inhabited globe; o'er moor and fen, o'er lake and sea and prairie, in the crowded town and in the vast wilderness. Was it in blessed England, where the sun has long past the meridian; while here in the far North-West, there are but the first faint tints of early dawn:—was it in England, or in some far distant isle of the sea, or on some outward bound ship—where the sailor finds time but for a few hurried words of daily prayer—that that heartfelt petition went up, offered in the Blessed Name, which won for the helpless infant on the river-bank the succour brought her?

A small birch-bark canoe was wending its way up the river on the morning following that on which Michel's wife had met her death. It came from Fort Little Rapids, and was proceeding to Fort Simpson, some 500 miles up the river. There were three men in the canoe, a Cree, or Swampy Indian, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and two Slavès or Etchà-Ottiné of Mackenzie River. They were paddling rapidly, having lately been ashore for breakfast, and being anxious to reach Fort