

morning in the year 18—, on the summit of one of the high banks at the entrance to Charlottetown Harbor, in the vicinity of the old French Fort. He was that morning "monarch of all he surveyed;" or at least he thought so. In front of him lay the still and placid bay, and all around him the almost unbroken forest. His mood left him perfectly unconscious of where he went; he had entered a path, admiring its scenery, but not thinking where it led, or what place he sought, when a huge stump, or gnarled root suddenly appeared before him and awoke him from his trance. Outlet there was none. All around him towered stately pines, their tops reaching as it seemed to the skies. The path was so winding that, as he looked round amazed, he could not even imagine how he came there. To go back seemed quite as difficult as to proceed. There was but one way, and that was to climb over it. This he did, and found the beaten track before him. Following the path brought him to a small creek running out into the harbour. Stopping here to rest, he discovered by its side a conical-shaped stone of a peculiar color, and weighing about thirty pounds. A circle was made in the earth around it, and in it there lay maize and Indian ornaments of various kinds. Thinking he had found a curiosity relating to the Indians, he attempted to collect the ornaments and remove the stone, but had hardly grasped it when his attention was called to two Indians, a little further up the stream, who were going through some kind of gesticulations to attract his notice. As they drew near to him, and passing the stone, they laid some bunches of berries inside the circle surrounding it, and entered into conversation with him.

To the Indian, the material world is sentient and intelligent. Birds, beasts, and stones have ears for human prayers, and are endowed with an influence on human destiny. The stone that he had found was one of the famous Micmac "medicine stones," and was held by the two Indians in great reverence, and on asking the oldest of them concerning it, he related to him the legend of the Fair Miniota.

A great many moons ago, a great Souriquios chief named Kiotsaton, who was a great warrior, and had come from Oonamagik (the name Cape Breton is known by to the Micmacs),