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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1887.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh a bright summer's day two people were standing on a beach of dazzling she's, leaning on an elaborately-carved proved an old canoe. They were a young Maori man and woman-he a othletic fellow of about twenty-years, good-looking and with a is expression in his brown eyes: a girl who had barely reached her 5fte enth birthday, and who, in spite of bet brown skin, was the possessor of great beauty.

she was not looking at him, but sway over the blue water, which was sparkling and dancing in the sunshine. and rippling on its way till it rolled in with a musical "whish-whish" over the shells at her feet. She knew well how fair was the scene before her; but just then she was not thinking of it, for her eyes, with an expression in them of wistful dumb entreaty, were full of

deep and earnest thought. Te Ori" and she turned to him and timedly laid one slender brown hand "Te Ori, are you sure this marriage will make you happy? Perhaps you would not have chosen me had I not been betrothed to you on the f my birth by our fathers. If I It the time would ever come on would tire of me, as so many men do of their faithful wives, Te Ori, I would rather you took there into that beautiful sea the always kindly as your poor

neg bride who died on speak to me, beloved. me what thoughts are these that rowding into my heart. Oh, Te I me you so! And I want to be hat you will love me, and me on-

Then be happy, my sweet bride. Te Then be happy, my sweet bride. It on a heart is all your own. Hear him yow, on the word of a chief, to be faithful and loving to you, and you only, till death. Ilas he not watched you grow from babyhood, and each year has he not loved you more? If as he not thought of you always as his own little wife, and, if any other man dared to east a look of admiration at your sweet face, has he not been ready to kill that man? Come, Miriama"—putting his arm round her and drawing her head down on his breast—"you must not rejoin our friends with tears in your eyes. The men would not their heads and say. 'Ha, Te Ori has but an unwilling bride after all! See she weeps!' There—that is better!"—as it has last words she raised her head. prendly, while the blood rushed into her cheeks at the thought of a slight

being cast upon her idol.
We will go then, Te Ori, Miriama And hand in hand like two children they turned from the beach and went back to the kainga. A feast was going on in honor of the marriage, for Te Orl was the only son of the chief. As the bride and bridegroom approached, they could hear the guttural tones of the men telling of their exploits in battle, the shrill voices of the women, and the shouts of the children at play. Every one seemed happy; and Miriama, now that all her vague doubts and longings had been set at rest, joined in the fun

The fensting and rejoicing went on for some days, then the guests departed and left the young couple to settle down to their new life. How full of happiness were the months that folhoved. No cloud appeared on their housen. Te Ori, as time went on, was more devoted to his little girl-wife than ever. Then, to crown their joy, was born to them a son, whose pure babyspirit looked at them out of big, solemn, wistful eyes, like his mother's

The old chief lived but to bless his little grandson, and then closed his eyes in the last long sleep; and Te Orl reigned in his stead.

Time proved him to be a far more ambitious chief than his good old father had been. He trained his men carefully, and they throve and prospered accordingly. They did not now suffer from want in winter, when no corn-tipened and no meions grew, for there was abundance grown in the summer and stored for use. The neighboring tribes, though looking on at their plentiful supplies with known greatly even. tiful supplies with rungry, greedy eyes, dared not swoop down and help themselves, for they knew that Te Ori's subjects were more than able to take care of themselves.

In Te Ori's private home too sil was annshine. Mirlams had bloomed into the handsomest woman of the tribe; his boy, Te Whoree, was strong and healthy; and there was now a busyfirl's voice crowing and laughing is his

Something of all this was is his thoughts one day as he leaned over the fence inclosing a plantation, and ground complacently about him. His reverse was broken by a laughing voice at his fide.

dildren are healthy; our tribe is contented; our corn flourishes, and all is well with us. If Winiata, my father, could come back from the sprit-land, he would say, 'My sea, rounde a greater day,' My sea, rounde a greater day, 'My sea, rounde a greater day,' My sea, rounde a greater day, 'My sea, rounde a greater day, 'My sea, rounde a greater day, 'My sea, 'Engle a woman; my tongue wags. Come!"—and together they moved sway to the "Koppa Maeri" which was being opened for supper.

As they drew near, a haby in the grasseff a girl jumped and crowed, and firlama, taking her, held her up to her father's game.

"Little Miriama!" he said, softly passe-

"Little Miriamal" he said, softly pass-ing his hand over the little black head nestled against the mother's bosom,

md looking at both with pleased happy

"No-ot that, Te Oril I must be your only Miriama," returned his wife executly. "Call her something else."

He looked surprised, as he often did at some of her speeches. He did not know that in the woman's passionate, sensitive nature were depths which he could not gauge.

could not gauge.

A few days later Te Ort, with some of the men, started on a fortnight's supedition. When Miriams first heard to alread the her husband tremb

supedition. When Miriams first heard of it, she clung to her husband trembling and sobbing.

