

by wild animals. Once for several days the savage wolves madly howled around the foot of a tree into which she had managed to climb for safety from their fierce attacks. Fortunately for her a great moose deer dashed along not far away, and the wolves which had been keeping watch upon her rushed off on its trail. Hurrying down she quickly sped on her way. Thus had she travelled all alone, her life often in jeopardy from savage beasts. But she feared them less than she did the rude white men from whom she had fled."

The man, when kicked out of the place of the white traders, had, after a couple of days' wanderings, fallen in with some friendly Indians, who took pity on him, clothed and fed him, and sent him back in care of some of their best canoe men. He thus reached home long before his brave wife did, who had to work her way along as we have described.

Oowikapun listened to the story of the old man with patience until he closed. Then in strong language he expressed his horror and indignation. It was very unfortunate that he should have heard it in the state of mind in which he was at that time. From his meeting with Memotas and Astumastao, he had inferred that all white men were good people, but here was a rude awakening from that illusion. Terrible, indeed, have been the evils wrought by the white men in these regions where dwell the red men. The native prejudices, and even their superstitious religions, are not as great hindrances to the spread of the gospel among them as are the abominable actions and rascalities of white men who bring in their fire-water and their sins from Christian lands.

For a time the old man Mookoomis exerted quite a strong influence over Oowikapun, and many were the hours they spent together. Oowikapun was in that state of restlessness that the only times he could be said to be at peace were when either engaged in the excitements of hunting or when listening to Mookoomis' excited words as he talked away hour after hour of the old legends and traditions of his people, whose glory, alas, was now about departed.

One evening, when a few interested listeners were gathered around the wigwam fire of the old story-teller, and they had made