

Forest-Lore Series.

III — *When Glooscap Comes.*

THE lordly Glooscap, brother and friend, has gone far off to the land of the setting sun—to *Wasok*, the beautiful, the 'Acadie' of the blessed; there he makes his home, at least so says tradition, until all men shall learn to honor truth; then he can return, and his coming will be ushered in amidst wildest rejoicings; birds and beasts, the stately forest trees, and every delicate shrub, will gaily wave him a welcome; ah, but that will be a glorious millennium, when Glooscap comes.

The early French traders had bound him to carry him over the ocean, and show him in France as a trophy, as they had been doing with others; but Glooscap was more than a mortal, his strength put to shame that of Samson; he thwarted their treacherous purpose — and warned all his people against them, against all the thunder-club traders who brought here the deadly *booktarwik*, which quickens the brain for a moment to plunge it in ruinous stupor. The generous Glooscap was faithful, he chided and warned his weak brothers until they had fallen past rescue, and then in disgust he had left them. [Glooscap is their ancient religion.]

His dogs are still standing at Blomidon, transformed into rocks as he left them to sail out to sea on the ebb-tide, with his face looking into the sunset; his kettle lies there still inverted where he tossed it in keen indignation. The people mourn over his absence, the *kenap* has no more ambition, the *sakumow* sleeps in his wigwam; the great snowy owl cries '*koo-koo-skoo*,' which re-echoes through all the dark archways, repeating: 'oh, I am so sorry.' Hear