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THE OLD LOG CHURCH.
 WITH
 TISSCHER.
 On olden walls, in memory's halls,
 With roses round it clinging;
 A picture rare of antique air,
 The old log church is swinging.

Of timber rough, and gnarled and tough,
 It stands in rustic beauty;
 A monument to good intent
 And loyal, Christian duty.

The forest trees, kissed by the breeze
 Of early autumn weather,
 Stand grimly by, and seem to sigh
 And bend their boughs together.

Down by the mill, and up the hill,
 And through the hazel thickets,
 And over the mossy paths we lead
 Up to the rustic wicket.

And by these ways, on holy days,
 The village folk collect,
 And humbly hear the Sacred Word
 And worship undeflected.

Sweet fancy's art and poet's heart
 Can see the old-time preacher
 And village sage now turn the page,
 As minister or teacher.

For in the church, with aged birch,
 On week days he presided,
 In awful silence, a laborer,
 'Twas love and love divided.

But when it stood, in dappled wood,
 A city sprung to life,
 And jolly noise of barefoot boys
 Is lost in business rife.

With years now down, the children, grown,
 Are launched on life's mad billows,
 The pretty maid is matron staid,
 The master's noath the willows.

—Leaver. Tribune.

WARNAK THE ASSINIBOINE.
 BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

It is a long, wearisome journey from Lake Athabasca, the inland sea, in the heart of the land of silence and desolation, to Fort Garry, which I left many months previous. The return journey is always immeasurably longer to the traveler, and there were terrible days when it was hard to believe we were making any progress at all. But the hunters and trappers of the Hudson Bay company, during their years of training in the far north, become accustomed to every experience which can befall them. For days and weeks he will push forward on his snow shoes, never catching sight of a human being, unless it may be the frowny Blackfoot or Assiniboino, whose wigwam beside the frozen stream sends up the faint wreath of smoke, which tells where the miserable family are shivering over the half-dying embers within. He will burrow for months in some station or post on the shores in Hudson Bay, or along the margin of the Great Slave or the Great Bear, whose northern arm touches the Arctic circle. There he will be content, with nothing to read, with no news from the outer world, separated perhaps by 1,000 miles from his family, until the day comes for him to begin his almost interminable journey to the southward.

There is but one river which pours into the Arctic Ocean—the mighty Mackenzie, through which the waters of Athabasca, Great Bear and Great Slave sweep into the frozen sea. Under the appalling rigors of the polar climate scarcely a glimpse of the current is ever seen. It stretches away to the northward, like a winding, treeless plain, and is bridged from one season to another by the crystalline bridge many feet in thickness. Mackenzie, Franklin, Bach, Richardson, Simpson, Rae and other countless explorers trudged through the desolate regions, on their aimless march to the pole. Perhaps when fighting their way against the fierce tempest, and the blinding eddies of snow, they caught sight of a dim figure laboring resolutely forward, heedless of the awful cold which shivered up many as it with intolerable heat. They knew he was a Hudson Bay trapper, who a few months later would be hundreds of miles distant, still pushing through the terrific tempests in search of the glossy furs which bring him but a few shillings to send to his family across the ocean.

On my return from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, I was accompanied by an old Canadian trapper, Xavier, with whom I had had many thrilling hunts. We doubled on our own trail, as may be said, for the entire distance to Fort Garry. From the western arm of the lake we followed the Athabasca river to the fork, where it makes an abrupt turn to the west. We proceeded almost due east along the Clearwater to Portage La Loche, then by Methy and Buffalo Lake to Isle a la Crosse, where we halted for several days. Then came a long and exhausting tramp, directly south, for more than 200 miles to Fort Carlton, where we were in the country of the Blackfoot. Then to the southeast, past the half-breed settlements on the Saskatchewan until we struck the mountainous section north of Qu'Appelle river, known as Touchwood Hills. We had been weeks on the road, and when Xavier said we were not much beyond the half-way point a feeling of indescribable loneliness came over me. I began to doubt whether it was ever my fortune to step across the boundary line again. But Xavier was always in high spirits, and as there was plenty of timber and game, he arranged for a camp of three or four days. We were in the land of the Assiniboino, but so long as we remained in British America we were in no danger from any wandering bands of Indians. When the fierce warrior passes to the northward of the fortieth parallel he washes the hideous black paint from his face, sheds his war paraphernalia and becomes an inoffensive wanderer and becomes a simple, lazy vagrant. Even the tigress skinning Bull ceases to dream of scalps, and smokes his pipe and absorbs his firewater in front of his wigwam like his brother red man so soon as they squat under the flag of her majesty the queen.

We had passed several villages of Assiniboino, but as I visited a couple on my first journey through the country there was nothing to draw either of us aside. The lodge generally numbered from a dozen to twice that number, and are built beside some running stream. The sight of these aboriginal structures, with the crossed tent poles protruding through the top, between which a thin, bluish wreath of smoke curls upward, and the canoe drawn up the bank, form one of the

most picturesque scenes encountered in British America. Sometimes the small Indian dogs were seen, trotting about the lodges, and we occasionally observed a warrior moving slouchily between the residences, but the squaws were scarcely ever visible.

