

"Restitution" he dreamt of had come. And how was this great thing done? Ask Genius! And yet it will not tell you, for it acts unconsciously. Yet, it was somewhat after this manner. He found his way alone to the Blackfeet camp—the camp from which his people had been repulsed—so large and triumphant as to be careless about its safety. The only outlook in our youth's direction—if it could be called one—was a solitary and venerable warrior, who had retired from his fellow-men to worship the Great Spirit, whose abode was the Sun. Whilst he stood before it, with outstretched arms in silent adoration,



IN A WHIRLWIND OF HORSES.

our youth killed him. Then, by methods which cannot be described, he, single-handed, avenged the reverse of his tribe, and, rounding up a great band of the enemy's horses, swept back with them to his own people. But not without a name. Near the scene of his success was a patch of the fragrant prairie herbage, in which he had rested for a time, called by the Crees, Weekusk, and by us the Sweet Grass. As his tribe had given him no name, he named himself Weekusk, and the name was acclaimed by his people. And now he who had been spurned and neglected became a leader. By prowess and skill in warfare, he became chief of his tribe, and, in time, the acknowledged head of the whole Plain