

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing three days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away, and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge White walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

As the last rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in moccasins, a beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle's feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms; and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian—he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge White lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

POWER OF THE WORD OF GOD.

A VISITOR was one morning going the round of a military hospital in India. One of the patients had shortly before been brought in with an injured or diseased leg. He