

not see for some moments for the smoke. My father ran towards me with the two beavers, and laid them side by side; then, pointing to the sun, — 'Do you see the sun?' he said; 'the Great Spirit informed me that we should kill these two about this time in the morning. We will yet see our relatives at Rice Lake. Now let us go home, and see if our people are yet alive.' We arrived just in time to save them from death. Since which we have visited the same spot the year the missionaries came among us.

"My father knelt down, with feelings of gratitude, on the very spot where we had nearly perished. Glory to God! I have heard of many who have perished in this way far up in the woods."—*Life of George Copway, written by himself*, p. 44.

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" . . . on first deciding that it was a canoe."

The Indians say, that before their fathers had tools of iron and steel in common use, a war canoe was the labour of three generations. It was hollowed out by means of fire, cautiously applied, or by stone hatchets; but so slowly did the work proceed, that years were passed in its excavation. When completed, it was regarded as a great achievement, and its launching on the waters of the lake or river was celebrated by feasting and dancing. The artisans were venerated as great patriots. Possibly the birch-bark canoe was of older date, as being more easily constructed, and