



CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE BIRDS FLEW HOMEWARDS.

"If merc be a precept of Thy Will,
Return that mercy on Thy servant's head."

DRYDEN.

IT was not long before poor Maggie's sufferings were ended by a painless death. She was laid in a little cemetery redeemed from the prairie and fenced around with care. This cemetery was a gift prepared by Mr. Dent for the scattered inhabitants of the district, and Mr. McIntosh declared his intention of helping to put up a chapel there; a church it could not be called, for it was to be but a little square erection, to be used at need, or when a clergyman should come, as happened now and again.

One bright evening, Phil Hart and Jeanie