

he heard the cry of the warrior whom he had in such a cowardly way sacrificed to the wolves. It was not the icy cold, not the savage howls of the bloodthirsty beasts outside the palisades, which made him tremble, but the deep pain of feeling that he, as chief, had failed in his duty. He ought first to have sacrificed himself, as, in such cases, was the custom and tradition of his tribe; instead of this, he had delivered one of his best warriors, who had always fought bravely at his side, to a most cruel death. Cold and indifferent, he saw the terrible night change into the grey dawn. Indifferent, he heard the joyous announcement of his men, that the storm had driven away the wolves. Only when his beloved war-horse rubbed his bloody head on his master's shoulder did a milder look pass over his stern countenance. The warriors, who previously watched for his every word and sign, appeared no longer to take any notice of him; they only cast reproachful glances at him. As the clouds still rested on the prairie, they sent out a horse, down the hill, to observe from his actions whether the wolves were still in the neighbourhood. The animal trotted merrily through the deep snow, drew in the fresh morning air, and, by his neighing, gave his comrades to understand that the terrible enemy was no longer there. The Ojibbeways thus knew that there was no longer any danger at hand, and when the sun dispersed the clouds, and their sharp eyes could survey the whole country, they took up their weapons and assembled to depart. They did all this without consulting the chief—a proof that they no longer recognized his authority. Neykeemie followed them some distance off, and, without further adventure, reached the village, where his deed of despair was soon noised abroad.

"The next day the whole tribe assembled round the striped post, and the elders held judgment on the chief who had so grievously failed in his duty. Though he was defended by a few of his relations, he did not speak a word himself; he was condemned by a large majority, and cast out in disgrace. The squaws tore down his eagles' feathers, robbed him of his scalps and other marks of honour, and drove him, with scourges, out of the camp. Broken-hearted and despising himself, Neykeemie wandered through the forests, till, one day, some people belonging to the mission took compassion on his wretched condition, and brought him under my roof. There he found sympathy, consolation and care, and I had the joy of seeing him, through Christian instruction, turned away from those thoughts of revenge which he had before harboured. Since then he has daily increased in religious knowledge, and I had the satisfaction of receiving him as a faithful member into our Church some time ago."

Such is the sad story of the banished chief, as told to the traveller.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DAUGHTER.

Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding habit on her nineteenth birthday, and, attired in the embroidered gown, she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the churchyard. And the secret was a very simple one. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon a husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half-finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel of the poorest to the palace of the statesman.

THE SINGING LESSON.

BY JEAN INGELOW.



NIGHTINGALE made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.
The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!
The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out!

SHORT, IF NOT SWEET.

Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving his country house for London, he instructed his head-keeper, a quaint bodie, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favourite dogs. Among the latter was an *special* one, called Pickle.

It happened one day that poor Pickle, during the absence of his master, was taken unwell, and the watchful guardian immediately warned the Marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days, for which he sent the three following laconic despatches:—

"May 1st, 18—.

"MY LORD,—

"Pickle's no' weel!

—"Your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

"May 2nd, 18—.

"MY LORD,—

"Pickle will no' do!

—"I am, your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

"3rd May, 18—.

"MY LORD,—

"Pickle's deid!

—"I am, your Lordship's humble servant," &c.

One of the most effective ways of cleaning a sponge is to dissolve a small quantity of ammonia in hot water, and well wash the sponge in it; if one water is not enough, use more.