

ON THE SEA SHORE.

There's a watcher by the door, and she gazeth from the shore,
With a vision never tiring, and a longing ever mute;
And the breeze around her playing—through her loosened tresses straying.
Keeps up a gentle murmur, like the breathing of a lute.

As she views the mighty wave, that hath been her lover's grave,
Her spirit still keeps echoing the moaning of the surge;
And a smile lights up each feature, for the poor demented creature
But deems that hollow moaning is her sailor lover's dirge.

Her time of life was briefer ere she felt the touch of grief
Young William saw her joyous as a songbird in the spring;
In that sweet time he found her, with a glow of beauty round her,
And wanting but the happiness that Love alone can bring.

He offered her that love, and like the timid dove,
That droppeth so confidently into its leafy nest,
She took the joy so given, and found on earth her heaven,
As she breathed her modest vows upon her sailor's manly breast.

She bless'd the gentle gale that filled her William's sail,
That it might waft him quickly o'er the wide expanse of main;
But tho' she often wandered, and upon his coming pondered,
Her eyes were never to behold that snowy sail again.

But a pitying Heaven decreed that her youthful heart should bleed
Through a long life-time of sorrow for the joys that might have been,
And so upon her stealing, came a not unhappy feeling,
And she and all around her seemed the phantoms of a dream.

So Reason fled her throne, and the maiden fixed her home
Close by the bounding billows, where she dwelleth all alone,
And the kindly fishers greet her whenever they chance to meet her,
And whisper, "She is waiting for her sailor coming home."

And so upon the shore she is watching evermore,
For she knows there is a something that the heaving ocean hides;
But her lonely vigil keeping, she has no thought of weeping,
But placidly she listens to the music of the tides.

Ah, poor half-witted one, when thy pilgrimage is done,
May pitying angels bear thee to thy destined home above;
There the mists all rolled away, that enshroud thy soul to-day,
May'st thou at last be happy in the treasure of thy love.

Montreal, Feb. 9th, 1877. MARY JOSEPHINE WELLS.

IN THE GREEN WOODS.

PART I.

IN THE WOODS.

"My cousins, I come to you; here I have no one now that my dear mother is gone. Thanks for the friendly hand reached across the seas to a lonely girl who hardly knew, until you gave it, that she had a friend in the world. My mother's little property will be easily disposed of, and a fortnight after you receive this I shall arrive in Montreal. Oh, I trust I shall be no burden to you, my unknown relatives."

The reader was a tall, strong young fellow, apparently a farmer's son. His mother, very evidently his mother, little woman as she was, stood with her knitting arrested, her white-capped head reaching little above the elbow of her stalwart son, yet trying to catch a glimpse of the letter as he read. The father stood behind him looking over his shoulder. A letter was a rare surprise in that forest home, and a letter from old France, that beloved mother country across the seas, they had seldom received in their lives before. One had come some weeks before this, to tell Madame Ribard that her sister in the old country had died, leaving a daughter alone and unprovided for, unless those Canadian friends whom she had neglected somewhat in more prosperous days took pity on her daughter's loneliness and received her.

Madame Ribard's sister had married, twenty years before, an artist from France, who had fallen in love with the delicate beauty of Melaine, married her, and carried her away. Melaine had not loved her friends overmuch, I must suppose, for, from her marriage to her death, she wrote to them but seldom, and coldly; but when the girl appealed to them for love and protection, sending her mother's dying words of regret and entreaty, all that mother's shortcomings were forgotten.

The letter was warmly responded to and the orphan assured that she would find sympathy, love, and protection in Canada.

The Ribards were loyal, homely folk, with great, honest hearts beating beneath their rough covering, and they warmed to the girl who was coming to them, the more, perhaps, that there were no girls in the family; and her coming was looked for with eagerness.

It was deep winter when Marie arrived, and Canada in its winter dress was an uninviting country to the girl fresh from the balmy climate of her native province. Her heart sank as she beheld the snow-clad streets of Montreal, and then the great tall man who met her and called her "cousin" in his odd French, how rough he was! Very kind, no doubt, but still, if he had only looked less uncouth she would have felt almost happy when he told her how glad his mother was that she had come. Meanwhile the poor fellow was almost afraid of hurting this tiny little woman, so different from any

with whom he was acquainted—large-handed, large-footed women, who, beside this small cousin, would seem such coarse, strong creatures.

