

with the swift powerful stroke peculiar to the red-man, he safely passed one dangerous spot after another. On, on, ever on, with always that great Spirit of Silence about him.

As the Indian looked above into the vast infinitude of space, the stars had disappeared and there, with a magnificence such as only those who have been in the great northland can conceive, the Northern Lights spread their curtain of splendor over the heavens. Great creamy folds flashed and trembled across the sky, shifting and dissolving into fantastic shapes of ethereal beauty.

On, on the canoe glided, till at length, trembling on the edge of the rapid which alone lay between the brave and his goal, it shot through the turbulent water under the careful guidance of an expert's hand.

But alas for the fallibility of human skill! A sudden crash upon a hidden rock below the surface, a leap into the air, an ominous splash,—then the empty canoe dashes on over the rocks, borne away and beyond by the same chill dark flood which, with a gurgle and a murmur, triumphantly bears off its burden into the Happy Hunting-Ground.

The fire still burns faintly before the wigwam. Its light still falls upon the bowed head of the Indian woman, who crouches there yet in the chill hours of the early dawn, awaiting the return of her husband. The tongues of flame leap up again, and now as they quiver and disappear, the little life, too, in that ragged bundle is burning low. Still the mother clutches to her breast the warm but almost lifeless form of her babe, and, swaying to and fro, croons a plaintive melody, which is wafted on by the sighing wind and dies away in the forest beyond.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

“Autumn winds once more returning,
Chant the summer's solemn knell;
Youthful hearts forever yearning,
Throb a silent, sad farewell.”

Notre Dame Scholastic.