

the heart grow fonder," though this aphorism has been doubted by others who think that absence makes the "heart grow fonder" of some one else, Edward never once forgot the "girl he left behind him." Her spirit haunted him where'er he went. They met: love was as powerful and strong as ever.

* * * * "Oh! there is nought
On earth more beautiful than love so strong,
Which could outlast accumulated wrong,
And separation, time, and changes sore,
With all the evils that we live among,
Remaining still untainted, as before
They, in a selfish world, had gained a deeper lore."

The happy pair were married and lived happily all their days.

Hiamorah is an Indian legend of the 1000 Isles. The scene opens in a beautifully picturesque spot. Long ere the gold-seeking Spaniard found America, long before Cartier's gallant band settled on the bleak shores of Canada, when the

* * * "Dark Indian, unsubdued,
Roamed through his native solitude,"

there lived Wawnewaw, an aged chieftain, with his only daughter, Mectah. Wondrously beautiful was she. She was her father's only hope, and often-times in a bark canoe, the grim old warrior and the blithe young maiden sped o'er the placid waters of the St. Lawrence, until they neared

* * * "A little isle that lay
From other groupes a longer way."

Here, on this romantic spot, the sire listened to the soft musical voice of his child, as she sang in her native tongue the war songs and ballads of the Indian braves.

We are next introduced to a young chief of another tribe. He was tall and handsome, and reckoned a power in the tribe which he led. Deeply in love with Mectah did he fall. So enraptured was he that he durst not tell his love. Often his steps were directed towards the "little isle," where sat on a mossy couch his unconscious idol. He

"Stood for a while with raptured glance
To view the grand and far expanse
Of smiling nature;"

but no further could he go. He dared not break ruthlessly on so holy a scene. He fancied himself in a dream, and scarce dare speak for fear "he'd break the charm."

One day, however, a fitting opportunity presented itself, when he could "pour forth his anxious plaint." "Tired nature's sweet restorer" wound its lethargic influence round the "old man," and he slept. His loving child smiled as she toyed with the long tresses of hair that shimmered down her parent's breast and neck. Suddenly she was startled by the sound of a foot-fall, and turning she beheld the "gay Lothario." He spoke in tones "low and sweet," lest his voice should awake the sleeper, and cause the "vials of wrath to pour down upon his devoted head." To the maid he said,

"Soft is the voice of Mectah, fair,
And waters stop their course to hear