

## AN OLD CAMP.

Here pitch the tent! 'Tis sheltered well  
Beside this tiny streamlet's flow,  
The moss grows thick and soft;—and then  
We camped here, years ago.

Right here the dingy tent was stretched,  
Our axes laid these trees just so,  
You see the logs we smouldering left  
So many years ago.

Drive home the tent-pegs! Strip the boughs!  
The fragrant branches lightly strow;  
And cut dry birch for such a fire  
As blazed here years ago.

The pine-trees' dusky silent boles  
Are reddened with the camp-fire's glow,  
And sparks dance upward to the stars  
That shone thus, years ago!

Ye bring me back, familiar scenes,  
The faces that ye used to know,—  
The kind old faces, vanished forms,  
Of long, long years ago.

Your voices mingle in our songs,  
A faint sweet chorus, soft and low,  
And harmonies these trees once heard  
So many years ago.

O gentle ghosts! I fear you not,  
Welcome you are to me, I trow;  
Take the same places by the fire  
You took long years ago.

And let us live the time gone by;  
—Forget that many a winter's snow  
Has fallen, since we rested here  
In days of long ago.

Farewell, I bid you, one by one,  
Your hands I'll clasp ne'er more below,  
So, sadly from my dream ye pass,  
Old friends of long ago.

W. H. BLAKE.

## A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

## VII

It's all absurd, and yet  
There's something in it all, I know: how much!—*Browning.*

Wiley stayed in Residence, studying idly through the summer months for the examinations in September, towards which he gazed at times in leisurely, unanxious repose, as they showed afar off on days of peace and slumbrous calm, in the blue distance, like the three mountain-tops, silent pinnacles of aged snow, seen by the dwellers in the land wherein it seemed always afternoon. For all things about the University were lying

"In the golden drowse of summer,"

with nothing stirring save the leaves on the trees; and the lawn put on its freshest green, all untrodden, and washed by sunlit showers. Then is the quad a quiet retreat. The few men who live in Residence are to be seen but seldom; this one or that has gone to Muskoka or elsewhere for a week or two. They return after these short absences; and sometimes, they play tennis in the long quiet afternoons.

Evans, too, remained in his old quarters with like intent; but not with Wiley's placid temper and careless ease of mind. As the weeks wore on the latter made some attempts to lighten his friend's downcast mood, but to little avail. There was one day on which he was more dejected than usual; his father, on returning after an absence of some months, had written to him.

They have come to each of us, those letters, written after the stern, indignant manner of the father in comedy, in the second act,—that testy, choleric, old gentleman who makes himself so unpleasant and disagreeable, until the old time-worn documents, or other "properties," are produced triumphantly in the last scene, and the usual astounding disclosures made. He then stands, during the accustomed space of time, gazing helplessly, with his puzzled and bewildered air, first at the ceiling,—that is to say, the flies,—and then at his daughter,—that is to say, Miss Smith,—who in her graceful and becoming faintness is tenderly supported by that handsome young man; and when the applause drawn forth by the young man's documents and so forth has subsided somewhat, "Father," she says, and her eyes speak for her. Tableau,—and it is "Bless you, my children." Curtain.

Well, they have come to each of us, these letters, and we, no doubt, in our turn shall write them too. Such is life.

Wiley mused thus, and said slowly, after an impressive pause, "All your misfortunes, Fred, have been caused by the idols."

"The idols?" echoed Evans.

"The idols," Wiley repeated, with a gesture towards the two images, which were still side by side on Evans' mantel. "They are Indian idols, as I know now; and your bad luck began the day I gave you them."

"That's so," said Evans, quickly. "Pshaw!" he added, after a breathless pause, "it's nonsense."

Wiley went on quietly, "I can't tell you very well—that is, I can't explain it all properly just now; wait a short time till I've got everything together."

Wiley's entire seriousness had impressed Evans for the while; but afterwards he took no further thought of it, regarding it as one of his friend's whims; and the more so that Wiley did not speak of the matter again.

It was now August, and this strange assertion about the images had almost completely passed out of Evans' mind. As he was alone in his room one afternoon, Wiley came in with a hurried excitement of manner.

"It's all here," he exclaimed, showing the letter in his hand. "I have been waiting for this from Pearson. When he gave me those images he told me what he knew of them then. But since that he's found out a great deal more." And amid many exclamations of surprise and wonder from Evans, and many interruptions, the story of the idols was unfolded.

"To begin," wrote Pearson, "with a few splashes of 'local colour,' laid on roughly. The Jesuit Allouez, having pressed forward to where the famous Jogues and his companion Raymbault had made their way in 1641—the Jesuits,' as Bancroft says, 'never receded one foot'—established in 1665 the mission of the Holy Ghost at La Pointe, in the western extremity of Lake Superior. In time, missions were erected at Sault Ste. Marie, Green Bay, Mackinaw, and other places; and in this wide field laboured Marquette, Dablon, Allouez, Druillettes, André, and their successors." But we are not altogether ignorant of what was doing around the inland seas we now name Superior and Huron and Michigan, in the years during which we discern dimly in a confused England, blustering, ironhanded, snuffling Roundheads, praying and fighting, and Cavaliers, handsome, courtly blackguards, with their plumes and velvet and fringing; all riding abroad noisily under a cloud of war. And as Pearson is an enthusiast in these matters, perhaps we had best give in brief the substance of his letter, which was diffuse and prolix, with its digressions on all manner of questions relating to the times of the early missions, and its long quotations from the *Relacions des Jesuites*.

In the first of these extracts, Fathers Dablon and Allouez tell of an Indian idol which they discovered on the banks of what is now Fox River, near Green Bay, Wisconsin. "It was merely a rock," says the account, "bearing some resemblance to a man, and hideously painted. With great reluctance, our attendant, a Huron convert, was at length prevailed upon to help us in casting it down into the water." They learned later from their Indian that it was before this idol that Menard met his death five years before, having been dragged to it by the savages, over many miles,—Menard, the aged, white-haired, brave priest, who was known to have journeyed in his canoe more than three hundred miles westward of Sault Ste. Marie, and was supposed to have perished, alone in the wilderness, by famine or the tomahawk.

The Huron convert, as we shall see, afterwards accompanied Marquette and Jolliet on their Mississippi voyages; and after