

All but one, and, as he at last emerged from the ruins, Mr. McTavish confronted him, and, almost choking with passion, poured forth the torrent of suppressed anger he had restrained so long. In his stern code of ethics there was no allowance for the dreams and enthusiasms, or even the mistakes of youth, and from his point of view the case presented an aspect of blackest disloyalty and treachery, with disgrace and utter ruin awaiting the culprit. In vain Hugh attempted to defend himself, and explain the motives that had prompted his conduct. It was now beyond the power of Mr. McTavish to listen, and, in a few disjointed sentences, he at last ordered the young man from his sight, and bade him never set foot in The Hall again. Hugh's hot young blood rose in rebellion at this summary treatment, but with a supreme effort at self-control he resolutely closed his lips, and, drawing himself up, remained motionless and silent until Mr. McTavish finally strode away into the darkness. Then, with those last words of banishment ringing in his ears, he turned, and, springing down the rocky steps leading to the river, made his way along the shore to the level space beneath the poplars, where he paced hastily up and down, trying to realize, in its full extent, his altered position and the consequences involved.

The dreams of youth are vast, and to an ardent and enthusiastic nature, such as Hugh Gordon's, their realization seems a matter easy of accomplishment. As he wandered restlessly to and fro, it was no indecision as to his future course or thought of turning back that made him linger irresolutely and often pause and glance in the direction of The Hall. Only one month before, with the sanction and unqualified approval of his adopted father, he had been betrothed to Rose McTavish; and the thought that now he must leave her, perhaps forever, without a word of explanation or farewell, deepened his state of feverish agitation into despair, and at last he threw himself down on a moss-covered stone and buried his face in his hands. The moon had risen behind the dark forest-line of the American shore, and a path of silver radiance lay across the silent waters. The clear cold rays shone brilliantly and flooded the landscape with lines of light, causing the objects outlined upon the Canadian shore to stand out with startling distinctness, while by force of contrast the dark recesses of the woods and thickets in the background seemed to gather additional gloom.

As the moon rose higher, a bright ray penetrated the darkness surrounding a cluster of young pines, a few feet from where Hugh was sitting, and fell full on the upturned face and crouching figure of a young girl, hitherto concealed within their shadowy depths. Her dusky face and dense black hair, as well as the loose blanket worn picturesquely over the slight shoulders, proclaimed at once her nationality, and the soft, dark Indian eyes, large and emotionless, were intently fixed with a look of dog-like fidelity and affection on the bowed figure seated close by. When her hiding-place was fully illumined, the girl suddenly stood erect, and adjusting a red cap, which she wore in lieu of the corner of the blanket according to orthodox Indian custom, with light elastic steps she crossed the intervening space, and gently touched Hugh's arm. He started up, and at sight of her exclaimed: "Winona! What brings you here at this hour?"

"I come from the cave in the high rocks," she answered in a low musical voice. "To-morrow," and she waved her hand towards a few tents that shone white in the moonlight on the beach of an adjoining promontory, "to-morrow we leave for the next camping ground down the river. I was bidding good-bye to everything," she continued, holding out a few late blue-bells and lichen, "I gathered these just outside the cave a little while ago." She smiled, showing teeth of dazzling whiteness and regularity, and raised her eyes to his face for the first time. As she saw its look of haggard paleness, her own changed as if a shadow had fallen across it, and suddenly dropping the flowers she fell on her knees, and exclaimed in an altered voice: "Oh, Master Hugh, don't be angry. I was up by the old cottage and heard it all. Listen to me, though I am only a poor Indian girl, and go back, and make peace with your father now, before it is too late; if only for Miss Rose's sake," she urged, as his face became set and hard.

"It is impossible," he answered, decidedly. "My word is pledged, and whoever knew a Gordon to break his faith? I did not expect this from you, Winona," he continued, looking steadily at her, "Surely 'Foam of the Sea' and the rest of your tribe are in sympathy with us?"

The girl hesitated and glanced uneasily around, as she answered in still lower tones: "I hear them talk round the camp-fire at nights. They say this war can come to no good, and when it comes to fighting they will not fight. Your father has always been good to our tribe, from long ago when we lived near the Fort. They are afraid of displeasing him. The chief is prudent and says, 'draw back while there is time,' and Saco says so too."

"Saco," echoed the young man scornfully, "they are a set of cowards, all of them, and it is well for us they draw back. Our leaders want only brave, resolute men, who will follow them through every danger and hardship, and face death itself for the cause they have at heart. But Saco is your lover," he added bitterly, "I forgot that, and I suppose you quite approve of his sentiments of prudence."

