

to be his slave, and the light will have gone out of my life, for you are not like these savages, who delight only in wandering, and slaughter of birds and beasts; and if we might, I would take you back with me to the mission."

But she only shook her head sadly, saying that they were her people, and what they were she must be, for there was no way of escape from it except by death, as many a poor miserable squaw had found out when the burdens became too great to bear.

Some little time we sat silent, as the fire died down, not caring to attract notice by replenishing the blaze.

Then Athildza came and touched my hand. "You think me an Indian," she said; "yes, I am, but not all Indian. Your face has brought back strange dreams to my memory. I see an old man.—a white man, with long gray hair and beard and a great log house and palisades like there are at Fort Chippeweyan, with many Indians passing in and out, and speaking with the old man, who seems much honored by them; then an Indian face, a woman's face, which is strangely like my mother's, for I can remember her a little.—afterwards, many houses and many people. Then, the woods and lakes again. But not the old man."

Then I remembered a tale I had heard of an old trader who went back to England with his wife, a Chippeweyan squaw, and her child. He died very soon, leaving the poor woman alone among strangers, who soon sent her back to her own country, unwilling to befriend their dead kinsman's strange wife. But I said nothing of this yet; only I loved her the more now that I knew her father was a white man, an honorable servant of the great company, and not a heathen Chippeweyan.

Now it came into my mind that there might be a way out of this matter, so that we should escape from the camp and make our way to one of the trading-posts, where a priest would

marry us, as the law of the church ordains; after which no medicine man, however powerful, could come between us, for they fear and respect the white men in black robes who come among them. And this is what I thought to do.

When the Chippeweyans returned from the slaughter of the deer, we should have the great feast that was to celebrate the marriage of Athildza with the conjuror. Now, when all were busy with the feasting, and became stupid with much eating, or excited by gambling in the night time, I would be down at the river ready with a canoe, and when Athildza could come away without being seen from the dancing lodge, we would put out and make haste down the river, trusting to get far in the darkness before they should discover what we were about. Besides this, if the chance should come, I would drive a hatchet through all the other canoes, so that no one could follow us by water, until they had mended the broken part.

Athildza listened, fearing greatly to take so dangerous and long a journey, but her hatred of the man who would make her his wife was very great, and she willingly consented to fall in with my plans; so we parted that night.

Early in the morning, just as day broke, all the camp was astir, for the hunters were going out to meet the deer. Then the squaws and children set about bringing poles and saplings from the bush to make frame-works for drying the meat and stretching the skins, while some built the great Dancing Lodge. Before mid-day some of the hunters returned with news that caribou were within a few miles, and would be passing the camp in the afternoon. The rest of them had stayed at a place but a little way up the river where there was a deep cross valley through which the caribou were expected to pass; for the hillsides were very steep, and these creatures rather follow a certain way in a land than scatter over the coun-