

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

Peace and good will from God above,
 And holy joy
 And happiness and perfect love
 Without alloy—
 Be thine this blessed morn
 On which the Prince of Peace was born.

May angel choruses announce
 In joyful strain
 God's loving gift, and then pronounce
 In glad refrain,
 The name of Christ, the King,
 While all the courts of heaven ring.

And may their song find echo sweet
 Within thy breast,
 While His dear name thy lips repeat,
 And if oppres't
 By any foe within,
 Rejoice! for He shall save from sin

Montreal, Que.

"IVY GREEN."

THE LEGEND OF POINT MANITOU.

In the wilds of the North lies the Lake of Warpaint—O-Noménig. Far it stretches between beautiful hills clothed with the absolutely perfect forest, where the dark, clustered spires of the evergreens, rising like solemn cathedrals amid the leafy seas of hardwood foliage, cast a profound aspect of mystery and peace. Between it and the Pole there is no habitation of man. There go forward only the silent lives of the creatures of God.

A large-built, red-bearded descendant of the Norsemen, in a white flannel yachting-suit and English drawl, went there one week in summer.

Rising earlier in the morning than was his wont, and looking out from the upper window of the last settler's dwelling in the wilds, he saw nothing at first, beyond a hundred yards, except a blue-gray pall of mist. As his glance ranged along it, a bright gleam caught his eyes. In one place the sun had broken the gray pall and revealed, as in a mirror framed by white edges, the headland of a noble cape, whose long lines could be discerned darkly through the cloud. Around the head of the cape the whiteness of the broken mist was dazzling. It glorified the revealed fragment of rocks and pines and gave the cape a majesty as of a vision. This was Point Manitou.

That night, in the mountains, far away from the settlements camped upon a neck of land between twin lakes of marvellous beauty, the camper and two friends who were with him, covered themselves for sleep, while on the door end of the tent the firelight made quick-moving shadows. The little dog Cheegwis, prowling around, also silhouetted his shadow on it. At the feet of the hunters, the Indian guides lay, just drawing their coarse blanket around their heads. The red bearded Norseman addressed one:—

"Canard Blanc, why is the cape called Point Manitou?"

The Indian drew the blanket from his head and sat up.

"We others call it the Point of the Windigo," he answered in broken French.

A Windigo! The Norseman was a member of the Folklore Club. He glanced keenly at the Indian, whose faded clothes, his felt hat, his lumberman's oaths, of the day journey, it seemed after all were but a superficial European veneer. Externally an ashen-faced, miserable peasant, there had suddenly been roused to view the child of Nature, the heir of romance. How many thousand years was it since these people came over the Pacific from Asia, from the fringes of hoary and picturesque civilizations?

"In the times before the Catholics, proceeded the Algonquin, "as I have heard from my father, who heard it from the old men, there was a race of Windigoes in these parts, who ate the Algonquins. They were not men but like men in appearance, only twice as tall as the tallest men—twice as tall as thee and large in proportion. They were very black, fearfully strong, fearfully fierce, fearfully swift of foot, and able to see in the night, and their whole business was to roam, roam, roam without resting, up and down the woods by day, and by night for, Algonquins to live upon, whom they ate. There are none now, for since the people became Catholics the Windigoes lost their power over them, and, as for me, it is my belief that they have all died of hunger in the woods, for want of Algonquins to eat. At any rate we do not hear of any of them living any more. They belong to the time past."

His solemnity and eagerness, and the piercing blackness of his wide-open eyes, with which the Canard Blanc stated his conviction were carefully noted by the party, who had all risen and were sitting up to listen.

A crash in the forest—one of the many mysterious sounds of night—startled their ears, but did not disturb the Indian nor tempt Cheegwis to bark.

"In those days this region was, as now, the hunting ground of the Algonquins and our people were often scattered, seeking game. There was a man who was hunting alone up by Lake Kiamika, in the West, when he saw the track of a Windigo on the shore of the lake at the break of day. He knew it by its great footprint and was afraid, for who could escape a Windigo? When you saw the track of one you were doomed: it was certain to catch you alone in the deep woods within a year. The Algonquin at once determined to try to escape by going to the Lake of Warpaint where he knew that some of our people were assembled, having come up to get paint for the war with the Iroquois; and he lost not a moment in taking his canoe on his head to make the first portage.

"No sooner had he got a little into the woods than he saw another track of the Windigo, fresh, turned towards him, and then he knew it had scented him during the night and was out seeking him. He saw, close by, the ashes of its fire, made of four pine trees, where it had warmed itself. He was afraid, but was a brave man and knew how to save himself if there was a way; besides he was the swiftest runner among the nation. So, with his canoe on his head, he ran across the rest of the portage like a deer that has heard a wolf. His arrows and hatchet were no use against the Windigo.

"At the end of that portage there was a little lake, quite long and narrow, covered with waterlily leaves, and the crossing was the narrow way, and a swamp was at each end. It was very silent—not a bird, not a deer, not a wild duck, only a muskrat, nibbling the water grasses, flopped under the water. Only a fishhawk whistled above him. Only a stick broke in the forest, about the length of tree behind him, and by a glance over his shoulder he saw the Windigo. It was creeping up to him as swiftly as a dog runs. At first you might have taken it for a great black tree, its body was of that size and tallness and its arms stretched out; moonlight came out of its eyes. The Algonquin leaped into his canoe and began the death-chant, but pushed the paddle with all his force. Now, Windigoes having no canoes were unable to go on the water, so this one immediately began running around the shore of the lake to catch the man on the other side. The Algonquin, alone on the little lake, paddling for his life, heard the crashing of the bushes as the spirit ran around. The lake was so narrow that as he paddled across he saw the length of it gave him some chance; besides there was the swamp the Windigo had to cross at the lower end. The portage from there was very long to the next lake, and a dangerous rapid of over half a mile which no man had ever passed fell beside it. The Algonquin ran for his life, but when about half the portage was passed he knew by the loud crashing of the forest that the Windigo was close behind. So he cried, "Shall I die by the rapid or die by Windigo?" and jumping down to the shore with one leap, pushed his canoe into the rapids, singing the death-chant, the Windigo crashing along on the shore keeping pace with him, expecting every moment to pick up his body and eat it. However, he did not succeed, owing to the skill of the man, who got through safely after all. Now the next lake was very much more difficult to get around than the other, though larger, for there were four creeks for Windigo to pass. Out of the lower end goes the River of the Algonquin, which has a fall of twenty feet, over which no man had ever before passed alive. There was a portage possible only on the south side, on account of high rocks. The man made all haste to reach the portage as soon as possible. As he made the turn of the river approaching it he saw what he was afraid of—Windigo sitting at the portage landing waiting for him just above the smooth of the fall. Its face was striped with red warpaint, and it gave a terrible shout which could be heard above the shouts of the water. The Algonquin thought himself lost, but he drove his canoe at the middle of the fall, shouting back, 'I will die by the river, I will not die by you,' and went over singing the song of a warrior. Windigo ran down to the foot of the fall and stretched out his black arm to pick up the body. But the Algonquin was very lucky that time, too. The fall was divided in the middle by a great smooth