

tive should suffer death at the stake.

Accordingly, a dozen hands were soon busily engaged gathering fuel and heaping it round a stake which was driven firmly into the ground near the centre of the encampment. As Grace watched these proceedings, hope changed to fear. Having often heard of the horrible cruelties perpetrated by savage tribes, and noticing that the attention of the Indians was more than ever directed to herself, while some seemed to regard her with a compassionate interest; a suspicion of the dreadful portent of the preparations she had witnessed took possession of her mind.

Meanwhile Arthur, who understood enough of the *Milicete* tongue to comprehend what was said by the speaker, was in an agony of suspense, until he noticed the hurrying of the Indians to and fro in search of fuel. Then the terrible truth burst upon his mind with an almost stunning effect. What was he to do? His first impulse was to rush to the rescue; but reason whispered that this were madness—that a hundred knives would be buried in his bosom before he could bear her beyond the area of the camp. His next resolve was to start back to his friends and concert with them some plan for her deliverance. Then other schemes were revolved in his mind; and in this state of irresolution he remained until the preparations for the sacrifice were completed, hoping, nevertheless, that some opportunity might occur to save the poor girl; but resolved, at all events to do whatever human arm could do to save her life.

The victim was now led, or rather dragged, towards the pile, vainly supplicating for mercy. Then she was bound with thongs of raw hide to the green stake, and a brand was applied

to the faggots. Arthur's brain was now on fire. Could mortal man stand such a sight? "Now," said he, they shall see what a white man's arm can do," and clutching his knife, he was about to spring from his concealment, when a sudden movement was perceptible near the now blazing pyre.

"Hold!" said a stern voice in the *Iroquois* tongue; "the pale-face must not die."

Fierce looks were cast upon the speaker, and angry words passed among the multitude at this unwonted interruption, while several persons advanced towards him with threatening gestures.

"Back fools," he said; "do you wish to provoke the wrath of the *Mohawks*?"

"Are the *Milicetes* cowards? are they women, that they will be stayed in their purpose by a handful of braves from the north country?" replied a voice which Arthur recognised as that of the orator of the evening.

"Our scalps may hang in the lodges of the *Milicetes*; but know that my nation is like the leaves for number, and like the whirlwind for swiftness and strength."

This allusion to the ability of the dreaded tribes of the confederacy to avenge a wrong upon one of their kindred, had the desired effect. The crowd fell back sullenly; and with a bound the *Mohawk* cleared the flames that were spreading rapidly from the circumference towards the centre of the pile, and cutting the ligatures that bound the captive to the stake, he bore her in triumph towards his companions.

"Thank Heaven!" Arthur exclaimed, drawing a long breath, though scarcely crediting his senses. "There is yet hope!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

A TEACHER'S OPINION.

Mr. Guardian :—

In my last I strove to show that the immediate interests of our teachers were not always compatible with cor-

rect returns, so that we must consider it doubtful that the sum of twenty six thousand pounds was received as tuition fees by the teachers of Parish