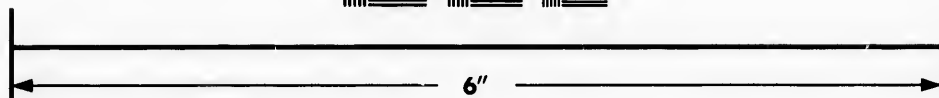
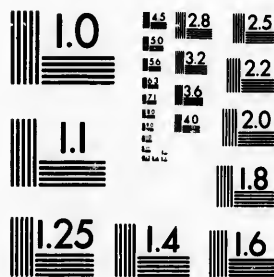


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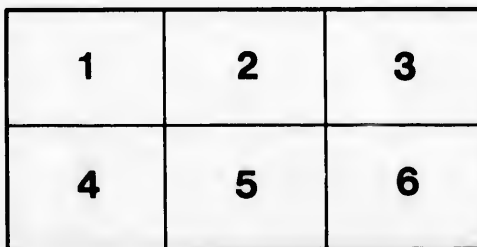
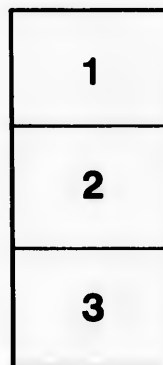
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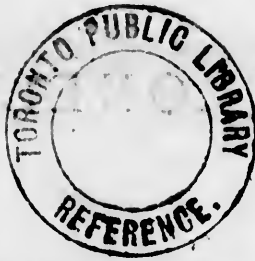
THE LONELY DOVE
OF
THE HURONS.



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THE LONELY DOVE

OF

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I.

HOME IN THE NEW SETTLEMENT.

SOME years ago there lived in Kingston, Upper Canada, an old lady, whose father had been one of the earliest settlers in the western part of that province. She was a woman of good sense and sincere piety, and being blessed with the retention of her faculties in complete

preservation to the close of her long life, her conversation was both edifying and entertaining to the wiser part of the young generation round her. The changes of times and ways in that new world of the west, within the memory of its aged inhabitants, are greater than could be well imagined in our old Europe. She had seen hunters go out in pursuit of the elk and the bear, to districts now covered with farm fields and orchards, and the giant trees of a primeval forest growing where busy towns and thriving villages now stand, full of the life and labours of civilized man. The old lady's memory was strong and clear, and could take a backward journey of seventy years. She had come to the time of remembering

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as people do when they sit down in the late and quiet evening of life.

It was pleasant to her to relate the experiences, and return to the scenes of her youth, which time had so altered and effaced. Many a tale of those old adventurous days, when the first hardy settlers cleft their way westward through the ancient pine forests, did her young Kingston friends gather round to hear; but more especially she took pleasure in recounting to them the wonderful works of Him in whom her trust was placed—how His providence had preserved those that were ready to perish, and made the light of Christian faith and hope to shine on the dark places of the land. One most striking, though simple, illustration of

this providential care she was accustomed to tell in the following manner:—

It is now sixty years since I was a young girl in my father's house on the banks of St. Clair's river, as they call that part of the great St. Lawrence which flows from Lake Huron to Lake St. Clair. The district is all farms and villages now, with law-courts and market-places, schools and churches; but at the time of which I speak it was one wide forest, without highway or hamlet, but with solitary clearings few and far apart, with rudely-fenced and half-reclaimed fields surrounding the low log-houses of the earliest settlers, who lived partly by farming and partly by hunting.

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My father was one of them, though neither farmer nor hunter by calling and education, but a minister of the Church of Scotland. While yet young and unsettled in kirk or manse, he had cast in his lot with a company of adventurous emigrants—old friends and neighbours going from his native highland parish, to cultivate farms for themselves in the forest-land of Upper Canada, which the government was giving in freehold at a nominal value, by way of encouraging emigration to the province, which its armies had kept with such difficulty in the American war, then just come to a close.

The settlement of St. Clair's river began with a great promise of increase and prosperity,—trade, was to

come, and capital to flow into it; but those brilliant expectations were not to be realised in the lifetime of its first inhabitants. The trade did not come, the capital did not flow; the report of the wild land and its stern winters stopped and turned away the stream of emigration for many a year. The hardy highlandmen built their homes, nevertheless, cleared away the forest-trees around them, cultivated such crops as the forest-soil would yield, reared sheep and cattle as hardy as themselves, and increased their winter stock of provisions by hunting the bear, the elk, and the bison.

Most of the settlers had brought young families with them; sons and daughters grew up in the wild; the

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old neighbours formed new relationships by their weddings. My father got related in that way to an old friend of his family, whose eldest daughter he married, and she was my good mother. His small congregation one and all assisted in building for him the largest log-house in the whole community. One end of it was fitted up as a plain and primitive Presbyterian church, the other was his manse, or dwelling; and the fabric stood on the highest point of a gentle slope, which his own hands had cleared, in the form of a semicircle, open to the river and the south, and on all other sides shut in by some of the tallest trees of the mighty forest.

My father was one of the highland

Frazers, and they called the place, in his honour, Frazer's Clearing, by which name it is still known, though now a populous and thriving township. Few have left behind them in this world a fairer name than his; for he was a true Christian and a faithful minister. His church in the wilderness was blessed with the spirit of devotion and of concord, not always to be found in larger communities. He and they had known each other from childhood; their memories went back to the same far highland hills and homesteads; the trials and hardships of life in the trackless woods had bound them to each other. My father regarded his flock as his larger household; and, next to the Preserver of men, the highland

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settlers looked up to, and confided in, their minister.

My mother was of one mind with him in all things, a true and loving helpmate. They had five children, of whom I was the eldest; and both were as kindly careful and considerate parents as children ever had. An old but sturdy couple, who had left their native highlands out of pure attachment to my father, lived with them as servants, or rather as helpful and trusty friends; and while I was yet very young, my mother's parents, finding themselves too far advanced in years for farming, left their land to a married son, and came to live with them too.

