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THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

LOOKING at the Government Chart of Lake Erie, one sees the outlines of a long narrow island, stretching along the shore of the Province of Ontario, opposite the point where Norfolk County pushes its low, wooded wedge into the lake. This is Long Point Island, known and dreaded by the navigators of the inland sea which batters its yielding shores, and tosses into fantastic shape its sand-heaps. The eastern end is some twenty miles from the Canada shore, while on the west it is only separated from the mainland by a narrow strait known as "The Cut." It is a sandy, desolate region, broken by small ponds, with dreary tracts of fern-land, its ridges covered with a low growth of pine, oak, beech, and birch, in the midst of which, in its season, the dog-wood puts out its white blossoms. Wild grapes trail over the sand-dunes and festoon the dwarf trees. Here and there are almost impenetrable swamps, thick-set with white cedars, intertwined and contorted by the lake winds, and broken by the snow and ice in winters. Swans and wild geese paddle in the shallow, reedy bayous; raccoons and even deer traverse the sparsely wooded ridges. The shores of its creeks and fens are tenanted by minks and musk rats. The tall tower of a light-

house rises at the eastern extremity of the island, the keeper of which is now its solitary inhabitant.

Twenty years ago, another individual shared the proprietorship of Long Point. This was John Becker, who dwelt on the south side of the island, near its westerly termination, in a miserable board shanty, nestled between naked sand-hills. He managed to make a poor living by trapping and spearing musk rats, the skins of which he sold to such boatmen and small-craft skippers as chanced to land on his forlorn territory. His wife, a large, mild-eyed, patient, young woman of some twenty-six years, kept her hut and children as tidy as circumstances admitted, assisted her husband in preparing the skins, and sometimes accompanied him on his trapping excursions.

On that lonely coast, seldom visited in summer, and wholly cut off from human communication in winter, they might have lived and died with as little recognition from the world as the minks and wild fowl with whom they were tenants in common, but for a circumstance which called into exercise unsuspected qualities of generous courage and heroic self-sacrifice.

The dark, stormy close of November