

preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to those Indian tribes that inhabit the regions beyond Athabasca ; and being a man of great energy, he determined not to await the opening of the river navigation, but to undertake the first part of his expedition on snow-shoes. Jacques agreed to go with him as guide and hunter—Redfeather as interpreter. It was a bright, cold morning when he set out, accompanied part of the way by Charley Kennedy and Harry Somerville, whose hearts were heavy at the prospect 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 for ever—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