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The Legend of the Mayflower.

 IN the southern coast of Nova Scotia lies the beautiful harbor of Mahone, famous for the hundreds of verdant islands dotting its surface, for the wooded headlands jutting far into its depths and for the character of its waters so quick to respond to the varied influences of nature. Famous now for the beauty of its scenery, it was none the less remarkable years ago, for the lives and exploits of the Indians, who inhabited its numerous islands scattered as so many spirits across the blue expanse of waters.

At one time in the history of this race and at the time of our story, there lived on an island near the center of the bay, a mighty brave, Kenabeek, whose prowess in all pertaining to the title *brave* was proverbial amongst his tribe.

Our tale is not of Kenabeek, however, but concerning his daughter Wahmona, a gentle maiden to whom nature had been especially kind. Beautiful as the flower of the woodland was she in childhood; and as her maturer nature was approached, this beauty was not diminished. Black were her tresses as the wing of the night raven, soft her eye as the stars in the Moon of Bright Nights, graceful her form and gliding her carriage as the does' of the forest, sweet her voice as the tinkling of laughing waters. Fair was she indeed; and yet her fairness was not earthly. It seemed she had imbibed more from her environment than her dusky sisters had been capable of. There was something in her nature that did not respond to the common-place things of everyday life. "Daughter of the South Wind" they called her and, with their Indian superstition, regarded her as *his* spirit come for a short time, to dwell among them. The sighing of the breezes, the singing of the pines, the sounds of the Big Water beating upon the shores of her island home, the voice of Opechee, the