

young fir trees, and proceeded to make a fire; and La V., folding the little one in his "capot"—sat down and tried to bring back life and warmth into her. In a short time a kettle was boiling on the fire; tea was made, and, with womanly tenderness, a few drops were administered. After a little time the men had the comfort of seeing a favourable result of their efforts. A little natural warmth returned to the poor body, some action at the heart was perceptible, and the dark eyes opened and sought—the Mother!

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That evening the three men and their small burden reached Fort Simpson, where the news of Michel's crime and the dispersion of the Indians was already known. There was no doubt now as to whose the rescued child might be, and it was touching to see how one and another of the Indian mothers came forward and offered to adopt it as her own. Yet it is no light charge for an Indian to undertake to rear a child not her own, at so tender an age; and it is especially hard in a country where milk is not to be