

Black John took his pack-strap and slung it over his back. He bade the Foxes good-bye. They had promised to make peace with the Beavers. He journeyed on to the Turtles, and spoke to them in the same manner. The sound of the great lake boomed pleasantly in his ears as he came in sight of the cabin, from which he had been absent since the ice went out of the rivers, but his heart quickened its beating as his eye caught signs of life. "It is the cursed Ottawas, or an Ojibway," he thought, as he approached boldly, for he was determined to save his property. But it was neither. It was Marcelle and the Huron! What joy he felt as he clasped Marcelle to his heart! He kissed her. He shook her hands and patted her on the back. Then he remonstrated with her and reproached her. But she was silent and happy through it all till he had finished, when she said:

"Father, I am home again, but I belong to the Huron, too, now. He has taken me for his wife and I have taken him, as the Hurons marry, for my husband. We shall live with you always, and—"

"You will leave us no more?" interposed Black John.

"Never again."

"Then we are happy. Eh, Huron?"

The Huron smiled and looked at Marcelle, but said nothing.

Summer and winter have many times succeeded each other. The wild flowers have bloomed in the forest, and fallen asleep till another season. The Iroquois