

gusts, and the rain falling like bullets on the birch-bark shelter.

Soon as the morning dawned, he started again, and all day with no depression, no sorrow on his face, pursued his way like a man going about some business he had long expected to perform. In the open places of the forest and on the shores of the lakes he searched for the roots the Abbé had specified. Often the way was rough and untrodden, sometimes the woods so dense and dark that his eyes could penetrate no farther than each step took him.

Once, a great sheet of water in the midst of the wood forced him to turn back and retrace miles of his journey, only to again emerge on the edge of the same lake. Again he wound his way back, and this time struck the very trail the Indian runner had taken on his fatal errand to Louisburg. The way was worn and easily followed and led direct to the encampment, so that when nightfall came he was within a mile of the Hill Settlement.