

about to take their boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river side where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropt his paddle and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him, that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacey's house, and dragged himself, and his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief among them stated, that some one of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacey, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm, and had well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners, as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this; and Naoman among the rest. Stacey was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks, in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring that she had a dream the night before which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian: "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe. I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless; a pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop," cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready." A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrodded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk.

But the sacrifice of Naoman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished—how it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called Murderer's Creek.

RELIGIOUS.

A MEDITATION ON THE WORKS OF NATURE.

O Father, Creator of the universe, and Preserver of every living creature; how great