While taking her home he feared continually that something might happen before he could get her safe under his mother's wing—so frail and delicate did she seem to him.

I need not tell of the affectionate welcome the girl met, or how sweet it was to her, or how when the first excitement of meeting her relatives was passed, the hard prosaic life they led seemed unbearable to her, or how she hated herself for so feeling, it seeming to her a shocking ingratitude. Yet what a house it was! She looked about—not a pleasant spot for the eye to rest upon; everything spoke of toil and hardship, from the square iron box, which warmed the house, to the miserable little images and coloured religious prints that adorned the walls, and were looked upon as treasures, in proportion as they were gaudy, by the simple family. But to this sense of ugliness there came another and better impulse—a resolve to make the very best of her surroundings.

She was painfully anxious to do something to make herself independent, but they were so far from a city that there was little opportunity, and her aunt begged her to remain with them at least for a year, until she became accustomed to the climate and manners; and as she saw that it would be a real service and pleasure to her kind friends, she did so.

Before the winter had melted into summer a great change had come over the little woodland farm-house, for it seemed that with Marie had entered a spirit of refinement which softened all it touched. Without hurting good Madame Ribard's feelings she had dexterously contrived to beautify the cheerless place. Plants and creepers ran over the windows, and as soon as the wild flowers made their appearance she filled the house with them. The ugly little statues were gradually put where their ugliness was less obtrusive, the gaudy prints replaced by photographs of the sacred pieces of great masters which she had brought from the breaking up of her old home, and, as she had one or two paintings of her father's, not gems of arts, perhaps, but warmly coloured, Madame Ribard was easily persuaded to allow her old favourites to be displaced in their favour.

But it was to Pierre the greatest change of all had come. To him, Marie, ever since he had first seen her, had been a divinity, something to wonder at, reverence and worship. His love had at first been like that of some great faithful dog for his master: anxious, watchful, tender, thankful for a kind glance or word, and submissive and patient of frowns or anger; but to these last he was rarely subjected. True, an impatient shrug, or stamp of the neat foot so wonderfully small to his unaccustomed eyes, when he did something very awkward, made him more careful; but it so evidently pained him that Marie's good heart restrained her natural impatience.

I say at first his love was like that of a faithful dog asking no return, but as Marie became a familiar feature in his daily life, a more human craving asserted itself. She was so kind and tender to them all, made herself so much one of themselves, that he began to believe he might one day win her love in return. His natural vanity, as a man, reminded him that he had not had to complain of any want of favour from the girls he knew; but then, his heart would sink again as he thought of the vast difference between them and Marie. Yet surely he might improve himself, so as to be more worthy of her; and so the poor fellow studied, read, and did all that in him lay to be more like the town-bred man he had met, and often in his heart despised; but, had he not also despised their women, and was he not now worshipping the dainty ways of a city girl?

Pierre did not know that his honest loyal heart made him one of nature's gentlemen; and Marie looked with a sort of wondering pride on his strong limbs, and marvelled that such a great fellow should be so gentle and tender to all about him. She was very far from having any thought that she could ever be his wife, or live her present life in the woods for any length of time; but she loved those who thus lived, very dearly, as a daughter and a sister. This very kindness, so steady and unvaried as time went on, and he recognized whence it proceeded, caused a sort of despair to take possession of him.

For months things went on thus, Pierre cherishing his love in silence, hoping against hope that as time passed Marie might come to love him.

As for Marie, the beautiful summer life in the woods had swept away the memory of the bleak, awful winter; it was almost like her own native land again; and her heart went up to Heaven in great gladness and rejoicing when she arose on those fragrant mornings and ran into the dewy woods, the early sunlight gleaming among the trees, the birds singing their songs of thankfulness, all nature seeming to chant a grand anthem of gladness. Such mornings as these she would often walk far into the woods with Pierre and his father on the way to their daily work.

