

Gait, Drummond, Lewis, Garry, Lea, Jarvis, Hampton, Wells—while behind them the massed brigades covered the entire canoe harbour, the blood-red stars burning upon their warm yellow bows like the fires upon the beach.

Alone by the fires stood Thompson, sole guest of the Northwest Company, till presently the Montreal brigades lurking in the woods on either hand took heart to emerge. They had marked the Hudson's Bay Company's fleet all afloat, marked how things were shaping on the pier, and crept out, 350 of them, to gather silently around on the sandy flat—the giant Pork Eaters, French voyageurs off the Ottawa River and the parishes around, Iroquois Indians, Caughnawaga Indians, the famed rivermen of the Rabiscaws.

A tamed, voiceless host they gathered, for this season their carnival among the Northmen would not ring, their carousal would not rage with their songs and their *boissons* and their deviltry, and for them the code of the law was written farther than the Sault.

They stared in wonder while the same priest they had seen in Grande Portage the year before raised his voice from the rude altar of the canoe pier in the spruce-walled, starry-naved temple of the wild.

"On the winds of the wilderness and to you dwellers in the wilderness," he declaimed, "I publish the banns!"

Sonorously Andrews' voice sounded as he went on to complete the ceremony, and, even as he finished, the shade of Bertand the Montreal mail-