

mous black cat, large as a tiger, with fiery eyes appeared, and rushed frantically, circling around the group of voyageurs, uttering, at the same time, horrible cries that resounded through the forest. Then, throwing itself upon the overturned canoe, it began biting the bark with rage, and furiously tearing the bark with its fierce claws.

"Son of Judas Iscariot" shouted the grandfather. "He is destroying our canoe. How shall we reach home. Throw the piece of wood at him."

Taking accurate aim, one of the men threw the burning brand which struck the cat. He seized it in his mouth and disappeared in a crae. The voyageurs all crossed themselves.

"Be assured, my friends, that this is an affair of magic" said the grandfather who was always of the most discreet. "Let us go. Escaped from so many perils, so near home, we would not now perish like beavers in the depths of the woods."

In truth, the good man made an end of the most edifying, and died like a saint, surrounded by friends and

relatives, and fortified by all the sacraments of the church, not even missing one.

You may imagine whether he was nursed. He had four doctors at his heels. Good Saint Anne! when I think of it. The house was like a real apothecary's shop with bottles of every sort and instruments of all kinds. Notwithstanding all this fuss which nobody could understand, he had to go, for, see you, against the will of the good God there is nothing one can do.

The Indian, that was, indeed, the wicked wizard who had murdered the holy missionary. It is supposed that the devil took possession of him as he was drying himself after accomplishing his evil design and that he and his fire were changed into wher-wolves. This savage has often been seen—oh, for that it is well known. Sometimes he appears on one side of Sault au Récollet, sometimes on the other, occasionally on the neighbouring islands, but always haunting the vicinity in which his crime was committed. But that is what my late grandfather saw with his own eyes.

FROM THE EDITOR'S PIGEON-HOLES.

LITTLE OR NOTHINGS.

I happened once, not very long ago, to be visiting an aristocratic family in the lowlands of Scotland. We had just returned, one fine day, from a ramble through very lovely woods—woods as lovely as only Scotland, I believe, can produce. The young ladies and the children of the family had vied with each other in making our walk one of pure delight, and we went home for a welcome luncheon with appetites sharpened by the bracing air, and spirits jubilant with our happy chatter.

One of the children, a very bright and loving child, had literally laden herself with flowers, twigs, and leaves,—trophies from our walk. I wish I could have had her picture taken. She looked like a little "May Queen."

On entering the house her great anxiety was to preserve her flowers. She ran, breathless, to an old Highland nurse, who had been a part, and an important part, of the household for half a century, to show the good old soul her lovely booty, and to get her to put them cosily and prettily in vases and water.

As we all went chattering in to table, the little Dot held in her hand a bunch of tiny gowans, on which her eyes kept faithful watch that not one would slip neglected to the floor. With a beaming smile she went up to her eldest sister's place, and stretching up on her dear little toes, she laid her hastily-arranged bouquet beside her sister's plate.

It was a few moments ere the young lady, full of chatter and life, observed the gowans—a few moments in which the little Dot was evidently in the third heaven of bliss. For she loved flowers, and she loved her big sister.

But the poor, meek little gowans had begun to close their eyes with fatigue after their long walk in Dottie's hot hands, and, in contrast to the exquisite flowers on the table, made a rather ridiculous show of themselves. The big sister's eyes at length fell on them. Remembering sundry former occasions on which the harmony of festal decorations had been interrupted by what she called Dottie's absurd fancy for picking up little "street-

arabs" of flowers, she exclaimed, not without the slightest tinge of annoyance—

"Dottie if you will have these flowers on the table, keep them over beside yourself, please."

A look to the maid was enough. The flowers—the gowans—the dear little daisy, or day's-eye, of Scotland, that poets sing their sweetest songs about, and that most of us who have not known them since our childish rambles, would all too willingly have seen unseating the roses, were lifted and carried away.

An expression in the child's face did not escape the thoughtful maid. She laid them tenderly in front of the child, and went on her waiting.

Before retiring for the night I pulled my curtains and sat me down by the window. The moon shone down in full splendour on the terraces and gravel walks. Everything that taste could suggest and wealth could procure was there, but everything to me was stamped with one sweet little face that had been so quickly turned from hope into disappointment—from which the smile of love and joy had passed like a fitful sunshine on a cloudy day.

I fell a thinking. I could not get rid of the little face, nor of the little shadow that came to it. So much do "little" things affect us. So much do "little" words cling to us. So much do "little" looks haunt us. So much do "little" straws turn the current of our lives.

I did not know; I only wondered—wondered if the big sister had done anything that would "affect," or "cling," or "haunt," or "turn." Would she teach her little sister that big sisters have no interest in the interests of smaller sisters?

Would she teach little sisters that they should not expect it?

Would she teach little sisters to be selfish at table, and when they have a pretty thing to keep it for themselves? Or that they have a right to put things on the table that may be objectionable, so long as they put them only in front of their own plate?

I do not know. I only wonder.