So our family was large, but there

was plenty of room in the log-house, and plenty of bread for all. My father's land was considered the best in the forest. He tilled his fields and gathered in his harvests with our good man Robin Ross, and some help from the men of the settlement; saying that since the Apostle Paul became a tent-maker, and Peter and John were fishermen, a minister of the Scotch kirk might well follow husbandry, and thereby the better understand the meaning of the parables concerning the sower that went forth to sow, and the tares that grew among the wheat.

From the oldest to the youngest in our house, every hand found employment. Far from markets and shops as we were, almost everything had to

log-house, be made at home: the clothes we wore, all. My the candles we burned, the sugar from l the best the maple-tree, and the salt from the fields and forest spring: All the Canadian summer our good mer we were busy, in the shade or in help from the sun; all the rigorous winter we saying that were equally busy within fast-closed ne a tent- doors, and by the blazing hearth, for ere fisher- stoves were not yet introduced into otch kirk the St. Clair settlement; and every and there- Sunday, summer and winter, found my meaning father's flock and family assembled in he sower the small church which formed one the tares end of his dwelling, to sing the Scot- angest in tish psalms which the men of the employ- Covenant had sung on field and scaf- d shops fold, and hear the gospel preached had to as it had been from Reformation times in the distant lands of their fathers.

You may think it was an out-of-the-world place, and a dull life; but my happiest years were spent in that forest home. I see it still in my dreams, as it looked in the bright spring days, when the frosts and storms of winter were fairly gone, and leaf and blossom, bird and bee, were coming forth to the brilliant sunshine, and the soft, sweet breeze—the long, low house, covered with flowering creepers; the garden, where, among many more useful plants, my mother cultivated the blue-bells of Scotland, and my father a patch of heather; the green fields lying round, and the carefully fenced one through which a path led to the church door, with two or three grassy mounds and rudely-sculptured

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head-stones on either side, showing, as my father said, where the emigrants had laid down their sleepers.

It is all changed long ago, and a large school has been built over a spot especially dear to my recollection. It was a mossy bank at the foot of a great old oak, which my father had spared in his clearing time, on account of its size and beauty, where our largest meadow almost met the forest, —a place of wild flowers and birds only to be seen in the American woods, —of softened shade and floating fragrance, where we saw the first tokens of spring and the latest lingerings of summer.

It was a favourite haunt with me, my younger sister, and our three little

brothers. All the genial season of the year our playtime was spent there. There we sat to learn our lessons for my father's home-school, which he kept every week-day evening, and our catechism for the one he kept on Sunday. There, too, we used to sit when I, the oldest, and best reader, was trusted with one of the few books in my father's very small library which came within the understanding of the young,—the "Scotch Worthies," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Some Account of Remarkable Providences," and, chief of all, our family Bible; to read to my little brothers as they sat round me on that mossy bank, when the old people were absent, or did not want us at home.

We were sitting there one Sunday evening in early spring-time; the day had been bright and warm; it was a pleasure for us to be out in the open fields after the long shutting up winter. Our father and mother had gone to see a family on whom the affliction of sickness — a rare one in the forest land — had fallen; the old people were within doors at their own books or talk, and I was reading to my brothers the story of Moses in the ark of bulrushes, when Colin, the youngest, who was remarkably keen of ear and eye, whispered to me, "Look behind you, Jessie."

I turned my head as he spoke, and saw within a few steps of us, leaning against the old oak, and seemingly as fixed and silent as itself, a girl about

my own age, which was then thirteen. She appeared to be taller and much more slender than I was; her complexion was brown, or rather a light bronze colour; her face looked strange to us, like one of a foreign race, yet it was singularly handsome. Her eyes were not wild; but their glance was swift and shy, like that of the forest-bird. Her long black hair was bound with a wreath or fillet of bright-coloured feathers. She wore buskins of a shape we had never seen, ornamented with beads and buttons, a short skirt of scarlet cloth, and a mantle of velvet-like fur, the skin of the American fawn; and round her neck a large necklace, composed of bright shells, brilliant stones, and gold and silver coins.

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We looked at her in silent astonishment for a minute or two. She looked at us as if not sure of our intentions towards her, and then said, slowly, "Indian daughter want to hear what the book say to you."

The tone was strange to our ears, but the words were plain enough. Our unexpected visitor was an Indian girl. We had never seen one of her race before; but many a tale regarding them we had heard from our elders. Years before the St. Clair settlement was formed the native tribes who then occupied the forest-land on both sides of the river had taken part in the American war, and fought out their own ancient feuds under cover of English and American interests.

A tribe of Hurons had held as part of their hunting-ground the district in which our settlement was planted, and made fierce war for the United States, by way of avenging themselves on their old enemies, the Iroquois, who had taken part with the British. Both parties committed fearful deeds; but when peace came at last between England and America, this Huron tribe were included in the treaty. Their territory on St. Clair's river was purchased from them in the usual way, with rifles and blankets, and they retired, first to the United States side of it, and then far west, to be out of the reach of white men and their laws, some of the tribe having good reason for avoiding both.

Well, we had heard of the Indians, and not so as to make us wish for their company; but the young girl, besides being alone, looked so modest and gentle, that though we wondered at her appearance, it did not frighten us.

"Come and sit down here," I said, making room for her on the bank beside myself, "and you will hear what the book says."

She looked at all our faces for another minute, as if to be certain that we were honestly friendly, and then came with a step as light and free as a forest fawn, and took her seat by my side. I suppose it was done in a simple and childish way, but I explained to the Indian girl as well as I could.

at the time what book we were reading, and began the story of Moses again, that she might hear it all.

While I read, her face and figure remained without motion, in that state of fixed attention peculiar to the red race; yet when I had finished, it was evident she understood the tale better than she could express in English, for her words were few and broken. But we gathered from them that she knew it was "the white man's great book" we were reading; that she had heard of it from the elders of her tribe, who had once met with a missionary in their wanderings; from the fur traders who often visited her people; and in the frontier towns and villages of the United States, to which her father had

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taken her with him when he went to buy gunpowder and knives, and where she learned so much of the white man's tongue. We also gathered that her father was the chief of his tribe, and she was his only daughter; that she had six elder brothers, but her mother was dead; and her own name was Lanoma, which, as we afterwards learned, signified in the language of her people "the Lonely Dove."






