

determined on emigrating to the Canadian shore, on the northern side of the lake, and becoming British subjects. They packed up their traps, and prepared their families, in all seriousness, for this emigration, so that they might not be deprived of their lake. The report was fortunately unfounded, and they remained where they were.

ABOARD THE STEAMER "NORTH STAR."

We were unfortunately compelled to make up our minds to leave our little Garden River, although my good missionary had not yet completed his church, nor I my Indian studies. But there are through life all sorts of pressure and untoward circumstances which check the very best designs in the midst of their course. Many important affairs were awaiting my friend at "Sault," and the steamer *North Star* myself, which was to carry me away from this Indian dream and fairy land, and the lake which had become so interesting to me. Hence we got into our canoe, took leave of our kind Canadians, Indians, and half-breeds, and paddled up the river.

It is extraordinary how much one sees and discovers when gliding in a canoe, like a duck, through the forests. The same country which appears to a man who hurries through like an eagle on board a steamer, desolate or possessing no interest, shows itself to the canoe traveller full of all sorts of remarkable phenomena, and rich in pleasant and interesting revelations and experiences in natural and human life. I could write a chapter about all the little things characteristic of land and people, which occurred to us as we paddled along this misty day over the broad waters of St. Mary's River, landed here and there,