

began to grow when he was quite small. I wonder if there's any little, wee buds of greatness inside of us. Maybe there is.

"Hiawatha grew up to be a man, and did a great many wonderful things. I couldn't tell you the half of them. He was very strong, and brave and clever. He had a pair of magic mittens made of deerskin, and whenever he wore them he could tear up great rocks and grind them to powder. Besides that, he had a pair of magic moccasins which enabled him to walk a mile at every step.

"One May day—the Indians called May the Moon of Leaves—he set to work to make a canoe. He didn't go and chop trees down to get what he wanted, because, you know, the trees were his friends, so he just talked to them and asked them to give him the things he needed. First, he went out into the forest, where the sun was warm and bright and all the birds were singing. There, beside a beautiful river, he saw a tall and stately birch tree, and he stopped and asked it if it would please give him some bark to make a canoe. All the branches rustled and sighed in the breeze, and the tree said, 'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha.'

"So Hiawatha girdled the tree above and below with his knife, then slit the bark down, and stripped it off all in one piece. Then he asked the cedar for its boughs.

"All through the cedar tree sounded a little cry of horror, for it knew this would hurt dreadfully and spoil its good looks; but it loved Hiawatha so much that in a minute it bent down and whispered, 'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha.' So Hiawatha hewed down the strong cedar boughs and made a frame for his canoe.

"Next, he asked the tamarack for its roots. The tamarack shivered to the very tips of its tender, green tassels and sighed a long sigh of sorrow; but it said without a moment's hesitation, 'Take them all, O Hiawatha.' So Hiawatha tore up the strong, fibrous roots from the ground and used them to sew the ends of his canoe together.

"Then he asked the tall, dark fir tree for its balm. The fir tree valued its sweet-scented balm very highly, and needed all it had for its own use, and the thought of losing it made the poor tree sob and cry till the tears ran all down its bark; but the fir tree's love for Hiawatha was so great that it never thought of refusing, and in the midst of its weeping it said, 'Take my balm, O Hiawatha.'

"So Hiawatha gathered the tear-drops that contained all the sweetness and soothing of the fir tree's love, and smeared them all over his stitches, so the water could not get through and wet him.

"Last of all, Hiawatha asked the hedgehog for some quills. The hedgehog was half asleep in a hollow tree, but it didn't care a row of pins anyway, so it said, 'Take my quills, O Hiawatha,' and shot them all, like tiny arrows, on to the ground.

"Hiawatha gathered them up, and with the juice of roots and berries stained them red and blue and yellow. He made a girdle, a necklace, and two pretty stars for his canoe. It was all finished now, and he called it 'Cheemaun.'

"Then he got into it to see how it would go, and it was just lovely. It floated so lightly on the water and looked so bright and pretty that it reminded him of an autumn leaf or a yellow water lily. But the best of it was that he didn't need any paddles. All he had to do was to think where he wanted to go, and Cheemaun went there. You see, the reason of this was that the very life of the forest was in it, all the magic and mystery and love of those trees that had helped to build it.

"Hiawatha was delighted with his beautiful canoe. The first thing he

did was to call his friend Kwasind, who was very, very strong, to help him clear the river of all the old logs and sand-bars, so the people of that country could row along it in their own canoes. This was a splendid thing for the people, and they were very glad.

"After a while Hiawatha took his Cheemaun and went fishing on the Big-Sea-Water. He felt in good spirits that morning. The sun was shining beautifully and the lake was so still he could see all kinds of fish on the white sand at the bottom.

"Hiawatha didn't want the little fish, though. Nothing but the sturgeon, the King of Fishes, would do for him. He saw this big fish, all gay with red and blue and yellow and brown and purple, slowly waving its fins at the bottom of the lake. So he baited his line and threw it over, saying to the sturgeon, 'Take my bait, and we'll see which is the stronger.'

"The sturgeon couldn't be bothered, and didn't pay any attention to him. After a while Hiawatha began to get mad, and called out louder and louder, 'Take my bait, O King of Fishes!'

"Then the sturgeon told a pike that was swimming by to take that rude fellow's bait and break his line.

"The pike tried to do so, and pulled so hard that the canoe stood straight up on end in the water. Hiawatha had taken his little friend, the squirrel, along, and it frisked around on the top, thinking this the greatest fun ever was.

"When Hiawatha saw the pike near the surface he cried, 'Shame on you, pike! You're not the fish I want.' So the pike let go and swam away.