One such morning they had all set out in unusual spirits, Pierre's dog Jean, which accompanied him to his work every day, gambolling and frisking on in front, and then running back, madly barking, as if he too wished to call their attention to the intoxicating gladness of everything in nature.

"How glad Jean is this morning; the fresh

air has got into his head, poor fellow," said Marie, laughing very gaily herself as she spoke.

Pierre looked down at her with his tender brown eyes.

"You look as if it had been intoxicating to you too, Marie; your eyes and your curls dance just as madly as Jean."

"Yes, and my feet too," said Marie, as she danced on in front, gathering wood-flowers as she went, and trilling forth a gay Provençal air.

"Don't they say if we are unusually gay in the morning it is a bad sign; we sorrow before night?" asked Pierre.

"Likely enough," said the father, "I never knew good to come of so much chatter and singing before the day's work is begun."

Old Ribard was a constitutional grumbler, good hearted in the main, but apt to think he could rule his household better by rough words than by kindness.

"Surely, uncle, you would not go to your work sorrowing?"

"If the sun shines too brightly in the morning, it rains before dark."

"Oh! don't grumble so, uncle, the day is too gay. Now I can go no farther, I have to help aunt with the butter, and show her how we make cassis in Provence; she has the fruit ready."

And leaving them with a demure courtesy, she tripped back to the house.

Cheerless as it appeared in winter it was a very romantic-looking abode now outside. Even the interior showed the evidence of a tasteful woman making the best of the small means at her command.

Marie took off her sunbonnet and churned butter for the family, and then they both set to work making cassis. The air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, Marie was skinning the last flakes of scum from the syrup she was making when Madame Ribard screamed and dropped the bowl she held. Marie turning quickly, saw her uncle running towards the house, but it was the expression of his face in addition to his haste, that alarmed them; it was blanched beneath the weather-beaten surface, and his eyes were wild and haggard.

"Oh, what can have happened?" exclaimed both women at once.

"Wife, wife, I've crippled the boy! they're bringing him. Quick! get a bed ready! Oh the poor boy! and I was grumbling a minute before. I wish my arm had dropped off before it struck that blow!"

The two women stayed to ask no questions, but with terror in their hearts, made such hasty preparations as they could to receive Pierre.

In a very few minutes the rudely constructed litter was borne in, and the large form of Pierre tenderly laid on the bed by four strong lumbermen, one of whom was immediately despatched for the doctor; then the women saw that the blood was streaming from his leg, which was nearly severed above the ankle, and in gasps and sobs the old man told them how it had happened.

It appeared that he and Pierre were both at work on the same log when Pierre slipped and his leg received the stroke of his father's axe. The old man trembled as he told the story.

"And Margot, I had just scolded him for dreaming over his work. Oh, that my tongue had been cut out!"

Pierre was senseless, and by the way in which the blood flowed, it seemed certain that he must bleed to death unless a doctor could be got very soon; and as the nearest was twenty miles, and he could hardly arrive before nightfall, when alas! Pierre would be no more, the poor parents looked upon their son as already lost to them. With such vague knowledge as they possessed they bound the leg above the knee to prevent the loss of blood, but the ligature failed to arrest it, and Pierre's life was fast ebbing away.

In silent agony the two women watched and prayed, utterly unable to aid him, or do aught to avert the fast approaching end.

Yet how dreadful it was to watch him die—so well, and so strong as he had been only this morning, and to know that it was simply for the want of some skill which they had not.

The time went by and Pierre got visibly weaker. Sometimes, it seemed as if they could hardly hear him breathe, so faint had he become.

The old man wandered about the house and garden wringing his hands and blaming himself for what had happened, although it had been an undoubted accident, cursing his temper that had made him grumble as the blow fell, his axe, even the strength left in his left arm which had enabled him to strike so dreadful a blow.

Marie stood at the door of the house hoping and praying that the doctor might be coming. She returned from her hopeless task to share the poor mother's agonized watch over the fast fleeting life. She had hardly taken her place by the bedside when they were startled by Jean barking furiously. "Bon Dieu, can it be the doctor?" They rush to the window and see a waggon rapidly approaching. One of the men descends, he enters the house, and even in that moment of intense anxiety they see that he is in hunting dress, and their hearts sink.

