

tures on the rough, unplastered walls. Here we witnessed a procession of Indian children, dressed in costume—some as Angels, some as the Magi, others as Shepherds—for it was the anniversary of the Epiphany, when Christ was made manifest to the Gentiles. The little Indian boys looked exceedingly comical, in their gaudy turbans and bright dresses, *à la Turque*, illustrative of Eastern potentates, and appeared just as much amused as their audience, whilst they followed the Angels—girls dressed in pink and white, with crosses and stars—who carried a basket in which was laid a chubby wax doll to represent the Infant Saviour. The choir was composed of Indian chiefs and squaws, who kept up a low melancholy strain to the music of two fiddles. It was a homely representation which recalled similar scenes that were often witnessed beneath the forest shade, or on the shore of some lonely bay, in those early times when America was an illimitable wilderness, and the black robe had no place to minister save under the canopy of heaven.

In that North-west land, where Silence still broods over the mountain, prairie, and river, and the posts of a Company of Fur Traders have long been the sole representatives of civilization ;

“Where Athabaska’s silent lakes, through whispering pine trees gleam,”

We find many names that recall a long record of patient endeavour and perilous adventure. It was in the beginning of this century that a courageous Scotchman, Alexander Mackenzie, travelled in a canoe on the

Peace River, and on the still greater river that now bears his name ; but more than a century before he made this adventurous trip, the British Union Jack could be seen floating by the side of many a lonely stream, and amid the illimitable waste of the prairie. The names of the factories of the Hudson Bay Company, are in themselves a history, of the times and circumstances of their construction. Rupert’s Fort, York Factory, Forts Albany and Churchill, recall historic names in the mother country, at the time those posts arose in the wilderness of the North and West. Other names of these posts, it is observed by the eloquent author of the “Wild North Land,” tell the story of the toil of the men who have left the great world behind them, and spent the remainder of their lives in that lonely country. “Resolution, Providence, Good Hope, Enterprize, Reliance, Confidence, such were the titles given to these little forts on the distant Mackenzie, or the desolate shores of the great Slave Lake. Who can tell what memories of early days in the far away Scotch isles, or Highland glen, must have come to these men, as the tempest swept the stunted pine forest, and wrack and drift hurled across the frozen lake—when the dawn and dusk, separated by only a few hours’ daylight, closed into the long, dark night? Perchance the savage scene was lost in a dreamy vision of some lonely Scottish loch, some Druid mound in far away Lewis, some vista of a fireside, when storms howled and waves ran high upon the beach of Stormoway.”