

me to fill your pitcher. May I go to the well with him, mother?"

Madame d'Auban assented, for the fountain was not far off. The young chief took up the pitcher, and Mina laid her hand on the handle, to help him, as she said, to carry it. He looked at the little white hand with wonder and admiration. He did not know any thing about gloves, or he might have exclaimed, like Romeo:

O that I were a glove upon that hand!

Mina talked to him eagerly as they walked along; and he called her his "white lily," his "beautiful Wenouah."

When they had reached the fountain, and were letting down the pitcher into the water, she said:

"Oh! how I do wish—" and there stopped short.

"What does my flower wish?" Ontara asked. "Name thy wish, and I will ask my father the Sun to give thee whatsoever thou desirest."

"I do not want anything he can give me. What I wish is, to see a black-robe pour water on my brother's head, and speak the word that would make him a Christian."

"The chief of prayer is no more. I have sung his death-song in my heart. He can never again speak to the living."

"But there are other black-robés—other chiefs of prayer?"

"They must all be killed by this time. Think no more of them, little dove of the white man's tribe, and speak not to Ontara of the French prayer. He is a child of the Sun, and worships his father."

"But I know he carries a crucifix in his bosom," Mina eagerly cried, pointing to the Indian's breast.

"My father, Outalissi, gave it me; and for his sake I keep it close to my heart."

At that moment Osseo joined them. Mina was not afraid of him when her new brother was by her side. He was much excited, and cried out, as soon as he saw them:

"I have discovered the fetish which the great sorcerer of the Abnakis possessed. He told me of it some time ago, and I have been searching for it ever since."

"What is it?" Ontara asked.

Osseo drew a small serpent from his bosom: "I have charmed it to sleep," he said, as Mina drew back affrighted. "It will not wake till I bid it. This fetish is so powerful that he who owns it never shoots an arrow in vain, and is never conquered in battle; and when he goes out hunting he brings home more game than any one else."

"Throw it away, Osseo; throw it away," Mina exclaimed. "It will do you no good."

"And if I throw it away," said the youth, with a sneer, "will the dove of the white tribe nestle in my bosom?"

"I will love you very much," Mina answered fixing her large bright eyes on the young savage.

"Not so much as Ontara?" said Osseo, with a malignant glance at the young chief.

"Ontara is my brother," Mina answered, drawing closer to her protector.

"And if anyone dares to touch a single hair of her head," cried Ontara, "I will take him be-

fore the sachems, and slay him where he stands."

A dark hue overspread the face of the other youth; but he made no other reply. Stroking the serpent in his bosom, he said to the little girl: "When five summers have come and gone, you shall choose which of us you will marry."

"I will not marry you, and I cannot him," Mina answered, with simplicity.

"Why not?" said Ontara, quickly. "You are no longer a slave, since you have become my sister; and when you are old enough we shall stand before the sachems, in the presence of the Great Sun, and I will make you my wife."

Mina shook her head: "The daughters of the white men, her parents said, did not marry the sons of other tribes."

"Then you will never marry at all," Osseo fiercely cried. "There will not be a single white man left to be your husband. The Indians will kill them all."

"No," Mina answered; "the great God will not let them do it. He is more powerful than all your fetishes."

"But not than the glorious orb which the Natches adore," said Ontara, pointing to the sun, at that moment setting in a bed of fiery clouds.

"The God of the Christians made the sun, and the moon, and the stars," Mina replied, and then she sat down with the two Indians on the grass by the well-side and they talked of the Natches' worship and the Christians' prayer.

A child's simple conceptions of religion were more adapted to the comprehension of these uncultivated minds than the teachings of older persons. They listened eagerly to her words. Each of them had fastened, as it were, on the side of their false belief which was most in harmony with their natural tendencies, Osseo's mind was filled with the gloomy superstitious of devil-worship. His faith in spells and charms was unbending. He had studied the secrets of magic under the most learned soothsayers of the neighboring tribes, and was an adept in all the arts of witchcraft. Ontara,—on the contrary—perhaps from an instinctive preference of light to darkness, and also on account of his close relationship to the representative of the orb of day—yielded a peculiar and exclusive homage to the sun. It seemed to him to embody all the ideas he had ever formed of brightness and majesty. At morn he hailed its rising, at noon he prostrated himself in adoration before its dazzling beams, and saluted its setting with hymns of praise. Mina drew from her pocket a prayer-book, and read to the worshipper of the sun these verses of the Psalms:

"The heavens show forth the glory of God: and the firmament declareth the work of his hands.

"Day to day uttereth speech: and night to night showeth knowledge.

"There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard.

"Their sound has gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the world.

"He hath set his tabernacle in the sun: and he, as a bridegroom coming out of his