

earth, yet seems in perfect keeping with the marvellous and spiritual beauty of the phenomena, and but increases and deepens the awe with which it must ever be beheld.

But on this memorable night there was yet another sound, which from time to time broke upon the almost unearthly stillness: this was the cry of an infant, coming from the neighbourhood of Michel's camp. The little one, of whom mention has already been made, had, it seemed, been forgotten by all, or if once² thought of, there was yet no effort made to save it from the doom which, to all appearance, now awaited it,—the Indians comforting themselves with the hope that the father would look after it, and the father supposing, not unnaturally, that all his children were together taken off by their indignant friends and relatives. And so the little one, who had been but a few hours previously nestling in her mother's arms, spent that cold night of early spring unsheltered and alone on the high bank of the river whither she had crawled in the early morning hours. One could fancy its plaintive