

hawk warrior lit up with a bright smile ; a low exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, and he stepped forward to a spot where, from a window, the light fell full upon his manly form, and said :

“ Blackgown !—Kiskepila !—Morning Flower !

The Jesuit clasped his hands, and looked towards heaven, for the memory of sad scenes came over his soul ; but in a moment the cloud passed, and joyously he stretched out his hands :

“ Welcome, Young Eagle ! Welcome, gentle maiden. Sad were the scenes in which we parted ; joyful is this hour in which you come back to me, like the fruit of my captivity.”

The Indian maiden wept as she took the hand of the priest, and she said : “ In spring-time and in summer, Morning-Flower has strewed fresh flowers over the grave of the young pale-face ; and she has prayed there that the God of the pale-