

grated on the sand of the quay below the lookers-on. The Indian warrior leaped ashore, and his companion drew the light bark upon the beach. In another moment the whole party stood together. Then the Christian Indian taking the lead, at a quick pace turned towards the town. It was too common a sight in Quebec to attract any extraordinary attention, and the party passed on unheeded. The young brave of the eagle feathers trod on in silence, scarce deigning to notice what to him must have been wondrous wealth and opulence, but regardless of all around he followed in the lead of his guide. At length the Christian Indian, a Huron, paused before a house of some size, and after looking about, as if to recognize the landmarks of the place, advanced to the door and knocked. In a few moments it was opened.

“A Huron captive from the Mohawks,” he said to the janitor, “would see his father of the blackgown.” The door was cast open, and they entered. After a little delay the superior came to them.