

and shelter, for the people of thy nation are his brothers, and there we may abide till the white winged vessels come to bear us over the broad waters, to thy home."

Pardon me, my friend, that I dwell with such minuteness on this eventful period of my life. Its slightest details are written in indelible characters upon my heart, and every trivial circumstance connected with that wild and exquisite being, is woven like threads of gold into the strange history of the past.

Midnight came, and all was hushed around—I lay upon my bed of skins within the wigwam, waiting to hear the light step of Ascaora, who was to summon me at the appointed time. None dreamed that I had power to fly, and as no fears were entertained, all had yielded to sleep. Higher and higher climbed the moon, till her vertical rays streamed through the narrow crevices in the roof of the slight tenement that sheltered me, and yet the maiden came not—I feared she had repented of her purpose, and at that thought, my brain seemed on fire; but I forcibly repressed the strong emotions which I trembled to awake, and closing my eyes I lay resigning myself to my fate, and silently asking of God submission to his will. The sudden clasp of a small soft hand aroused me—I started up, and the maiden stood beside me, pressing her finger in silence on her lip. Motioning me to follow, she raised a skin which hung before the entrance of the wigwam, serving for a door, and glided noiselessly forth among the dark shadows of the trees. Casting a hasty glance around, she commenced her flight—almost instantly emerging from the forest, crossing a green prairie, and plunging down a steep and wooded bank to the borders of a broad and rapid river, that lay in the clear moonlight, like an unrolled sheet of burnished silver, between the stately trees that bordered it on either side. How my heart beat, as with an unsteady, yet rapid step, I followed the sylph-like figure of my agile and beautiful guide. With what graceful celerity she bounded forward, sometimes pausing for a backward glance, and then, like a bird whose wing has for a moment faltered, renewing her onward flight with almost incredible swiftness. Brief had been the time consumed in gaining the river's brink, for besides the fear of detection from those we left behind, beasts of prey filled the forest with their terrible cries, and our only chance of safety was in gaining the river before they should have scented out their victims. Exhausted by exertion, to which of late I had been so little habituated, I would have sunk down upon the turf for a moment's rest, but the maiden saw my purpose, and grasping my arm, drew forth from among the reeds a small canoe, into which we both sprang, and in another instant were floating over the tranquil bosom of the stream. Ascaora took the paddles, and her small and delicate hands, that

looked as if a feather's weight were sufficient for their strength, wielded them with a skill and vigour that sent our little bark skimming like a bird over the waves. Warily the maiden kept within the deep shadows of the trees that fringed the shore, lest some midnight prowler should observe and intercept our flight, and it was not till our boat had doubled many headlands of the broad still river, that a feeling of security crept over me, and my heart bounded with the joy of recovered freedom.

Then it was, that for the first time since our flight commenced, Ascaora broke the silence that like a spell had chained her lips. As I lay upon the bottom of the canoe, with my head pillowed on her lap, my gaze fixed on the starry heavens, and my heart swelling with that deep devotion, which, at the shrine of nature, kindles with such intensity towards its great and glorious author, she bent over me and softly called upon my name. Those sweet and whispered sounds, fell, in the midst of that profound hush, like the voice of a spirit on my ear, and starting up, I turned and gazed earnestly upon her. On the still wings of my unuttered prayer, I had been bearing her up to heaven, and as I now looked upon her radiant face, beaming with the soul's pure light, I felt that my supplications for her would be heard and answered—that, gentle and pure as she was, she needed but the revelation of God's word to enlighten her, His grace to elevate and perfect the nature, which, even amid the darkness and abominations of savage life, had remained guileless and unharmed. I had often, as I have before said, spoken to her on subjects connected with the Christian's faith and hope, and she had listened to me with avidity, but so brief and infrequent were our opportunities for intercourse, that my instructions were necessarily scanty and limited, and I looked forward with strong desire to that hour, when, in a Christian land, I might be permitted to see the symbol of our holy faith placed upon the young brow of my precious convert, and to know that its truths had awakened conviction in her mind, and won a glad consent from her reason and her heart. But I grow too diffuse, and the recital that I had hoped to compress within a sheet, is swelling to a bulky manuscript. Let me be brief, for my melancholy tale draws to a conclusion, and I wish not to linger over its sad *dénouement*.

Ascaora now informed me that our voyage would speedily terminate, as by an Indian messenger, who a few days previous had been the bearer of tidings from Olocatara to her father, Tekultha, she had sent back word of my captivity, and of our intended flight; and requested that powerful king to receive and protect us. Moreover she had desired him to send a deputation of his warriors to meet us at the "Brook of Oaks," which was midway between the two countries, that they might conduct us on the rest of our way in safety. She ended with saying