

hereaway in the backwood settlements, how little interest clergymen shew in the doings of those who don't happen to belong to their own particular sect, just as if a soul saved through the means of an Episcopalian was not of as much value as one saved by a Wesleyan, or a Presbyterian, or a Dissenter; why, sir, it seems to me just as mean-spirited and selfish, as if one of our chief factors was so entirely taken up with the doings and success of his own particular district, that he didn't care a gunflint for any other district in the Company's service."

There was at least one man listening to these remarks, whose naturally logical and liberal mind fully agreed with them. This was Jacques Caradoc, who had entered the room a few minutes before, in company with his friend Redfeather and Louis Peltier.

"Right, sir! That's fact, straight up and down," said he, in an approving tone.

"Ha! Jacques, my good fellow, is that you? Redfeather, my friend, how are you?" said Mr Kennedy, turning round and grasping a hand of each. "Sit down there, Louis, beside Mrs Taddi—eh?—ah!—popple. Mr Addison, this is Jacques Caradoc, the best and stoutest hunter between Hudson's Bay and Oregon."

Jacques smiled and bowed modestly, as Mr Addison shook his hand. The worthy hunter did indeed, at that moment, look as if he fully merited Mr Kennedy's eulogium. Instead of endeavouring to ape the gentleman, as many men in his rank of life would have been likely to do on an occasion like this, Jacques had not altered his costume a hairsbreadth from what it usually was, excepting that some parts of it were quite new, and all of it faultlessly clean. He wore the usual capote, but it was his