

"Give to your white brother, O Chief! the lives of these two."

The prayer was granted, and the Iroquois departed. Then, turning to the wretched pair whose lives he had saved, he said:

"Go, return whence you came, and may God, who has given me my revenge to-day, forgive and turn you from your sin! Go! I may not look upon you and live! The shadows are growing long, and the night cometh!"

Some time after, a party went in search of this strange man, but they found his hut in ashes; nor was there any trace of where he had gone, or what had become of him; and nothing was ever more heard of the solitary hunter.

PRAYER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung,
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the sand,
As kneels the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the strand,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth;
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the glistening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;