

them understand by signs, that he came as a friend to their country, and would reward them with rich gifts, if they would conduct him back in safety to his vessel. But they heard him with a laugh of scorn, and turning away in derision, left him to grind his teeth in impotent anger and despair.

Yes, in despair that would have been hopeless, but for that gleam of light reflected from the whispered promise of the Indian Maid, through whom alone he felt, that, under Providence, deliverance from death could come. Anxiously indeed did he long for her re-appearance, and when hour after hour passed on, when the deepening gloom around him told that the shadows were lengthening in the forest, yet still she came not, his heart misgave him, and he began to doubt the faith to which, in his extremest need, he had so fondly clung.

Night came, and guarded by the fierce savages, who watched his every movement with jealous eyes, he lay in sleepless silence on his hard couch. The jargon of wild voices from without rang discordantly upon his ears, and when the mat, which served the purpose of a door, was raised, he saw huge fires in the distance sending their forked flames into the murky air, while round them danced multitudes of naked Indians, uttering frightful yells, and tossing their arms wildly in the air.

Frank understood not their gestures, but he had heard tales of their fierce rejoicings, when a captive fell into their power, and of their terrific preparations for the torture and sacrifice of their victim, and he connected all he saw and heard with his own fearful doom of suffering and death. Softening thoughts of his far-away home, of friends he was never more to greet,—of the companions of his voyage, who were even now lamenting his fate,—of the brother, to seek whom he had dared the perils of the wilderness, and in return for that daring was now to perish unwept in its mysterious solitudes—all this train of images filled and overwhelmed his mind, and rendered hard the task of resigning himself un-murmuringly to his inevitable destiny.

Ay, inevitable—so to him it seemed,—and if so, should he not struggle to submit to it as became a man endowed with a rational and immortal soul—the flesh indeed might tremble and shrink from the tortures that would rack it, but the soul had nobler energies to sustain it, an undying hope to bear it up, as on eagle's wings, above the terrors of death and the thick darkness of the grave. A few brief pangs, and it would spring exulting into a region of light and blessedness, where to its sublimated vision the deep mysteries of mortal life should be unsealed, and

the love, the all-enduring mercy of its Father in Heaven be made manifest in all their glorious outpouring.

Refreshed by these thoughts, and strengthened by the prayers, which like precious incense arose from the altar of his heart, a calm and gentle spirit of resignation possessed his mind. Alone and deserted as he seemed, he felt that he was not unheeded by Him who marks the sparrow's fall, and that even yet, if it were His will, a way of deliverance might be opened for him.

And thus wore on the hours of that dreary night, till the blaze of the distant watch-fires had sunk into a bed of glowing embers, and the fierce yells of the savages were hushed in the silence of sleep.

Silence, deep and breathless, was around him, for even those who were left to guard him slept as though they would never wake again, so still and motionless they lay upon the rude floor beside him. His own eyes were weighed down by weariness, and he too was yielding to the blessed influence of sweet repose, when the sound of a light footstep caught his ear.

He started up to listen, and standing in a ray of moonlight, which streamed through an aperture of the wigwam, he saw the figure of the Indian girl, her face turned towards him, and her finger raised to impose caution. His heart beat audibly as she approached him, and stooping down began to unloose the cord which bound him, whispering as she skillfully untied the intricate knot,

"They sleep well," pointing to the prostrate savages, with a significant smile—"nought will waken them but the bright broad sunlight—that will soon be here. It is now coming over the great waters, and before it shines upon our path we must be gone."

"Whither can we fly that they will not pursue us?" he asked involuntarily.

"Trust to Yinnora," she said, "and look not back, lest the fire of the sacrifice consume thee."

He made no reply, yet as he followed her from the wigwam, he ventured once to disobey her by casting a backward glance at the sleeping Indians, one of whom he fancied he saw move as he passed him. But he lay motionless, and stepping through the narrow aperture, Frank stood with his gentle guide beneath the dark boughs of the forest.

The faint glimmering of the stars, and the cool fresh breeze that fanned his brow with its grateful fragrance, gave intimation of approaching dawn, and as he was hurried onward by the maiden, he saw through an opening vista of