

between the islands for that ark of refuge, and Catharine's eyes are dimmed with grateful tears as she pictures to herself the joyful-greeting in store for her. In the overflowings of her gladness she seizes the old man's rugged hand and kisses it, and flings her arms about the Indian girl and presses her to her heart, when the canoe has touched the old well-remembered landing-place, and she finds herself so near, so very near her lost home. How precious are such moments—how few we have in life! They are created from our very sorrows; without our cares our joys would be less lively. But we have no time to moralize. Catharine flies with the speed of a young fawn to climb the cliff-like shoulder of that steep bank; and now, out of breath, she stands at the threshold of her log-house. How neat and nice it looks compared with the Indians' tents! The little field of corn is green and flourishing. There is Hector's axe in a newly-cut log: it is high noon; the boys ought to have been there taking their mid-day meal, but the door is shut. Catharine lifts the wooden latch, and steps in. The embers are nearly burned out to a handful of gray ashes. Old Wolfe is not there—all is silent; and Catharine sits down to still the beating of her heart, and await the coming of her slower companions, and gladdens her mind with the hope that her brother and Louis will soon be home. Her eye wanders over every old familiar object. All things seem much as she had left them; only, the maize is in the ear, and the top feather waves gracefully in the summer breeze. It promises an abun-