

A miniature temple, the very representation of the little church at whose gateway William Johnson had said farewell. He had not forgotten then. But in the very doorway of the temple stood a figure whose appearance there startled and troubled her. It was that of a young and beautiful woman, whose dark skin, long, straight, black hair, and flashing eye, told her Indian origin. While she stood there, her strong, active form, her dark, but bewitching beauty, and the involuntary grace of her unstudied attitude, struck Margaret with a jealous envy for which she could not account. She had little time for indulgence or self-blame for this feeling; for passing swiftly up the steps that led to the little mimic church, was a man, whose tall figure and graceful motion could not be mistaken.

It was William Johnson. Her heart told her so before she saw his face; and now it was turned towards her. He had thrown his arm around the Indian, and through the dark color of her cheek Margaret saw the deep flush of pleasure struggle into her beauty. Her hand lay lovingly in his, and her head was bent towards him, its long and supple hair resting on his bosom, and covering her own figure like a veil. One of the little English girls at the settlement, impelled by curiosity in the lady who had come from her fatherland, as her mother had told her, had followed her footsteps. By a sudden and strong control, Margaret exerted herself to ask, "Who is that woman yonder, Maud?" And the child, delighted to give the good lady the information, said, "It is Mary Brant."

"And who, or what is she?" asked Margaret.

"Why, don't you know?" asked little Maud. "She is sister to the Mohawk warrior, and is Mr. Johnson's wife. That is her husband, standing beside her. They are very kind to me. Shall I go and ask if you can see Johnson Hall? It is a great place, and every stranger visits it."

Margaret stopped the fleet feet that would have run to obtain admittance for her to the home of William Johnson and his Indian wife. She had heard enough, and her eyes corroborated the child's story. She thought of the beautiful girls whom she had met in her way, and wondered if the Mohawk step-mother would meet their ideas of refinement. She was growing bitter and sarcastic every moment. Had she yielded to tenderness, she was sure to faint, and then the child's officious sympathy would betray her, by calling the attention of him whom she would now avoid.

One bound down the road, and she was out of sight, the child with difficulty keeping pace with her. It was Margaret's last look of her old lover. With the next ship she came to England, and left him unconscious that her presence had ever been about him. During the revolution, deeds of bravery reached her ears from time to time, of which William Johnson was the hero. After the memorable expedition of Crown Point, she learned that the king had bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and she wondered if the queenly Mohawk would adorn her station as Lady Johnson.

In a pleasant country home, surrounded by the children of a very dear friend, whose husband Margaret was at last induced to marry, she found some consolation for her early disappointment. The romance of life had faded away. Her early dream, though remembered, had put on more subdued coloring, and she learned to hear the name of Sir William Johnson with scarce a perceptible fluttering of the heart.