

kindred tribe was condemned to the stake. By a singular chance he excited the pity of an Indian matron, who saved him at the moment of execution, and adopted him into her family.

The other Missionary, who was called de Lamberville, received protection from the Onantaques, who held him in great esteem, and would not suffer any harm to approach him. It was an act of noble generosity on the part of the savages, and the scene was not unworthy a brighter page of history. The flames were already kindled and the unfortunate man stood bound and trembling in their presence, anger and revenge pictured on every face, when an ancient of the tribe arose and with the eloquence of true feeling, represented to him the guilt of his offence, but expressed a persuasion that his heart had no share in the treason, of which he had been made the instrument, and that, therefore, he should be released from its punishment. But lest the chiefs should be unable to protect him from the fury of others, he bade him depart from amongst them, and seek his safety elsewhere. He was furnished with a guide to conduct him through unfrequented paths, and they never left him till he was beyond the reach of danger.

M. de Lamberville thus unexpectedly liberated, reached Cataraqui only a few days before M. de Vaudreuil arrived there with his troops. The General left a suitable force to strengthen the garrison, and after a few days repose, proceeded to Michilimakinac. Father Lamberville also proceeded under his protection to the mission on the upper lakes.

Two or three months passed away and Valois had not again heard from Clarice. The troops remained in winter quarters at Michilimakinac, and the appearance of so large a force had restrained the incursions of the Iroquois. The price of commercial articles was also regulated, so that the savages returned to trade at the French ports, instead of carrying their furs to the far off market of New York. Several important skirmishes had taken place with hostile tribes, and the General felt compelled to resort to severe measures, in order to strike terror into the savages and suppress their aggressions. It must have been a painful necessity which obliged him to carry fire and sword into their villages and harvest fields. Success had crowned all his undertakings, and he only waited the opening of navigation to return with his troops, who had also gained much honour, to Quebec.

M. Valois looked forward to the period of return with intense anxiety, and letters which he received at that time, the first for many months,

rendered suspense and delay almost insupportable. Clarice wrote in the warmth of unabated affection, but evidently under the influence of deep depression, though anxious to veil her feelings lest they should impart unhappiness. But she earnestly desired his return and assured him he would find her unchanged in heart, and with her hand still free to bestow on him, though the struggle to retain it had been sustained by the sacrifice of all domestic comfort. She referred to a letter she had written at a much earlier date, which had never been received, and he was perplexed by allusions to events in the past winter, which that would probably have explained. He had also a few lines from Mavicourt written in a hurried manner, and with little of his usual lightness, expressing anxiety for his return, and also alluding to a letter from himself, that had shared the same fate with that of Clarice.

Adolphe was half distracted with conjecture and apprehension; and as there was no longer active service to require his presence, and the troops waited their tardy departure, he asked, and obtained leave of absence, and directly set out, with despatches, under the solitary guidance of a *Coureur de Bois*.

(To be continued.)

## ON TO THE BATTLE.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,  
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field!  
On! that the fairest of Philistea's daughters,  
Through heart-breaking sorrow tomorrow may wail;  
For all the bold champions that Israel slaughters,  
And leaves to the vultures in Adjalon's vale.  
On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,  
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field!

They boast of the gods, on whose shrines they  
attend,  
Themselves and their homes let them come and  
defend;

There is the land which the Lord hath decreed us,  
And here is the land where his wonders he'll do;  
The hand that from Pharaoh and bondage hath  
freed us

Is with us, these Paynims in pieces to hew.

On to the battle! Jehovah's own shield,  
And the blood of the heathen shall crimson the field.

Tyendenaga.