"Don't go, Te Ori! Send the others, and you stay home with me. The light goes from my eyes and the joy from my heart when you are away. Do-de stay with me!"—and she threw her arms about his neck in an agony of entracts.

rems about his neck in an agony or entreaty.

"Miriama forgets she is the wife of a great chief when she bids him stay at home like an old woman;" and he put her coldly out of his arms, and went to complete his preparations.

Two or three hours later she stood on the beach to watch them depart. Nearly all the tribe had gathered there; but she stood apart, with her baby in her arms, and Te Whoree playing with the shells at her feet.

Presently Te Ori came up to her.

"The canoes are ready, the men wait. Good-bye, Miriama!"—and, taking the baby in his arms, he caresses her tenderly, and then stooped to the boy.

But Te Whoree began to plead eagerly to be taken with him.

"Better stay with your mother, my boy."

But the child began to cry. Te Ori turned to his wife.

"What does the mother of the boy say? Shall he go?"
"Nay: Miriama is but a woman—her voice must not be heard. It must be as the chief says;" and she looked down that he might not detect the pain

He looked at her searchingly for a moment, then motioned to one of the men to place the child in the canoe. Mirlama made no objection, but, taking Te Whoree in her arms, strained him to her heart as though she could never let him go. Releasing him at last, she took her husband's hand, and, pressing it against her breast, said tremulously-

"Te Ori, Miriama's wishes are that you may catch many fish and return safely. Her heart goes with you. Goodbye!"—and, dropping his hand, she turned away quickly.

If e paused and looked at her in a puzzled, uncertain way. Something was gone from her manner. What was it? He did not know that the first re-

it? He did not know that the first repulse she had ever received from him had cut her to the heart, and that, added to the pain of parting with him, was almost more than she could bear. But she would have died rather than lay herself open to another rebuke from him.

He sprang into the boat that held his boy, and, as they pushed off, called "Men, take care of your chief's wife!

Miriama, peace remain your guest! Fret not your heart for Te Whoree; he is safe with his father." As long as she could distinguish the form of Te Ori, Miriama stood motion-less, with her loving passionate eyes fixed on him; but, when adistant head-

land hid him from her, she turned away sadly and walked back towards

Before she had gone far, she was joined by an old woman who was a relative of her dead mother's, and who relative of her dead mother's, and who had always been most tenderly attached to her orphan kinswoman.

"What is the matter with Miriama that she looks so sad? Has she grown to be a baby, that she mourns because her husband does his duty? If so, Koturua is ashamed of her kinswoman."

"Nay, good Koturna, it is not that. But, when Miriama first heard of this

excursion, her heart grew heavy with fear and dread. Now that the chief is really gone, it is a heart no longer, but a stone that she carries in her bosom. There are troubles coming, Koturua, and—Yes, that is well—laugh much at Miriama, and let your laughter sweep away her fears, for while they remain she is miserable."

"Pah!" returned Koturua. "You have grown tired of too much happiness. You feel the need of a little trouble, and so are trying to make it. Koturuathinks you would be wiser to enjoy your blessings and drive away such lit-

"You are right, Koturua—you always are. I will weave mats so busily while Te Orl is away that there will be no time for presentiments. You did well

Neveral days passed and one after-noon Miriama was sitting in the shade of a large kauri-tree, working at her mats and singing softly to herself. Her baby was playing on the grass at her feet, and at a little distance Koturus was scraping potatoes for the evening

"Koturua," she said at last, stopping in her work to throw a handful of crimson blossoms over the head of the baby, who crowed with delight and clutched at the flowers with chubby baby-hands — "Koturua, seven suns have risen since Te Ori went away; when seven more have set, we may look for his return, if he be not airendy here. Half the time is gone, and all is well. Leod at our little blossem how

she grows!"

"Yes, the sweet one!" returned the old woman, leaving her work to romp with the child. "Did you think the sum would stop shining because the chief was away? But," she continued, after a pause, "what alls the little biosecun? She is very lot."

"Hot, is she? She should not be liet to me, Koturus; she looks sleep; I will mooth her to rest in my same."

Het, in spite-of the gentic inling me.

Hert, in spite of the gentle | ulling me-tion and low soft song, the haby could not rest; and in a short time it was glain that she was very ill, for the little that loud was rolling from side to side in delicion.

Something of all this was in the state of thoughts one day as he leaned over the fence inclosing a plantation, and guest complacently about him. Her reverse was broken by a languing voice at his side.

