

He had gone about a quarter-of-a-mile, when just as he approached a tavern that was still in full blast, the door suddenly opened, a broad band of light fell upon the sidewalk, in the midst of which appeared Evil-Eye roaring out a drunken song, as he beckoned to others inside to follow him.

For an instant Eric stood rooted to the spot with terror. His limbs seemed petrified. Then, as quick as a flash, he darted into a dark alley at his right, and trembling like an aspen leaf waited for Evil-Eye to pass. The drunken scoundrel lingered for what seemed an hour of agony to the terror-stricken boy, but at length being joined by his companions staggered off in the direction of the schooner. So soon as he had well passed, Eric emerged from his haven of refuge, and seeing before him a street that led off to the left from the one upon which he had been hitherto, turned his steps that way, hoping to discover a more promising neighbourhood.

In this he was not disappointed. The street turned and twisted in a puzzling fashion, but evidently led to the upper part of the city, and after fifteen minutes smart walking, Eric came out into a fine avenue that was lined with handsome houses on both sides. Here he would surely meet with some one to whom he could safely tell his story.

Feeling very weary from excitement and exertion he sat down upon a door-step which was itself in shadow, but commanded a stretch of sidewalk that was lightened by a near street lamp. He would rest there a while, and in the meantime some one might come along. Just as he sat down the bell of a church tower clock not far away slowly tolled out the midnight hour.

"Oh! how late it is," groaned Eric. "I do hope I will not have to stay here all night."

A few minutes later he heard the sounds of approaching foot-steps, and his heart beat high with hope. The foot-fall was slow and deliberate, not that of an unsteady reveller. It came nearer and nearer, and presently there emerged into the line of light the figure of a man tall and stately, and wrapped in a black cloak over whose collar fell long locks of snow-white hair. Not a moment did Eric hesitate. Springing from his hiding-place with a suddenness that caused the passer-by to start in alarm, he caught hold of the ample cloak, and lifting up his face to the wearer, said, in beseeching tone:

"Oh! sir, won't you help me?"

Quite reassured on seeing how small was this unexpected disturber of his homeward walk, the gentleman looked down at the eager pleading face, and attracted at once by its transparent honesty, put his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, saying:

"What is the matter, my son. I will gladly help you if I can."

The grave gentle words with their assurance that he was safe at last wrought a revulsion in poor Eric's feelings, strained as they had been for so long to their highest pitch, which caused him to burst forth into tears, and his new-found friend, realizing that he had no ordinary case to deal with, took him by the arm, saying:

"Come with me. My house is near at hand. You shall tell me your story there."

Directing his steps to a large house in which lights were still burning, the gentleman opened the door, and led Eric into a room whose walls were lined with rows of portly volumes.

"Now, my son," said he. "Sit you down there, and when you feel more composed tell me your troubles."

With a delicious sense of security Eric sank into a big arm-chair, and, checking his tears, proceeded

to tell the grave old gentleman before him his story.

With intense interest and sympathy did Dr. Saltonstall listen to the extraordinary narrative as simply and plainly it was laid before him, putting in a question here and there when he did not fully understand the tale, but otherwise not interrupting.

So soon as Eric had finished, his listener rose to his feet, and resumed his clock which he had laid aside:

"Master Eric," said he, "this is a communication of the utmost importance, and must be laid before the Governor this very night, that measures may be taken without loss of time for the seizure of those scoundrels. I had but left His Honor, when in God's good providence I encountered you. We will repair to his mansion without delay. Haply he has not yet retired for the night."

Forthwith the two set out, and walking rapidly, were soon at the Governor's mansion. Fortunately he was still sitting in his parlor, and at once gave audience to his belated visitors. Before him Eric rehearsed his story. Mr. Strong listened with no less interest than had Dr. Saltonstall, neither was he less prompt to act. His secretary was summoned, and orders given for a force of constables to be gathered together and despatched without loss of time in search of the schooner, with instructions to arrest every one on board. Eric had given the vessel's name, and described as best he could the wharf at which she lay. The finding of her would be an easy matter.

When all this had been attended to, a thought flashed into Eric's mind which gave him great concern. Would big Ben share the fate of the others? He was no doubt on board the schooner now, and would be captured with them. He could not bear the thought. Ben must be saved!

