

his child; he prayed for her deliverer and for pardon for the hatred he had nurtured against the murderers of his children. During the prayer the Indian stood apart, his arms were folded and deep thought was marked on his brow; when it was finished, Mary's children knelt and received Kenneth's blessing ere they retired to rest; the Indian rushed forward, and bursting into tears, threw himself at the old man's feet; he bent his feathered head to the earth—the stern warrior wept like a child. Oh! who can trace the deep workings of the human heart? who can tell in what hidden fount the feelings have their spring? The forest chase—the bloody field—the war dance, all the pomp of savage life passed like a dream from the Indian's soul; a cloud seemed to roll its shadows from his memory; that evening's prayer and a father's blessing recalled a time faded from his recollection, yet living in the dreams of his soul. He thought of the period when he, a happy child, like those before him, had knelt and heard the same sweet words breathed o'er his bending head; he remembered having received a father's kiss, and a mother's smile gleamed like a star in his memory;—but the fleeting visions of childhood were fading again into darkness, when Kenneth arose and clasping the Indian wildly to his breast, exclaimed, "My son! my son! my long lost Charles!" The springs of the father's love gushed forth to meet his son, and the unseen sympathy of nature guided him to "The Lost One." 'Twas indeed Charles Gordon who his father held to his breast, but not as he lived in his father's fancy; he beheld him a painted savage, whose hand was yet stained with blood; but Kenneth's fondest prayer was granted, and he pressed him again to his bosom, exclaiming again "he is my son." A small gold cross hung suspended from the collar of Charles—Kenneth knew it well; it had belonged to Marion, who hung it round her son's neck ere her eyes were closed. She had sickened early of her captivity and died while her son was yet a child, but the relics she had left were prized by him as something holy. From his wampum belt he took a roll of the bark of the birch tree, on which something had been written with a pencil; the writing was effaced and the signature of Marion Gordon was alone visible. Kenneth pressed the writing to his lips, and again his bruised spirit mourned for his sainted Marion. Mary and Alice greeted their restored brother with warm affection; Kenneth lived but in the sight of his son. Charles rejoiced in their endearments, and all the joys of kindred were to him as

"New as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if known for years."
But soon a change came over the young warrior; his eye grew dim, his step was heavy, and his brow was sad, he sought for solitude, and he seemed like a bird pining for freedom. They thought he sighed for the liberty of his savage life, but alas! it was another cause; the better feelings of the human heart all lie dormant in the Indian character, and are but seldom called into action. Charles had been the "stern stoic of the woods," till he saw Alice; then the first warm rush of young affections bounded like a torrent through his veins, and he loved his sister with a passion so strong, so overwhelming, that it sapped the current of his life. The marriage of Alice had been delayed on Charles's return; it would again have been delayed on his account, but he himself urged it forward. Kenneth entered the church with Charles leaning on his arm—during the ceremony he stood apart from the others, when it was finished Alice went up to him and took his hand, it was cold as marble, he was dead, his spirit fled with the bridal benediction—Kenneth's heart bled afresh for his son, and as he laid his head in the earth, he felt that it would not be long 'till he followed him,—nor was he mistaken, for a few mornings after, he was found dead on the grave of "THE LOST ONE."



For The Amaranth.

STANZAS.

O God! how sad on this dim shore,
Our mortal lot would be,
If when our earthly dreams are o'er,
We could not look to Thee;
Didst Thou not in thy mercy hear
The fervent faithful prayer;
How dark on this unstable sphere,
Were hapless man's despair!

Yet how much sorrow would we miss—
What lasting joy secure—
If we would seek betimes the bliss,
That like its source is pure!
But on the world's vain toys intent,
Regardless of his God—
Man will not of his sins repent,
Until he feels the rod.

Queen's County, N. S.

J. McP.



As it is impossible to please men in all things,
our chief study should be to satisfy our own
consciences.—Chinese Proverb.