

offered up from the depths of his stricken soul a prayer to God, for strength to endure, as became a man and a Christian, the sufferings that awaited him.

Raising his head from his brief petition, he now first observed an Indian girl, sitting in a remote corner of the dwelling, motionless as a statue, with her head bent down, her work, an unfinished moccasins, lying idly on her lap, and her long shining hair falling like a veil of darkness over her face and neck. She had not moved at the entrance of the party, but when some words respecting the pale-face, from two of his captors, who stood conversing with their chief in the centre of the wigwam, caught her ear, she started up, and flinging back the long tresses that shaded her face, turned to look upon the stranger.

As she gazed, an expression of wild joy and surprise marked her features, a bright glow overspread the soft olive of her complexion, her bosom heaved with deep emotion, and with one bare foot advanced, her hands clasped convulsively together, and her large lustrous eyes fixed with intense earnestness upon the face of Courtney, she stood as though only withheld from springing towards him by some invisible power to which she yielded instinctive obedience.

Frank beheld with wonder the matchless vision of savage beauty that appeared suddenly before him—but he marvelled still more at the half civilised costume in which she was arrayed—some savage ornaments encircled her neck and arms, but the tunic which reached midway to her slender ancle was of European cotton; and the mantle that half concealed the graceful symmetry of her shoulders was of a fabric such as only the looms of India can produce.

His glance seemed to electrify the maiden, for with a cry of pleasure she bounded towards him, and casting herself at his feet, exclaimed in the dear familiar language of his country, broken and disjointed, but yet intelligible to his ear,

"Herbert! Herbert! thou hast come to take me back with thee to the spirit land!"

"Gracious heaven!" ejaculated the young man, springing to his feet, "thou namest my brother! my lost brother!—and thou speakest in the language of my country.—And this—this—tell me whence it came!"

And the perspiration burst forth from every pore, as in the agony of astonishment and hope, he pointed to a chain of gold fastened by a clasp of emeralds, which she wore like a bracelet, many times encircling her arm, for he recognized it as one that had been his mother's, and since her death, Herbert had always worn her picture, suspended by it round his neck.

"It was his," she said—"his"—and fixing her

gaze intently on him, "but thou art not he—no,"—she added in a saddened tone, "and yet so like him!" and bending her face upon her clasped hands, she bowed it to the ground, and remained motionless at his feet.

Frank fell on his knees beside her, and with earnest entreaty implored her to tell him if she knew aught of his brother—what had been his fate—or if still in life, where he might be found. But at his adjuring words the chief stepped sternly forward, and waving him back, touched the neck of the Indian girl with the point of his hunting spear, addressing to her at the same moment a few brief words of imperious command.

As their sound fell upon her ear, she lifted her face towards him with a look of proud defiance, that chased away the expression of unutterable sorrow, which a moment before had shadowed its brightness. Then, without deigning a syllable in reply, she slowly rose, and as she turned away, said in a low voice to Frank,

"Thy life is in peril, but for *his* sake," and she pointed to the chain upon her arm, "Yamora hath vowed to save all of thy nation. Wait till another sun hath risen over the great mountain, and she will tell thee all."

So saying, she resumed her former seat, and remained seemingly indifferent to all that passed around her, excepting when some coarse food was offered to the captive, she rose, and taking a cake of bruised maize from the ashes, laid it upon a broad and shining leaf of the plant, and placed it silently before him.

Tempted by its savoury odour, and stimulated by hunger, Frank bent his head before her in sign of grateful acknowledgment, and freely partook her proffered bounty, which indeed he found no unworthy substitute for the finer bread of his own luxurious home.

Soon after this she quitted the wigwam, giving him a significant glance as she went out, and raising her finger with a gesture which enjoined silence, while a smile that seemed to say, "Doubt me not," lighted up her features with transcendent sweetness. The remainder of that weary day he lay in deep thought upon his couch of skins, yet often striving with a sad and earnest eye to catch glimpses of the blue heavens and the glad sunshine, which glanced through the interstices of the wigwam, mocking him with their beauty and their brightness.

No one addressed him, though many dark groups of half naked savages entered and departed, gazing on him with a fierce joy, the expression of which they communicated to each other in a language strange and barbarous to his ears. Once or twice he spoke to them, striving to make