

fear, she took him up, and, as she gently rocked him, told him again the story he so loved to hear.

"Moller," he said, when she had finished, "will you ask Jesus to take me in His arms?"

With tears streaming down her cheeks, did that mother pray as her sick child wished, though it was asking to be deprived of her chief joy. And then he went gently to sleep in her arms.

His father and the doctor soon came in; but what could keep a child on earth that Jesus had called to heaven? When little Willie awoke, he was very weak, but seemed quite happy.

"Moller, I saw Jesus," were his first words; "and I want to go to Him, for He put out His arms, and said, 'Come,' and I was going, but I wanted to come back and tell you and faller, that you might come too."

Father and mother bent over their dying child, and promised to go to him whenever Jesus called them. He put one arm round each of their necks, and held their heads close down to his. Then his arms fell down, and he said,

"Lift me up, moller; Jesus calls Sonny Boy again."

"He taketh the lambs in His bosom."

Original.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

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CHAPTER .III.

PLANNING ESCAPE—SELF-SACRIFICING FRIENDSHIP—ARRIVAL AT THE GENERAL ENCAMPMENT—RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—SEPARATION OF THE FRIENDS—THE MAIDEN CAPTIVE TAKEN UP THE LAKE—CONSIGED TO AN INDIAN MOTHER—OCCUPATION—ILLNESS.

But to return to our captives. On the night of the fifth day of their captivity, Abigail lay awake listening till the heavy breathing of the Indians assured her that they were all fast asleep. Then, carefully awaking Mrs. Jones, she cautiously com-

municated to her the plan of escape that she had devised. To this her friend objected, declaring it impossible of accomplishment, and herself unable to make the attempt. She also endeavored to dissuade Abigail from trying it, saying that, even if she succeeded in safely passing the living barrier that encircled them, the Indians would pursue—probably retake, and kill her; and, if she escaped them, it would be but to perish in the wilderness. These considerations not seeming to move the dauntless girl, she appealed to her humanity and friendship, begging her not to abandon her in her wretchedness. With that devotion to her friend which had hitherto characterized her proceedings, Abigail decided, for the present, to resign her hope of liberty, and share the fortunes of her less energetic—perhaps because more feeble—companion.

After much toil and suffering endured by the captives, they and their captors reached Upper Sandusky, where a large encampment of Indians were awaiting the coming in of the various bands of warriors who were out on the war-path. Runners had been sent forward to give the camp-company the news, and soon the war-whoop announced the approach of the warriors, and their hapless captives. The Indians arranged themselves in two lines of irregular form; between which the captives were required to pass to the council-house, where, to their surprise and sorrow, they found several other whites in their own distressed condition.

The captives were now not suffered to speak to each other in English, and their ignorance of the Indian language rendered any communication between them in that tongue impossible.

Preparations were immediately begun for a great war-dance, when the captives were obliged to run the gauntlet. Abigail and her friend suffered much from the heavy blows that were showered upon them before they got through.

Among the prisoners was an athletic young man, who, when it came to his turn, astonished the Indians by uttering the war-