

were silent, for my father had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle, and not that until the Indians should come within powder-burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, and rushed to their canoes and pursued us. We floated on in silence—not an oar was pulled. They approached us within less than a hundred yards with a seeming determination to board us. Just at this moment my mother rose from her seat, collected the axes and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the axe as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself.' After pursuing them for nearly three miles, the Indians could not find courage to come to close quarters with the resolute little band. And thus, as this brave mother used to say calmly, 'We made a providential escape for which we ought to feel grateful.'

Others might tell us how they came by land to their new home, travelling in large companies for safety, hearing the wild beasts howl round their nightly encampments, and seeing by the weary path the slain and mutilated bodies of their countrymen; no living soul to welcome them but the painted warrior hanging stealthily on their trail and only deterred by their numbers from immediate attack. Even should the dread of Indians be removed, there was the risk of starvation, the fever and ague, and yet other untried perils to be undergone beyond the mountains which shut out the wilderness from their familiar world.

Great were the difficulties and dangers, but still greater the courage and hope, of the men who first set their hands to the conquest of this mighty waste of woods. Ignorant and rough as most of them were, they had a noble faith in the future. Almost before they had a roof over their heads, they laid out