

with Indians: one dark bride wore a pretty Montagnais cap of scarlet and black with edging of silver cord. I looked in vain for the other, but consoled myself with the reflection that she was modestly squatting among the other women and wore no distinguishing bridal array. When the priest came to that part of the service which involves the blessing of the ring, one bride and one bridegroom knelt at the altar-railing; the second bridegroom looked wistfully at the little sea of Montagnais caps; the male portion of the congregation glanced around; an awkward pause ensued, when slowly from among the kneeling squaws a tall young Montagnais girl arose, with a most prominent Roman nose, thick lips, and slanting eyes; she advanced to the railing and knelt beside her lover. Amidst a breathless silence both couples were joined together. Montagnais damsels, like some of their fairer sisters, are fickle and changeable. A melancholy instance of unrequited love on one side, and inconstancy on the other, has occurred at Seven Islands. A girl agreed to be married to a young Indian as soon as the priest came; the day was fixed, the guests were all invited, and a seal was shot for the wedding feast.

Loons were purposely kept for three days, and a porcupine was trapped; preparations on a large scale were made for a great spread. The wished-for hour arrived; the bridegroom was dressed in his best; the guests were all waiting at the chapel doors, anxious for the ceremony to be over, so that they might begin the feast, as the odour of seal, loon, and porcupine cooked in the lodges close