

be any other man's son than yours. I love Mr. M'Tavish, and thank him very much for the honour he has paid me; but Archie M'Kenzie I am, and Archie M'Kenzie I'll stay as long as I am alive.'

'God bless you, my darling boy!' exclaimed the factor, the tears running down his cheeks. 'You've spoken just as I prayed you would. No, no; not even Mr. M'Tavish, with all his wealth and power, can have you. We'll stand by one another until the end.'

Although deeply disappointed at this decision, Mr. M'Tavish was too sound of heart to take umbrage. On the contrary, he thought all the more of his young *protégé*, and intimated clearly that by declining to become his heir he had not forfeited his regard, or brought to an end his good intentions concerning him.

On his return to the North-West, Archie entered the service of the Company as an apprentice, and by dint of faithful performance of duty, combined with the continued interest and influence of Mr. M'Tavish, rose rapidly in rank, until, in early manhood, he was in command of an important post, and ere he retired, to spend an easy and honourable old age at Montreal, had reached the highest position of all—to wit, that of the Chief Factor at Red River. But it would take another volume to relate how all this came about, and it cannot therefore be set down here.