

among your people as much as ourselves. We believe it is not just. Depart from among our people, as our young men sing the war songs, and I may not be able to protect thee."

And the missionary sadly departed from the lodges of his magnanimous enemies.

The misanthropical hermit, although he had separated from his people, could not look upon this sad array without feeling keenly their dreadful condition; he implored Kondikosh to spare their lives with all the eloquence he could command, but in vain; and as their provisions were getting short, they determined upon completing the sacrifice ere many days, by murdering their prisoners according to their custom. The only boon they allowed him was the lives of two, whom he might choose,—a squaw, as Kondikosh expressed it, to cook his food, and a man to bear tidings of the fate of the others to Montreal. He sadly surveyed the double hecatomb of human victims, none of whom he recognized, till his eye lit upon a woman, a heap of rags and misery, crouching upon the earth. Then his heart grew faint, while memory recalled another and far different scene, laid in a distant land, when that form, arrayed in all the graces of youth and beauty, came to his bosom, a glad and beautiful bride. He approached and undid her bonds, saying, as he bent over her, only the words, "Where is he?" Knowing the tone of that voice, she started and looked upon him—the man she had betrayed and deserted. Mechanically she answered his question, divining by instinct whom he meant, "He is here." Again he surveyed the unhappy assemblage, and at last found the enemy who had inflicted upon him the deadliest of injuries. As he had done with her he did with him, and, having cut his bonds, he led them before the chief, and said :