

with her. At the same instant a tall horned deer leaped madly into the water, as if jaded by the chase which had been given him by a pack of hungry wolves. The White Swallow hesitated not an instant. She knew that in the water a wearied deer was a sure prey. Plunging toward him, just as the dog was at his throat, the bold girl, before the noble beast was aware of his new danger, had mortally wounded him with her knife, which she always carried by her side.

The unfortunate animal made scarcely any defence, and was drawn to the shore to die without a struggle. Thee-kis-ho now bethought herself of her danger. Death was certain if the wolves surprised her in any force! To provide against this she kindled a fire. But the wolves came not: some other prey must have attracted them, or they must have lost the scent. The carcase was a perfect treasure—furnishing food, clothing, thread, and materials for snares and nets. She rested for the night after a hearty meal, loaded herself and her dog with her gains, and again started forwards. But she had now lost her way in the maze of woods, lakes, and rivers: a gloomy prospect truly for the lone girl.

One day she struck into a thick and gloomy wood, hopeless and worn,—chill blasts howling forebodings of winter through the boughs. Suddenly a sharp cry escaped her, as a startling scene met her view! Before her, as far as the eye could reach, to the right, to the left, in front, lay the waters of a vast inland sea, dotted here and there by small islands. Thee-kis-ho looked anxiously around; for she knew herself to be on the great Lake of the Woods, where dwelt, said tradition, a warlike and mighty race. But all was still, save the waving of the pine, the poplar, and the larch, and the beating of the waves of the sea upon the pebbly shore. The Indian girl stood still musing. Was she still in the land of reality, or was this the promised place to which all the brave and the good went after death? Her hesitation was momentary; and then other thoughts came upon her.

It was now impossible to reach home that year, and the heart of the White Swallow beat confusedly and almost despairingly within her. Should she live throughout the severe season alone without hunting implements, without a hut, without needful clothing? But even if she did get through the winter, should she still find her affianced husband without a bride? The Indian girl was alone, none could see her shame, and she bowed her head and wept.

But better thoughts soon prevailed, and Thee-kis-ho began to prepare for her long, and cold, and dreary winter. She reconnoitred her position—set all her traps—fixed her nets at the mouth of a small rivulet, and extemporised a hut by piling branches and drift wood round the trunk of a tree, and covering them compactly with boughs. Her deer skin was her only bedding. Her fire once lit was never allowed to go out. These important preparations took a long day. She was lucky enough to secure plenty of fish, partridges, squirrels, a porcupine, and a few beavers. Esquimaux was