

continued Mrs. Lee, "and if the indelible mark of my lost child be thereon, it is sufficient of itself to prove that you are my daughter."

Oriena appeared bewildered.

"Oh, gracious heavens, she is my child! my child! my daughter," frantically exclaimed the mother, embracing her, ~~the~~, and breathing the tearful emotions of a parent's heart upon her bosom.

How changed were the feelings and sympathies of our heroine when from the mysterious discovery her living parents had sprung into being. Feelings of hatred to the Indians took possession of her heart. She dismantled her graceful form of its savage costume, and disdained to be called any longer by her Indian name.

The time had now arrived that Sagonaska had purposed returning home to prepare for the happy union, and he flattered his expectations with the hope that Oriena would be waiting in readiness at the encampment, to accompany him on his journey. But ah! how soon, how unexpected were these cherished imaginings of his love dethroned in the temple of his heart, by the cold repulse which he received. She was no longer the Indian girl of the forest—no longer the loving angel of his heart. All his affectionate entreaties, and fascinations to regain her heart, or induce her to accompany him, were lavished in vain, and poor broken-hearted Sagonaska returned to his Indian cottage to weep in solitude over the cherished image of his heart.

In a few days Captain Lee had so far recovered as to be able to return to his former residence at Oakville, and Maggie Lee was again the inmate of her infant home, from which she had been absent for seventeen and a half years.