

## ALGONQUIN INDIAN TALES

daughter of the family. She felt very sorry for him. She would secretly take him better food, and she furnished him with a knife with which he could cut the tough pieces of meat. She had to be very careful not to be discovered, for if found out she would have been severely punished. So her pity had to show itself on the sly, and the few words she was able to tell him of her sympathy had to be whispered as she passed him, when nobody was looking or listening. The poor boy up to this time had no ambition to better himself, but her kind words and deeds made him resolve that he must begin and do something for himself. But what could he do? Everybody seemed against him but this little girl, and she could do nothing in the way of helping him to escape from these people, who, now that he was becoming so useful to them, would not let him go. What, really, could he do?

"Thus the days and weeks and months passed on and there seemed no chance of escape. He had tried to run away, but had been caught and brought back and beaten.

"One night when it was not very cold he went outside of the narrow entry where he generally had to sleep and threw himself on the ground and cried in his sorrow and despair. He seemed to be utterly unable to better himself. As he lay there he began looking up at the great bright moon that, now so large and round, was, he thought, looking earnestly at him. Soon he was able to see that there was a great man in the moon. As he watched him he was