

home? Do your young hearts yearn after the hearth of your childhood?"

"After our fathers' home!" was Louis's emphatic reply. "After the home of our childhood!" was Catharine's earnest answer. Hector's lips echoed his sister's words, while a furtive troubled glance fell upon the orphan stranger; but her timid eye was raised to his young face with a trusting look, as if she would have said, "Thy home shall be my home, thy God my God."

"Well, I believe, if my old memory fails me not, I can strike the Indian trail that used to lead to the Cold Springs over the pine hills. It will not be difficult for an old trapper to find his way."

"For my part, I shall not leave this lovely spot without regret," said Hector. "It would be a glorious place for a settlement—all that one could desire—hill and valley, and plain, wood, and water. I will try and persuade my father to leave the Cold Springs, and come and settle hereabouts. It would be delightful—would it not, Catharine?—especially now we are friends with the Indians."

With their heads full of pleasant schemes for the future, our young folks laid them down that night to rest. In the morning they rose, packed up such portable articles as they could manage to carry, and with full hearts sat down to take their last meal in their home—in that home which had sheltered them so long—and then, with one accord, they knelt down upon its hearth, so soon to be left in loneliness, and breathed a prayer to Him who had preserved them