

bride-chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run his way.

"His going out is from the end of heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof: and there is no one that can hide himself from his heat."

Ontara listened attentively to her artless translation of the sublime words of holy writ, and made her repeat it till he learned the verses by heart. Osseo caressed the serpent in his bosom, and said he would belong to the Christian prayer if it had more powerful charms than those of the Abnakis.

"When my arm has acquired its full strength," he exultingly declared, "and my fetish its full growth, my name will become as famous as that of the great Oneyda, or of the wise Hiawatha, the son of the West Wind."

A sign from her mother recalled Mina to the palace; Madame d'Auban was patiently listening to Madame Lenoir's account of the sad manner in which one of her gowns had been cut up to fit it for an Indian woman. If it had been an act of charity to fill her pitcher, it was a greater one still to let her talk of the dresses she had brought from Paris. It comforted her more than any thing else could have done, and she went back to her hard duties soothed, as she declared, by Madame d'Auban's sympathy in her trials.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER day elapsed, and another; and each time the sun set without any change taking place, or any rumour of help from without cheering the captives' ears, it became harder for them to struggle against despair.

"Mother," Mina said at last, as she threw her arms round Madame d'Auban's neck, "may I go and look for my father? Let me slip out of the hut at night when nobody will miss me, and go to the country of the Choktaws, on the other side of the river. I am sure he is there."

"Why do you think so, Mina?" eagerly asked her mother, whose head had been drooping on her breast in heavy despondency, whose eyes were strained with watching, and whose ears had grown dull by the continual effort to catch a sound that might indicate the approach of the French.

"My brother Ontara says so. He has seen a man who told him that a white chief was raising a war-cry amongst the Choktaws, and that they are taking up arms. He will row me across the river if I can get away when it is dark, because he promised to do whatever I asked him; and he says a child of the sun always keeps his promises. He will show me which way to take, and in what direction to go. He cannot smoke the calumet to the Choktaws, because they are enemies of the Natches; but I am sure that I shall find my father, and I will bring him back with me, mother."

"They watch us too closely, Mina. You know that our taskmistress sleeps with her back to the door of the hut, to prevent any chance of our getting away. I could not let you go alone, my child; but if this young Indian is indeed willing to favor our escape, I should be inclined to accept his aid."

"Ah! mother, they will not let us leave the

hut; but there is a space between the planks just behind our mat, which I have been enlarging with my fingers, and by lying quite flat on the ground I think I could creep out, if you would give me leave."

Madame d'Auban shuddered, and threw her arms round her child. "Mina!" she exclaimed with agitation, "promise me not to stir from my side. I forbid you to think of leaving me—not at present, at least. I must tell you, my child, that a great danger hangs over us. That poor foolish Madame Lenoir has been making a plot with the black slaves against our Indian masters. It cannot succeed, and if it is discovered we shall be probably all doomed to death. If the worst comes to the worst, I may bid you fly alone. I do not think they would kill you, but to leave you in their hands without me would be worse than death. Better that you should perish in the woods seeking your father than grow up amongst these savages. Mina, I may not have the opportunity of speaking to you again. One thing I have to say to you, which you must remember as long as you live. You are a Christian, and the child of European parents. You must never abandon your faith, and you must never marry an Indian."

Mina slipped off her mother's knees and stood before her, clasping her hands together.

"Then I shall never marry at all, mother, for I told Ontara that I could not be his wife, because you say that white girls must not marry their Indian brothers. But I also promised him that I would never marry a white man."

"That was foolish, my child," answered her mother. "You are too young to make such promises. They mean nothing."

"Mother, I am sure I shall keep that promise. I am sure it meant something."

Madame d'Auban felt annoyed at the little girl's earnestness, even though she tried to treat it as mere childishness. It was in keeping with the passionate affection she had always shown for the land of her birth and its native inhabitants.

"If I were to die, Mina, and you remained alone in this country, what would you do?"

"I would remember all you have taught me, mother, and I would try to be good."

"And if they tried to make you a heathen, like themselves?"

"They should kill me first."

There was at that moment in the child's face and manner so strong a resemblance to her father, that it took her poor mother by surprise. She bowed her head on her little daughter's bosom, as if seeking for support in that terrible hour from the brave heart in that child's breast.

Clasping each other in a mute embrace, they remained silent for an instant, and then Madame Lenoir came running towards them in wild affright.

"It is all over with us," she gasped out in an agonized whisper. "It was such a beautiful plot! and to think it should not have succeeded after all!" And she wrung her hands and lifted up her eyes, without attending to Madame d'Auban's anxious questions.

"Has it merely failed? or has it been discovered?" she tremblingly asked.

"Discovered! Yes, of course it has been