On the first night of our camp in the Touchwood Hills a singular incident took place. The temperature was rather mild, the mercury hovering near zero, and the snow, which had melted considerably on the low lands, was crisp and fully a foot deep among the hills. As is the custom of the hunters, we had cleared a bare space some twenty feet square, heaping up the snow around us so as to ward off the wind. Plenty of fuel was gathered with which to keep the fire going, and the branches of pines were carefully arranged near by for our bed, just as we did when approaching Fort Chipewyan, on the shore of Lake Athabasca. We were thus comfortable the night through.

On the evening to which I refer we had eaten our supper and sat smoking. Xavier and I naturally looked in each other's faces when talking. Now and then the smoke would partially hide the wrinkled countenance of my friend, but only for a few seconds, when he would emerge to view like the ghostly figures which the magician summons forth with his wand. I was lazily puffing my pipe and looking dreamily toward Xavier when I suddenly observed another figure, which seemed to mingle with his until they were one, when they separated again.

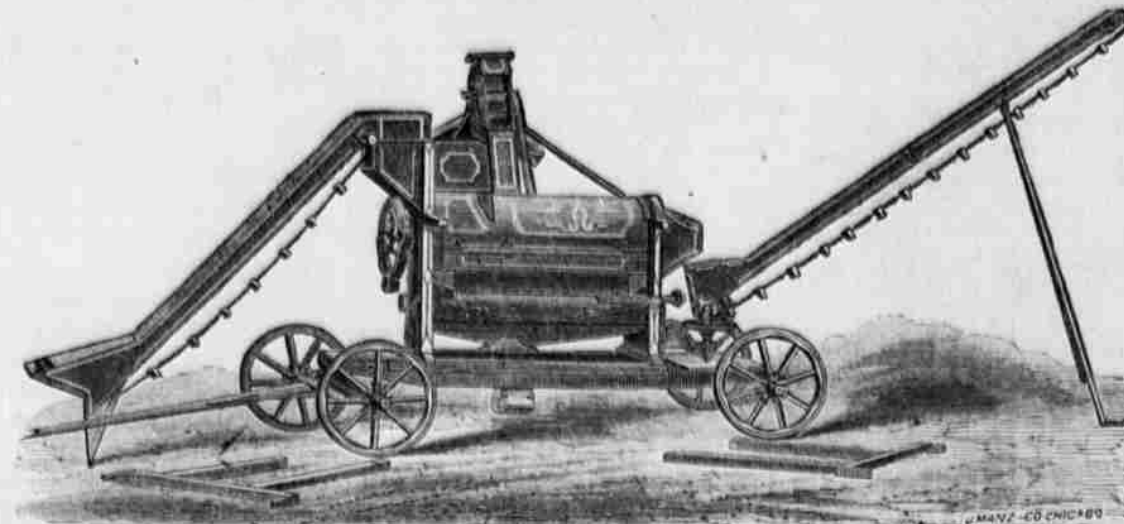
The smoke cleared the next instant, and I was not a little astonished to discover that a third party was near us. A sinewy Assiniboino had been attracted by the glare of our camp fire, and stealing carefully forward, was making a cautious survey before joining us. His dusky face, with the long black hair straggling around it, the feathers sticking in several directions therefrom, the heavy blanket gathered close about his ears, the brawny shoulders and the rifle were all in relief against the starlit sky beyond, and formed a striking figure as he noiselessly rose from the snow, until he was clearly stamped before us.

Although outrages on the part of the aborigines of British America are scarcely known, yet I was scared, as I would have been had I known it to be a white man. The surroundings were such as to throw suspicion on any stranger approaching in that fashion. Xavier observed my startled look and wheeled like a cat. He and the Assiniboino were within three yards of each other, the Indian standing erect, the Caucasian crouching with his hand on his knife ready to leap on the intruder should he prove an enemy. The two men stood absolutely motionless for full half a minute. Then the fire blazed out and the glare showed the face of the Assiniboino more distinctly. Suddenly the iron countenance seemed to light up from within and he advanced.

"How do, brudder?" he asked in broken English, striding through the snow and offering his hand to Xavier, who uttered a joyous exclamation, caught the swarthy palm in his own, and shook it with more cordiality than I ever saw him show anyone.

"It is Warnak, as I live. I never expected to see you again! I thought you were hundreds of miles away."
 "Warnak lived on Saskatchewan—moved wigwam."
 "If I had known it I would have been down in the village after you. How are you, old boy? Shake once more."
 While Xavier gripped one hand of the red man and shook it again, and again, he slapped him on the back, and pulled him around and to and fro, just as some civilized people do when delighted to meet. I could not but laugh at the exhibition, for the Indian grinned so expansively that his handsome white teeth were seen, and there could be no mistake as to his pleasure in meeting the white man. I was introduced to him in characteristic fashion, and he sat down by his pipe, smoking his blanket about him and smoked. For conversation Xavier then held a conversation some fifteen minutes in length, in the native tongue of the Assiniboino, during which I silently smoked and watched them.

