

the brother of Accomba, that same night, and on the day following. The poor fellow was half distracted at the loss of his sister, more especially as she seemed to have anticipated her fate, and to have prepared her friends for it. Sarcelle's first impulse was to seize his gun and launch his canoe, and to sally forth in pursuit of Michel ; but he was a Christian Indian, having been baptized at the little English Church at Fort Simpson, and further instructed at the Mission School. The conflict going on in his own mind between the desire to avenge his sister's death, and the higher impulses which his Christian faith suggested, were very touching. It ended in his throwing down his gun, and bowing his head on his hands while he sobbed aloud, "My sister, my sister, I would fight for you ; I would avenge your cruel death, but the Praying man says we must forgive as God forgives us. I throw down my gun ; I listen to the Good Spirit speaking to my heart ; but oh, it is hard, it is hard, my sister, I can see no light in this ; I feel unmanly to let *him* go free, who shot my sister to the heart, who made her