

days in the bosom of his family, and when sometimes for a whole week no one who could possibly help it would think of venturing out of doors, so intense would be the cold and fierce the gales that blew about Fort Chipewyan. Then would the trappers and *voyageurs* gather about the roaring fires, and while away the hours in thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes, and mighty exploits in which the Indian, the bear, the buffalo, and the elk always got the worst of it in the end, and which made Archie's blood bound in his veins, as he longed for the day when he could take his place among these heroes, and endure and triumph with them.

'Oh, father! when shall I be big enough to go with you?' he exclaimed longingly one day as the factor was about setting forth on one of his journeys in quest of Indian camps where furs might be found.

'When shall you be big enough, Archie? Well, let me see,' responded his father, with a smile; and then, after a pause, 'I think I might venture to take you when you are about fifteen.'

'Fifteen, father? Oh, that's ever so far off!' cried Archie dolefully. 'Won't you take me before that?'

'Not on a long trip like this one, laddie,' answered Mr. M'Kenzie in a kind but firm tone. 'You would only be in our way, you know, and that wouldn't be pleasant.'

Archie did not relish the reflection implied in his