

if possible, to travel south towards the establishment on James's Bay.

He still retains, however, a lingering affection for the spot where he had spent so many happy days, and at least once a-year he undertakes a solitary journey to the rugged mountains that encircled Fort Chimo. As in days of yore, with wallet on shoulder and seal-spear in hand, the giant strides from rock to rock along the now silent banks of the Caniapusaw River. Once again he seats himself on the flat rock beside the spring, and gazes round in sadness on those wild, majestic hills, or bends his eye upon the bright green spot that indicates the ancient site of the trading-post, not a vestige of which is now visible, save the little wooden cross that marks the lonely grave of Dick Prince; and the broad chest of the giant heaves with emotion as he views these records of the past, and calls to mind the merry shouts and joyous songs that used to gladden that dreary spot, the warm hearth at which he was wont to find a hearty welcome, and the kind comrades who are gone for ever. Ungava spreads, in all its dark sterility, around him, as it did in the days before the traders landed there; and that bright interval of busy life, in which he had acted so prominent a part seems now but the fleeting fancy of a bright and pleasant dream.

THE END.