

on the rigging, but was anticipated by his quarry: one of the birds flew actually into Arthur's hands, and the other got in among some barrels which stood amidships.

"Ah," said Arthur, "they were driven out here by that chap, I suppose. Now I'll give you the pleasure of feeling one of them in your hands."

"But that wicked hawk!"

"And that wicked Jay, ever to eat chickens or mutton."

"Ah! but that is different. How his little heart beats, and flutters. I wish I had him for a pet. I would love you, little birdie, indeed I would."

For some days they stayed by the ship, descending on deck for crumbs regularly furnished them by Jay, to whom the office of feeding them was deputed by common consent. But nearing the Island of Anticosti, they took wing for shore with a parting twitter, and, like Noah's dove, did not return. Jay would not allow that they were ungrateful.

CHAPTER III.

UP THE ST. LAWRENCE.

LITTLE Jay could hardly be persuaded into the belief that they were now sailing on a river; that the swift broad tide bearing against them, more than one hundred and twenty miles across at this island of Anticosti, was the mouth of a stream having source in a mountain far away, and once narrow enough to step over. Arthur showed her the St. Lawrence on a map hung in the saloon; but such demonstration did not seem to convince her much. "Then where are the banks? My geography says that a river always has banks," was her argument.