

"How long! O Lord! how long!"

Awe-stricken sat the simple Indian maiden, as she gazed upon that countenance effulgent with ineffable happiness, glowing with unearthly beauty. With parted lips and fixed eye, she gazed reverently—for woman, blessed as the instrument of the great blessing to man, catches intuitively the beam of heaven's light, and reflects it in her soul.

"Mary—!" exclaimed the Jesuit, and the broken aspiration was finished unheard.

"Mary!" repeated the Indian maiden, in her soft and musical accents. "Mary!" There was prayer in that whispered word—prayer of the soul—and it arose from the wild heart of the untutored Indian—from the soul of the ecstatic priest—"Mary!"

At that moment came, swelling from the prison-house of the captive Hurons, the sound of a Christian hymn. From deep stern voices came it, but the melody was sad and plaintive, and varied with the varying measure of the rude, unpolished verse.