

Nearer at hand spread the channel, a mile and one quarter wide, screened by the trec-crowned island that almost yielded to the primeval embrace of the mainland. As they had seen it a year before, so they saw it now, the sheltering island with its rubble of great, gnarled boulders littering the beach, its long, sloping point sheering up and its rampart of bush standing solid above.

Their eyes followed the amphitheatre of the bay, a crescent sweep of shallow water, delicate green in colour and clear as air, edged by a low flat shore that was backed in turn by terraced Laurentian hills.

Tier upon tier the hills rose as of old, the lowest three hundred feet in height, the highest more than one thousand, covered with crowding forests of birch and spruce and pine thrusting out virgin arms to embrace the lesser island. Yonder was the natural barrier, the forty-foot cliff of rock walling the back of the level shoreland and curving westward into the lake. Not a tree nor a stone was changed or gone!

Along the eastern side foamed the small stream in unvaried volume, and there, without addition or diminution, the post buildings crouched behind their eighteen-foot cedar palisades with the gate fast closed, while the same ten villages and teepees and cabins dotted the eastern bank of the stream with the same cattle grazing on the meadows and terraces farther back.

In the midst of their silent gazing they heard