

the undesirable good magic but life. Coming from a people who had suffered at the stake, she determined to follow the medicine man's advice.

One evening she put on her buckskin dress with all the ornaments worn on gala occasions and crept from her home. The moon was rising slowly over the hills, lighting with a mysterious glamour the narrow upward path, silvering the leaves and filling the wooded spaces with deep shadow. In the crystal silence she heard the splash and swirl of a turbulent little stream on its last lap to the nearby ocean. A light breeze made whisperings that caused her to pause from time to time with bated breath. But the urge was great. At last a sort of terror possessed her; she no longer had power to turn back but was impelled towards the open space of the old Indian burial ground. Here the moonlight threw strange fantastic shadows about the

little clumps of bushes and the few weather-beaten old headstones strewn about. In the woods bordering one side of the cemetery, she thought she saw the swinging bark graves of those who had been placed there ages ago, by her redskin fathers—placed there for their last long sleep.

Pella began to dance in weird Indian fashion, at first timidly, and then, a stranger to herself and oblivious to everything but that power which urged her on to wage war against bad magic, she whirled madly in and out about the hummocks until she fell exhausted and unconscious.

Her friends found her in the morning, a little huddled heap, clothes torn by the brambles and feet bruised and bleeding from contact with the sharp stones. They put her to bed, where she lay so very sick for days that it seemed more than likely she would give up the struggle along with the

slowly melting wax image in the kloochman's hut.

Great was the relief when Le Pere came in on the weekly boat. The unfortunate state of affairs was quickly made known to him. Greatly worried on Pella's account, he hurried at once to her bedside.

Patting her hand, he said, "Little Pella, you have sinned in believing in this bad medicine," and holding up the cross, "Here is the only cure, the only good medicine."

As Pella's weary eyes rested upon the crucifix she whispered, "Father, I have sinned. Bless me."

Le Pere made the sign of the cross on her breast and pronounced the blessing. Then she fell asleep.

Le Pere turned to Joey and the mother and said, "I have arranged for Little Singing Water to enter the convent school. She shall have her chance."

## Marigold

(By Claire Picard)

### A Story for Young Folks

Aunt Amelia was round and bouncy. Her black eyes made me think of two pieces of coal jetting out fire. She had hands that were always busy and never seemed to rest. She often told me I was too fond of idling and dreaming my time away and that she would soon teach me to do something useful.

One day, after she had been finding fault with me I went out into the garden. I came back with a bunch of marigolds. They were red-gold, just the color of my hair. I stroked her hands with the flowers and said, "Aunt Amelia, you have kind busy hands and I want to fill them with sunshine." Then I put the flowers into her hands. Her eyes were not like pieces of coal then, but like pansies, purple and misted over. She said, "My little Marigold! I will call you that now."

After that no one called me by my real name. I was called "Marigold," or more often just "Goldie."

A year before this, when I was seven years old, my parents died, and Aunt Amelia took me to live with her at "Willow Grove" farm. I had lived in a big city and everything on the farm seemed wonderful to me.

I found the hens very sociable and soon had them so petted that they sat on my shoulders as I went around the farm-yard. I called my favorite hen "Betty." She was a very pretty hen with pheasant plumage, but was really just a barn-yard bird. She was quite chatty and talked into my ear, perched on my shoulder, as I went about doing

my little chores among the poultry.

I wanted to make friends with Pete, the turkey-gobbler. But his idea of friendship was strange. He flew at me and flapped so hard with his great wings that he almost stunned me. Watch, the large yellow sheep collie, rushed to my rescue. He attacked the gobbler and made the wicked bird run for his life.

Aunt Amelia warned me then to have nothing more to do with the gobbler as he was a very cross bird. So I decided I had better not try to make a friend of him. However, one day Pete was missing and I went to look for him. I found the clumsy fellow sitting on a nest of turkey eggs and keeping the mother bird away. She looked very doleful and I thought I'd make her happy again by putting her back on the eggs. I lifted the gobbler in my arms and put him on the ground some distance from the nest. He looked very sheepish when he saw the mother bird stepping back into the nest very gently. He was so humiliated that he sneaked away and forgot to attack me.

Then I had an interview with the geese. It was a delightful sight to me to see their beautiful downy nests, white as snow. I put my hand in to pet the mother goose on the nearest nest. All this time the father goose was keeping guard near-by. I was petting the goose and thinking how lovely her soft white bed was when I received a rude shock. The gander seized the back of my leg with his

beak and I felt as though powerful pincers were tearing a piece of my flesh away. I screamed and started to run. He ran after me, hissing hideously, and chased me from the yard.

The gander seemed pleased to find that I was scared of him and began to wait for me around the corner of the verandah. He somehow knew when I was coming out of the door to go for water and waited there to frighten me. But one day I got as smart as Mr. Gander. I came on him suddenly, just as his hiss became fiercest, seized him by the neck and forced him to escort me to the pump. Then I held him tight with one hand while I pumped a pail of water with the other. By this time he was so short-winded he was glad to run off and leave me alone.

We had a book of hymns which bore the legend on the front cover "Sacred Songs." I could not read very well and I thought this was "Scared Songs." By this time I had had so many scares that I thought I had better not open a book full of scared songs, thereby perhaps depriving myself of a great treasure.

I had no trouble making friends with the ducks as they were very gentle. My greatest pleasure was to go out in the afternoon to catch minnows for the ducks. I put the minnows in a tub of water and it was great fun to watch the ducks jump into the tub and dive for the tiny fish.

I had another way of getting fish for my ducks. Always after a baking of bread Auntie let me have the large bread tin with its scrapings of dough.