

But out of deference to the man "not of their race," who had chosen his bride from their tribe, they contented themselves with making the church resemble as much as possible her native woods; and it was under a very bower of fragrant bloom and leafy branches that the final and eventful words were to be spoken which would irrevocably bind together the two until "death parted them."

The canoes of the Indians were lined along the shore, and they themselves were already beginning wedding festivities previous to the ceremony. But when Belle Marie stood at the altar, under the bower that loving hands had prepared—when she was joined by him who was so soon to link his life with hers, a low sobbing could be distinctly heard, which told how much her tribe would miss their darling.

But scarcely was the ceremony ended, and the two turned away from the altar, when with a cry that resounded far and near—a cry that pierced the hearts of all who heard it—and one that sent a thrill of terror to all; Marie threw herself before her husband, shielding him from view, but not before an arrow, surely sped with the aim that hatred and revenge could send it home, had found its resting place in her heart instead of his.

He caught her as she fell, clasped her close to him with a moan of agony, and in all a strong man's anguish, called her by every endearing name that love could bring to mind.

But she looked up at him with those eyes that had always contained such an unutterable love in their depths, and said slowly as the life-blood ebbed over altar-steps and floor—"I—saved—you. I saw—it—coming. My—own—love."

JESSIE HOGG.

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[The above story is founded on an Indian tale, the characters of which existed in the last century, when a French garrison held possession of Port La Joie (now Charlottetown.) The Indians at Rocky Point tell the story at the present day. The exact place on Warren Farm where the tragedy is said to have taken place is still pointed out.]