

father, but she was not so far away as not to be able to perceive all that was passing. She saw De Soulis faltering forward in a vain attempt to sustain himself, and regardless of those who surrounded him, she glided to the spot to render him the aid he so much needed, at the moment her father himself interposed.

"Nita must remain quiet at the command of the war-chief," she half-murmured to him, gazing at his pale countenance with an affrighted look, and seemingly undetermined what to do.—She was not long in perceiving in what light the matter was viewed by the young warriors, from the air of levity that prevailed among them, and turning with a flashing eye towards the group, she pointed to the canoe, and with a waive of her hand, ordered them to transport it over the portage to the head of the island. This they were proceeding to do, when Mascawa, seizing a paddle, and lifting the canoe in the air, strode into the stream, then easing down his burthen on the water, and stepping in lightly, he flourished his paddle, and shot out into the centre of the channel. "This is the canoe of Mascawa," he shouted, "and he never carries it by land where there is water to bear;" and it was at once perceived that the young Indian made no vain boast of his prowess.

He brought his canoe at once around so as to head the current, and then commenced propelling it forward, not contented, as had been the war-chief, with merely holding it stationary. To the amazement of all who beheld him, he succeeded in mastering the impetuous torrent, and gradually urged his bark upwards, with a steadiness and untiring energy which soon brought him to the head of the island, amid the joyous shouts of the war-chief and the young warriors, who had followed his progress along the bank, and who before this had deemed the feat totally impossible. He brought his canoe safely to the land, and stepping on the shore, he applied his foot to its end, and sent it far out into the stream, from whence it floated down again into the channel, and soon disappeared from view amid the breakers below. "Go," he cried, "back again to the pale-face, and ask him to bring you hither in the same way—but he will tell you the task is more to his mind to abide in the company of children and women,—Mascawa no longer owns a canoe which has been contaminated by the touch of the pale serpent," and he moved moodily away to the head of the portage, from whence he was seen shortly afterwards departing alone for the island above, in one of the canoes which had been brought down to the assistance of the chief. De Soulis and Ominee arrived shortly afterwards from below, and the party embarked upward for the camping ground of the chief, without further delay.

"Mascawa is a great brave, and the feat deserves a reward—what shall the Frenchman give to the follower of the war-chief?" enquired De Soulis of Ominee and her father, while