

have been beaten back by the Mississagas, and the latter have adopted the Huron and made him a great chief. Black John lies buried by the waters of the lake of the Hurons. The great Frontenac himself has been gathered to his fathers. But Marcelle and the Huron fear not death. The waters of the spring sparkle in the sunshine as Marcelle looks at them from the door of her cabin. The sound of waves beating upon the shore comes through the tree-tops to her ears. The birds sing merrily, and the green of the hillside is fair—for Marcelle is happy.