In a minute she looked at him again, and said: “Do you know the dark stream which

flows over the red sand by the rocks where the tamarack and pine grow? My blood is like that dark red stream. But yours is like the clear rivulet that runs over the sunlit pebbles among the flowering chesnuts. Thinkest thou I am fool enough to suppose such different currents could mingle in peace? No—the sullen waters of the one would destroy the brightness of the other were they to mix. I am not mad or wicked enough to wish it.—Now go.”

“But, Fauna”—said Max, deeply moved by the words of the wild girl, yet not knowing what answer to make.

“Leave me!” she cried imperiously.—“Leave me!” And knowing how little she brooked any opposition to her will, Max left the room.

He found the rest of the party waiting for him in the stoup, and briefly saying that he could not persuade Fauna to join them, led the way to the garden through which their path lay. Descending the other side of the tumulus, they followed the course of the rapid and sparkling river, which every two or three yards tumbled in mimic cascades over fallen trees and mossy stones, while the red velvet tufts of the sumach dipped to drink of its crystal waters, and the clustering vines hung their purple bunches from rock and tree; the bright colored dragonflies dipping and whirling among the bubbles that floated lightly along, while the fierce rays of the sun came tempered through the leafy canopy overhead.

Suddenly the stream leaped a barrier of limestone and became almost hidden between banks over whose brows waved every variety of shrub and plant which the Canadian woods can boast. Here the path, leaving the course of the stream for a while, climbed a precipitous bank, and on reaching the summit a scene presented itself, which afforded some amusement to those to whom it was new. The hill on which they stood was so rocky and barren as to afford no nourishment to trees of any size, and was only clothed by a thin sprinkling of

“The sharpe greens swete junipere.”

ground pine and the poison elder. The valley beneath was a complete marsh, covered in some places with deceitful green, amidst which tall tufts of bulrushes rose like tiny islets in a verdant sea. Where the ground was somewhat firmer, abundance of cranberry and whortleberry bushes grew, interspersed with larch, pine and poplar. In one part which was apparently solid ground, a small bell tent (that of Colonel Fisk) was erected, and horses, waggons, men, women, and children were scattered around, collecting those berries of