

brought to an end, and in such things the way of the Master of Life is long.

Hiawatha, while he lingered between the different nations of the alliance, seemed always to have his thoughts in another world. And at the close of the third yearly council, when the ritual and laws were in safe order, he said farewell to the assembly and to all his friends and taking a canoe of white birch started on a journey down the river of Oshwego and set out into Ontario the Great Beautiful Lake. Far out, he disappeared in a mist and was seen no more of men; but the truth is that he proceeded on across the Lake until he entered the River of the Master of Life, passed down it, resting among the Thousand Isles in meditation, and then bravely launched on the roaring and terrible Rapid of the Long Sault. Undaunted at the swiftness of its waves, and the thunder of their voices, he did the same at the next Rapid, the treacherous and broken Cedars, guiding his canoe and playing with death through its whirling currents and numberless rocks. And now he came to the most deadly and strong of all, the Rapid of Lachine, along the shores of Tiotiaké the Sacred Island, and there on the shining mountain of a fierce and thundering