

the labyrinth of trees, from which he could discover no outlet, and almost sinking through despair he climbed a tall pine, hoping from its summit to discern the ocean, and so learn how to direct his course.

But in this too, he was baffled—far as the eye could reach, a boundless sea of forests stretched around him—no gleam of water blessed his sight, no sound of murmuring waves came like music to his ear. He was lost! hopelessly lost! and with a feeling of utter desolation he descended from his airy position to the ground,—for the wild winds had now broken loose, and were rocking the stout tree to and fro with their might, as though it were a sapling.

At that moment was heard the report of a gun; it was fired by his companions, and spoke like the voice of an angel to his soul. He sprang forward in the direction from whence it came, but the thousand echoes of the wilderness caught up the unwonted sound, and repeated it in wild mockery, that left him in doubt which way to turn his steps. Still he pressed on, vainly—hopelessly—till, exhausted by his efforts, he sank upon the earth and lay prostrate and motionless, while the tempest raged around him with a fury that threatened to uproot the ancient forest from its foundation.

The storm lasted more than an hour, and when its violence at length abated, Frank once again renewed his efforts to penetrate the confines of the forest,—but again with as ill success as before. Then in sad submission to his fate, he knelt and resigned himself humbly to the will of his heavenly Father, yet not without an earnest supplication that if it were possible, the cup which was given him to drink might pass away untasted. The sky had now become clear, and the sun as he declined towards his setting, threw his golden beams obliquely through the trees, turning each watery drop that hung upon their leaves, into a precious gem, and rousing the hushed choristers to sing their evening vespers before they sought their leafy coverts for the night. The night! how dread were his forebodings of it in that trackless forest, filled as it was with wild animals whose cries he already heard, and which, perhaps, before the morning dawned, might make him their prey.

The shadows of coming twilight deepened fast around him, yet there he sat in moody silence brooding over his hapless destiny. But self-preservation is a powerful law, and as the night came on, and the shriek of the hyena mingled shrill and clear, with the deep howl of the wolf, he roused himself to guard as best he might against their dreaded attacks. Choosing his position below a rampart of rock, around which ran a living stream, he gathered a heap of dried wood, which

he ignited with a spark from the flint he carried in his pocket. The bright flame quickly caught the bituminous branches, and leaping up into the murky air, cheered for a moment the heart of the desolate wanderer with its ruddy glare.

Leaning back against the grey rock, he sat with folded arms, watching through the live-long night for the gleaming of the yellow dawn, when, so whispered Hope, that angel of human life, his renewed attempt to find the bay where he had landed, would be crowned with success. During those long and weary hours—ages they seemed to him, of gloom and anxiety,—strange sounds greeted his ears, while the flame of his watch fire revealed to his excited fancy hideous and grotesque shapes, gliding spectre-like among the thick trees of the forest.

By degrees, however, the thoughts and images that filled his mind became confused and vague, assuming the form of wild fantastic visions, such as haunt the soul of the troubled sleeper. Nature exhausted, yielded to the balm of repose, and just as the forest birds commenced their matin songs Frank sank into deep oblivion of the present and the past.

When he awoke it was with a start of terror, for the hot sun was shining in his face, and his dream was of the wild Indian and his fiery tortures. But these fantastic thoughts,

"The sound

Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed."

and after one brief instant he sprang with renovated life and vigour to his feet. A hasty glance, however, chilled his dawning hopes, and dispelled his fancied security, for right over against him, on the opposite side of the fire, which now lay a bed of smouldering embers, stood a gigantic Indian clad in the skin of a panther, with the tomahawk in his hand, the scalping knife hanging from his wampum belt, a bow and quiver of arrows suspended from his shoulder, and the plumage of an eagle adorning his stately head, denoting him to be the chief of some powerful tribe.

He advanced a step forward when Frank arose to his feet, and bent on him a glance of savage joy and defiance, which at once assured the youth he had nought of good to expect at the hands of the red man. For an instant the warm current of his blood ran like ice through his veins, but no coward drop mingled with its crimson tide, and forgetful that he stood alone and powerless on the soil of an unknown, and probably a numerous foe, he drew himself up to his full height, and laying his hand upon the hilt of the short sword, which, according to the custom of the period, he wore at his side, he