

let you go. You belong to the H. B. C., and I am its governor. You can't go. That's final.

"But, sir," says I, this Massan, this Indian, he goes all the day long with his head bowed down and his eyes running water. His han's and his face they grow thin like the alder stems in the winter. And me—I grieve too—for you know how Pere Ramon he come through the great blizzard last winter to anoint my Marie as she die. So we must go—we mus,—we shall go!"

"An' the governor, he good man, he let us go at the last. He know we go anyway, I suppose. We start the nex' day. You mus' know that the way was mos' long, an' we go away north, not knowing where we go, exact. We travel by the north many weeks—it is so many I forget at the time how many it is. Massan—you know, my frien's, how Massan was quiet—and it is so col,—so col'—br-r-r-r-r-r!"

Pierre shivered. His audience shivered with him. I know not whether it was done on purpose, but I do know that Pierre cast a quick eye over the crowd as he shivered, and smiled quietly as he saw the sym-

that we know we never shall fin, Pere Ramon. That is it to be discourage But Massan he bring me the heart back in my breas'. All the day he slide along the snow among the little mountains. He look in every corner for smoke or sign of a man, an' he listen at night for the barking of dogs. Those nights we sit beside the fire in the spruces—for very soon we get beyond the pine lan's—an' we would smoke our pipes—so silent like death. Then I would lie down an sleep, while Massan he watch the fire for scare the wolves away. At las' when the time come, he would wake me—an' I would watch the fire while he slept. In the morning we go on an' on, walking beside the dogs.

"At the Lac Chibioguma, where the waters split, at the foot of the Laurentides, we fin' Algonquins. Twenty days we spend passing the rocky walls where men lie down an' die because their hope it die. The Algonquins they say they know Pere Ramon. He leave them in October for go to Great Whale River, for try an' save a white man from the Seals, the tribes of the plains of ice.

"Mes amis, that was a sorry day



"Gaspard—my son—all my life I have searched for you."

thetic tremor pass over the crowd. Jean Ribaut got up and piled three big logs on the blaze. Pierre went on with his story. From this point on, his tenses, final consonants, and English grammar quickly disappeared. He talked a language very near the Indian-French patois of the Upper Saguenay in our day, a diction colored and relieved with idiom and comparison; a construction full of odd forms, rhythmical, almost blank verse at times; a tone level, monotonous, yet very rich and deep and full of weird suggestion.

"An' so we go on. The world it grow col' an' hard an' bitter, yet we go on. In a week time we come by the Lac du Monovan, where is set the shrine of Ste. Auguste. A night an' a day we stay there in the pines, an' listen at night to the gray wolves that howl in the great timber. My heart it grow heavy an' col' as we work away north, north over the foothills of the Laurentides. You know what it is, my fren's. The worl' she get so big an' so col' an' so rough

for Massan an' me, when we hear that news. Massan he's head it fall down like the eagle's when he hear the rifle speak. The fires in the lodges of the Seals it is that make he's lef' han' white an' scarred. You know it—you that know Massan in ol' time. That night, as I sleep in the hut of the Algonquin chief Massan he come by me.

"To-morrow we go on," he say, 'even to the sea where the ice mountains they tumble against the shore. Pere Ramon, he maybe need us if he be with the Seals. Massan, he not afraid.'

"But, I, my frien's I see Massan shake as he say he not afraid, an' I knows that he thinks of the fire in the lodge of the Seals—an' I wonder me wether he be better man that tremble and yet go on, or that go on fearing not.

"In the morning when I tell the Algonquins we go on they wonder. The chief he say, 'Death he breathe across the plain. He turn the rivers into ice. He make the air go blue

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