

"Well the signs omen well. I dreamt last night the finding of a bright jewel. Methinks some good fortune is awaiting me e'er many days. The moose can foil the hunters." "Be it so my comrade," answered L'Hermite. "The river and the wilderness will be our guardian."

The journey up to the lakes was made in a few days. In the north-east portion of one of the largest lakes a miniature creek bounded with great grey boulders and over-hung with verdant elms entered among the hills. Directed by Melwasis, the Indian guide, the canoes were steered to this shady alcove. Silently, swiftly, the canoes sped over the mirroring surface. The light crafts skimmed the water like swift winged swallows; four ripple lines trailed far behind them widening and ever widening to the shore of this inland bay. By the side of a great boulder the canoes were brought to a stop. The five landed and commenced preparation for the few miles portage through the forest to the head waters of the Aroostook. This toilsome journey occupied but a few hours, and now they had a long stretch of water before them the descent of the Aroostook and the ascent of the St. John, from the head waters of which they intended to reach Quebec. The river was rapid and the descent though easy was often dangerous on account of the the rocks and whirling eddies; but Castin and the young Indians were experts with the paddle and never felt more at home than when descending one of the fierce rapids of the river. It was just growing dusk one evening when the party arrived near the spot where the town of Caribou now stands. As usual they landed and prepared to encamp for the night. As they were talking, suddenly the paddling of a canoe was heard upon the river near by, Castin for some reason or other instinctively grasped his musket. As the craft drew nearer the forms of two more could be traced; one old and infirm, the other strong and lithe as any chief. The two Indians, as they were now seen to be, ran into shore and landed near where Castin was sitting. "The Great Spirit bestow sunshine upon you" spoke up the younger. "You are kind" answered L'Hermite, "has the forest spirit sent you hither; who are you?" "This my chief, the great Glooscap teaches him things to be, I am his faithful brave." The old man spoke for the first time; he had been gazing on the magnificent form of Castin; "you from the lands where the birds go? What name has the handsome brave?" "Aye I come

from the south, my father lived toward the rising sun, my mother was the bright eyed Merihaha my name good chief is Baron Anselme de St. Castin." "Ah! I saw you, the Great Spirit and the spirit of roaring waters told me about you, happy is my young brave the day dawns brightly."

"From the dashing, rushing waters,
Stalwart brave of Merihaha
Plucks a flower all a blooming;
Plucks a blossom for his bosom.
Blossom cure for all diseases,
Blossom bright and never fadeth;
Stalwart brave of Merihaha
Wears the flower for a lifetime."

Much wondering what it all meant, Castin asked the old chief to sit down and rest, but the Indian prophet seemed satisfied; he turned to the younger and they embarked once more and made off from the shore. Presently Nocawado who had been out scouting, appeared breathless upon the scene. "Three arrows flight yonder the English are encamped." Then Castin perceived that he was being hotly pursued. Col. Waldren had an iron will and would not give up an undertaking. The party must be off that night. By twelve o'clock the moon began to rise; all was in readiness, and in half an hour the party were rapidly paddling down the river. In a few hours they reached the St. John, which they began to ascend. Late that afternoon L'Hermite spoke up to Melwasis: "What rumbling and roaring is that we hear in the distance?" "Ah! the voice of rushing waters; the Spirit speaks in thunder; the waters make a great leap." Such was the Indian's description of the Grand Falls. It was not long before the waters became turbulent, so much so that the long portage past the falls had to be commenced. To Castin and to the other Frenchmen the spectacle presented by the falls was sublimely grand. To see that volume of water taking a plunge from such a height into the foaming, seething basin below, deep rumbling as the thunder, loud roaring as ten thousand winds, was a sight irresistible to eyes accustomed to look upon nature in quietness and peace.

Upon a high cliff near the falls Castin stood for some time watching the falling waters. Suddenly his eye fell upon a moving object not far away below him; another appeared. Then the truth dawned upon his mind. "L'Hermite," he said in quickened tones, "the English have discovered us; down behind