

place since Kenneth Gordon first settled on the banks of the lonely river—the white walls and graceful spire of a church now rose where the blue smoke of the solitary log house once curled through the forest trees, and the ashes of Kenneth's children and his father reposed within its sacred precincts. A large and populous village stood where the red deer roved on his trackless path. The white sails of the laden barque gleamed on the water, where'erst floated the stealthy canoe of the savage; and a pious throng offered their aspirations where the war whoop had rung on the air.

Alice was to spend the remaining days of her maiden life with a young friend, a few miles from her father's, and they were to return together on her bridal eve. William Douglas accompanied Alice on her walk to the house of her friend;—they parted within a few steps of the house: William returned home, and Alice, gay and gladsome as a bird, entered a piece of woods which led directly to the house. Scarcely had she entered, when she was seized by a strong arm: her mouth was gagged and something thrown over her head; she was then borne rapidly down the bank of the river and laid in a canoe. She heard no voices, and the swift motion of the canoe rendered her unconscious;—how long the journey lasted she knew not; at length she found herself—on recovering from partial insensibility—in a rude hut, with a frightful looking Indian squaw bathing her hands, while another held a blazing pine torch above her head. Their hideous faces, frightful as the imagery of a dream, scared Alice, and she fainted again.

The injuries which Kenneth Gordon had suffered from the savages, made him shudder at the name of Indian; and neither he nor his family ever held converse with those who traded in the village. Metea, a chief of the "Mennon Indians," in his frequent trading expeditions to the village, had often seen Alice, and became enamoured of the village beauty. He had long watched an opportunity of stealing her and bearing her away to his tribe, where he made no doubt of winning her love. When Alice recovered, the squaws left her, and Metea entered the hut; he commenced by telling her of the great honour done her in being allowed to share the hut of Metea, a brave, whose bow was always strung—whose tomahawk never missed its blow, and whose scalps were numerous as the stars in the pathway of ghosts, and he pointed to the grisly trophies, hung in the smoke of the cabin; he concluded by giving her furs and strings of beads, with which the squaws

decorated her, and the next morning the trembling girl was led from the hut and lifted into a circle formed of the warriors of the tribe. Here Metea stood forth and declared his deeds of bravery, and asked their consent for the "flower of the white nation" to be his bride; when he had finished, a young warrior—whose light and graceful limbs might well have been a sculptor's model—stood forward to speak.—He was dressed in the richest Indian costume, and his scalping knife and beaded mocassins glittered in the sunshine; his features bore an expression different from the others—neither malice nor cunning lurked in his full dark eye, but a calm and majestic melancholy reposed on his high and smooth brow and was diffused over his whole mien, and in the clear tones of his voice—"Brothers," said he to the warriors, "we have buried the hatchet with the white nation—it is very deep beneath the earth—shall we dig it because Metea scorns the women of his tribe? because he has stolen the flower of the white nation?—let her be restored to her people, lest her chiefs come to claim her, and Metea lives to disgrace the brave warriors of the woods;"—he sat down, and the circle rising said, "Our brother speaks well, but Metea is very brave." It was decided that Alice should remain.

Towards evening Metea entered the hut, and approaching Alice caught hold of her hand, the wildest passion gleamed in his glittering eyes, and Alice shrieking ran towards the door.—Metea caught her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom; again she shrieked, and a descending blow cleft Metea's skull in sunder and his blood fell on her neck. It was the young Indian who advised her liberation in the morning who dealt Metea's death-blow; taking Alice in his arms, he stepped lightly from the hut. It was a still and starless night, and the sleeping Indians saw them not;—unloosing a canoe he placed Alice in it, pushed softly from the shore. Before the next sunset Alice was in sight of her home—her father and friends knew nothing of what had transpired—they fancied her at her friend's house, and terror at her peril and joy at her return followed in the same breath. Mary threw a timid yet kind glance on the Indian warrior who had saved her darling Alice, and Kenneth pressed the hand of him who restored his child. In a few minutes William Douglas joined the happy group, and she repeated her escape on his bosom. That night Kenneth Gordon's prayer was longer and more fervent than usual. The father's thanks arose to the throne of grace for the safety of