

dant crop. But that harvest is not to be gathered by the hands of the young planters; it was left to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field—to those humble reapers who sow not, neither do they gather into barns, for the heavenly Father feedeth them. While the two girls busied themselves in preparing a fine roast of venison, old Jacob stalked away over the hills to search for the boys, and it was not long before he returned with Hector and Louis.

I must not tell tales, or I might say what tears of joy were mingled with the rapturous greetings with which Louis embraced his beloved cousin; or I might tell that the bright flush that warmed the dusky cheek of the young Indian and the light that danced in her soft black eyes owed their origin to the kiss that was pressed on her red lips by her white brother. Nor will we say whose hand held hers so long in his, while Catharine related the noble sacrifice made for her sake, and the perils encountered by the devoted Indiana, whose eyes were moistened with tears as the horrors of that fearful trial were described; or who stole out alone over the hills, and sat him down in the hush and silence of the summer night to think of the acts of heroism displayed by that untaught Indian girl, and to dream a dream of youthful love: with these things, my young readers, we have nothing to do.

“And now, my children,” said old Jacob, looking round the little dwelling, “have you made up your minds to live and die here on the shores of this lake, or do you desire again to behold your fathers’