

claimed as the hunter's unfailing paradise, the Redman's undisputed domain.

Something over a century has passed since pale-faced traders, from the fairest island of the sea, began to seek their fortunes in the icy wilds around the Hudson's Bay. Lured by the vast gains of the fur-trade, they widened the circle of their operations, not without opposition from Redman, Frenchman and Spaniard, until their posts girdled the whole land from north to south, from east to west.

True to his character, the missionary followed closely in the merchant's path. From fort to fort went the heralds of the cross, with their tidings of salvation; familiar and precious to some, profound and mysterious to others. Everywhere they were welcomed and honored for their work's sake. The blessings of a kind Providence established the work of their hands, and the scene of their operations ere long reached from shore to shore, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

To these three classes the entire "Nor'-west Country" was for a long time sacred. "It was a time of silence, broken only by the report of the hunter's gun, the splash of the trader's oar, and the music of the missionary's hymn." Little knew frontier Canada that at her back lay a limitless region of prairie and forest-