

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. V.]

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[PRICE 2d.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CAPTIVE BABES RECOVERED.

(Concluded.)

When it was discovered in the colony that the children of St. Maur had not returned to their home, the alarm and sympathy became general. Every spot where it was probable they might have lingered, was explored. Lights were seen in every direction to rise and vanish like the lamp of the fire fly, and for hours the woods echoed with the names of Antoine and Elise. But when far beyond the limit of their usual walks their little baskets were found overturned, and the contents scattered in disorder, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by the Indians. With the dawn of morning the colonists assembled at the door of St. Maur. Some of them bore arms, anxious to go immediately, and rescue his children by force. They found their excellent minister already there, consulting with the agonized father. They observed that the gestures of St. Maur were strong, as if he argued earnestly, but the countenance of the sacred teacher was fixed, like one who prevail. Father Daille, as he was called by his people, at length came forward, and said, "My sons, it is decided that St. Maur and myself go, and require our lost babes of the savage king: If it be true, as we have heard, that some germ of goodness dwells in the heart of this fierce people, they will listen to a sorrowing father, and to a man of God. Go to your homes, and pray that we may find favour in their sight. We give you thanks for your sympathy; but the resistance unto blood which some of you have meditated,

might end in the destruction of our colony. It might not restore the lambs who are lost, but it would enrage the wolves to lay our fold desolate. Return to your homes, my children. Not by the sword or the bow can ye aid us, but by the lifting up of humble hearts and faithful hands."

The two ambassadors to the Indian king pressed the hands of their friends, and departed towards the valley. They continued their journey until the sun passed the meridian.

They then fortunately met an Indian pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and readily consented to become their guide. After travelling until they became weary, they met a party of natives led by one who appeared to exercise the functions of a chief.—His stature was lofty, but his head declined like one addicted to melancholy thought, and as he slowly raised it, they perceived deep furrows of age and sorrow. His eye fixed sternly upon them, as if it unexpectedly encountered an object of dislike or hatred. Resting upon his musket, he seemed to await their approach.

"This is our prophet," said their guide, while he bent in reverence. "He understands your language. Our people fear him. He interprets the will of the Great Spirit."

Father Daille came forward, and spoke with the mildness which distinguished his character.

"Prophet of the Great Spirit! we come in peace. We hear that thou canst reveal hidden things. Canst thou tell us of two wandering babes? When last the sun sank behind the mountain, we gathered our lambs into the fold; but these came not. If, in thy visions, thou hast heard the cry of the lost ones, we pray thee to guide a mourning father where he may once more shelter them in his arms."