

deers, and said 'I love your enemies,' I have wished I could ask that man's forgiveness before I meet him at the last great review day when all the soldiers and braves—English, Mericans, and Injuns—must stand before the great Captain, the Lord Jesus. He may have had little papooses and a white squaw who wept for him just as mine would weep for me. But, thank God, I saved other lives that day. My braves were mad with slaughter, just as if they were drunk with fire-water; but when the victory was fairly won I dragged them off the prisoners they were going to scalp, though it was like tearing an eagle from a heron he has struck, or the dogs off the haunches of a deer. This killing seems to come natural to the pagan Injun of the woods, but for white men and Christians it seems strange work."

"Yet ther' wuz Chris'n men that fit that," interrupted Dowler. "I hear'd father tell on a Methodist' preacher—a local, ye know, not a reg'lar—who used to preach, an' pray, an' sing, like thunder in barracks; an' he fit like a tiger when the guns was a-rattlin', an' kep' on praying all the time. Yet he wuz gentle as a lamb arter the fight and used to nuss the wounded—even the 'Merikers, too, jist as lovin' an' tender as a woman."

In answer to the inquiry of Lawrence if the Christian converts among the Indians received much opposition from their pagan relatives the old chief told the following story:

"Did you notice that girl with the great scar on her forehead that sat yonder?" pointing to near the door, where had sat an Indian maiden lithe and graceful as one of the mountain birches, with eyes as deep and dark as a forest lake. "Well, she's Big Bear's daughter. He had a streak o' luck winter before last and had two big moose to spare. So he hitched up the dogs and drove down the river on the ice with them and some otter and mink furs to Oka, where the priests have a seminary and a convent. Mere Marie at the convent was buying some mink skins, and asked him if he wouldn't let his pretty daughter, Red Fawn, come and work in the kitchen and she'd teach her to cook and sew. He wanted to please the nuns, so he let her go.

"Well, the nuns taught her to say the *Ave* and *Credo* and to dress the altar of the Virgin. I know their ways, I've lived among the Catholics. Very loving the nuns are when they like, and the poor girl never had any kindness showed her before. So they taught her the catechism, then the priest wanted her to be baptized. They get lots of Injun girls that way—mighty cunning them priests are, beat even an Injun for that. And they called her Marguerite des Anges, which means in the Indian language 'Pearl of the angels.' And they gave her a pretty gilt crucifix to wear on her neck.

"Well, next fall Big Bear was camping down the river, and he went to see Marguerite. He met her in the woods gathering the late autumn flowers to dress the altar. She'd grow'd so tall an' handsome he was quite proud of her.

"Come back, Abdik, an' share my lodge," he said, but she said she couldn't leave the kind good nuns.

"You must leave these Christian dogs," he shouted, "or the wily Black robes will make you a woman worshipper like themselves."

"Nay, father, I like not the wild hunter's life," said Marguerite, and crossing herself, she went on, "I have already vowed to live the handmaid of Christ and his blessed mother, whom, O father! I beseech you blaspheme not."

"What! a daughter of mine become a sis'ar of those pale faced nuns!" he cried. "Why did I leave you among them; I might have known they would teach you to despise the gods of your father."

"But those be no gods, father," she replied, "but evil spirits, says the priest, beguiling the souls of men to perdition."

"Good enough gods for your old father," he passionately answered, "and good enough they must be for his stubborn child. Know, girl, I have promised that when the next snow comes, you shall keep the lodge-fire of Black Snake the bravest warrior of our tribe."

"Nay, father," exclaimed the girl with a shudder, "that can never be: I shrink when I see his glittering eye and gliding step, as though he were indeed a poisonous snake."

"It shall be, girl," he thundered; "Big Bear has said it, and the word of Big Bear was never broken."

"Father, it cannot be," said the brave girl; "I will die first," and in her firm-pressed lips and flashing eye Big Bear saw that she had all his own determination in her slender frame.

"Then die you shall if you obey no: my command," he hissed. Snatching the cross from her neck he stamped it beneath his feet exclaiming, "The accursed medicine charm, ~~it~~ do you, then you shall wear it in your flesh," and seizing his scalping knife he gashed the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and dragged her off bleeding and fainting to his wigwam.

"A few weeks after, before the wound was well healed, when he wanted to give her to that scoundrel, Black Snake, she fled through the wintry snow to our camp and besought my protection, and my protection she shall have as if she were my own daughter—they are all dead now—so long as this gun can shoot game in the woods," he ended, pointing to his trusty fowling-piece.

