

# Northern Messenger

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## The Captive Girl---A True Story.

(Katie Moore, in 'Children's Messenger'.)

Not far from the good city of Philadelphia lives a little girl named Regina; she is a dear little girl, with a very fair face, blue eyes, bright hair, and pink cheeks.

Grandma says she is the very image of the little Regina who was carried off by the Indians so long, long ago.

Then Regina runs to grandma and says: 'Oh, grandma, please tell me again about poor little lost Regina!'

Grandma loves to tell that old story, and it shows what care God takes of his children, even in the greatest trials and dangers.

Little Regina—the one who was carried off by the Indians—lived in a cabin in the forest, and she had a father and mother, a brother fifteen years old, a sister thirteen years old, and a baby brother of three.

Regina herself was ten. Regina was a little Christian. She loved the Saviour and always asked his help in time of danger; then there was a little hymn she was very fond of singing. She and her mother sang it every evening after they had said their prayers.

'Alone, and not alone, am I,  
Though in this solitude so drear,  
I feel my Saviour always nigh;  
He comes the weary hours to cheer.  
I am with Him and He with me,  
E'en here alone I cannot be.'

That is the hymn they sang, and God used it in a very strange and wonderful way to bring Regina back to her mother after she had been stolen by the Indians.

One day Regina's mother went to the mill for flour, taking the little boy with her. The mill was a long way off. It took her all day to make the journey. When she came back in the evening nothing was left of her home but a heap of smoking ruins. The little house she had loved so well, and the barn that was filled with grain, were burned to the ground. Not far away lay the bodies of her husband and son, murdered by the Indians. Regina and Barbara, her two daughters, were gone, and she knew well enough that the Indians had carried them away.

Some days after a party of hunters found Barbara's dead body lying by a stream of water, with her head cleft by a tomahawk. When the mother heard of this she knew that she would never see Barbara again in this life, but for nine long years she heard nothing of Regina, and she mourned for her, and hoped and prayed for her until at last God answered her prayer.

Poor little Regina was taken by two big Indians to their camp, and there she was given to an old squaw who was very cruel to her. The squaw was so old and stiff with rheumatism that she could not work, but she was not too stiff to beat poor Regina most brutally. The child was compelled to carry all the wood and water that were needed in their wigwam, to gather roots and berries, trap animals and catch fish. She had a very hard and

bitter life, and, after a while, as the old squaw would not allow her to speak anything but the Indian language, she forgot how to speak her own language; but she never forgot her prayers nor the hymn her mother used to sing with her every evening.

Regina looked like the other little Regina who lives not far from Philadelphia.

Her face was so fair and lovely that the Indian children called her Sawquehanna, which means, in their language, 'a white lily.' But after she had lived with the old

carried on at the time, and when finally it closed and the English became masters of the country, the Indians were compelled to give up all their white captives. Many white children had been carried off by them, and these were all taken from them by the English soldiers. Good Colonel Boquet, who had charge of this work, was very careful that not one white child should be left with the savages, and in this way more than one hundred white children, between five and twenty years of age, were taken from the Indians.



REGINA AND THE TWO BIG INDIANS.

squaw for some years her hair and skin became dark and coarse, so that no one would have known her for a white girl, except for her large, clear blue eyes that never changed.

During the nine long years that Regina was lost her mother never ceased to search for her. When she heard of a white girl being seen with the Indians, she immediately set out to find her, always feeling sure it was her own dear daughter, and always coming back home disappointed.

The French and Indian war was being

At first the children were taken to Pittsburg, or Fort Pitt, as it was then called, and there about fifty of them were found by their parents. The others were taken to Carlisle, and there almost all of them found parents or friends, though a few of them had no one left in the world after the Indians had slaughtered the family and burned the home.

Regina's mother went to Carlisle in the hope of finding her long-lost daughter. Regina was nineteen years old at that time. She was very tall and dark. She had for-