

the sunrise seeking for a home, and here they built them huts and planted corn. But always were they sad and lonely, saying that they must live near the Great Voice's grave. So after many moons those red men who had been armed with a sign and a word of power—among whom was thy father—returned to the evening and dug up the bones of the Great Voice, and brought them back with them unto this place. Then, a second time, we buried them, and set up a cross by the head, and planted a cedar to his memory; and the Wennooch was glad and lamented no more.

"Look down, O my son!"—here Pansaway pointed to a slight inequality in the soil at his feet—"Dost thou see a grave? canst thou read a name?" And putting aside the spreading branches of the cedar tree with his hands, he showed his son an ancient, moss-covered cross, the broad top of which he scraped clean with his knife.

Had a white man been there, he might have deciphered, perchance, the half-obliterated words, 'PERE RALLE.' But the chief, not being able to understand the letters of the old world, was contented with the perusal of a curious roglyphic, which was deeply inscribed over the unknown characters; for he knew that, in the written language of his nation, the same symbol was used to signify, '*the Word of God.*'

As the father bent with reverential awe before the hoary relic, that sacred emblem of christianity seemed reflected in moonlight on his swarthy breast; for, escaping from the loose folds of the tunic that had concealed it heretofore, a silver crucifix hung from the old Indian's neck, glittering by its suspending chain.

What psalm is that which saith—

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust?"

Truly, the small stream that had flowed quietly on through the wilderness, making the desert places green, poured not out its pure offerings in vain; nor was it altogether swallowed up and lost in the great ocean of time. The red man's friend might be forgotten in his own land and among his own people, but with the children of his adoption his memory would never grow mouldy: the Indian never forgets. Here was one of that race, after a period of thirty years, bearing witness to his successful ministry, and speaking volumes in his praise.

Pansaway, after a few moment's pause, resumed his tradition—

"But whither has the smoke vanished?—Why are the ashes cold? Because, after many

years, the pestilence came and licked the blood of the Wennooch, so that their children died and their corn was blighted. Therefore, thinking that an evil spirit haunted the place, they quenched their fires, and took their goods and cattle, and travelled further to the sunrise, till they saw the morning come over the great water, and there they rested peacefully, evermore until now.

"But these things were before Pansaway looked upon the face of his son's mother. How strange is the life of a man! How joyful is his morning—his evening, how sad. Where are ye—O remembered voices? Hopes of the day-break, where have ye your home?"

CHAPTER XV.

Pursuing their route, after some delay at the deserted hamlet, the travellers advanced with great circumspection, while they began to observe indications of their approach to the sea coast; among which, was the sterile, rocky nature of the country they were passing through, and the more diminished growth of the trees. The soft, light foliage of the hard wood became more rare and scattered, giving place to the less graceful but more sturdy evergreens of the different species of pine, which clung to the scanty soil of the hill sides, and were grouped upon the granite rocks, like granite warriors guarding the land from hostile intrusion. The dark and broken summits of the ridges were bristled with their spire-like stems; and, here and there, alone, forlorn and tottering on some precipice's verge, a grey-haired old sentinel fir, would wave its scraggy arms solemnly in the wind, as if to warn the strangers away; while the crow flew over head, flapping lazily, his ragged wing, and croaked hoarsely as he flitted past—like an evil thought: indeed, the character of the whole scene was stern and forbidding as the savage people who were known to make their homes within its forest lairs.

About midday, they reached a long strip of marshy interval, situate between two ranges of hills. Its level plain, being covered with long, rank grass, contrasted richly with the deep foliage of the picturesque high grounds on its verge, which, like the banks of a bold river, advanced and receded in every variety of point and indent, whose effect was enhanced by the endless shifting of light and shade, as the cloud and sunshine ran races over them. This secluded valley stretched away southward, as far almost as the eye could discover, terminating in an open sheet of water that rolled in