

to his little heart's content. But I was hurrying, and I could not stay, though my heart, too, was in harmony with the music of the spheres, and I could murmur with Bryant.

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list to Nature's teaching."

Suddenly, as I walked, my attention became rivetted upon an object which seemed to stand out like the head of an animal from behind a grassy hillock upon which the dew-drops glittered with dazzling splendour amidst the ladder of light; not only did I see a well-formed forehead and tapering front, but through the intervening grass-blades I plainly discerned wrinkles which gave every appearance of animation in the uncertain light; and, if for a moment a doubt entered my mind, it was dispelled by the consciousness of a presence near at hand; and I was irresistibly drawn on, until, though now I knew no animal was there, I crept close up and placed my hand on the moist, cool forehead; glad to enjoy the luxury of loneliness amid such surroundings at such an hour. My warm hand was chilled by the touch, for it rested upon a common looking dun-coloured stone, moist with gathering dew. I took it up at once with mingled feelings, and examined it closely to see what could have made it so attractive to me. I saw in a moment that it was no common stone, and from my knowledge of the early Micmacs. I was at once assured that before me lay an ancient war-club of uncommon size and weight—he must have been a giant *kookwes* who wielded a club of such weight at the end of an arm-length shaft. All the enthusiasm of a discoverer thrilled within me as I held up the mighty war-club of some forgotten warrior—some *kenap* of the by-gone-days; a *boovin* too, no doubt, who had charged his club with a magic that it would retain down to the end of time. Now I understood the charm that drew me on. I had long known that the war-clubs, bows and spears of the Micmacs have always been regarded as animate; if you turn to their language