Then Xavier turned toward me:
 "Warnak tells me he lives in the Indian village we saw some miles to the westward. His wife and children are well, and he made the journey to our camp on purpose to meet me."
 "I see you are old friends."
 "So we are, so we are; and I 'pose it's because men who have fought come to love the most afterwards that Warnak and I think so much of each other."
 "You have been enemies then?"
 "I should say so! I once spent two years in the service of the Northwest Fur company, most of which I put in along the streams and mountains of Oregon, where the times were lively. While I was on the coast I met a man named McInture, one of the factors of the company. He sent me and McDonald, a Scotchman, to make an examination of the forests north of the upper branch of the Saskatchewan. The supply of peltry from that section was unsatisfactory for two years, and the company wished to know whether there had been, what sometimes occurs, a migration of game, or whether it was the fault of the hunters who operated through that region."
 "McDonald was an old employe of the company, who had been in Oregon long Ungava bay, and had set his traps on the headwaters of the Mackenzie. He was a six-footer, five years younger than I, brawny, muscular and powerful, and I remember

THE OTTAWA CYLINDER CORN SHELLER,

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what a feeling of security came over me when we pulled on our over shoes and headed toward the southwest, to think I had such a strong arm to lean on.

"All went well enough until we reached the Saskatchewan, when trouble came. McDonald complained that something was the matter with him. When we left York Factory he had queer ringing pains in his head. He thought nothing of it and believed they would wear off in a short time. So they did, but soon returned and grew worse and worse, until when the Saskatchewan was reached he could bear up no longer. He fought bravely, but threw himself on the ground and said he must soon die or get well, and he cared very little which. You see, he held out so long that when the collapse came it was complete.

"I observed him a couple of days, and told him he would never pick up unless he showed more pluck, but there was no denying he was a very sick man. When I noticed for the first time his face I wondered that I had been so blind. It looked like death itself. There was not much snow on the ground, and I built him a house where I was able to use the rocks for walls and pine boughs for the roof. Then I made him a bed the best I could, and that was about all I could do for him.

"You can understand what a frightful situation we were in. McDonald was sick unto death and no physician could be obtained. The nearest was hundreds of miles away; no man would tempt one to visit a patient on the north branch of the Saskatchewan, and McDonald was too ill to be moved. So I made him as comfortable as possible, kept my fire going, and cooked him the nicest parts of the buffaloes and birds that could be obtained.

"The poor fellow didn't seem to get any worse, nor could I see that he improved. It might be encouraging to find that he was able to hold his own for a time, but he must do more than that if he was to live.

"On the third day I started out to hunt, Mac saying I needn't hurry back, as he had no appetite and he did not need me. The day was pretty well along when I started, but it was my purpose to return by sundown, for I knew the poor fellow would be lonely and lowly spirited in the dark. It was necessary, however, that I should procure some game, for there was not a particle in camp.

"Although I did my best, it was not until the afternoon was half gone that I got a chance to draw bead on something. I was growing impatient, when I came out of the woods and approached a ridge, on the top of which was a big bull buffalo browsing. There was no snow there, but plenty of short, rich grass, of which the animal is very fond. It was a little curious that the bull was alone, but more than likely his companions were not far off. However, no one could want a better shot and I pulled the trigger, just as he moved one foot forward, so as to open the way to his heart.

"I recollect that, at the moment I fired I heard something like the echo of my own rifle, but I thought nothing of it and walked toward to claim my prize, who did not run a dozen yards before he fell dead. The shot was so fatal that the wonder was he had been able to move at all after receiving the wound.

"Throwing down my gun, I drew my hunting knife and was going to work, when I discovered, to my amazement, that some one had fired at the same instant as I did and wounded the buffalo in precisely the same manner on the other side. My astonishment was the greater that he did not drop dead at once as if struck by lightning.

"I felt that whoever the other hunter was, he had as much claim to the game as I had, but inasmuch as I was working for a sick man, I meant to have the most select portions. About five minutes passed, and then Warnak appeared from the other side the ridge and notified me that he had some rights I was bound to respect. I was out of humor on account of my delay in getting something for poor Mac, and I answered in such insulting fashion that he drew his hunting knife and proceeded to go for me. I was agreeable and likewise went for him. It was the fiercest fight I ever got into, and it didn't take me long to find that Warnak was a warrior of tremendous energy and skill. We fought like grizzlies until I got him down, but somehow or other I felt such respect for his bravery that I let him up, and we went at it again. Five minutes after my foot slipped, and before I could recover, he forced me back, placed his knee upon my chest and grabbed my hair.

"I felt the cold edge of the steel and shut my eyes, certain that it would fall over in a minute."
 "But Warnak returned the favor I showed him a short time before and allowed me to rise. As I did so, he offered his hand and I shook it warmly, you may be sure, for I liked him. I then explained to him as best I could about my sick friend. He helped me dress the buffalo, and went to camp with me. He seemed to know at a glance what was the matter with poor Mac, and set about preparing some scalding bitter tea which he poured down his throat. From that moment the fellow began to mend, and in less than a week was as well as ever. Warnak's delight was no greater than ours, and you can understand why I hold the Assiniboino as one of the best and bravest of men."

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