II.

THE HURON CHIEF AND HIS DAUGHTER.

WHILE we were yet talking with the Indian girl, our father and mother came home. They were greatly astonished to see her with us, and came at once to inquire how and whence she came: but the only answer they could get was a motion of her hand in the direction of the river, and the words, "from far side." My good mother invited her into the house to take supper with us; but she shook

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her head, with "Indian daughter go home, for night come."

"I will go with the child," said my father, "and see her safe to her people. It is getting dark in the forest already."

"Let us go with you," said we five in a breath. The woods were no terror to us, especially with our father, and we were curious to see the Indian girl's home.

"Come along," he said; and along we went in a body, Lanoma walking on before so rapidly, that my father himself could scarcely keep up with her, and we were all left behind. She took a track which seemed to lead into the thickest of the forest, and my father stopped her to inquire how she could reach the river that way; when out of

the dense underwood stepped six tall red Indians, with robes of buffalo skin, hair stiffened with gum, and stuck full of eagles' feathers, and every one armed with a rifle, a hatchet, and a long sharp knife.

My father, brave though he was as any man of highland blood, stepped back at the sight, while we cowered behind him; but Lanoma ran to the Indians, as if glad to see them; and when she had spoken with them for a few minutes, they all made us a sort of bow, and went away through the forest, while we went back to our house, knowing that the girl would now get safe home, but somewhat troubled at seeing armed Indians within the bounds of the settlement.

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Next morning, when we were sitting at breakfast, with doors and windows open to let in the breath of the sweet spring day, an old Indian stepped in before we were aware of his coming, and laid down, almost at my father's feet, a basket woven of porcupines' quills and fine osiers dyed of different colours, lined with bark, and filled with valuable furs. Then he stood up and made a speech in very good English, though it was spoken in the Indian manner.

I do not remember his words, but their purport was that the basket of furs was a present, in token of peace, from the chief of the Huron tribe, whose name signified the Great Bear among the red men, on account of

the camps he had surprised and the villages he had laid waste, when out on the war-path for George Washington; that having grown old, and wishing to see the hunting-ground of his fathers once more, the chief had returned with all his Hurons from the lands of the setting sun, and was now encamped some miles up the river on the American side; but that he intended to keep peace and friendship with the St. Clair's settlement, provided its people kept the same with him and his; and he had sent the present to my father particularly, because he and his children had behaved kindly to the chief's only daughter, who was, as the Indian expressed it, her father's heart.

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Next he took occasion to warn the whole settlement, through his hearers, what a terrible enemy the chief would be to all who offended him or showed despite to his child; how he had six sons, all renowned in his wars with the western tribes for taking scalps and the like, and known by such Indian titles of honour as the Ravening Wolf and the Rending Vulture; that the number of his warriors was like that of the forest trees, and he had made such sacrifices to the spirit of evil, that no misfortune could happen to him.

My father replied by thanking the chief for his presents, assuring the messenger that he neither expected nor deserved anything of the kind; that the chief's daughter or any of the

Hurons were free to come and go by his house and lands; and that being himself a servant of the Christian's God, and a teacher of peace, he would do all in his power to preserve friendship and good-will between the settlers and the tribe. After that the Indian pulled out and lighted his pipe of peace, which my father smoked, by way of ratifying the treaty—a custom indispensable in all Indian alliances, and one by which the use of tobacco was first made known to the men of the old world.

My mother made him accept of a good breakfast, and both she and my father would have sent a return of presents to the Huron chief; but he solemnly assured them that the Great

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Bear was far above receiving anything from people who tilled the ground; and after condescending in a manner to take a bright red handkerchief and a good hunting-knife for himself, he said, "Let no enemy come near this house," and set off over the fields and through the forest with the speed of a roe.

As soon as the Indian was gone, my father set out on a circuit of the settlement. From clearing to clearing, from house to house he went, apprising the inhabitants of what new and not very desirable neighbours they had got, and counselling them, for the sake of their safety, and still more for the sake of the gospel of peace which they professed, to give no cause of offence to

the fierce tribe, who still regarded the St. Clair territory as the hunting-ground of their fathers. The settlers as usual took their minister's advice: it was the most prudent as well as the most Christian course, and they found no difficulty in following it.

The Huron chief kept his promise; neither he nor his people trespassed on the lands of the white men; and the latter, having a natural distrust and dread of the tribe whose former doings were but too well remembered in the province, kept so safe a distance from their track by wood and river, that the hunting and fishing parties on either side never came in contact.

Ours was the nearest house to the Indian camp. From a rising ground

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in the forest, but a little way from my father's meadow and that favourite bank of ours, we could see the smoke of its fires rising out of a sort of natural clearing open to the river, at a spot where it could be easily crossed by the fearless forest race: for great boulder stones and trunks of submerged trees stood in a line from bank to bank.

The Indians often crossed in pursuit of game, but none of them ever came near our clearing except the chief's daughter. Day after day we found her waiting for us in the shade of the old oak, or looking out for our approach from the nearest of the forest thickets. Shy and gentle in mind and in manner, the Lonely Dove of the Hurons seemed to find no companions

among the young of her own wild people, and therefore sought association with the children of a more refined, though foreign race. She would join our sports, if invited, she would help us to gather forest flowers and plants for our garden, and she would sit quietly listening while we learned our lessons or read our books on the mossy bank. By-and-by she got well enough acquainted to come into our house. All the elders there were kind and considerate to the motherless Indian girl. Our father and mother, our grandfather and grandmother, our man Robin Ross and his good wife Janet—all made her welcome to our homestead and our company, showed her the ways of civilized life, and helped

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to teach her the English tongue, which they spoke well, though come from a highland parish.

Lanoma did not learn rapidly. I think she was more sound of understanding than quick of comprehension. Like all the red race, she was grave and quiet to a remarkable degree for one so young, and learned to think sooner than she learned to speak. Her first appearance among us had been while we read the Bible in the shadow of the old oak; her first words had been that she wanted to hear what the Book said to us; and as her knowledge of our language and life increased, that simple but earnest wish was more plainly spoken.