"Of what is my humband thinking of the rest with the feeting ment is continued the feeting ment is remarkable for the feeting ment in the feeting ment is remarkable for the feeting ment in the feeting ment is remarkable for the feeting ment in the feeting men

She was so shoorbed in her painful thoughts that she did not hear a self-footfall till a low "Miriamal" fell upon her ear. She sprang to her feet with a scream of mingled joy and agony, and flung herself fitts her husband's

"Te Ori! Oh, Te Ori," she wailed, drawing his face down to here and raining tears and kisses upon it, "I have wanted you se! Could you not hear my spirit calling yours through the distance? My own, how miserable

"My wife—the mother of my dead child—the burden is indeed heavy for us to bear;" and, throwing her arms tenderly around her, he mingled his

"How did you know?" she sobbed.

"How did I know?" he echoed, in surprise; and, holding her from him, he looked at her fearfully. "Is grief driving Miriama mad that she asks silly questions?"

"But I told them not to tell you. I thought I could make it easier for you to bear. But oh, husband, give to my arms now our other child, that his heart may not break!"

"Where is she?" he asked, looking round.

"Lying at the feet of your father; but Te Whoree—where is he?" "I have brought him home with me to receive his mother's last kiss. But, oh, Miriama, before we go to him, tell me fou forgive me for not keeping my boastful promise and bringing him back in safety! All the way home I have been trying to think of words in which to tell you. I feared you would

which to tell you. I reared you would hate me."

"What does my husband mean? Has aught befallen Te Whoree?"—and she drew back and looked at him with a great horror dawning in her eyes.

"Miriama! Oh, I could not help it!" he cried wildly, drawing her to his arms again and hiding her face on his breast while he went on. "He strayed from me and fell into the sea. I saw it from a distance, and rushed to save him—alas, too late! He had been in the water too long, and never breathed again. And, oh, my beloved, the greatest past of my pain was the thought of your anguish when you should look for your anguish when you should look for your son and find him not! But you have me and our little daughter—"

"No, Te Ori; no daughter have we. She too has been taken. The Great Spirit Father has turned from us in anger. How can we bear it?"

For a few minutes her anguish everwhelmed her; but it was soon crushed down, for even in the first wild rush of sorrow she remembered him, and, with the askid and developed of a mannar who

remembered him, and, with

the noble selfdevotion of a woman who truly loves, put her own grief aside and strove to comfort him.

"Te Ori, would that I your faithful wife, could bear all the pain for you Our little ones are safe in the beautiful spirit-land. Te Whoree will be there in the beautiful spirit-land. spirit-land. Te Whoree will be there to guide the tottering steps of our little tender blossom, and together they will await our coming. Perhaps in the future years other little ones may come to bless and make glad your heast, my husband." So with infinite love and tenderness, she gradually soothed and cheered him

cheered him.

Time swept onward till five years had rolled by.

One oppressive hot afternoon in December Miriama was leaning panting against a tree. Beside her lay an immense bundle of sticks which she had interested from her shoulders. just dropped from her shoulders. The passing years had changed her much: her smooth brown cheeks were thin and every feature had a delicate refined look that told of serrow battled with nobly and patiently. Her great melancholy eyes, in the depths of which the bitter tears had slowly gathered, were fixed with a gaze that saw nothing on the dancing waves below her. The sensitive lips were quivering, and the thin little hands were

low her. The sensitive lips were quivering, and the thin little hands were clasping and unclasping each other in the intensity of her thoughts.

"Oh. my Te Ori" she murmured at length, "what is it that is stealing the life from poor Miriama's heart? Has she lived to see the day when you not longer love her? Oh, what has she done to lose your heart? And why does not the Spirit Father teach her to win it back. Lacking it, she cares not to live. Perhaps she has grown old and ugly; but, ah, were you loathsome to look upon, to her you would be as precious as ever—nay, more! Had you once seen her carrying such a load, your displeasure would have been great; but what matters it! The visit of three days you left home to pay has lengthened into three weeks and still you tarry. Ah, you beautiful cruel sea! Why did you take from me my boy? In taking him you took also the heart of his father; who loves not now his childless home;" and, with a sebbing, quivering sigh, she stoops to adjust the flax fastenings on her bundle.

die.

Just then a shrill bird-like note with strange intonations floated to her ears. She stood up and listened intently while the quiek blood rushed into her wasted cheeks. When it had ceased, she put one finger between her lips and wasted back a reply, and then, with trembling fingers and heaving breast, fastened her load and hurried away.

"Returned at hest" she murmured. "Oh, heart, be still! Why do you bound and beat so? Will be meet me with a smile and kind word after his long sitence, or with hurshness and frowns: I feet a change is coming. Oh, how an I to greet him quietly when I can searcely breathe?"

A few minutes brought her to the lesis happy? Oh, Koturus, I am trembling with low and fees—joy that he has returned, fear that he may greet me unkindly! No"—resisting floturus/sefforts to take the over. Are the women preparing food? Our chief must be tired and hungry."

"Phill Let him be tired, and let him be treed and hungry."

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