

appeared like a fleshy cape, and the jowl like a headland of dark rock. The Indians stood along the shore, staring in frightened surprise, as the monster arose like an island in the midst of the waves.

As the days went by, the turtle called his children from their silent homes to come and play around him. Up the lake and down over the falls came the dappled trout and the white fish, to play in the silvery tide, and by night the fairies danced on the rocky cliffs. For many days the red men watched eagerly, afraid to go to the magic island, but at last they paddled their birch-bark canoes across the waves to the pebbly beach. From that time Mishini-Makinak was their home.