She asked us if it were true that

the white man's Book could tell the surest way to the happy hunting-ground, which her father and the wise men of the tribe, whose heads were grey, spoke of at times beside their council-fire. Her mother had gone there long ago; but the way she went must have been hard and long, for they kept fires burning nine nights beside her grave to give her light on the journey. This talk showed even to us children the gross darkness that covered her people, and we tried to teach the Indian girl what we had learned from the blessed volume,— which she emphatically called the white man's Book, — of the Way, the Truth, and the Life. We spoke to her of the love of Jesus, who came to

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seek and to save those that were lost— who lived, and laboured, and died on the cross, that through faith in His precious blood our sins might be forgiven. We told her of the grace of the Holy Spirit, which could renew and sanctify the human heart.

The elders of the family took a still deeper interest in Lanoma's instruction. Her gentle, quiet, thoughtful ways had won their hearts; and from the fires which superstition had lighted beside her mother's grave, they tried to lead her mind to the true light and only guide to that promised land, of which the darkened nations in all times have so dimly dreamt.

My father in particular took every opportunity to teach our young and

interesting visitor the truths of revealed religion. She had, in common with all the natives of the American forests, a sort of natural faith in the Great Spirit, by whom all good things were given, and a slavish dread of the evil power, to whom homage must be paid and sacrifices offered, to ward off his malice; but of the Christian's Saviour and the Christian's hope Lanoma knew nothing. To that hope and to that Saviour my father endeavoured to direct the Indian chief's daughter. He said it was his commission to preach the gospel to every creature; and here was the child of a heathen tribe sent, he doubted not, by a special providence, to his house and home in the wilderness, may be to carry back

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the light of Christian faith to the utmost bound of her people's wanderings.

Missionary enterprise was not so active and extensive in those days as it is now; and partly owing to their roving so far from the dwellings of civilized men, partly to their known ferocity and readiness to take offence, the Hurons had never been visited by any preacher of the gospel. But my father's hopes of sending them the knowledge of salvation through the girl that had taken so kindly to his family seemed to have little prospect of fulfilment. Lanoma listened, after the manner of her race, patiently and gravely to all that was told her; but, between her imperfect knowledge of English, her Indian mode of thinking,

and his inability to express anything in the Indian tongue, it seemed scarcely possible that the truths he taught could reach the girl's understanding.

Yet I believe that the power and promise of the gospel found their way to her heart at length through a simple story. Among the graves in the little churchyard lying in the midst of our fields there was one planted with flowers, and marked by a rustic headstone, on which my grandfather's own hand had cut the name and age of his youngest daughter, my mother's only sister, who had been called from this world in her fifteenth year. Her death had happened long before I was born. It was the first in the settlement, and hers was the first

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Christian burial, as far as we knew, ever made in that forest soil.

The girl had been beautiful, her parents and friends had set their affections on her beyond the common; but her own were set on things above. And well for her that it was so. Though none had a fairer prospect of long life and good health, to human eyes, suddenly in the leaf-fall of the year she was seized by that form of rapid consumption which some think is breathed out of the Canadian woods at that season, and died almost before her family could believe that she was going from them, but died in the blessedness of those that die in the Lord. Her brief but blameless life, her happy death, and the sore sorrow with which that

first and fairest of the emigrant company was laid in the alien earth, were still remembered and talked of in the settlement. To my mother and her parents the remembrance was always green. Time had mellowed their grief, and faith had taught them to look for a joyful meeting with her, — not lost, but early gone before them; and it was one of their quiet pleasures to train and trim the flowers upon her grave, and clear away the moss that might obscure and cover the inscription on her head-stone.

Lanoma observed this loving care of theirs, and in her broken English asked why they took such pains about the flowers and the stone, and who was laid below. Her question was ad-

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dressed to my grandmother, with whom she had become an especial favourite. Maybe there was something about the Indian girl which, in spite of the difference of race and manners, reminded her of the daughter so sorely missed and mourned. At any rate, my grandmother particularly liked Lanoma; and taking the opportunity to teach her something of the Christian doctrine concerning death and the life to come, she made the girl sit down by her on the grass in the soft decline of the summer day, and told her slowly and simply, as calm and thoughtful age can speak to the untaught young, the story of her own long-departed daughter; how beautiful she had been, how much beloved, how wise for her years, how

good for all time, how active and vigorous she had seemed among her people; yet sickness and death came upon her. But the young girl did not fear to die, because her trust was in the Lord, who had died for all mankind, that they might come to a better life beyond the grave, and He had saved her from all evil, and taken her home to Himself.

“Would the Lord save poor Indian girl, and take her home too? Maybe He die only for white people?” said Lanoma, in her broken English. But my grandmother understood her meaning, and patiently and plainly explained and made clear to the red man’s child, accustomed and brought up to believe in the fixed distinction of tribe and race, the fulness and freedom of the

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great salvation which knows no limit of colour or clime, people or language. She made Lanoma understand that the Lord, of whom she spoke, could hear the prayers of those who sought Him in Indian camps, or under the forest trees, as well as in the white man's church, and earnestly counselled her to seek Him now in the days of her youth.

Lanoma had always shown peculiar deference to my grandmother. It is one of the creditable characteristics of the Indian tribes, that they respect and reverence old age; but from that time the girl seemed to become attached to her, either out of gratitude for the truth she had learned from her beside that early grave, or because the

memory of her own mother taught the Lonely Dove of the Hurons to sympathise with one who had lost a daughter about her own age. With refinement of feeling scarcely to be expected from a daughter of the rude and barbarous hunters of the wild, she would bring garlands of forest flowers and wreath them round the head-stone when nobody was near to see, and when the old people went to sit by the grave, as they often did in summer Sunday evenings, Lanoma would steal away from us young folks and sit there too. We also thought that the girl began to understand better what she heard us read in the Bible—what my father preached about in the church—where she often went with us, and always sat

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quiet and attentive — and what was said at our family worship, where she frequently knelt among us.

Her goings and comings between our house and the Indian camp were free and unchecked as those of her namesake, the forest dove, might be, but they were not unguarded. The chief's only daughter, said to be her father's heart, and with six warrior brothers, had watchers over her safety in the continual visits she chose to make to the nearest of the white settlers. At any hour of the day, but especially towards evening, those of our household whose walks or work happened to bring them nearest to the forest, would perceive sometimes an Indian hunter, sometimes a wrinkled

old squaw, moving about in the shadow, and keeping a keen eye on our premises and people. They saw that Lanoma was well and kindly received, and had neither risk nor hindrance in her comings to us. I believe the whole tribe thought we had some extraordinary attraction for her, and this, or it might be the girl's talk in our favour, at length induced her father to send me a present of tobacco, together with a lighted pipe, and word that if the time were convenient for the wise man of the white faces, the Great Bear of the Hurons would come and smoke with him on the following day. Coming to smoke, in Indian parlance signifies a friendly visit, and my father was well pleased at the offer: he thought

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it might be the beginning of friendly intercourse between us and the Indians, and an opening for gospel light to shine upon the heathen darkness of the tribe. He accordingly sent a friendly and respectful answer, and my mother put our house in order for receiving the remarkable visitor. "The chief is a prince among his people," she said, "and it is but just and right that we should honour his dignity."






III.

THE DEPARTURE.

AT the appointed time the Huron chief came, attended by his six sons, and leading his daughter by the hand, which I believe was a peculiar mark of affection for an Indian chief to show, every trace of the gentler feelings being considered undignified and debasing to the red warrior. He was a noble specimen of his race,—tall, muscular, and erect as one of his kindred pines, though at the time above seventy: there was something

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majestic in the stately freedom of his bearing, and the chief's character was equally honourable to the forest people: he was known to, be just and generous, according to Indian ideas: his courage was beyond a doubt, and his faith to promise or treaty could not be questioned.

His sons were as stalwart men as himself, but, according to Indian custom, subdued and silent in the presence of their father. Fortunately for our nerves, none of them thought it necessary to appear in their war paint, which is a fearful sight indeed; but their buskins, especially those of the chief, were ornamented with everything, from panthers' teeth to English guineas. Each of the sons wore, by way of

mantle, a scarlet blanket, and a complete assortment of knives and hatchets stuck in his belt; while the chief, as became his title, had a cloak of rich black bear-skin, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols.

My father and grandfather, as the chiefs of our house, went out to meet and welcome them; my mother and grandmother received them at the door with all the honours they could think of, being aware that the Indians are much given to ceremony, and would not think themselves respectfully treated without it. For all their strange attire and strange appearance, there was positively something well-bred about the Huron chief and his sons: they were of course the gentle-

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men of their tribe, and the grave courtesy with which they entered our house, and took the chairs set for them in our best room, would not have disgraced the gentlemen of any country.

The chief spoke for all, and to our great surprise he did so in far better English than his daughter had yet learned; probably his frequent intercourse with American officers and agents during the war, and his extensive acquaintance with English traders, might account for this. At any rate, he expressed his good wishes for my father and his family, his thanks for the kindness his daughter had met with, and his hope that the peace and friendship which then existed between the Huron tribe and the

people of the St. Clair settlement would be as lasting as the flow of the river and the coming and fall of leaves. My father responded in as suitable terms as he could remember, and evidently to the chief's satisfaction. They conversed for some time concerning the ancient boundaries of the Huron lands, the probabilities of trade visiting the settlement, and the service it would be to the Indians as well as to the white men; for the hunters could then bring their furs to St. Clair, rather than to the American markets, which of late were not exactly to their minds.

The chief was a man of great natural intelligence, and the experience of his long and roving life had made his knowledge of men and things con-

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siderable. My father observed this, and having much of the missionary spirit, as became a preacher of the gospel, he took the opportunity to point out that there was something better than trade to be found in the St. Clair settlement: poor and remote though it was, the light of Christianity was there, and what an everlasting gain it would be to the Hurons if that light shone upon them also. "Your daughter," he said, glancing at Lanoma, where she sat among us young people in the background, "knows something of the Book and Him who came to save the red as well as the white man."

"Lanoma," said the Indian, without looking at her, "is the daughter of a great chief, and will be some great

chief's squaw; but she is only a woman, and Huron warriors are not accustomed to notice the notions of women and children. I have heard of this Book before, and I know what the teachers of it would make my people—tillers of the ground and grinders of corn; they say you must not be ready to go out on the war-path; you must not seek revenge on your enemies; you must not take scalps—it is a sin. Do they suppose that Huron warriors are going to become women at their bidding? do they think that a mighty chief, the sound of whose name makes the western tribes tremble, will lay by the hatchet and take up the hoe? Wise man of the white faces, I am the good friend of you and your people, but the Great

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Bear of the Hurons will live as his fathers lived, and die as his fathers died, without change and without fear, singing his death-song, though it should be in the midst of his enemies."

As the chief uttered those last words in a high, fierce tone, he rose, and so did his sons, as if to cut short the interview. My father, fearing to endanger the friendly relations between them and himself, made no reply. The chief shook hands with all the elders of our house, including even my mother and grandmother—I believe it was an honour which the white women were expected never to forget—and took his daughter by the hand once more. The girl had heard all that passed, but, Indian like, she gave no

sign of its effect on her mind ; and the whole party left our house and clearing exactly as they came.

We all stood at the door to see them go, and my father said, with a sigh, "I had hoped better from the intelligence and understanding of that old chief; but his barbarous pride stands in the way of the gospel, as the pride of man, whether savage or civilised, is apt to do. It is a pity that so fine a specimen of the red race should live and die in the thick darkness and evil practices of heathenism, on the very borders of Christian settlements. Had he not been in so fierce a humour, I should have tried to reason with him : but it may be that Providence will grant a better op-

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portunity. As he has come to visit us this time, he may come again, and get better acquainted with us and our ways."

My father's expectations in this respect were not to be fulfilled. Whether the Great Bear of the Hurons was displeased at the mere supposition that he might be induced to accept the white man's faith, or jealous of its gaining ground among his tribe, we could not discover; but our house and clearing were never again visited by him, or any of his people, except Lanoma. Her affection for us appeared to have undergone no change, yet she did not come so often nor stay so long as formerly; and though she did not say so, we sus-

pected that her comings were rather discouraged in the tent at home.

