

As the sun set, a heavy shower of rain fell, and refreshed the parched earth; the flowers sent up a grateful fragrance on the evening air; the few singing birds of the woods poured forth their notes of melody; the blue jay screamed among the crimson buds of the maple, and the humming bird gleamed through the emerald sprays of the beach tree; the pearly moon was slowly rising in the blue ether, when Kenneth Gordon approached his home. He was weary with his journey, but the pictured visions of his happy home—his smiling wife, and the caresses of his sunny-haired children, cheered the father's heart, though his step was languid and his brow feverish. But oh! what a sight of horror for a fond and loving heart, met his eyes as he came in sight of the spot that contained his earthly treasures;—the foreboding silence had surprised him—he heard not the gleeful voices of his children, as they were wont to bound forth to meet him; he saw not Marion stand at the gate to greet his return; but a thick black smoke rose heavily to the summits of the trees, and the smouldering logs of the building fell with a sullen noise to the ground. The rain had quenched the fire, and the house was not all consumed. Wild with terror, Kenneth rushed forward; his feet slipped on the bloody threshold, and he fell on the mangled bodies of his father and his children. The demoniac laceration of the stiffening victims told too plainly who had been their murderers. How that night of horror passed, Kenneth knew not. The morning sun was shining bright, when the bereaved and broken-hearted man was roused from the stupor of despair by the sound of the word "father," in his ears; he raised his eyes and beheld Mary, his eldest child, on her knees beside him. For a moment Kenneth fancied he had had a dreadful dream, but the awful reality was before him. He pressed Mary wildly to his bosom, and a passionate flood of tears relieved his burning brain. Mary heard the yells of the savages, and the shrieks of her mother convinced her that the dreaded Indians had arrived. She threw open the window, and snatching the infant from its bed, flew like a wounded deer to the woods behind the house. The frightened girl heard all, remained quiet, and knowing her father would soon return, left the little Alice asleep on some dried leaves, and ventured from her hiding place. No trace of Marion or of Charles could be found—they had been reserved for a worse fate; and for months a vigilant search was kept up; parties of the settlers, led on by Kenneth, scoured the woods night and day. Many miles off a bloody bat-

tle had been fought between two hostile tribes, where a part of Marion's dress and of her son's was found, but here all trace of the Indians ended, and Kenneth returned to his desolated home. No persuasion could induce him to leave the place where the joys of his heart had been buried: true, his remaining children yet linked him to life, but his love for them only increased his sorrow for the dead and the lost. Kenneth became a prematurely old man; his dark hair faded white as the mountain snow; his brow was wrinkled, and his tall figure bent downwards to the earth.

Seventeen years rolled on their returnless flight, since that night of withering sorrow.—Kenneth Gordon still lived a sad and broken-spirited man; but Time, that great tamer of the human heart, which dulls the arrows of affliction, and softens the bright tints of joy down to a sober hue, had shed its healing influence, even over his wounded heart. Mary Gordon had been some years a wife, and her children played around Kenneth's footsteps. A little Marion recalled the wife of his youth, and another Charlie—the image of his lost son—slept in his bosom. There was yet another person who was as a sunbeam in the sight of Kenneth; her light laugh sounded as music in his ears, and the joybeams of her eyes fell gladly on his soul. This gladdener of sorrow was his daughter Alice, now a young and lovely woman;—bright and beautiful was she; lovely as a rose-bud with a living soul.

"No fountain from its native cave,
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She was as happy as a wave
That dances o'er the sea."

Alice was but five months old when her mother was taken from her; but Mary, who watched over her helpless infancy with a care far beyond her years, and with love equal to a mother's, was repaid by Alice with the most unbounded affection; for to the fond love of a sister was added the veneration of a parent.

One bright and balmy Sabbath morning Kenneth Gordon and his family left their home for the House of Prayer. Mary and her husband walked together, and their children gambolled on the grassy path before them. Kenneth leaned on the arm of his daughter Alice; another person walked by her side, whose eye, when it met hers, deepened the tint on her fair cheek—it was William Douglas; the chosen lover of her heart, and well worthy was he to love the gentle Alice. Together they proceeded to the holy altar, and the next Sabbath was to be their bridal day. A change had taken