"I care nothing for him. You know that," she rejoined quickly. "Though it is not the custom among us for maidens to choose their lot in life, I would never have been betrothed to him, even to please the chief, had I not known I should have no life to spend with him. Other-

wise a few of these leaves"—she drew a handful of some dark, strange smelling herb from beneath her blanket, and paused significantly, then added slowly—"Otherwise one of these would have made me sleep too soundly some night ever to wake again."

"What do you mean, Winona?" exclaimed Hugh, feeling a strange sense of foreboding as he looked at the slight, graceful figure, and struck by an undertone of hidden passion in the girl's voice entirely new to him.

She leant against the boulder where Hugh had been sitting, and fixed her dark eyes on the swiftly flowing water that rippled and shone in the moonlight like molten silver. "I have always known it, I think," she began in low, strange tones, "from the time I was a little child, and we played together at the old Fort, where your father was commander for so long. What happy days they were, and how good you and Miss Rose and all at the post were to me. And how dark it was after you left, until we wandered here too, and your father gave us leave to camp on his land for part of every year. Since then what have you and Miss Rose not been to me? Look," she continued with deeper earnestness, pointing to the broad moonlit path across the water, and, according to a characteristic habit of her kind, making use of a familiar object in nature to illustrate her meaning, "do you see that? Well, the spot of brightness is when I have been with you, and the dark waste of waters around it is like all the rest my life besides. Not that I do not care for my people," she added quickly, "and I love the wild, free life, but I see now how much better they might be if they only had the chance, and I can do nothing to help them but bear my share of the poverty and misery."

"If only your Government would give us enough of the land, that once was all ours, to live decently in, make wise laws for us, treat us fairly, and teach us—as you have me." She stopped abruptly, glancing half timidly in his face, and signed as she realized how different was the reality from the picture her last words sketched.

"It would be only fair and right, and some day some Government will do it, I believe," said Hugh earnestly, in response to her appealing look. "But tell me, Winona," he resumed, "what you meant by saying you would have no life to live with Saco, and what is it you have always known since we were children together?"

"That my life would be a short one," she answered in calm, even tones, looking resolutely away from him, and sending her glance far across to the distant horizon. "Nature tells many secrets to those who are as familiar with her as our wandering life makes us, and the winds and the waves whispered that to me long ago. I cannot remember any time when I did not know it, and lately I have had warnings; there have been many signs to tell me the few threads binding me here will soon be broken. I have no wish for it to be otherwise, not now," she continued, something in her face silencing his exclamation of remonstrance. "I have only one wish left, and that is that I may do something to serve those who have been my best friends, and whom I love most on earth, before I go." Her eyes glowed with a strange unearthly fire, and her bosom rose and fell with the intensity of her emotion.

"Poor Winona," said Hugh, laying his hand compassionately on her shoulder. At his touch she trembled, and, drawing slightly away, drew her blanket closer, murmuring that it was cold. Not observing her agitation, and purposely taking no notice of her morbid presentiments, he drew out his pocket-book, and tearing off a leaf hastily wrote a few words, and, folding it, said: "I am going to ask you to do two things for me now, Winona. This is my good-bye to Miss Rose. You will give it to her to-morrow yourself, some time before the camp breaks up. And now bring your canoe and paddle me across to the American shore. You will be doing for me what no one else can do, and you see I trust you fully."

A glow of pleasure lighted up her face at his words and as she placed the note in a fold of her blanket, she rested her dark, affectionate eyes for a moment on his face, and said softly: "I will be faithful." Then, without waiting for a second bidding, she turned, and with fleet steps sped along the shore in the direction of the promontory.

Countenanced by a small section of the American border population, secret societies along the frontier of Upper and Lower Canada had been formed, and a combined system of insurrection organized. With one of these associations Hugh now resolved to connect himself, expecting to find its members animated with the same lofty and disinterested motives that governed his own conduct, and prepared to devote himself henceforth, heart and soul, to the cause of the "Patriots." As he stepped from the canoe to the forest-lined shore a little below the village of Morristown, the dawn of a new day was breaking in the east, and at the sight he felt fresh hope and courage rising in his heart.

"See, Winona," he cried, "Is not that a good omen for the future?"

She made no answer, but pointed silently behind her, where in the south dark masses of angry looking clouds loomed up heavy and threatening on the horizon. Then, waving her red cap in farewell, paddled swiftly out into the stream, without once looking back.

The late Indian Summer, with its soft haze and mellowed brightness passed into a memory. The foliage of the maples and beeches in the forest on either shore glowed with every tint of radiant colour and beauty, for that brief season, which transforms the Canadian landscape into a dream of enchanting loveliness. The end of October came,

and November, with its heavy frosts and dark days, set tled down upon the land.

