

kernels, and look up in his face with reproachless eyes. They then lay down to sleep, each with a captive in his arms. Antoine wisely conquered his impatience, and remained perfectly still, until the arm which held him relaxed its grasp, and deep breathings denoted slumber. At first, the repose of the Indian was disturbed, and after partially releasing his prisoner, he would clasp him more closely, muttering and half opening his eyes in broken dreams.

Antoine waited until he slept profoundly, and then scarcely breathing, crept away from his side. He rose up, and looked around him. Nothing was heard, save the sobs of those who slumbered, and the crackling of the fire, which blazed up high and bright in the forest, except now and then the distant growling and snapping of a bear, as if bereaved of her cubs. —The heart of the child, who had never at the hour of midnight been away from his parent's side, might be supposed to shudder at a scene so awful. But a new courage kindled there, when he recollected that the care of his sister had been entrusted to him, and that his father was now miserable for their loss. Little Elise lay sleeping upon the damp ground, her head resting upon the bosom of the dark, red man. She seemed like a rose-bud broken from its stalk, and dropped in some dismal vault, where the bloated toad stares at the strange guest, or the snake, stealing from its nest, enfolds it in a venomous coil. Her tiny hand, pure as wax, was among the long, black locks of the Indian, and her ruby lips were slightly parted by her soft and quiet breathing. Her brother stood near her, and brushing away the thick curls that clustered around his forehead, espied the tomahawks of their captors hanging upon a tree. He climbed up to them, and not being able to ascertain which was the best, loaded himself with both: To descend the tree with these weapons, and yet to preserve that caution and silence which the exigence of the case demanded, was no slight undertaking for a boy of eight summers.

His heart beat strong and painfully as his

foot was about to touch the ground: At that moment one of the tomahawks fell. It struck a stone, and his guard awaked. What was his astonishment at beholding a child whom he deemed incapable of resistance, raising a deadly weapon, with a warrior's spirit flashing from his eyes! He could not but gaze on him for a moment with admiration, for in the sight of the brave he was beautiful, and the son of the forest respects valour even in a foe. He disarmed him, but not till after many a struggle from the bold and disappointed boy, whom he pinioned securely, and again stretched himself upon a bed of turf. Antoine groaned aloud, "My poor father!" and at last, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, mourned himself to sleep. But in his broken dreams he started and complained almost incessantly: Sometimes he vociferated, "Give me my father's sword!" or, "See! see! they have murdered Elise." Then fancying he saw the torches of their friends coming in pursuit of them, he would exclaim, "This way! this way —here are the vile babe stealers!"

(To be continued.)

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

MATTER.

The third property of matter is **MOBILITY**. It is capable of being moved, if its inactivity is overcome by sufficient force. The operation of one portion of nature upon another, combined with the application of mechanical force, may be considered as one of the causes which tend to produce a species of perpetual motion upon the earth.

The fourth property is **DIVISIBILITY**.—Matter can never be destroyed by breaking or cutting. The most massy object on earth has no more halves or quarters than the most minute. By mathematical demonstration it may be proved that matter is infinitely divisible; we have also many wonderful instances of the smallness to which it can be reduced: