

different from his once elastic tread. The gates of the fort were closed behind him, and he proceeded towards the warriors drawn up in battle array. We watched him as he approached them. At length he stopped and stretching out his arms, addressed his people.

The effect on his tribe of what he said was almost electrical. They looked upon him as one restored from the dead, for they had long mourned him as lost. We watched him until he was among them, when, after some time, he reappeared, leading by the hand a person who, though dressed in Indian costume, we saw was a white man. Together they approached the fort, when the gate was opened to receive them.

The stranger gazed round with looks of astonishment, evidently endeavouring to find the words to express himself. At last he said—

“I can scarcely believe my senses. A few minutes ago I was a prisoner, and threatened by the Indians with a cruel death should they again be defeated.”

“We are truly thankful that you have escaped,” answered Uncle Donald, advancing and taking his hand. “You owe your preservation to our friend Ponoko here.”

“I am indeed grateful to him,” said the stranger. “He preserved my life when so many of my companions were massacred. He has ever since continued my protector, but when it was supposed that he was killed, his people threatened to avenge his death by murdering me. Grateful as I am to him and to you, I am restored to liberty a ruined and a childless man, while I know not what has become of my poor wife, who was providentially absent from the settlement at the time of the massacre, but will have supposed that I, as well as our little girl,