

even to-day. you still find the distinction; and is it any wonder then that the warrior was accompanied by his animate utensils when his spirit took its flight to *Wasoak*, the land of the blessed.

But this charmed stone before me had lain idle for centuries, until it was gray and worn from exposure. It had no place to fill, in the economy of nature, as there was no soul toned to its pitch, and so it lay age after age a discordant element upon the face of nature as worthless as it had been before it had been chipped out of shapeless flint by pre-historic man perhaps soon after the first hunters came who called the land Megamagee—the home of the true men; before Leif the Norsa, the sea-rover wandered along these shores; a thousand years before Jacques Cartier came.

How that forgotten warrior toiled day after day to perfect his weapons,—his tools no harder than the flint he worked; how he had at last held it up in admiration, and dedicated it to the spirit of the storm with offerings appropriate, then lashed it with sinews to its shaft of toughest oak; and how shaft after shaft was shattered, while the thongs ever chafed their way more deeply into the adamantine rock through unknown generations of warriors—these were themes for speculation, as I rolled my treasure over and over in my hands, while the dew-drops glistened, and the crickets sang.

There was a deep gash at the point, and an unmistakable crack on the poll, which must have been received from a similar weapon at some moment in mortal conflict, for dural skull of wounded moose or beak went down before it time after time like an eggshell under a hammer. But the most marked characteristic about the ancient weapon was that mystic charm of animate presence, which no physical creature could reveal or explain.

This must be then a magic club, which retains its