While things were in this state, our Canadian summer came to its end with the usual storms of wind and rain, which bring down the first of the leaves; and then came that season of mellowed light and fading woods, of breezeless days and soft star-lit nights, known as the Indian summer, the time when the elk and bison are found in the greatest plenty and best condition on the western prairies, and the red hunters go out to collect provisions for the winter.

All at once the Huron camp began to move, the fires were allowed to go out, the tents were taken down; but we got the first intelligence of their

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going from the chief's daughter. She came one morning earlier than usual, with a perfect package of presents for every one in our house;—for the men, snuff-boxes and pipes, curiously made and ornamented by Indian art; for the women, work-baskets and pockets, equally embellished, and neither of them to be despised in the matter of beauty or usefulness; and for the boys and girls, toys, both pretty and skilfully made.

All these she presented, as she said, “to keep Indian girl in our minds;” and then told us that her tribe were going far away to the hunting-grounds of the sunset, and she was sorry to go, and see us no more, nor hear the Book speak; but may be we would

not forget Lanoma, and pray the white man's Lord not to forget her too.

We were sorry to part with the amiable, gentle girl who had come to us a stranger, and yet taken such hold on all our hearts. Unexpected as her going was, every one of us found something to give Lanoma by way of keepsake. She had to be persuaded to take every present, except a small pocket-book from my grandmother; and when she had taken leave of us all, the girl came back to bid her farewell a second time, and went away weeping silently and sore. She left no dry eyes in our house. My grandmother said, through her tears, that the good girl had taken

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that last farewell of the grey head which she might not see when another spring brought her tribe back to the banks of St. Clair's river. We all believed that was Lanoma's meaning at the time ; and when she was gone, we also noticed that a garland, woven of the last of the forest flowers, was wreathed about the head-stone which marked that first grave in our church-yard.

We missed the Indian girl for many a day ; but days, weeks, and months passed away, and brought the usual changes of season, and work, and play. The stern Canadian winter went by, with its snows and storms ; the genial spring, the warm summer, and the busy harvest came and went ;

but there was no return of the Hurons. Many a time we young people went up to the rising ground in the forest, and strained our eyes in the direction where their camp had been, in hopes of seeing the smoke of their fires ascend once more ; but there was nothing except the dense woods and the mighty river to be seen.

Many a time we talked of Lanoma on the mossy bank at the foot of the great oak, where we had seen her first, and by the fireside, where she had sat with us so often. Many a time we wondered if, according to her father's views, she had become a great chief's squaw, and taken to the hard work and unattractive habits of the Indian women ; if she had forgotten all that

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she had learned among us, and sunk into the superstition and barbarism of her people; or if some remnant of that better learning still kept place in her mind, like a faint light shining in deep darkness.

My father often lamented that we had not been able to teach the truths of Christianity more fully to the daughter of the Huron chief. He feared the knowledge she had received was too vague and slight to be of any use or duration. But my grandmother said, "Let us trust for her, as we trust for ourselves, in Him who can make the smallest light sufficient to guide a sinner to His cross."

We had heard nothing of Lanoma,

but we had not forgotten her, when the quiet current of life in the St. Clair settlement was troubled by news of the breaking out of the second American war. It was terrible intelligence for us, living as we were on the very borders of the enemy's territory. Who could tell that an invading force might not cross the river, and require us to quit the land or become citizens of the United States? or, what was still more to be dreaded in that back-wood country, might not some Indian tribe on the American side choose to possess themselves of lands and goods by exterminating the British emigrants, as they had done in former times to many a settlement stronger and more populous than ours?

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The provincial government could spare no troops to protect us, there were no defences which our own men could hold, and the advice of the military authorities was that, on the first approach of either Indians or Americans, the settlers should at once pack up and retire with their goods and families to Kingston, which was then the nearest garrison. Some of our people were for taking that step directly, without running the risk of a surprise, — a thing to be expected from the enemies we had to fear; but others hesitated to leave their homes and holdings while there was no actual danger, and for our own family it was scarcely practicable.

The winter had commenced, and

with more than usual severity that year; the sudden and rigorous frost had brought sickness to our house, prostrating alike the aged and the young. Old grandfather and grandmother were so ill that they thought their time was come; and my two little brothers could only creep out of bed and sit by the fire. How were they to travel in the only conveyance we had, a rough waggon, all the way to Kingston, through miles and miles of a wild forest track, where there was no surface fit for the more easy and rapid sleigh?

“Go, all you that think it best to do so,” said my father to the men of the settlement assembled in our little church, the only town-hall or council

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room they had. "I advise no man to stay; for the enemy may be nearer than we think. But, with my helpless sick, it would be folly to move, except we were driven out. I have clearly a call from Providence to remain, and put my trust in Him who can make all things work together for good to them that love Him."

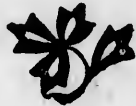
"We will not leave you, minister," cried all the men in a breath. "If it is needful for you to stay, as it clearly is, we will stay too. We have come from Scotland together, and we will live or die together, as the Disposer of lots may determine." From that resolution they could not be moved, though my father advised them to consider chiefly their own and their

families' safety, and leave him and his to the Hand that protected Daniel in the lions' den, and Moses in the ark of bulrushes on the great river of Egypt.

They were hardy and determined men, accustomed to the perils of the wilderness and that practical reliance on the everlasting arm which the man left alone with nature and Providence is most apt to realise. Moreover, they were sincerely attached to their minister; he was old friend, as well as pastor to them all. Go he could not, and go without him they would not; and when he and they had sung a psalm and prayed together, like their Covenanted ancestors in old and perilous times, it was agreed that all should

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remain, and every man take his turn of acting as scout for the settlement, to give warning of the first approach of the enemy, that it might not be fallen upon unawares, but minister and flock have time to take what measures they could for parley or flight, according as the invader happened to be Indian or American.





IV.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE.

