

down the Grande Portage slope of the trail, away from the reach of his impulsive arm. Graceful as a fawn she ran, breaking into song in the sheer joy of her surroundings and inner being, and Carlisle, his heart singing, too, in anticipation of the union and the reunion that was to be, sprang lightly after.

They swish-swished in their moccasins across the corduroy paths of the beaver meadows, over the small, bridged creeks, down the hundred-foot gulches that dropped like steps toward Lake Superior. Through the patches of poplar and birch and the heart of the grand pinery they descended, now slowly to a walk, now quickening to a run, till they traversed the last mile of the long slope and came out into the clearing close to the Northwest post.

As at Port Charlotte and along the whole length of the Portage, there was not a man to be seen. Yet men had been here not long before, for in the canoe harbour the recovered fur sloop *Otter* and many big Rabiscaw canoes from Montreal were tied, and upon the curving sand beach burned the evening fires of the canoemen.

Breathing themselves while they waited for the others, Carlisle and Joan stared at the scene before them with the sympathetic eyes of children blooded to the wild. Afar surged the vast green expanse of Lake Superior gilded with the molten wash of gold spilled over the high, wooded mainland ridge where the Pigeon River brawled down to its rest on the mighty bosom, scrolled with its white-crested waves.