

It was sweet to hear their pleasant voices chattering to each other, while the more hardy ones climbed the lofty walnut and butternut trees, and shook the loaded branches for those who gathered beneath. It was lovely to see their healthy and innocent faces, like fresh flowers amid those wilds so lately tenanted by the red Indian and the sable bear. Among this happy group were the little children of Mr. St. Maur—Antoine, a boy of eight years of age, with his sister Elise, four years younger. They were peculiarly dear to their father, because he had the sole charge of them; for their mother, who was a delicate woman, and exhausted by the sufferings to which their persecutions had exposed them, died during the voyage to America. She had long been pale and feeble, and their passage was tedious and tempestuous. Once, when a violent storm arose, she sat during the whole night with her infant in her arms, and little Antoine, sometimes sleeping and sometimes moaning, by her side. When the day began to dawn, she kissed the baby for the last time, and laid it in her husband's bosom. Poor Antoine remembered as long as he lived, that she clasped her cold hands upon his head, and said in a faint voice as if she prayed, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" and that in a few minutes she was laid down, motionless and dead.

It was no wonder that St. Maur should regard these motherless children, the companions of his exile, with great tenderness. When he gave them permission to join the nut-gatherers, he said to Antoine, "My son, watch over your sister every moment, and return with her before the sun sets." Delighted with their liberty, and with the healthful toil they were pursuing, Antoine and Elise could not help regretting when they saw the sun decline towards the west.—Yet obedient to their father's command, they took leave of their companions, and turned their steps homewards. They had not proceeded far from the forest, ere they were moved, at considerable distance,

profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape peeping out amid brown rocks and faded foliage. Having still room in their baskets, they hastened to load them with this new treasure, forgetful how widely they wandered from the path, and that the last rays of the sun were vanishing. But as they descended towards a little dell, two Indians rushed from the adjoining thicket, and each caught one of the children in his arms. Antoine struggled violently, and every feature was convulsed with anger. His little sister finding that resistance was vain, became quiet, and he, recollecting to have heard that the natives of this country were soothed by an appearance of confidence, endeavoured to imitate her. But his keen eye took note of every angle in the path, every brook that they forded, every hill that was ascended, determining if possible to effect an escape, and alternately to lead and carry his little sister, until they should reach their home.

He was grieved that night so soon came on, and prevented his observation of the country. The Indians travelled a long time ere they halted, and then kindled a fire in the forest, before they prepared for rest. They offered the children some of the food which they carried with them, but Antoine refused to partake. His heart swelled too high to permit him to think of hunger. Being a bold boy, he began to meditate the conquest of these savages, for he feared that their vigilance would prevent him from rescuing his sister, though he trusted that he might himself steal silently away while they slept.

"There are but two of them, thought he, and if there were twenty, I would save Elise. Henry the great would not have feared to undertake it, and I know his arm was not stronger than mine, when he was eight years old. What is a soldier good for who dare not encounter odds? And I hope to be a soldier like my valiant ancestors, of whom my dear father has told me."

The little girl took the parched corn that was offered her, and the Indian upon whose knee she sat, was pleased when he saw her eat the