

to fire. Suddenly a gleam of light revealed to me a human face among the brilliant leaves, and with a sudden grasp of the rifle barrel, its aim was directed sideways amid the trees.

In an instant, at the loud report of the rifle, our astonishment was extreme to see the object let go its hold and fall headlong at our feet. What was our dismay to discover, that instead of being a wild-cat or young bear, it was nothing less than a little Indian boy! His life had been saved by a miracle.

Gathering himself together, he raised himself to his knees, and stretched out his hands, exclaiming in tremulous tones: "Oh! no shoot more! Oh! no shoot more! I come down! I come down!"

One of the guides at that moment rushed forward, and said: "As sure as you live, it's little Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog! I know by the scars on his neck which, it is said, are the marks of his uncle's fingers trying to choke him when he was a baby. How in thunder did he get here, and in that tree above the camp, without being seen?"

"I runned away from my grand-dad," exclaimed the little Indian. "He had no bread and no fish. I was hungry. I saw your fire on the shore and thought I could get some food. I ran long edge of de river, and when I got here was frightened at de dogs. I climbed de big hemlock with branches near the ground, and got from limb to limb, till I was over the fire. Oh! do not shoot again. I am hungry!"

That was an appeal that did not go to our hearts in vain. We gave him some bread and bacon, a cup of warm tea, for the water was being heated for our bedtime toddy, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing our guest taking on an expression of content that only a hungry child perfectly satisfied assumes.

We tried to engage him in conversation, and even to get his name, so as to make sure of his identity, but to everything we asked him, the response was: "Me do not know!" or, a grunt of satisfaction at anything we showed him. We sang a lot of songs for his amusement, and a hymn or two that we knew was familiar to the Indians, and he was greatly interested; and finally urging him to sing, he broke out in a plaintive little

monotone, something like the following:

"I go,—I go
To my home,—To my home,
I know,—I know
He will come,—He will come."

Repeating this in a comfortable corner of the tent, he dropped to sleep; and covering him up with a blanket and letting the flaps of the canvas fall, so as to protect him from the midnight air, we all turned in to dream of the strange and weird incident of the day. My last thought was one of gratitude that the aim of my friend with his rifle had been wide of its mark, for we might have had on our hands the blood of the future chief of the Chippewas.

Waking early in the morning for a deer hunt, we were surprised to find our little guest had fled, having crept out unobserved, and doubtless by this time was with his old guardian, perhaps being soundly berated for his escapade.

Curiosity prompted further enquiry regarding the young scion of the headship of a once influential tribe of men and warriors, and it was found that a feud really existed regarding the proprietorship of lands, valuable because of the timber limits thereupon; and that, to save the rightful heir from the machinations of his enemies, the old Indian chief had kept him concealed for two summers in the far-away woods of Trading Lake.

Years after, in Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, it was my good fortune to be invited to witness a conference between representatives of Indian tribes and that prince among noblemen, Lord Lansdowne. A group of Indians had come to talk to the representative of the great Queen about being transferred to fields less civilized, with more game and better adapted for Indian life. Among the speeches made on that occasion by the red men, that which attracted attention by its eloquence and pathos, was from the young chief of the Chippewas. A lithe and handsome Indian, of perhaps twenty-five summers, was pointed out to me as the eloquent pleader for his race, and going up to him, I held out my hand. He took it slowly, looking into my face in a reserved and stern manner. But when I said, "You are Kosh-She-She-bog-a-mog. I covered you with my blanket one