

Luckily at this moment, whilst the Indians were waiting for a reply, Mr. White, the father of the child, came in. The request was repeated to him, and he had sufficient presence of mind to grant it, instantly and cheerfully.

The mother was overwhelmed with surprise, and felt all the horror that can be conceived; but she was silent, for she knew it would be vain to resist. The little girl was fetched, and delivered to the Indians, who lived about ten or twelve miles off.

Shen-an-do-ah took the child by the hand, and led her away through the woods, having first said to her father, "To-morrow, when the sun is high in the heavens, we will bring her back."

Mrs. White had often heard that the Indians were treacherous, and she well knew they were cruel; she therefore looked upon her little daughter as lost, and considered that she was given as a kind of sacrifice to save the family.

Mr. White endeavoured to comfort her, for