"Is she still a Catholic?" asked Lawrence, who had been a deeply-interested listener to this tragic recital.

"She has mostly forgotten the *Aves* and *Paters* that she didn't understand,"

replied Kowaydin, "but, instead, she sings in our own tongue the sweet hymns,

'When I survey the wondrous cross,
'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and many others. And one day when I was reading in the Good Book the words of Paul 'I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus,' she smiled and laid her finger on the cross-shaped scar on her forehead and said, 'I too bear his sign in my flesh.' And she is so good, and gentle, and patient I sometimes think she is like the saints spoken of in the Revelation, who have come out of great tribulation and have been sealed with the seal of God in their foreheads."

THE "TIMBER JAM."

Now suddenly the waters boil and leap, On either side the foamy spray is cast, Hoarse Genii through the shouting rapid sweep, And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep, Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge, And howling billows sweep the waters dank, Stamping the ear with their stentorian dirge, That loudens as they strike the rock's resist'ing verge.

SANGSTER.

The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

At last the spring came to the lumber-camp. The days grew long and bright and warm. The ice on the river became sodden and water-logged, or broke up into great cakes beneath the rising water. The snow on the upland rapidly melted away, and the utmost enegy was employed in getting down the logs to the river before it entirely disappeared. The harsh voice of the blue jay was heard screaming in the forest, and its bright form was seen flitting about in the sunlight. The blithe note of the robin rang through the air. A green flush crept over the trees, and then suddenly they burgeoned out into tender leafage. The catkins of the birch and maple showered down upon the ground. A warm south wind blew, bringing on its wings a copious rain. The river rose several feet in a single night. One timber boom above the camp broke with the strain upon it, and thousands of logs went racing and rushing, like maddened herds of sea-horses, down the stream. Happily the heavy boom below held firm, and they were all retained.

About a mile above the camp was a steep and heavy rapid of many rods in length. Above it a large "drive" of logs had been collected. It was a grand and exciting sight to see them shooting the rapids. As they glided out of the placid water above, they were drawn gradually into the swifter rush of the river. They approached a ledge, where, in unbroken glassy current, the stream poured over the rock. In they rushed, and, tilting quickly up on end, made a plunge like a diver into the seething gulf below. After what seemed to the spectator several minutes' submergence, they rose with

a bound partially above the surges, struggling "like a strong swimmer in his agony" with the stormy waves. Now they rush full tilt against an iron rock that, madly no, challenges their right to pass, and are hurled aside, shuddering, brood, and shattered from the encounter. Some are broken in twain. Others are splintered into splinters. Others, whole by unscathed.

Now one lodges in a narrow channel. Another strikes and throws it athwart the stream. Then another and another, and still others in quick succession, lodge, and a formidable jam is formed. Now a huge log cavers along like a half-ton catapult. It will surely sweep away the obstacle. With a tremendous thud, like the blow of a battering ram, it strikes the mass, which quivers, groods, groans, and apparently yields a moment, but is faster jammed than ever. The water rapidly rises and boils and eddies with ten fold rage.

The "drivers" above have managed to throw a log across the entrance to the rapid to prevent a further run, and now set deliberately about loosening the "jam." With cant hooks, pike poles, levers, axes, and ropes, they try to roll, pry, chop, or haul out of the way the logs which are jammed together in a scantly inextinguishable mass. The work has a terribly perilous look. The jam may at any moment give way, carrying everything before it with resistless force. Yet these men, who appear almost like midgots as compared with its immense mass, swarm over it, pulling, tugging, shoving, and shouting with the utmost coolness and daring. Like amphibious animals, they wade into the rushing, ice-cold water, and clamber over the slippery logs.

Now an obstructive "stick," as these huge logs are called, is set free. The jam creaks and groans and gives a shove, and the men scamper to the shore. But no; it again lodges apparently as fast as ever. At work the men go again, when, lo! a single well directed blow of an axe relieves the whole jam, exerting a pressure of hundreds of tons. It is *saute qui puit*. Each man springs to escape. The whole mass goes crashing, grinding, growling over the ledge.

Is everybody safe? No, Evans has almost got to the shore when he is caught, by the heel of his iron studded boot, between two grinding logs. An other moment and he will be swept or dragged down to destruction. Lawrence, not without imminent personal risk, springs forward and catches hold of his outstretched hands. Dowler throws his arms around Lawrence's body, and bracing himself against a rock they all give a simultaneous pull and the imprisoned foot is freed. And well it is so, for at that moment the whole wreck goes rushing by. The entire occurrence has taken only a few seconds. These lumbermen need to have a quick eye, firm nerves, and