Approaching Madame Ribard with the self-possession of one who knows his own skill, he said quietly:

"Madam, I heard of this accident and fearing that the doctor might arrive too late, have come to see if I can be of any assistance."

Madame Ribard looked up suspiciously. What mockery was any proffer of unskilled aid!

"What can any one do for us? We want a doctor."

"I am not engaged in the practice of the profession, but I have studied it, and can be of some service. I think at least there is no better at hand. Allow me to see your son."

The mother still looked doubtful and whisperingly consulted her husband.

The stranger had meantime gone to the bedside and was examining the limb; it was evident he was not to be deterred from doing the good he wished, by the manifest distrust of the parents.

The poor people were torn by their doubts: to leave their son as he was, was to give him up to death possibly, but to let an incompetent stranger meddle with him might be as bad, and there was always the ghost of a chance that the doctor in whom they trusted might arrive in time, but Marie and the stranger seemed to have taken the matter into their own hands. Placing his finger on the artery he immediately stopped the flow of blood while she fetched him all he asked for, tearing up the sheets of the bed for bandages and giving stimulants of which there happened to be some in the house. This manifestation of skill astonished the family who had gathered about the bed to watch proceedings, and who on seeing the blood cease to flow were eager in helping Marie.

The stranger handled the limb very tenderly, and in a few minutes he had padded the artery, and they were assured that his life was no longer in danger.

At this the anxious looks gave place to those of joy, and the two women fell on their knees. In their sweet superstition it seemed as if the stranger who had come so miraculously to their relief must be a saint, some one sent them by the Virgin.

On arising, they thanked the stranger as saviour of a beloved life, and then they bethought themselves of doing something for him who had done so much for them.

They had been so absorbed in what had happened that they had not come down to everyday life until to Madame Ribard occurred her duty of hospitality.

"You will have some dinner, sir? Did you come far?"

"About eight or ten miles, I suppose. I came from Hart Lake. I was shooting near there when a lumberman told me of your son's accident and I came off at once. A cup of coffee will be sufficient, thanks, and it would be well to have some broth made for your son."

Marie flew to make the coffee, and Ribard started to kill a chicken for the broth, when his wife said—

"What may be your name, sir? I would like to remember it always. What you have done for my son a mother can never forget."

"I have done what any man would have done," said he. "My name is Garth, Godfrey Garth. At what time do you think your doctor can arrive?"

"Not before sundown. *Mon Dieu*, to think that but for you my boy would have been dead by that time. How can we thank you, how be grateful enough?"

"By saying no more about it. If you have any means of sending me back to my camp I will stay till the doctor comes. Pierre is hardly fit to be left."

"We will get you back, sir, if I have to drag the waggon myself," said old Ribard, who had scarcely spoken since he saw Pierre out of danger.

So Godfrey Garth remained the afternoon at the farm, made the better acquaintance of its inmates, particularly of Marie, about whom he could not repress a certain curiosity, so strange an anomaly did she seem with her dainty ways in such a rough place.

When the doctor came expecting from what he heard to find the man dead, he was surprised to see him taking chicken broth from Marie, his leg propped up and bandaged apparently doing well, although he looked very ghastly indeed.

Approaching the young man and seeing the manner in which the blood had been arrested, he looked surprised.

"Bless my soul, this is done as well as a doctor could do it; who did it?"

Godfrey, who had been talking to Marie, turning, replied,

"I did the best I could with the means at my command."

"You have done very well, as well as I could; but where in the mischief did you learn your anatomy?"

"Probably at the same school as yourself," said Godfrey laughing.

"What! Godfrey Garth! Bless my soul, how are you?"

A few words of greeting were exchanged, and the latter continued—

"Here, take my instruments, the case is in better hands than mine, I shall make the splint."

"By no means," added Godfrey, and after some friendly contention the doctors proceeded together to dress the injured limb; which done, the sportsman took his departure amidst fervent prayers for his future and for all belonging to him.

And as he rode back to camp it was with the delightful consciousness of having saved a fellow creature's life and earned the gratitude of very honest people.

When he reached the camp he was met by a chorus of questions. His friends thought he had met with some accident, no one having seen