

three centuries farther into the past, when the Red Men of the Woods were undisputed lords of the forest, field, and stream, when their various nations warred as boldly as your Servians and Bulgarians of to-day, and when, with faith as confident as that of Papist or Puritan, they offered to the Spirit of the Cataract and Rapid, with measured dance and cadenced song, their time-honored sacrifices.

Dark, sullen, morose, are the legends of the Indians. "Hush," said they to the Jesuit Father Albnel, when he was being paddled around a mountain cape in Mistassini Lake; "whisper low, for the spirit of the point will be angered, invoke his thunders, call up the storm-wind and the blinding glare of lightning, and we are all lost men!" "Have a care," said they, to Menard and his successors, on Lake Superior, "cast no refuse into the clear, calm lake, or the very fish, which are instinct with the spirits of the departed, will avoid your lines and you will starve! And the island you see there, Michipicaten, is alive—it moves, it seems now close, now far away, and now it disappears—nor dare one of us ever land on its enchanted shores." Yet was there some sweet poetry in their beliefs, and Friar Sagard tells of the boulder rock, hard by the Indian village of the Hurons on the well-beaten narrow track between it and the tribal cemetery, which stone the populace dared scarcely pass at night, or, if they did, they *heard* the spirits of departed lovers, sweeping past it on the trail, with a rushing sough, to hover round the dwelling of the ones from whom they had been parted by the *fiat*, which among Indians and white alike, is swift and fell.

Without any stirring adventures, the party reached Montreal in safety, and thence, by Tadousac, Champlain returned to France.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Arthur H. Harvey". Below the signature is a horizontal line with a small flourish at the right end.

ROSE PARK, TORONTO, *January 6, 1886.*