

pect of parting with the two men who had guided and protected them during their earliest experience of a *voyageur's* life — when, with hearts full to overflowing with romantic anticipations, they first dashed joyously into the almost untrodden wilderness.

During their career in the woods together, the young men and the two hunters had become warmly attached to each other; and, now that they were about to part — it might be for years, perhaps forever — a feeling of sadness crept over them, which they could not shake off, and which the promise given by Mr. Conway to revisit Red River on the following spring, served but slightly to dispel.

On arriving at the spot where they intended to bid their friends a last farewell, the two young men held out their hands in silence. Jacques grasped them warmly.

“Mister Charles, Mister Harry,” said he, in a deep, earnest voice, “the Almighty has guided us in safety for many a day when we travelled the woods together — for which praised be His holy name! May He guide and bless you still, and bring us together in this world again, if in His wisdom He see fit.”

There was no answer, save a deeply murmured “Amen.” In another moment the travellers resumed their march. On reaching the summit of a slight eminence, where the prairies terminated and the woods began, they paused to wave a last adieu; then Jacques, putting himself at the head of the little party, plunged into the forest, and led them away towards the snowy regions of the Far North.

THE END.

