

enquire; but many a poor Indian mother will delude herself into the belief that she has done a merciful act when the little infant of a few hours' life is buried deep under the snow, the mother's sin undiscovered, and "my baby saved from starvation."

And so the poor Indians of our story troubled themselves but little about the missing babe, and there was certainly a bare possibility that the father might come upon it and succour it—for Michel had always been a kind father, that he might possibly find and carry the child to one of the camps not far distant, where it would, for a time at least, be cared for. The camps therefore were pitched in the new camping ground; the men of the party were soon off, laying their fish nets; the women, gathering round their camp fires, renewed their wailing and lamentations; the little ones slept, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, and ere nightfall every sound was stilled. The stars shone out on those few clustered tents,—and on that solitary grave the other side of the river. The Aurora spanned the northern sky, and played with bright and flickering light, now tremulous upon the