

trudged on manfully till he observed with alarm that the sun was fast sinking toward the tree tops; and yet there was nothing to indicate the vicinity of a human habitation. The narrow path he trod was the only evidence that man had ever penetrated the wilds through which he was passing. The thoughts of the rapidly approaching night, and the pictures his excited imagination presented of the dangers that would encompass him if obliged to spend the hours of darkness alone in the dismal depths of the forest, quickened his lately flagging footsteps. His motion thus accelerated by fear, he ran forward with headlong speed; and just after the sun's last beams had faded in the western sky, he suddenly emerged from the woods.

The open space upon which he had entered proved to be a piece of flats on the Grand River, near a point now known as Middleport. There, to his increased terror, he discovered a large encampment of Indians. Many a winter's night had the boy, in his own home, listened with the fascination of horror to terrible recitals of Indian barbarities, perpetrated in the old settlements beyond the Lakes. These now flashed vividly into his mind. Was he to become the victim of similar cruelties; and was it to such a doom that he had all that long and weary day been hastening?

Consternation, for the moment, fixed him to the spot. Then came the impulse to rush back again into the now darkening woods, from which he had but a little while ago been so eager to escape. But would his chance of safety be increased by flight? Dangers seemed to beset him all around.

Even if he had still had strength to fly, it would have been attempted in vain. Already his presence had been observed, and a tall Indian was approaching him—not with uplifted tomahawk and murderous aspect, but with look and manner indicative of friendly purpose.

Addressing the child in broken English, he bade him not to be frightened, and endeavoring to assure him that he should not be hurt, invited him into his wigwam. Astonished at a greeting so different from that his fears had been suggesting, but still not knowing whether to believe its

peaceful character sincere, or only a disguise assumed for some treacherous purpose, the bewildered boy made a great effort to appear brave, and said that "He must go home."

"What for, then, you come to the camp of the red men?" inquired the Indian with a smile.

Somewhat reassured by the manner of his interrogator, he explained that their cows having strayed away, and he having gone out in search of them, had got lost himself, and had been wandering in the woods all day.

Perceiving that the little stranger was weary, and in need of food, the Indian led the way, and conducted him into his wigwam. An Indian woman was within, to whom the Indian addressed a few words in their own language. Thereupon she produced a supply of corn-bread and venison, which she presented to their shy guest, and bade him eat. Notwithstanding the exertions of the day, and the many hours that had elapsed since he had tasted food, the excitement consequent upon his strange position, and the apprehensions with regard to its safety, from which he was not yet quite able to divest his mind, made the meal, much needed though it was, a scanty one.

The Indian, seeing that his guest was not disposed to do further honor to his hospitality, inquired where his father's camp was. As clearly as he could, the child made his host to understand its locality, and mentioned his father's name.

"Ugh," exclaimed the Indian, "me know. You not go now—dark. It berry long way. Bimebye sun come back; me take you home then."

The prospect of passing the night among the Indians was not a very agreeable one to the anxious and excited child; but there was no help for it, and he schooled his brave little heart to bear it with the best grace he could command.

His host, probably observing the shadow of his thoughts upon his countenance, resumed: "Good many moons gone me hunt deer; no catch him; turkey fly away; bear, ground-hog hide. Me catch him nothin. Me berry hungry, come to your father's camp. Your father good man;