

dians by kindness, much may be done—but you see their bitter feelings have now been stirred to a high pitch and when an Indian hates, he hates with all his heart."

"I think," interrupted one of Harrison's men, "that the fallen Indian still lives. I saw his arms and legs move nervously, when they carried him away to the wigwam. I am sure he is not dead. Good Father, I understand the art of medicine. Permit me to soothe the wounds of that suffering one. I would gladly nurse him back to life again. His pain must be unbearable and I know I can help him."

"You are a noble fellow, my son, but I must first suggest the matter to my Indian children."

These children of the wigwam placed all their confidence in the heart of their saintly old priest and he soon returned with the news that they were satisfied and willing.

The missionary had always settled their disputes and in this instance was the means of again uniting the whites and Iroquois in the bonds of friendship for some years to come. They began to love their former bitter enemies and when the doctor pronounced the wounded Indian out of all danger, they rejoiced and their wigwam village rang for many days with the songs of grateful voices.

CHAPTER IV.

Extreme Misery—Unexpected Help.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy

Like the wideness of the sea;

There's a kindness in his justice

Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man's mind,

And the heart of the Eternal

Is most wonderfully kind."

—Father Faber.

For long, long years Colette had wandered and searched vainly for some road that might lead her to the home she so heartily longed for.

Her lot was a sad and pitiable one. Weakened and fatigued by her daily travels, her health was beginning to fail. The exposure to the many cold nights in the forest had already begun to leave their fatal effects on her delicate constitution. Her child, too—a blue-eyed little girl of six summers—was growing weaker and it seemed to Colette that the tender thread of life, that sustained her little one, might break at almost any moment.

Broken-hearted and hopeless, she had now reached a narrow valley, that faced the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and there sought the sheltering shade of a huge oak tree, that stretched forth its branches so invitingly, so pleadingly.

It had already grown dark and all that stirred the unearthly silence around was the hissing and splashing of the foaming, angry billows below and, broken in spirit, she cried out into the dull, cold night, "Oh, God, will I ever, ever reach my dear home alive. Surely we cannot remain here and die in this gloomy wilderness, alone, without friend, without help! O thou merciful Jesus! the source of all hope! Have mercy, I pray, on us! O lead us, lead us home!"

During this earnest supplication, Colette sadly turned her tearful eyes into the valley below. Just then Angela moved and folding her sweetly in her arms, she kissed her tears away and still gazed aimlessly, almost hopelessly, into that valley of darkness at her feet. Suddenly a faint, trembling ray of light appeared in the distance, remaining clear and suspended like a lonely star, and on she ran, half praying, half weeping, in the direction of that searching, guiding light. As she approached nearer, she was surprised to find that the light, which had lured her on, came from the flames of a fire that was burning and crackling not far away. A thousand thoughts came upon her and they seemed to crucify her very soul. She stood motionless, her