For the first time since coming to The Hall, both its master and his daughter saw their favourite season pass with unseeing eyes and with hearts too heavy and absorbed to take note of outward change. Upon hearing the brief explanation Mr. McTavish had given of Hugh's disappearance, Rose had taken her lover's part with such spirit that her father, already beginning secretly to relent, had peremptorily forbidden her to mention his name. After the brief but precious farewell conveyed to her by Winona, Rose had heard nothing more, and, during the days and weeks of silent suspense that followed, both father and daughter were alike consumed with secret dread and anxiety.

The tide of the rebellion rose and fell, and rumour carried many a sad tale of fighting and bloodshed in different parts of the border. But news in those days travelled slowly, and at The Hall the sound of guns fell upon startled ears, when, on the morning of the 12th of November, the first shot was fired in defence of Fort Wellington at Prescott, where the final "Patriot" invasion of Canada took place. Every reader of Canadian history knows the sequel, indeed the Battle of the Windmill is yet fresh in the minds of some still living, who took part in repelling the invaders. It is enough to say that the attack ended most disastrously for the "Patriots," who fought desperately, entrenched in the Windmill, a building of great strength below the town, and beyond the range of the guns of the Fort. Here they maintained their defensive position for some days, but failing to be re-inforced, as they had expected, succumbed at the end of that time before the united force of our gallant militia, who, at the first note of warning, had come pouring in from the neighbouring counties to aid in the defence of their country. Of the large number of prisoners taken, a few managed to effect their escape, and, eluding the vigilant search and watch maintained along the shore for some days after the battle, succeeded in gaining the American side in safety.

At the beginning of the attack the tents of the Indians had once more appeared in their accustomed camping place on the beach, they, no doubt, feeling more secure when under the immediate protection of so influential a patron. And it was Winona who daily, and sometimes hourly, carried to The Hall every report and flying rumour brought to the camp by members of her tribe during the progress of the fight.

Possessing a large stock of undaunted courage and hopefulness, and summoning to her aid all her woman's fortitude and resolution now that a crisis in her lover's fate had arrived, Rose McTavish bore up bravely, though her pale cheeks and heavy eyes testified to many a sleepless night, and watchful vigil. Anxiety for her father in a measure distracted her thoughts. Foreseeing the inevitable result of the rash and ill-organized attempt at invasion, and haunted with a secret conviction that his own harshness had driven Hugh to extremity, when gentler counsels might have prevailed, Mr. McTavish at last became seriously ill, and during the battle of the Windmill lay unconscious in his darkened room, with Rose in close attendance, and only leaving him for the few minutes necessary to receive Winona's news. When the result of the conflict became known, and the surrounding country was under strict surveillance to prevent the escape of any to the opposite frontier, Winona's visits became less frequent, and at length, to Rose's great uneasiness, suddenly ceased.

When nearly a week had passed without her appearance, unable to stand the suspense any longer, one afternoon Rose left her father in charge of a servant, and hastily wrapping a shawl around her head and shoulders hurried through the grounds, intending to make her way along the shore to the Indian camp. As she reached the poplars the keel of a canoe grated on the rock beach below, and looking down she saw Winona springing up the bank to meet her. Something in her face made Rose's heart suddenly stand still, and when she reached her side her trembling lips could hardly pronounce her lover's name.

"He is safe and well," said the Indian girl at once, in a low, cautious voice.

"Where?" exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands. The other bent close to her, and breathed rather than spoke a few words in her ear.

"The cave in the High Rocks," ejaculated Rose. "How came you to think of it?"

"Hush," said Winona, glancing hastily round, and speaking in still lower tones, "there is no place else where he would have been safe one moment. Oh, Miss Rose, if you could have seen him, as I found him that night coming from The Hall, wandering among the rocks, wounded in want of food, and in danger of being discovered every instant."

She paused, then fixing her deep, eloquent eyes on Rose's face, told in a few brief words of Hugh's state of utter despair, and how only the thought of the future misery he would inflict on the inmates of The Hall had prevented him from at once giving himself up. It was the same consideration that finally induced him to consent to Winona's plans for his safety. Familiar with every inch of the shore for miles around, she led him by a circuitous path through the woods, and, after several narrow escapes from meeting the bands of militia patrolling the country, succeeded at length in reaching the cave in safety. Here, at the greatest risk of detection, she managed, at different times, to convey food and blankets, often having to wait for hours a chance to reach the cave unobserved. The roving, independent life led by her tribe, her late frequent