

Only once more did Michel appear at the Fort, and that on a memorable occasion which neither he nor any who then beheld him will be likely to forget.

It was on a dark, cold night in the winter of 1880, that a dog-sleigh, laden with furs for the Company, appeared at Fort Simpson, and having discharged his load at the fur store, the sleigh-driver, who was none other than Accomba, the wife of Indian Michel, proceeded to the small "Indian house," as it is called, to spend the rest of the night among her own people. She was a pleasing-looking young woman, with bright expressive eyes, and a rather melancholy cast of countenance. She was completely enveloped in a large green blanket, from the folds of which peeped over her shoulder an infant of a few months old, warm and comfortable in its moss-bag. A blessed institution is that of the moss-bag to the Indian infant; and scarcely less so to the mother herself. Yet, indeed, it requires no small amount of patience, skill, and labour before this Northern luxury can be made ready for its tiny occupant. Through a good part of the long winter nights has the mother