The wild unrhymed chant ceased. I saw the kindled eye the swelling bosom then burst in thrilling tone from him the following. "To die! Ha! not so! I swear it shall not be!" His voice changed and in beseeching voice, — "Manitow, the Mighty, thou hast made me guardian of thy people, in this their neediest hour I call for aid. — Even now I see the boats laboring up the river with my exiled race. Great spirit, cast thy mantle over them! Give them courage to carve their future destiny." — "Aha!"—his voice became high and resonant with courage and exalted purpose,—"I will yet foil the plans of those who seek to trample us.

"Hear me ye forests, ye vales, ye hills, ye rivers, register a vow unto the High one, that my people shall yet be a nation of highest honor, her seat shall be beside the mighty of the land. Her sons and daughters shall bend the bow with the learned of other races. Aye, I shall rest not until she shall have achieved deathless fame. My eye shall watch her enemies, my strong arm defend her. The Eagle shall wing its lofty flight through the blue ether untamed. Even though for a time the clank of fetters retard her flight."—

The Mein, the voice, of this tutelary spirit of my nation, was such that I could but gaze and marvel exceedingly. The spirit stood motionless gazing over the waters. I followed its look and far down the stream I saw an approaching boat, I saw the forms of men and women, the breeze brought the wailing song, I knew I witnessed in (utt) another form, the exodus of my race. My frame shaken with grief, I bowed my head and wept in unison. Lo! the scene changed, I saw again the brook, the waving green, the summer sky. I arose from my mossy couch and slowly, reluctantly wended my homeward way. Anon I looked backward but I saw but the old familiar objects.

Days glided into months, I haunted the woodland glen but no vision of days of yore graced my sight. I pined for another glimpse or another word from the past but neither was vouchsafed. Nature remained unchanged, the marks of habitation vanished not at my ardent wish. I desponded, as the autumn days commenced, and I waited yet another vision. One day in the month of October, just when the beautiful Indian summer commenced and our people met in Council Chamber, I stood leaning upon my garden gate idly watching the passer-by. The most beautiful hour of the twenty four had come when the sun lingered to embrace the beauteous moon. The mellow haze of the sunset lingered in the west and the pale beams of Luna had just begun to radiate the sky. I was in a listless mood dreaming waking dreams. Unaccountably, I felt a change, all my senses became acutely alive, I gazed eagerly far down the highway. Why should my pulses thrill? Ah! I knew the spirit-figure, that fine form grander still in its majestic proportions, that open brow betokening intellectual power, those eyes glancing with a light not all terrestrial, it was the guardian of my people, I could not mistake it. Nearer and nearer he drew, how I longed to speak but I dared not, I only gazed with awe mingled with gladness. When opposite me he stopped and in most melodious voice addressed me:

"My daughter, you have seen me once before when grief clouded my eyes and sorrow had bowed my head, now once again I appear to you just as I approach the acme of bliss. My people, have 'risen on their dead selves to nobler things' they have been heroes worthy of their ancient fame in the bitter struggle for life and power. A few more seasons must pass then they shall take their rightful place among the nations. I shall return to the kingdom of my Father, my work ended."