

“medicine” down the end of time, and whose silent voice speaks out to those alone who have through weary days of research and nights of labour developed the faculty of understanding its communications, or to say it plainly, those who have grown the ears that hear.

But I must hasten on my errand, as I was not free to wait, so I scooped a cache amongst the grass and pebbles of the dry bottom to hide my treasure until I might return to take it home. Fool that I was to hide it as one might bury a nugget, in the valley where it had lain untouched for centuries, a worthless lump of stone! but I could not leave it otherwise; I was a discoverer, and I could almost shout my delight. With anxious step I hurried back and brought my treasure home. For years I had it with me, until my home was burned, and among many other relics, including among others the invaluable manuscripts recording philological and ethnological work done by Dr. Rand, some of which I had not copied or made my own; it met a grave amid the falling timbers, at a time when I was a hundred miles from civilization among the Otchipwes of northern Manitoba.

But my magic war-club, though lost, has been an inspiration to me; it responded for years to my studied requests; and if you who read would learn of what it said to me, come with me at some future time, after our work is done, and I will endeavor to translate into lame English the wild sibylline chanting which it poured into my responsive ear in the soft accents of the Micmac tongue.

J. S. CLARK