Approaching the Governor he pleaded earnestly that no harm should be done to Ben. Ben had befriended him in his time of sorest need. It would break his heart if in any way he should be the means of putting Ben in peril. The Governor was evidently touched by his passionate advocacy.

"Do not distress your mind, my lad," said he in kindly tones. "I think we can find a way of escape for your friend. He certainly deserves some consideration."

The remainder of this story is soon told. The schooner was readily found. The wreckers, nearly all of whom were befuddled with drink, proved an easy capture, and by morning all were safely locked up in the city jail.

Their trial excited wide-spread interest, and made Eric the hero of the hour. Ben, being urged thereto by Dr. Saltonstall, turned States' evidence, and having solemnly pledged himself to a complete reformation, was released scathless, but the other wreckers from Evil-Eye to Black Joe paid the penalty of their crimes upon the scaffold.

While these events were transpiring, Eric abode with Dr. Saltonstall, who had conceived a strong liking for him. He made hosts of friends, and could not help feeling much flattered at the amount of interest taken in him, but what pleased him most was that from Evil-Eye's ill-gotten possessions he recovered his mother's ring, his father's watch, and other relics of the loved ones forever lost. After a pleasant stay in Boston he went on to Halifax where he was received by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and the garrison, as one that had risen from the dead. There his story aroused unbounded wrath and indignation, and the authorities at once took measures to prevent Sable Island ever again becoming the haunt of wreckers. A staff of guard-

ians were placed upon it, and life-saving stations established, which made it less of a terror to mariners than it had been before.

In due time Eric returned to England and Oakdene. His grandparents welcomed him with mingled smiles and tears,—tears for the father and mother buried in the dreary wind-scourged sandbanks of Sable Island, and smiles for the boy so happily delivered from a cruel fate at the hands of the scoundrels whose crimes had cursed that ocean grave-yard.

THE END.

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Marie; or, The Last of the Hurons.

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PART I.

CHAPTER I.—THE HURON MISSION.

READER! history paints in enduring colors the sad fate of the Huron Mission in 1649. The Huron Mission was located in the territory of the peaceful Huron Indians; that is, the section of country lying between Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe. The Hurons supported themselves by hunting and tilling the soil, and evidences of their skill in agriculture were shown by the varied products, both in fruit and vegetables, that graced their storehouses each autumn.

Long years before the Mission was established, the Hurons had lost sight of the fact that "in unity is strength," and as a result they quarrelled among themselves. A rival faction separated from the mother tribe. The French soon gave this rival party the name of Iroquois, derived from the word "hiro" ("I have said"), with which they invariably finished their speeches. Among the Indian Tribes they were known as the Hodenosaunce—"the people of the long house." They vainly termed themselves Ongonhouse—"the men surpassing all others."

After their separation from the Hurons they settled in what is now New York State. Their bourgades or villages soon increased in numbers, till in 1649 they were the most warlike and powerful of all the North American tribes. They were divided into five cantons, namely: Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. However, in time of war, the Five Nations generally united and taking advantage of their situation between the French and English, they made themselves worthy of notice. Such were the fiends with whom the zealous Jesuit fathers had to contend. The Jesuit priests came to Canada with the French explorers, and by their zeal in proclaiming the Cross, they soon won the friendship of the Huron Indians. Soon mission stations dotted the picturesque expanse of the Huron country. The chief fort or station was St. Marie, located on a little river now called the Wye, that falls into Matchedash Bay.

Among the people the Fathers dispensed a bountiful hospitality; there scattered parties of the Algonquins, of the Ottawa region, found shelter. No wayfarer was turned empty-handed from their doors. However, all was not bliss, for the fell Iroquois were resolved on exterminating the Huron Mission.

At this period the priests of the missions of St. Louis, St. Ignace, St. Jean, St. Joseph, and St. Michael, met at St. Marie for grave discussion. The country had grown peaceful, yet the Fathers viewed with disfavor the apathy of their allies, the Hurons, who lived careless and supine, although the security of their country depended on their constant vigilance. Hence the peaceful yet dangerous state of affairs in the Huron Mission.

CHAPTER II.—THE FRENCH GIRL.

The sun was setting at the close of a glorious day in June, 1648, and as he slowly disappeared behind the pine-clad hills the scene before him seemed to make him linger in his downward course. There the little river—now the Wye—flowed peacefully