

be watching him, he took the flower and put it in his button-hole, leaving the pole on the bank; then, taking off his hat, he again bowed in the direction whither she had fled, with his hand upon his heart, which pantomime he hoped contained enough simplicity and nature to serve in place of the words she would not stay to hear.

He then pushed his boat from the shore (for he no more thought of following her than he would a zephyr that had gone fluttering through the leaves), and permitted it to drift down with the tide as before.

With the faint hope of inducing her to appear again, he took up a flute, of which he had become quite a master; and which he usually carried with him on his solitary expeditions, and commenced playing the air to which she had sung the words,

"I know a bank ——"

He was rewarded by seeing first the plumage of the snowy heron, then the graceful outline of the maiden's form on a projecting rock where now frowns Battery Knox. He again doffed his hat, and turned the prow of his boat in-shore, at which she vanished.

Believing now that she was too shy to be won as an acquaintance, or resolute in her purpose to shun a stranger, he pursued his journey with many wondering surmises. But partly to please himself, and with some hope of pleasing her, he made the quiet June evening so resonant with music, that even the