WELL I remember the long nights and dreary days of that fearful winter, — how our scouts went out through cold and storm, and my father among the rest; for he would take his turn, being as brave a backwoodsman as any in the settlement. Robin Ross generally went with him. It was thought best that no scout should go far out alone, as a single man might be easily surprised and cut off by the wily Indians; and when they were both

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gone, we at home would startle at the blast howling through the forest trees, and think we heard the sound of coming hoofs or the war-cry of the red men mingling with it.

It was a weary and an anxious time, yet good came out of its evil: their common danger drew the settlers more closely together. There had been always good neighbourhood and good feeling in the little colony; but the fears and the duties of the time made them and their families meet more frequently, and know each other better. Their common danger had also the effect of deepening on all their minds the serious impressions of their Scottish teaching.

A sort of religious revival came over

the St. Clair settlement,—not with the fervid and temporary excitement which too often passes for the like in towns and populous places, but with a calm and earnest lifting up of hearts and hopes to the things unseen and eternal, and to Him who is a very present help in times of trouble. Besides our Sunday services, we had prayer-meetings for protection against the threatened peril; and the small congregation prayed in our rustic church with watchmen and watchfires on all the heights around.

These precautions were prudent and natural under the circumstances; but as the winter wore on they appeared to be unnecessary,—our scouts discovered no sign of either Indian or American

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invaders. The little news we got of the war proved that its scenes were far south of our borders; and as the heavy snow-falls became more frequent, and the frost increased in rigour, our harassed men willingly gave up their watchings and wanderings in the forest for the occupations and comforts of their own firesides. Sometimes the hardest or most anxious would go out on clear days for what they called a long prospect in the woods, or towards the inhabited country about Kingston, to learn the news; but all the prospects and all the news they got being of a satisfactory character, the outgoings and inquiries slackened, and something like the old feeling of quiet and security returned to the settlement.

Thus the Christmas time, the new year, and the stormy Candlemas passed. We were looking forward to the spring, for which people in the backwoods have a warmer welcome than the dwellers in towns and cities. My little brothers had grown strong and well again, old grandfather and grandmother were able to take their accustomed seats at our warm fireside, my father and mother were looking less anxious, my sister and myself were no longer frightened by every moan of the wind, and our home was cheerful and thrifty as of old.

It was a beautiful evening for the season of the year. A light snowfall on the preceding day had whitened the ground and sprinkled the forest

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trees ; the river in front of our clearing was still one sheet of ice ; but the air was calm and soft, and a clear, cloudless sky made the lengthening day last still longer, till its fading twilight met and mingled with the radiance of a bright full moon. Our outer door was on the latch, and we had not shut the windows, when we all sat down to supper by the light of our evening fire ; my father was lifting up his hands to ask a blessing on the meal ; but suddenly he paused, and stood as if listening. We all listened too. There was a sound of mingled voices and cries on the air, but indistinct and wild as those of the swan and other water-fowls, in their annual migrations to and from the great lakes.

"They seldom fly so late; but I'll see what it is," said Robin Ross; and he stepped out at once. We sat for a minute or two in silence. The sounds seemed to come nearer, and Robin rushed in with a face as white as a sheet, exclaiming, "It's the Indians, and they are coming down the clearing right upon the house!"

"May God have mercy upon us!" said my father, as he ran to the door. Before or since I never felt anything like the fear of that moment. I was young and weak-hearted; but I think the same feeling paralysed us all, for not one spoke except my grandmother, whom I heard praying for us in a low tone. In a few minutes my father came back, and there was

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relief in his look. "Children," he said, "it is the Hurons, and I think they mean us no harm. They are coming on slowly, and their women are with them, carrying something covered on a sort of litter, which they are wailing over with those mournful cries you hear. Perhaps it is some superstitious ceremony they are coming to perform in this their ancient land, and we had better keep out of sight."

As he spake, there came a sound of steps outside, and then a long low knocking at our door. My father opened it without a word, for he knew that defence would be impossible, and into the light of our blazing fire stepped Lanoma's father, the dreaded

chief of the Hurons. One glance, even in the midst of our fears, served to show us how far the Indian was changed since we saw him last. His tall figure was bowed as if with the burden of age or sickness, his step had lost its pride and its freedom, and a more sorrow-stricken face I never saw.

“Wise man of the white faces,” he said, addressing my father, “I have come to ask you for a grave wherein to lay my daughter; my Lonely Dove has gone from me, and the light of my life has gone with her. I know not if it were He that called her in spite of all our medicine men, but she believed in the God of whom you told her, and in that Lord of

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whom you said that He died upon the cross for all people. So because she had learned of them from you and your house, she wished to be laid among your people by the grave of flowers, where the grey heads sit in the summer time: it was her last request, and I have brought her from beyond the lake of the woods. Wise man of the white faces, will you give her a grave?"

My father took the old chief by the hand before he had done speaking, and led him to a seat; the tears were in his own eyes, and most of us were weeping outright; it was a strange and sudden transition from terror to grief, but the death of poor Lanoma, our forest friend, our household

visitor, unexpected as it was, and the sorrow of her bereaved father, smote on all our hearts. The Indian saw that we were grieving for his daughter, and the sight overcame the rigid nature of his race. He turned away from the light, bowed his head upon his hands, and swayed to and fro like an oak driven by the tempest, while his whole tribe stopped at our door, laid down the bier, and the wild wail of the women rose more shrill and piercing on the calm and moonlit night.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,” said my father, as soon as he recovered himself; “she believed in Him of whom she had heard so faintly, and He is able to redeem

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out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and language. Chief, we will lay your daughter beside the child of our own kindred—who also remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and was early summoned to the better land—in the grave which she so often decked with flowers, and sat by in summer evenings. We know that the Lord in whom she trusted has taken her to Himself in lovingkindness, but we grieve because she can come to us no more, and for you, because you have lost your child.”

“Wise man, I thank you,” said the chief; “when the daylight returns we will make a Christian funeral for my daughter. She wished to be laid

down among the white people, and in their manner. I promised it, and our men made a cedar coffin for her, that she might go to the grave in as good a fashion as any of them. Will you send and tell your people to come and show respect, as they do at their own burials?"

