

the stream; and two or three fawns lay slumbering together, under the shadow of the maple trees.

A wild cry of delight burst from the Indian girl, which was faintly echoed from the lips of Donnacona. Had they been suddenly transported to their native woods, the reality could not have been more startling than the illusion of the scene before them. The rocks, the trees, the rushing stream, the deer—familiar objects from their childhood—above all, those glorious maples! How often had they watched their swelling buds—their glossy summer leaves—their brilliant autumn changes—in the well-remembered forests of their native land! Fayawana flew to them with bounding steps; she cast herself on the ground, and twined her arms around them, as if a human heart responded to her wild caresses. The muscles of Donnacona's face moved convulsively, and tears stood in his eyes. Fayawana threw herself on his breast, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Never before had she yielded to such uncontrolled emotion in the presence of Donnacona; but the old chief rebuked her not—his own heart was touched with tender recollections, and the beloved home of his youth stood vividly before him. He seated her on the ground beside him; the startled fawns had fled at their approach, but a deer, returning to seek her young ones, stopped an instant, and gazed at them, with her gentle, loving eyes, as if to seek their sympathy, for *she*, too, was an exile from her forest home. Fayawana stretched out her hand to caress the timid animal; it was like those she had tamed and sported with in her childish days; but it knew her not, nor did it seem to fear her, but turning away, with slow and graceful step, it sought the shelter of its rocky haunts.

Donnacona looked after it, long, in mournful silence. "Fayawana!" he said at length, "the wild deer droops under strange skies, and the fleetness of its foot has passed away. Its bounding step is curbed in the narrow glen, and the white man's hunting grounds are not like the wild forests, where his herds have roamed in freedom. Donnacona is like the stricken deer, whom the hunters have entrapped; they spread their snares around him, and lured him cunningly from his wigwam and his people. The warrior has become a woman, and his heart is like a little child. The home of the pale face is strange to him, and his bread is bitter."

"Father!" said Fayawana, deeply moved, "the white men are our friends, and when a few more moons have rolled away, their barks shall bear us back in safety to our homes. Our braves will

hold a feast, and our women sing with joy, when Donnacona, the great warrior of his tribe, returns to them, and the heart of Fayawana will be glad."

"In the hunting grounds of the great spirit," returned the chief, "shall the feast be prepared for Donnacona, but never again among the warriors of his tribe. My daughter, listen to me, and let my words dwell in your heart, for, as the winged arrow flies from the bow, so swiftly passes the hours of Donnacona's life. The sapling strikes its tender root, when planted in a foreign soil, and bears flowers and fruit beneath another sky; but forget not, daughter of a chief, thy father's people, nor let thy heart be taken by the bravery of the white man's dwelling, nor the sweetness of his honied words. Our youth are true of heart, and our forests free and wide; and when the white chief again launches his tall bark on the broad waters, go back with him to thy people, and carry with thee the bones of Donnacona, that they may lie in peace among the graves of his fathers. Swear to me that thou wilt do this, and I shall die in peace."

"All that my father bids me do, will Fayawana truly perform," she answered, in a firm voice, and devoutly kissing the cross which hung from her rosary. A smile passed over the countenance of the old chief, and his eyes rested fondly on the face of his adopted child. Presently he murmured:

"Lay my bow and arrows in the ground beside me, and chant the song of our warriors at my grave, Fayawana, my singing bird." He then reclined his head against the tree, and closing his eyes, seemed to fall into a tranquil slumber.

Fayawana removed to a little distance, and watched him long and tenderly; his repose was quiet and profound, and gradually her thoughts returned to the scene around her, and she stooped forward to look into the glen, and watch the playful fawns. Near below her feet, there was a little sheltered cove, where the waters turned aside from the rushing stream, and lay, like a crystal mirror, reflecting the drooping foliage of tree and shrub, which clothed the jutting point on which she stood. A bark canoe was moored there—the pointed beak carved with rude device—she knew it well, for with her own hands, singing by her mother's side, she had helped to trick it out, with Indian bravery, and her brother's hand had gathered the flexile bark, and formed the slender keel. It was a present to Jacques Cartier, when he shared their simple hospitality, and was a fairy model of those light capacious barks, in which the Aborigines first navigated the waters of our mighty lakes and streams.