

evening air, prayer ascends to Him who came "to save that which was lost." Here, many miles from any human habitation, prayer for the first time is offered by "white men" to "The Great Spirit;" the missing ones are not forgotten, and earnest supplication is made that God would direct their steps. But what of the poor wanderers?—they are weak and faint; hunger drives them to despair and death; death from starvation stares them in the face; the husband, as the only alternative, urges his wife to cut a slice from the calf of his leg in order to satiate her craving for food; but the faithful wife repudiated the thought, and replied that she would rather willingly die with her husband.

Moments of anxiety pass, and the long-looked for morning dawns, the sun begins to peep in the eastern horizon, and after partaking of some refreshment they again start on their mission of humanity; the burning sun beams upon them, they wipe the perspiration from their brows, and the flies from off their necks, and uncomplainingly persevere over logs and swamps; now the coat of one of the party is caught on a snag and rent to shivers, while another man's pants are almost torn from top to bottom. Hark! Hark! the report of firearms informs them of the fact that one of the companies has found the wanderers, all fire off their guns in ecstasy and run in the direction of the firing to catch a glimpse of "Moses" and his wife. Oh! what a sad sight was then presented to their gaze. Poor creatures, how sad their condition, how weak, how changed, what wildness is in their eyes; they are mad with fright, and are starving with hunger, as one pipe of tobacco has been all that they have enjoyed for over 48 hours; the realization that they were lost, the fear of death, and the lashings of a guilty conscience for having gone out on the Sabbath-day in search of their cattle (they had been lost once before by disregarding the sacred precept "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy"), together with their swollen limbs and bleeding forms, completed their misery and made the sight painful to behold; still there was joy mingled with sadness, every eye sparkles with delight, every countenance is lit up with a smile, all share in the triumph, men embrace each other and weep for gladness, while the forest rings with their shoutings and rejoicings. A little nourishment having been administered to the sufferers, the friends form themselves in procession and take turn in carrying the weak ones home; after reaching the log cabin and bidding them an affectionate farewell, they turn their steps homewards without a murmur, although they have travelled many