My father directly sent off Robin Ross to apprise the settlers of what had happened, and summon them all to the funeral next morning. It was a natural and proper tribute to the feelings and affection of the poor old chief; he knew how Christian funerals were attended, and he wished to see the same respectful attention to the burial of his only daughter. We could not persuade him to remain

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in our house for the night, though we offered him and his sons every accommodation we could afford: they went out to a tent which the tribe had pitched over Lanoma's bier. They sat in its shadow the greater part of the night: my father, my mother, and our old people sat with them; the rest of the tribe pitched other tents, lighted fires, unpacked their baggage, and held a sort of funeral feast, but it was held with great gravity and almost in silence, except when the mourning women who sat behind the bier raised that wild wail of theirs, as it seemed, at appointed intervals throughout the night.

Early in the morning the settlers assembled. Young and old came in

a body to our clearing, and a touching sight it was to see the red and the white people alike gathered round poor Lanoma's coffin, while my father read an appropriate chapter in the Bible, prayed for the mourners, and delivered a short address on the uncertainty of this life, and the importance of preparing for the life to come. Then the six brothers took up the cedar coffin and laid it in the grave, which a sturdy old settler, who acted as our sexton, had opened overnight. Every brother and nearly all the tribe uttered some words in their own language over it, which we believed to be a form of farewell to the dead. The old chief spoke last, and though we could not guess the meaning of

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his words, his voice told us that they came from a broken heart. The mourning women raised their wild wail once more; the sexton heaped the earth above the dead, replaced the flower-covered turf and the simple headstone, on which they soon after inscribed her name; and Lanoma rested with the young girl of a different race whose story had first opened to her mind a knowledge of the way of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.

My father preached her funeral sermon in the churchyard, for our small church could not contain the congregation of settlers and Indians. Few of the latter understood a single word of it, but they listened in the

grave and silent manner of their race, and were pleased at the respect shown to their chief's daughter. The gentle, patient girl was evidently as much missed by the rude tribe as she had been by ourselves.

When all the solemnities were over, the chief announced his intention of encamping on the old ground beside the river, in order to protect the settlement from any hostile incursion which might be attempted during the war. He said his heart was now laid in the white man's land, and no enemy should set foot upon it. He and his people encamped accordingly, and to the knowledge of their presence and friendship for the settlers our safety was probably owing. Fortunately,

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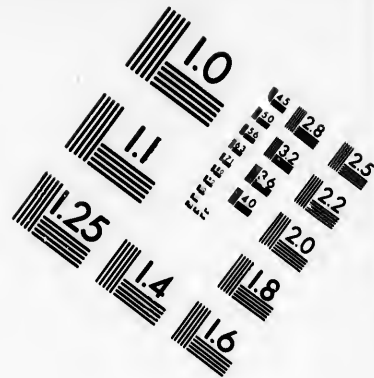
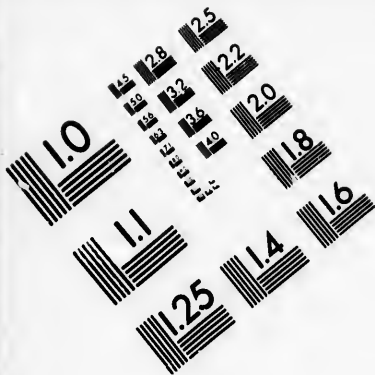
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the war did not last long; it began and ended within two years. May we never see another between England and America; may peace ever unite the two countries!

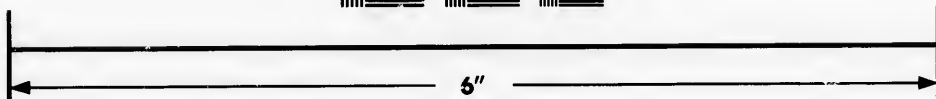
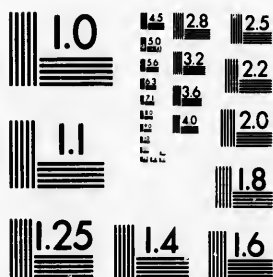
But to return to my story. The tribe encamped on their old ground on the American side of St. Clair river, and by the very same ford which Lanoma used to cross, the old chief came every day to sit beside her grave.

There we found him in nearly all weathers, seated on the grass with his head bowed upon his hands, and there our old people at length began to speak to him as they had spoken to his daughter; but she that was dead yet spake in his memory. The Indian girl, whom we thought so imperfectly





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instructed, had been able to impart to her father in her dying days the saving truths of Christianity, on which her own faith had taken hold. The Huron leader was a man of singular intelligence: his great loss made him think as probably he had never thought before. Old prejudices were broken down by the new sorrow; the recollection of his child's dying words prepared his mind to receive the teaching by which she had learned, and at last the proud barbarian became a humble Christian, and then a member of my father's church in the wilderness. He did much to spread the knowledge of the gospel among his own tribe, and some of them, especially his sons, seemed to profit by the old chief's

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exhortations, for they gave up many of their heathenish and barbarous customs, and promised to go on the war-path no more if they could help it.

When peace was fully restored, and the usual time had come for the Hurons to go westward on their hunting expeditions, the chief took a kindly and solemn farewell of all our family, saying we had been the best friends he ever knew, but he should see our faces no more till the meeting time in our Father's house above. We hoped better, but his prediction was fulfilled. When his tribe returned in the following spring to St. Clair's river, they brought with them his coffin, as they had brought that of his daughter; and in com-

pliance with his last request, made known to us by his sons, the once dreaded chief of the Hurons was laid beside his much beloved and lamented Lanoma. A simple gravestone marks their resting-place; it is covered with names now—my aged grandfather and grandmother, my own honoured father and mother, Robin Ross and his good Janet sleep there. There is an inscription which testifies of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and who has promised that because He lives His people shall live also. The small churchyard has now become a large cemetery; a handsome country church occupies the site of the log-house where my young days were spent; the sister and

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brothers who shared that home with me are old people like myself, and looking forward to the passing over Jordan and entering on the promised land; but when we meet together and talk of old times and places, there still returns to us, fresh and sweet as the breath of forest flowers, some memory of the Indian's daughter.