"Then the sturgeon told the sunfish to take Hiawatha's line and break it.

"The sunfish took the bait in his mouth and swam round and round so fast that the canoe twirled and spun in the water just as if it had been caught in a whirlpool. The circles and eddies widened out till they reached the far-off shores. When Hiawatha saw what was doing it he said, 'Shame on you, sun-fish! You are not the fish I want.' So the sunfish let go and swam away.

"At last the sturgeon got good and mad. He darted up through the water, and before Hiawatha knew what was happening, the big fish opened its great jaws and swallowed Hiawatha, canoe, squirrel and all.

"Down, down they went into the horrid, dark gulf. It was just awful! Hiawatha groped around in the darkness till he felt the fish's heart beating. He was so mad at being fooled this way that he pounded the heart with his fist. Then he knew in a minute by the way the big fish was plunging around in the water that he was feeling pretty sick. It just occurred to Hiawatha that he might be thrown up any minute, and perhaps be drowned. To prevent that he hurried up and dragged the canoe cross-wise of the fish's stomach.

"All this time the squirrel wasn't feeling a bit down-hearted, but took it all as a huge joke. He tugged at the canoe like a good fellow, and chattered gaily to Hiawatha all the time.

"Pretty soon the big fish died and drifted on to the shore. Hiawatha felt it grate on the pebbles, but still he couldn't get out; so he and the squirrel just had to sit down and make the best of it.

"It wasn't long before they heard a great flapping of wings. Soon a little streak of daylight shone down on them, and oh! weren't they glad! The next minute a sea gull pecked down at them and said wonderingly, 'Hallo! Here's our brother Hiawatha! And then the whole flock had to come and peek in. They made a great to-do about it. Hiawatha called up to them, 'Hallo, little brothers! Hurry

up and make that hole a little bigger, so I can get out.'

"The sea-gulls did, you may be sure. They scratched and dug away the meat till the great ribs were bare, and Hiawatha scrambled out and hauled up the canoe after him. If ever Hiawatha was glad it was then; for though the squirrel was still in high spirits, he didn't think the adventure was very funny. He praised the squirrel, though, for being so cheery and helpful, and named it Ad-jidaumo, which means Tail-in-Air.

"Hiawatha let his little friends, the sea gulls, eat all the fish they wanted, and still there was enough meat and oil left to last him and Nokomis a long time.

"There, that's all for this time. There's Aunt Hilda calling us to tea; and I do believe I'm hungry."

(To be Continued.)

THE SONG OF THE AXE.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Eating its heart with keen delight,
Into the groaning tree I bite.

I am the tooth of the human race
Biting its way through the forest
vast,

Chip by chip, and tree by tree,
Till the fields gleam forth at last.

Where I come flee glad and gloom,
When I pass shine lawn and lea;
Golden grain and gardens green
Owe their very lives to me.

Sturdy monarchs lay I low;
Springy saplings mow I through;
Hungry man requires their room,
And hungry man's best work I do.

Hick-a-hack, hick-a-hack,
With a steady swing and whack,
Every stroke the land doth bless,
And joy o'erflows the wilderness.

—Donald A. Fraser, in "The Canadian Magazine."

STORY OF A POPULAR HYMN.

During the war few hymns have become so popular as the one, "For Absent Friends," which is found in most hymn books, both at home and in America. The first verse is as follows:—

Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

"We owe the popularity of the lines," says Mr. Stopford, "in the first instance, to our King and his Navy. They were inserted in a small hymn book of H.M.S. "Bacchante" long before they found their way into any other collection. It came about in this way: The authoress was a Miss Isabel Stevenson, who lived at Cheltenham, England, with her father and mother, and died there in 1889. A loved brother went to South Africa, and the pang of separation called forth the verses. They were written in the seventies of last century, and were privately circulated; some friends received copies in the authoress's own handwriting. Among others into whose hands the hymn came was Mrs. Purefoy Fitzgerald, whose son was at that time a young officer in Her Majesty's Fleet and was serving on board the "Bacchante." On the same ship were the two grandsons of Queen Victoria; they were on their famous voyage round the world. Mr. Fitzgerald (now Admiral Purefoy) received from his mother a printed copy of the hymn, and it became known to the young Princes, who liked it so much that it was used at services on board. Queen Alexandra received a copy from her sons. The hymn's first use in public worship was by 'sailors tossing on the angry sea,' and it passed from this use into 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and 'Church Hymns.'—Exchange.

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